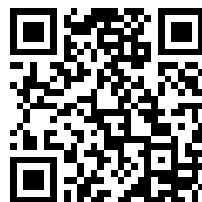
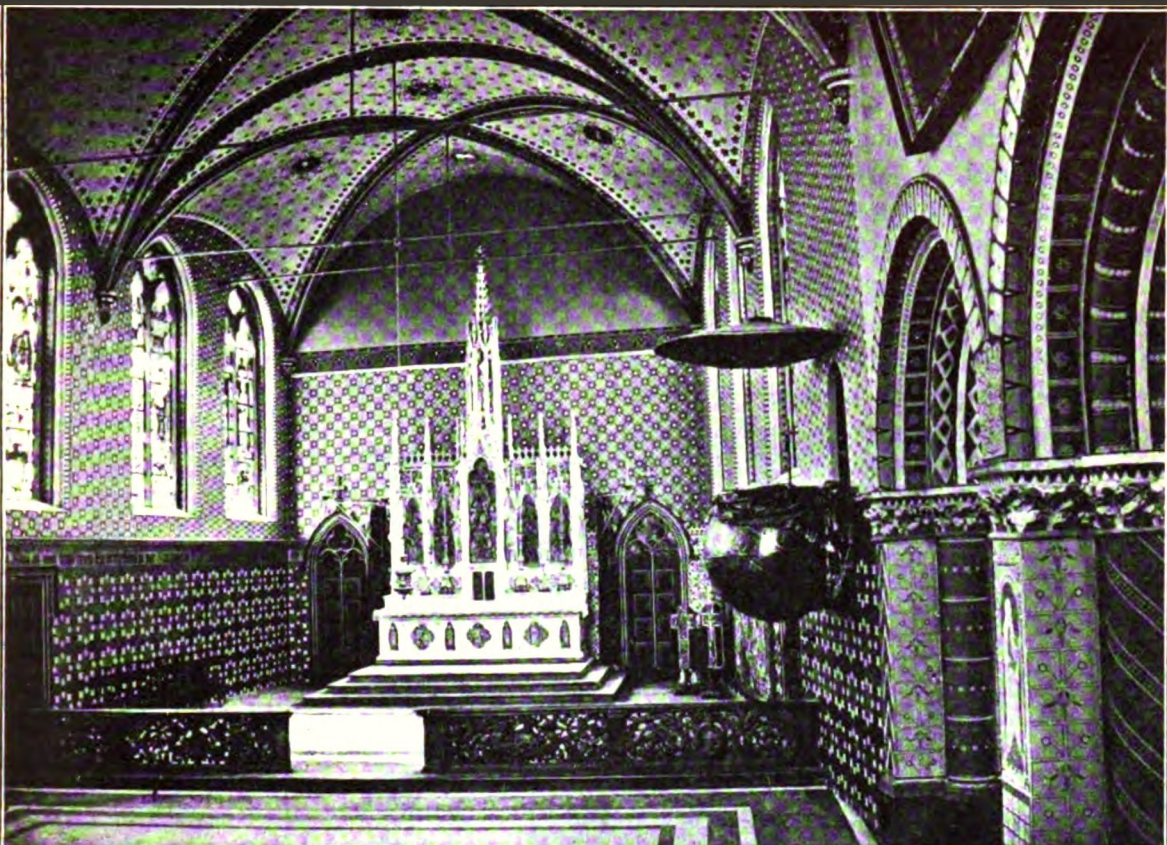

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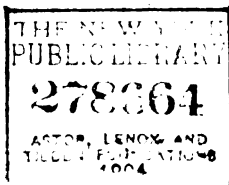
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INDEX TO VOLUME XXIII.

JULY-DECEMBER 1903.

SOMERSET, OHIO.



INDEX TO VOLUME XXIII

A Cross of Honor	Mary E. Mannix	159
A Life's Sacrifice	Dismas	8
A Pilgrimage Through Belgium	Georgina Pell Curtis.....	59
At Midnight in the Glen	Sheila Mahon	85
A Strange Conversion	Mary E. Mannix	238
A Viterbo "Festa"	G. V. C.	265
A Chicago Day Nursery	Cecelia M. Young	267
A Saint—Adapted from the French of Paul Bourget	Grace Tamagno	269
At a Posado, a Unique Celebration Held in all Catholic Homes in Mexico at Christmas- Tide	Lela Fisher Woodward	512
An Old Time Musician	Julien	525
A Red Cross Knight	Mary S. Mugan	536
A Cathedral Town in Normandy	Countess de Courson	409
A Day at St. Catherine's	John A. Raymond	478
An Apostle of Penance	H. M. Beadle	490
Anne Jacqueline Coste	F. de S.	341
By a Baby's Grace	Grace Keon	181
Beth-Arram—Ancient Shrine of France	Lilian A. B. Taylor	69
Beasts and Birds of the Middle Ages	E. F. Mosby	579
Blessed John Fisher	Georgina Pell Curtis	382
Cardinals Vannutelli	Grace V. Christmas	22
Cardinal Ferrata	Grace V. Christmas	430
Cardinal Antonio Agliardi	Grace V. Christmas	364
Confessions of an Egotist	Rhodes Campbell	376
Cheerful Jack	Elizabeth Washburn Brainard	389
Cardinal Macchi	Grace V. Christmas	578
"Comes One With a Gift"	Anne Elizabeth O'Hare	588
Cardinal Angelo Di Pietro	Grace V. Christmas	187
Christian Education	Rev. J. B. O'Connor, O. P.	231
Friar O'Dowd's Victory; a Story of the Seal Inviolata	P. G. Smyth	218
Fribourg, Switzerland; Its People and Its In- stitutions	Thomas O'Hagan, M. A. Ph. D. ...	224
Fernanda's Diamonds	Mary E. Conway	36
George Eliot From a Catholic Point of View	Grace V. Christmas	288
Good English		260
Golden Days	Margaret M. Halvey	366
His Holiness Pope Leo XIII	William J. D. Croke, LL. D.	105
His First Case	James O'Shea, Ph. D.	154
History of the Dogma of the Immaculate Con- ception	Rev. T. A'K. Reilly, O. P.	519
Henry Harland	Witter Bynner	576
Influence of 18th Century Literature in France	Florence Bain Seymour	131
James Lane Allen	Charles Hanson Towne	417

Lonely Burrishoole; The Story of an Old Dominican Home of Hallowed Memories.. P. G. Smyth	469
Method of Electing a New Pope..... Rev. Gabriel Horn, O. P.....	168
Miss Caxton of Yorkville	Warfield Webb
Our London Letter	Austin Oates, K. S. G.....
	92, 197, 297, 394, 497, 596
Our Teachers	R. E. D.
Our Lady of Los Remedios; The Little Lady Who Sends the Rain	Lela Fisher Woodward
Oldest Church of Our Lady in Rome, "Our Cardinal's" Titular Church	Marie Donegan Walsh
Our Lady of the Cliff	Anna C. Minogue
Rubinstein; Birdice Blye-Richardson's Impressions of the Great Musician	Mary Richards Gray
Some Phases of Modern Occultism	Thomas Quinn, O. P.
Scott and the Historical Novel	Katherine McAndrew
Some Famous Women	Mary Lalor Mitchell
Shakespeare and His Works A Paper Read Before "The Newman Reading Circle," Ottawa	A. J. McGillivray
Some Thoughts from Ozanam's Biography....	Katherine McAndrew
The Dominicans in America	Rev. John R. Volz, O. P., S. T. L.
The Common House Fly	Lawrence Irwell
The Endless Conflict Between Labor and Capital; The True Remedy for its Solution....	William Ellison
The Old World Seen Through American Eyes.. Rev. John F. Mullany, LL. D.....	53, 144, 244, 352, 457, 555
The Sunset	William J. D. Croke, LL. D.....
The Corcoran Gallery of Art	Mary Lalor Mitchell
The Confraternity of the Holy Rosary.....	95, 199, 299, 396, 499, 598
The Cross-Breakers	Mistah
The Life History of the Salmon	Lawrence Irwell
The Release of a Soul	Kathleen A. Sullivan
The Gift of Faith	L. A. D.
The Famous Shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, the Scene of Numberless Miraculous Cures: William Ellison	493
The Road of a Rosary	Margaret M. Halvey
The Mother of St. Dominic	M. Marchal
The Blind Musician	Mary J. Lupton
Twenty Years After	William J. Fischer
The Message of the Christmas Chimes	E. E. Stow
The Little Sister of Roaring Tophet	Mary F. Nixon-Roulet
Too Much Reason	M. E. M.
The Latest and Last Irish Land Bill	Richard J. Kelly
The Schoolboy's Sermon	Thos. A. McGovern
The Use of the Right Hand and the Left....	Lawrence Irwell
Ut Pater Per Matrem Glorificetur in Filio (The Idea of Mary)	Rev. J. A. M. Wilson
With the Editor	97, 201, 301, 399, 501, 601
What Uncivilized Nations Drink	Lawrence Irwell
When Emmet Failed	Denis A. McCarthy
William J. D. Croke, LL. D.	E. Dunbar Berry

POETRY

A Prayer of St. Stanislaus Kostka.....	D. J. McMakin, Ph. D.....	426
A Moon-Lit Night	Denis A. McCarthy	63
A Christmas Idyl	William J. Fischer	518
At Eventide	Minnie A. Greiner Edington	296
A Northern Sunset	Kathleen Monica Nicholson	489
An Invocation	Julia C. Walsh	496
A Prayer for To-day	William J. Fischer	160
Christmas	Teresa Beatrice O'Hare	530
Dignare Me Laudare Te, Virgo Sacrata	Marguerite Lois	332
Discovery	Edwin Carlile Litsey	266
Evolution	John A. Foote	230
Friendship, From the French of Eugene de Lonlay	Francis D. New	261
For You	Teresa Beatrice O'Hare	422
Freedom for the Birds	Margaret A. Richard	138
Heart Song	William J. Fischer	381
Hollyhocks	Lulu Whedon Mitchell	188
Intensity	Alice S. Deletombe	252
In November Time	William J. Fischer	456
In the Wood	Alice S. Deletombe	477
Music, Poetry	Alice S. Deletombe	52
Our Lady's Crown, From the Children of Mt. St. Vincent on the Hudson		351
Quatrains-Music	Alice S. Deletombe	239
Quid Est Deus?	Mary L. Jones	139
Song of the Bugle	D. A. McCarthy	223
Sir Galahad	Theodosia Garrison	554
Songs at Christmas	Denis A. McCarthy	534
The Voice of Mary	Charles Hanson Towne	511
To the Godhead	C. D.	243
The Philosophers	Thomas Walsh	252
"That Very Gentle and Courteous Knight, Jesus of Nazareth"	F. de S.	275
Tempus Fugit	John A. Foote	282
Two Portraits	Margaret A. Richard	172
To Our Holy Father St. Dominic	Rev. Francis A. Gaffney, O. P.	189
The Gael to St. Dominic	P. J. Coleman	192
The Hand That Wrote Upon the Wall.....	Teresa Beatrice O'Hare	77
The Unafraid	Edwin Carlile Litsey	361
The Rime of the Queen of Sheba	Thomas Walsh	388
What the Stars Saw	Helen Moriarty	586





THE LAST DAYS OF NAPOLEON I.

From the marble statue by Vincenzo Vela, 1871. Height of statue, 5 feet.

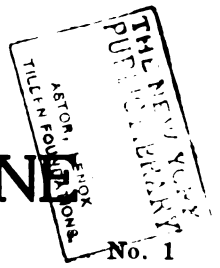
In the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.

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No. 1



THE CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Corcoran Gallery of Art

By MARY LALOR MITCHELL

THE Corcoran Gallery of Art, originally located at the corner of Seventeenth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C., including the ground, building and its contents, as well as an endowment fund, was the gift of Mr. W. W. Corcoran to the public by deed, dated May 10th, 1869. This is of course, widely known and should be universally known, for half a century ago such a munificent gift meant more than four times its money value in our day when capital seems to grow while its fortunate owners sleep, scarcely knowing the extent of their income.

Mr. Corcoran, born and educated in the District, made his handsome fortune by natural business talent, and availing himself honorably of the ad-

vantages and circumstances offered by the growth of a young nation, marked even from its birth with the seal of advancement.

Side by side with material success grew the instincts of his great soul and he was unwearied to the day of his death in sharing his own blessings with the less fortunate, and in advancing real culture. The gift of the gallery, which will keep alive his memory while love of the beautiful exists, was accompanied with characteristic conditions, that "it be used solely for the purpose of encouraging American genius in the production and preservation of works pertaining to the fine arts and kindred objects." Also, "that it should be open to visitors without any pecuniary charge whatever at least two days in the week."

On the 22d of February, 1871, the reconstructed building was formally opened, Mr. Corcoran's private collection having been removed to it and, in 1873 one of the three trustees went to Europe, empowered to purchase works of art.

In April, 1874, the halls of sculpture and bronzes were opened to the public. To those who have followed the slow growth and gradual collection of art treasures in the old countries, does not all this seem a fairy tale and tempt one to a belief in the creative power of the magic wand? We must, of course, never lose sight of the fact that our infant country has leaped from the venerable and bent shoulders of centuries; but its growth has been electrical—and blessed, thrice blessed be the generous hearts and broad minds who saved the youngster from confining its development to the grossly material.

For eighteen years the Corcoran gallery went on growing and educating until it became apparent that it must have more breathing space. This was the more visible from the fact suggested by Mr. Andrews, the director, that the efforts of the pupils who yearly increased in number, were stultified by being confined to copying and recopying the pictures on the walls. Immediately Mr. Corcoran offered a yearly prize to the best modeler from plaster casts of ancient statues crowded in the basement for want of room. This required space and it was decided to purchase the available lot situated below the grounds of the White House and to erect a new gallery which could be added to as necessity demanded.

In January 1897, the present building was formally opened in presence of a notable company, comprising President Cleveland, his cabinet, home and foreign representatives and hundreds of citizens.

The style of architecture of the present gallery is Neo-Grecian, the material

being white Georgia marble on a base of Milford pink granite. The first story is pierced by windows, the second rises in a solid white wall broken only by a row of open-work marble panels along the upper edge, used as ventilators to the galleries. Between these panels and the cornice, which is rich in ornamental carving, extends a narrow frieze bearing in Roman letters the names of some of the most famous painters and sculptors of ancient times. The roof of glass slants sharply upward to the ridge which is finished by a cresting bronze; at each end of the building is a winged griffin.

On either side of the steps approaching the entrance rests on white marble pedestals a colossal bronze lion from moulds made over the famous lions of Canova which guard the tomb of Clement XIII. in St. Peter's at Rome.

As you enter the unpretentious door the eye is attracted to the graceful staircase which, with its marble sentinels—Sansovino's "Bacchus," "Youth Supplicating," original in Berlin; "An Athlete," copied from the original in Munich; and "The Flying Mercury." On either side of the staircase is a spacious hall, the largest in the building, which is devoted to the exhibition of casts and sculptures and reliefs of the renaissance periods, and on the sides of these halls are rooms containing bronzes, many modern and ancient marbles and electrotypes copies of the famous Elkington works in London.

In the very beginning of our wandering through this valuable collection, an education in itself outside the territory of art—history, poetry, mythology—one cannot but acknowledge what art owes to the Christian religion.

The first relief, seven by four feet, is Andrea di Cione-Oragna's "Death and the Transition of the Virgin." The original is a portion of the tabernacle in the chapel of the Blessed Virgin of Oragna and reminds one forcibly of Raphael's "Transfiguration" in the Vati-



DEATH AND TRANSITION OF THE VIRGIN.

From a cast in the Corcoran Gallery of Art. The original is a portion of the marble Tabernacle of the Virgin in the Chapel of Orsanmichele, Florence, by Andrea Di Cione Orgagna.

can—the same terrestrial scene, the same spiritual sequence. In the lower part of the relief is an altar-like sarcophagus on which the body of the Virgin reclines in death. At her feet the aged Peter bends, while at the head the more youthful John stands with clasped hands gazing lovingly on her who had been confided to his care by her crucified Son. In the background is a group of twenty-two figures, male and female, bearing tapers and swinging censers. Each figure stands out with marvellous individuality. The upper part of the relief represents the Queen of Heaven seated on an oval throne, while a group of angels in various attitudes offer their veneration.

Nearby is a long panel representing the four evangelists accompanied by the mystic symbols; a bas-relief, copied from the original in St. Germain l' Auxerois, Paris, by Jean Gorgou in 1514. It is a strange, wild treatment, but full of force.

A series of four bas-reliefs taken from the life of Saint Francis which are carved around the pulpit on the church of Santa Croce, Florence.

At the lower end of the hall is a cast of the famous bronze gate of the baptistry of Florence—the work of most of the great Ghiberti's life, commenced when he was forty-six years of age and completed when he was seventy-four. It comprises ten panels representing most minutely scenes from the old Testament.

A gigantic figure of Lorenzo di Medici il magnifico, copied from that in the church of San Lorenzo in Florence, impresses you with his consciousness of power as he sits in helmet and armor, one massive hand resting on his knee while the other is pressed thoughtfully to his lips.

A companion cast represents King Arthur of round table fame. It is a lithe, graceful figure resting on his sword and the carving of the chain ar-

mor gives a lightness of great beauty. The original forms one of the world-renowned group surrounding the sarcophagus of Maximilian I. at Innsbruck.

A cast of the "Visitation of the Virgin to St. Elizabeth" looks almost too modern to recall the work of Andrea della Robbia, the artist of the original, as generally represented.

Although in this brief sketch neglecting many plaster reproductions of famous statues in the European galleries, mostly sacred subjects, we will leave this portion of the statuary hall with a description of Michael Angelo's earliest attempt, when he was only twenty-one years of age. The original of "La Pietà" is in St. Peter's, Rome, where it seems but a speck in the vast proportions around. It represents the dead Christ on the knees of His Mother. The helpless inaction of the dead body touches our deepest sympathies while the grand resignation of the Mother fills us with admiration.

Crossing to the left, we leave the works of the renaissance and enter into the realm of ancient history and mythology in casts taken from relatively modern originals. A world of Venuses, beauties from her "of Victrix," the original by John Gibson, passing the crouching Venus in the Vatican, the "Venus just risen from the sea," the wonderful "Capitoline Venus" to their shrinking sister of Medici. The glorious figure of the "Apollo Belvedere," "The Meleager" and "The Young Caesar"—wonderful types of youthful, manly beauty take our thoughts to the Vatican, where the originals are.

The large group of the famous "Laocoon," original also in the Vatican, seems to almost live in its writhings.

In a most conspicuous place, as it deserves, is the immortal "Dying Gladiator." I have never seen yet a good copy of the original. The man in his glorious proportions and bowed head, seems to turn his back on the cries in

the amphitheater and, in the death struggle, to "conquer agony as he thinks of his young barbarians at play."

In this collection you find legislators, tyrants and makers of history. Some adjoining rooms contain modern marbles, mostly by our own countrymen. At their head the "Greek Slave" which brought Powers immediate fame. When brought to America from Florence Mr. Corcoran bought it and conceived the original idea of making its arrival in Washington at his house a social event, which is still remembered by many living.

Thomas Crawford's "Peri at the Gates of Heaven" is very poetical, if wanting in spirituality. "The Forced Prayer" produces about the same impression as all forced devotions, and "Going Home," the bust of an old woman with

accentuated chin and painfully hooked nose, is not the symbol of well earned peace which we love to associate with the title. It is not restful.

Although in another part of the building, we cannot leave the statuary without a visit to that wonderful creation, "The Last Days of Napoleon," by Vincenzo Velo. It strikes one dumb and fills the mind with thought to gaze on "The Man of Destiny," as he sits, emaciated, propped up in his invalid chair, a map of Europe, whose boundaries he had changed, on his knees clutched with wasted fingers, and his sunken eye looking helplessly on lands that he had intended to conquer.

A visit to the "Barye Room" of bronzes is interesting but in intrinsic and artistic value it must give way to some other collections in the District and in the neighboring city of Baltimore.



THE DYING GLADIATOR.

From a cast in the Corcoran Gallery of Art.

A Life's Sacrifice

By DISMAS

FOR several minutes Jack Ellston sat staring at the telegram of his promotion; then he made a dive at a sleeping bull dog: "Wake up, Scrapper, we're going back home, back to New York. Oh, to be in New York is to live, and to live is to be in New York," with apologies to Caine. "Let's rush over and tell her highness."

At the mention of the latter the dog sprang up and began to bark joyfully; but his master's face lost its jubilant expression. Why, this new position would take him away from her. "Well, I'm coming as fast as I can, Scrapper; the prospect of making this call excites you more than Glory Quayle's eloquence, don't it? It strikes me that for a personage who has won all his fame by brute strength only, you display a remarkable fondness for cultured society. You love her? Well, keep it up with all your doggie heart, but, Scrapper, old boy, if a man ever hands you out any remarks about Platonic friendship, just taste him and you'll find him very green. Do I look verdant? Well, I am."

"Don't tug so at that chain. If you'd conquer your mania for testing the sprinting ability of every cat you meet, I wouldn't have to be dragged along in this fashion. I wish I'd been raised differently, Scrapper. If mother had lived perhaps my ideas on religion wouldn't be so hazy. I never felt my lack until I met her highness; it influences her every thought."

"Remember the first time we met her? You'd caught her kitten. How her eyes flashed through her tears. I'd never seen you so abjectly sorry before. And she's been, her highness, to both of us ever since."

"Well, here we are in sight of heaven. I can beat you up the steps."

That noise of the rush brought her highness to the door. "Good evening, Jack, you're just in time to read the funniest little talk on dogs by one of my pupils. It's convulsing. Why, Scrapper, that's my best Battenburg handkerchief."

Jack grabbed at the chain which had slipped to the floor, but the dog was quicker, and darting to the other side of the room stood shaking the bit of lace defiantly. The girl wrung her hands.

"It will be ribbons soon, and it takes ages to make one of those."

Then she dropped on one knee and held out her arms to the dog. "Scrapper, old man, I can throw you first," she said, mimicking his master's tone.

"The daintiest wrestler I ever saw," Jack said, laughing, but the dog scenting a frolic, dropped the handkerchief, and with an excited bark, ran to the girl.

Jack gave a sigh of relief when he had recovered the stolen treasure. "Now, sir, out you go. You've caused enough trouble for one night. I'll tie you to the veranda."

"Oh, let him stay, Jack, he wants to laugh, too. I think Tom must have had him in mind while writing. I'll read it. No one can decipher this except Thomas and myself, and I'm sometimes doubtful. To fully appreciate this you'd have to know the author. He takes himself so seriously that his wit is always unconscious, and therefore doubly funny. You should have seen him laboring over this, his forehead all puckered up, and the way the chubby little fingers grasped the pen."

A ring at the door made the girl frown impatiently. "I'll be back in a very few minutes; that's a book agent who was over at the school to-day. Do a little puzzle work while you're waiting. He

begins by saying, 'I thing bull dogs are bully.'"

Jack laughed, but when she had gone little Tom was forgotten, and he sat staring in the fire for some time. Then with a muttered, "Jack, you're an old-fool," crossed the room to a little desk and began turning over some kodak pictures. He was familiar with the subjects, as he had taken them all, but the humorous comments at the bottom of each were from the pen of "her highness."

Was that what he found so attractive about her? She had always chased the blue demons away when his best efforts seemed unappreciated. But he had known scores of women, both clever and witty, and parting from them had never had such a depressing effect.

His eyes wandered from a group of stage celebrities on a corner of the desk to the Madonna above it. How pleased and surprised she had been Christmas night when he had given her that. She had clapped her hands like a child, and exclaimed, "Bodenhausen's. My favorite among the Madonna's. Is it yours, too?"

"Yes, the pose is so graceful and girlish, and the tender, protecting way she holds the Infant is so humanly caressing."

"And the eyes. What of the eyes?"

"Why, they're beautifully shaped, and with their long, dark lashes accentuate the paleness of the face, don't you think so?"

"Yes, yes, but their expression? Don't you read anything supernatural there; the wonder, fear and love? Why, those eyes are looking straight into heaven. Don't the picture mean anything spiritual to you at all?"

And he had smiled at her enthusiasm, as he answered, "I'm afraid not."

But her tone had held only pity, as she said very earnestly, "May the dear Madonna give you clearer vision."

That was only a month ago, and he

would have scouted the idea then that he was in love. He let his head drop to the arm that was resting on the desk, and Scrapper, who had been vainly trying to interest his master in the remnants of the evening paper, retired to the hearth-rug to dream of fleeing felines.

With a breadth of vision not often found in women of twice her age and opportunity, she's as innocent of the evil in the world as a little child. And, after all, that's her 'chiefest charm.' Thinks everybody else is just as good as her dear little self. If she knew the hard, mercenary, selfish life that has always surrounded me, she might excuse my indifference. Perhaps I could, in time, rise to her ideals. I wonder if—"

"I couldn't get away a minute sooner, he was so persistent. Why, Jack, what's the matter? Are you sick?"

"I've been promoted to editor," he said, looking up.

"And you say it as though you had been discharged. How fine. I knew your splendid work would compel recognition."

"It was that last series we wrote together that did it. The manager began the telegram: 'Congratulations on your clever sketches now appearing in The Post.' And you deserve the credit for them, you know. You suggested the whole line of treatment."

"Nonsense, I only contributed some bits of local color that any school-marm could have given you."

"But every school-marm don't see the funny side, and that was why 'co-education' caught on."

"Such a doleful face. Why aren't you more happy over your good fortune?"

"I was very much so, until I remembered that New York was several hundred miles from you."

"Now, Jack, when you get over there, all your new duties and the many distractions of that splendid city will make me only a pleasant memory. And what

power you will have. You will use it only for the betterment of the press, I am sure, and, scorning all partisan motives, be the unswerving champion of Truth and Justice."

"Not so fast, little one, not so fast; you're an idealist unfamiliar with the stern realities of life, but with you for pilot, my literary ship might eventually arrive in the harbor for model knights of the pen. I need your inspiring presence to keep me straight."

"To thine own self be true."

"Oh, I know it's only a Platonic friendship with you, and I thought it was with me until my heart rebelled so at leaving you. Aren't you a little bit sorry to see me go?"

"Why shouldn't I be, when I'm losing the most congenial friend, mentally, I ever had?"

"No need, whatever, to lose him. I'm sure I could make you happy, dear; won't you marry me, and go back home with me? Scrapper wants you to join the firm too."

At the sound of his name the dog came trotting over; the girl laid her hand caressingly on his head.

"Do you like me, Scrapper?"

At this the dog scrambled up the side of her chair and made long passes at her face.

"He's been telling me all the way over how fond he was of you, and you know how lasting a bull-dog's attachment is—until death. Scrapper and I have some traits in common."

The girl put her arm around the dog's neck.

"No more jolly romps, doggie, how I'll miss you."

Jack shook his head dolefully. "Fortunate dog, and much more appreciative material sitting longingly by."

"But you will come, won't you dear? You say we're mentally congenial; add to that my reverence and love for you, and we have a recipe for perfect human happiness."

"Not so fast, little one, not so fast; you're an idealist unfamiliar with the stern realities of life," she said mimicking his tone. "You have forgotten the chief difficulty, religion."

"Oh, that can be adjusted. My brother Tom married a Catholic, and I, understand, will make all the necessary promises. You don't think that I, who know nothing whatever on the subject, would presume to criticise an ex-graduate. You can do the Christian act for the firm."

"Now, Jack, its just that flippant tone that proves what a hopeless case you are. Decided opinions, even though prejudiced ones, would be better than this apathy. If you were interested to the extent of investigating, your fine legal mind would bow to the strong case presented by the Catholic Church. It's this indifference that is so distressing."

Jack took one nervous little hand in both his own.

"I'm sorry you find me distressing; I know that the Church as a philanthropist is without a peer, and I admire the heroic self-sacrifice of so many of her members. Now, let's drop forever the only subject on which we are at variance. I have always been considered a man of my word, and if you will marry me, dear, the promises I make then will be strictly adhered to while I live. You are the only saint on my list, but the most popular in your calendar never had a more devoted worshipper than—"

"You heathen, we don't worship saints; worship belongs to God alone. I realize that you have offered me the highest honor in your power, and I am so sorry to hurt you, Jack, but I would be afraid to marry one who was not of my faith."

"You don't think I would break my promises, do you?"

"I am sure you would not, but in the constant association of marriage your unbelief might in time affect me. Now wait, I don't mean any active opposition."

It will be hard to make you understand just what I do mean. So often, without dreaming of any disrespect, you have spoken of religious doctrines that are very sacred and dear to me in terms that made me shiver, they sounded so irreverent. My religion is the most vital thing in my life, and to be out of sympathy with one's nearest and dearest on that most important of all subjects—you see my view? Mental harmony to be complete should include the spiritual."

"But love is a gift from God common to all races and all creeds; it swayed the destinies of men for hundreds of years before the Christian religion came into existence. And I'm sure your faith is too firm to be affected by the chance utterances of a heathen."

"Oh, I've known several cases where the most intense Catholics before such a marriage have become indifferent, half-apologetic ones afterward. It must be that after marriage their love for the creature grew to such proportions that it overshadowed their duty to the Creator. I know you think I'm scrupulous and super-sensitive, but it's incurable."

The man stared gloomily at the jolly little imp who supported the ink-well as he said: "So some of him lived but the most of him died."

"How dare you quote Kipling to me. I am not the 'woman who did not care.' If it were not for this religious difference I would be the happiest girl in the world to-night."

He caught her hands in a grip that made her wince, and his voice was hoarse as he whispered:

"You do love me then, sweetheart?"

She turned her head away from the anxiety in his voice.

"If you don't answer, I'll think you've said yes."

Her lips moved but no sound came, and as her face was turned from him, he did not know of her effort to speak.

His face was reverently tender as he drew her to his heart and whispered

brokenly, "My darling, I love you. No, I will not let you go, little rebel; you are a prisoner of love now. Why, we are already married in the sight of heaven. Isn't it the love of two people for each other that really constitutes a marriage? Won't you look at me, dear, and let me hear you say, 'I love you?' Tears? Why little woman."

"Don't you see that you are making it harder for me? Must I be strong for both of us?"

This last remark put him on his feet again. "I beg your pardon, but won't you be really honest with me? Knowing now that you love me, your reason for refusing me doesn't seem sufficient. There is something else. What is it?"

"Don't you think it's selfish to consider only oneself in marrying? I attach great importance to the doctrine of heredity. It's very hard to say this to you, but you asked me to be honest. If the great honor and dignity of motherhood should ever come to me I should want to be sure there was no inherited unbelief. That is the other reason why I am renouncing the greatest earthly happiness that ever came into my life."

This last was spoken with her head on Scrapper's neck, and when a few minutes later his master stood, hat in hand, to say good bye, the dog looked his resentment.

"Good bye, little girl," Jack said, holding out his hand.

"Won't you say a little prayer about me before you go? You're an infidel but not an atheist and I want to remember all through the future years that I heard you pray once. Not unless you really mean it, though, but if there is anything you intend saying to the Lord about me, let me hear you say it now."

And there was no irreverence but much pain and sorrow in his voice, as he said slowly, "From all unhappiness, from all dangers, great and small, from the least taint of sin, God save—her highness."



SIR GEORGE WYNDHAM, M. P.

The Latest and Last Irish Land Bill

By RICHARD J. KELLY

WHAT is properly described as the most important and far-reaching legislative proposal ever laid by a responsible minister

before the British Parliament for dealing with the anxious problem of the Irish land question, was that which was introduced in the House of Commons upon the 25th of March, by the Right Hon. George Wyndham. In a very eloquent and sympathetic speech the chief secretary for Ireland upon that memorable occasion, lucidly explained the provisions of that great measure, and he showed an accurate apprehension of the imperative necessity of the reform he so ably advocated. The bill then introduced was subsequently issued to the public of these three countries and it has now been before the country some six weeks. It has been criticised, censured and considered from every standpoint, and so far it has emerged from the ordeal comparatively unscathed in its essentials. It is recognized upon every side as an honest, thorough and statesmanlike effort to solve a great national difficulty—one which has for over fifty years engaged almost continuously and ineffectually the attention of the House of Commons.

The history of Irish land legislation commenced in 1860, when an act was passed (23 s., 24 Vic., c. 154), "To consolidate and amend the law of landlord and tenant in Ireland." Almost every year since an amending act was passed; for within the interval no less than forty-three have found their way upon the statute book with the result that things are just as unsettled and as unsatisfactory to-day as they were when this legislative tinkering commenced. All these have been a melancholy series of experiments, which as they were concerned in unnatural compromises were bound

to fail. They were well meaning efforts by lawyers and theorists acting without any practical knowledge of the difficulties, economic and social, they were purporting to deal with and acting without the benefit of the experience of continental countries in similar situations. It is no disparagement to say that the statesmen who carried out the reform of land tenure in Germany—Stein and Hardenberg—would never have conceived such ideas of settling the law difficulty, as those which found favor with English statesmen, and it is a curious commentary upon things as carried on here, that after every possible means of settling the question English statesmen are, after fifty years well meaning but miserable bungling, forced to adopt the measures at once and successfully carried out in Prussia.

The act of 1860 in Ireland was the result and outcome of precedent agitation; so was the act of 1870, so was the act of 1881, and also the act of 1896. In fact, a constant condition of active, agrarian agitation was the necessary precedent to every reform. The act of 1860 was a lawyer's act, as was every subsequent measure that attempted the impossible, that is to legislatively regulate the conditions of tenure. No other country ventures to do such a thing, for no where could so obviously unworkable an experiment be made. The only excuse for such failure is that Parliament and the successive governments were legislating in the dark, making laws for a country of which they really knew little, making laws only in a panic and when forced by agitation and disturbance to do so. The act of 1860 at once upset the old relations of landlord and tenant, placing them upon what it was pleased to call a contractual basis. The

opening words of the third section of this statute are significant: "The relation of landlord and tenant shall be deemed to be founded on the express or implied contract of the parties and not upon tenure or service, and a reversion shall not be necessary to such relation which shall be deemed to subsist in all cases in which there shall be an agreement by one party to hold land from or under another in consideration of any rent."

Prior to that fatal and fateful act the relations between landlord and tenant were those of tenure, not of contract. Such historically it was and it was a reversal of history as well as of economics which could only suggest itself to legal subtlety and not to a statesman. The consequences were melancholy. The act of 1870 tried to penalise capricious eviction by giving the tenant when evicted a right to compensation for disturbance and improvements, but he ceased to be a tenant when those rights came to be recognized—a most curious conception of justice. The act of 1881 then necessarily followed and it set up what it was pleased to call courts to settle the rent which a certain holding should yield; but a more preposterous attempt to do the humanly impossible could not be made. All these efforts were ushered in by their authors in Parliament as final, complete and satisfying. It was treason to suggest doubt, treachery to question the supreme wisdom of the enactment.

In 1886, however, a departure from this particular line of legislation was made and an act was then introduced, subsequently amended and expanded and usually and popularly known as the Ashbourne act, which at once abolished the relations of landlord and tenant and destroyed the duality of possession. It gave money to the occupying tenant to purchase his holding upon such terms as he might agree upon with his landlord, subject to the confirmation of the land commission who had to sat-

isfy themselves with the sufficiency of the security and the solvency of the arrangement. These acts succeeded, and under their operation nearly 80,000 tenants have become the owners of their holdings and are paying the instalments of the advance made to them by the state with such regularity that as Mr. Wyndham declared in Parliament, out of ten millions advanced and repayable, scarcely a pound was lost. But under the act of 1881,—the Chill enactment regulating the conditions of tenure to-day—490,301 holdings of various valuations and sizes were judicially dealt with; and rents fixed by sub-commissioners in courts, or by agreement between the parties out of court, were fixed for the statutable period of fifteen years. In 1896 a second term of another fifteen years commenced to run and a second adjudication became necessary in all cases where the original court lease of fifteen years had run out. Such an unnatural arrangement of relations could not continue to exist, for it never satisfied either party. Landlords and tenants with equal impartiality and justice condemned the character, constitution and conduct of the tribunal before which they were dragged. Agrarian unrest continued almost unabated. Agriculture was injuriously affected for no man subject to a periodic revision of his rent would venture to improve his holding. Only upon estates where the tenants had bought their holdings was there any contentment or improvement.

Recognizing this state of things, Mr. Wyndham now boldly proposes the extension of the salutary principle of purchase, and the consequent abolition of the absurd official machinery so cumbrously and expensively working for the settlement of rent. He practically proposes the only possible and workable solution. His bill is an attempt, by offering inducements to purchase, to quietly effect a revolution in the tenure of land

in Ireland; and it is the largest and most liberal effort ever made or that will (if it fail) ever be made by a government to bring about that desirable and necessary reform. Short of compulsion it is doing all that is conceivable within the bounds of reason to ease the wheels of purchase and to aid the transfer of land from the owner to the occupying tenant.

It is a noble effort of statesmanship, and it deserves, and indeed has universally received the highest meed of merited praise. He proposes to bring all this about by using and utilizing the credit of the state. He will lend the necessary money to effectuate purchase to the extent of one hundred and fifty million dollars on the assumption that he is dealing with an annual rental of four million pounds or twenty million dollars. He further proposes to give a free grant to the extent of twelve million pounds, or sixty million dollars, as a bonus to the landlords to make up the difference between what a reasonable landlord will ask and receive and what a reasonable tenant may pay. It is a generous, but nevertheless a necessary effort.

The condition of things in regard to Irish land is the product of English legislation and England is responsible for it and must, in its own interest, end it. It is producing social and national disaffection, making Ireland the only part of the Empire that is neither peaceful nor progressive. A disgrace, discredit and, what is worse, a danger to the Empire which recent events brought home most markedly.

It is the biggest financial effort ever

made but it is all the same the safest, the most statesmanlike, and consequently the best. The experience of twenty-two years of tinkering with the land problem by the so-called courts constituted under the act of 1881, has been to discredit the whole system and dissatisfy both parties. A huge official, nominally judicial, machinery was created at an enormous cost



LORD DUNRAVEN.

to the state and to litigants. This was set up for the fixing of rents and yet it has never judicially settled upon what real basis they have proceeded or how they have arrived at that which they were pleased to call, but what the interested parties could never be got to consider, a "fair rent." The Irish tenant, by means of this legislation by lawyers

and theorists, got a huge heritage of litigation, and the Irish landlord found himself also similarly burdened and forced to come before a tribunal that invariably reduced his rents no matter how they were originally fixed, and never gave him the poor comfort of showing exactly upon what grounds they did so. Such a system was bound to fail and it speaks little for the intelligence and acumen of the English Parliament, to find that it took twenty years to bring that failure home to it, and before they realized that there was only one real solution to the agrarian problem—the abolition of the dual ownership, as expeditiously and completely and upon as equitable terms to all concerned as possible. For years it seemed that such a révolution as the abolition of dual ownership could alone be brought about by means of compulsion.

The two parties interested in the transaction—the landlord and tenant—seemed at one time so divided, so prejudiced and so opposed to each other that a “modus vivendi,” a possibility of amicable settlement appeared a quixotic idea. Angry words were spoken upon both sides, strong passions were aroused, fierce enmities provoked, so much bad blood stirred up that even a discussion of a settlement, apart from the determination of a basis of an agreement, seemed an impossibility. Opposing and opposed compromise between them at one time and that only a few months ago appeared unlikely. As well expect oil and water to coalesce, as to hope that the Irish landlord and tenant would ever come to agree amongst themselves and by themselves upon the terms of a friendly settlement of their differences. But the unexpected, as so often occurs in Irish politics, happened in this case. The project of a conference between the accredited representatives of the landlords and tenants was often of late tentatively suggested; but it was by both sides regarded as a counsel of perfection.

A young military gentleman, Captain Shawe Taylor, who had previously succeeded in bringing about, some months before, a conference of all the magistrates of Ireland, to arrange between them a common line of action upon checking by legislation the abuse of indiscriminate licenses for the sale of drink. This happily resulted in a short suspensory act being passed to prevent and check the granting of new licenses. He took up the idea of a land conference with his characteristic energy and enthusiasm. He succeeded beyond the most sanguine hopes entertained. A conference of four members from either side met at the Dublin Mansion House, under the able presidency of Lord Dunraven, and after several days anxious deliberation it formulated a scheme of settlement, which, marvellous to relate, has substantially satisfied the country and pleased both parties in the controversy. The landlords were to be assured, under the suggested terms of the compromise, a sum which invested at three and a quarter per cent would less by ten per cent secure them an income equivalent to what they receive or are entitled to receive from the second term rents—that is from judicial rents fixed for the second fifteen year period. The tenants, on the other hand, were to be enabled to obtain their holdings at such reduced rates of purchase as would be equivalent to from a ten to twenty per cent reduction on their second term rents. The effect of this suggested scheme of settlement will be best appreciated by a reference for a moment to the figures dealt with. The land act of 1881,—one of Mr. Gladstone's greatest measures of reform and pacification no doubt—had in its wording upon the rental of Ireland the effect of reducing the rents payable all over the country on agricultural land from £6,802,179 to £5,378,034 or by some 20.9 per cent for the first fifteen years after 1881 and a further reduction was effected on the second fifteen year

rents so far as they have been dealt with of 22.1 per cent roughly bringing the present rental which the bill will deal with, down to about four million pounds annually or twenty million dollars approximately.

In other countries, by economic causes, such a reduction in the rental commensurate with a fall in the products and values of agricultural land was no doubt brought about automatically, inexpensively and easily—being regulated and controlled by the inexorable laws of supply and demand—those laws which are as immutable as were those of the Medes and Persians. But in consequence of the vicious system of land tenure set up and maintained in Ireland, such economic forces were not allowed to operate; but instead there was set up a so-called court to determine the “rental relations” and this tribunal cost the state a vast sum and was a great source of expense to both landlord and tenant. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the effected saving in rent was largely spent by the tenants in costs. The procedure was a parody on justice, not from any personal defect in the administrators who did all that men could do under the circumstances and who were appointed under the uncertain conditions under which they held office. It satisfied no party, it served no one class except the country attorneys and the new crop of amateur land valuers which sprung up under it. Its effect was perhaps best described by Mr. Wyndham in his eloquent and sympathetic speech on the introduction of the bill. He said:

“I do not wish to criticise the act of 1881 but the House will find that the act has failed of anything approaching to complete success. Under the act any Irish landlord or tenant may once in fifteen years apply to have the rent fixed by judicial process. It follows that these two questions which are peculiarly unsuited to determination by process of law, namely the amount due to the land-

lord by virtue of his ownership in the soil, and the amount due to the tenant by virtue of his enterprise and improvement, have become in Ireland the subject of perpetual and universal litigation. The landlord puts no capital into the land, I do not think that he could be expected to do so. The tenant is tempted—we are all human—to run out his holding during the last three or four years of this period of fifteen years. The land is starved of capital and it is starved of industry. * * * That is why the tenants of Ireland have been ruined financially and morally. Agriculture is starved of capital and industry and the taxpayers of the country are paying £140,000 a year for the land commission, and £1,400,000 for the cost of the police who are chiefly, and in many districts, exclusively occupied in dealing with illegalities born of agrarian unrest.”

This statement of the situation exactly describes it, and the bill now introduced proposes boldly to put a stop to this vicious system of apparent adjudication of rent, and in fact, to legislatively abolish rent fixing by courts, substituting therefor, so far as the tenant is concerned, single ownership subject to an annual terminable charge which will start less than the second term rent. Which will on the other hand give to the landlord a capital sum, which, invested at the current rate of interest, payable on safe investments,—three and a quarter per cent—will give him, in return, an income practically equivalent to that which he derived from a second term rental or, in other words, a rental some forty-two per cent less than he enjoyed before the land act of 1881 came to deal with his land.

The machinery by means of which, as set out in the bill—subject, of course, to such enactments, additions or alterations as may be yet approved by Parliament—that intended reform is to be carried out, is practically contained in the first twenty-one clauses and they regu-

late the advances for the purchase and re-sale of holdings; (1) where whole estates are sold; (2) advances for the purchase of other portions of estate where whole estate is sold; (3) advances to owners of estates; (4) advances to trustees; (5) purchase of estates by land commission; (6) sales in court of land judge; (7) purchase of untenanted land;

sion may deal with as owners; (16) rents and profits recoverable by land commission; (17) restricting on fair rent proceedings in certain cases; (18) schemes for users of land by trustees; (19) regulations as to liberty on holdings; (20) power of land commission to determine disputes between proprietors of holdings; (21) certain powers and duties of land commission to be exercised by estates commissioners.

This comprehensive arrangement of twenty-one clauses practically deals with the chief principles of the bill regulating the purchase and re-sale of estate. The remaining clauses are conversant with details such as the distribution of the purchase money, the substitution of cash payments for land stock hitherto payable to owners, and special regulations for what are called "congested districts," and other administrative changes incidental to the practical and desirable abolition of the land courts and the speedy transfer of the land to the occupier as single owner.

It would be premature and misleading at this present stage of Parliamentary proceedings in connection with the bill to speak or write definitely, since only the mere skeleton or sug-



HON. JOHN E. REDMOND, M. P.

(8) limitations on spending powers of land commission; (9) exclusion of certain estates; (10) guarantee deposit; (11) provision with respect to improvements; (12) provision with respect to sporting rights, minerals, etc.; (13) subtenancies and sub-divided holdings; (14) purchase agreement and vesting order; (15) persons whom land commis-

gested clauses as they came from the draughtsman are before the country, and since, upon both sides, what are admitted to be useful amendments are being continually suggested. But the main framework of the bill is eminently good, and indeed excellent, and its leading ideas are such as to commend themselves to universal approval.

The bill is now more than six weeks before the country. It has been debated, discussed, criticised and considered and it has so far come out of the fray, practically, in its chief and leading ideas, unaltered and finding general approval and that commendation comes from most unexpected quarters. At one time it appeared to be beyond the wit of man to devise a scheme of settlement which would satisfy both parties in the land controversy yet, strange to add, this bill practically has so succeeded. The national convention called under the auspices of the United Irish League, and attended by a large number of most representative and independent men assembled from all parts of the country, approved, subject to some useful amendments, of the bill. A few days subsequently the landlords convention—also subject to some unobjectionable amendments,—approved of the bill. Every responsible public man in Ireland has approved of the bill with qualifications and amendments of course, which to a greater or less degree, tend to its improvement and the smoother wording than otherwise. Every metropolitan newspaper in Ireland, no matter what its shade of politics, whether the Unionist Irish Times or Daily Express or the Nationalist Freeman or Independent, practically expressed approval of the bill, and equally so the leading provincial papers that thoughtfully discuss public affairs. No public board or body ventured to pass a resolution condemnatory of the bill. Even in England no note of real authoritative dissent or disapproval can be heard from any influential quarter. All parties upon either side, whether pro-tenant or pro-landlord, recognize the serious responsibilities of the rejection or even postponement of the urgent settlement. As O'Connor Don, a respected and representative landlord, said at the convention of his brother landlords last week, they

dreaded to contemplate the condition of chaos which would be the outcome of any delay or defeat of the bill.

Saddled with the terrible burden of the South African war (now estimated to cost two hundred and seventeen million pounds or nearly one billion and eighty-five million dollars), even under such an oppressive load of debt the English people are not prepared to refuse to pass this bill and find the money. On its wording it is at last seen that this is the only way out of the Serbonian bog, into which the ill-advised act of 1881 forced landed relations in Ireland. Day by day things were getting worse. The Irish people were leaving the country by tens of thousands annually as emigrants. Land was fast going out of cultivation, industries were languishing, towns were decaying, all classes were discontented, and although ordinary crime was lower per thousand of the population than the returns of other times or other countries showed, still the cost of the Royal Irish Constabulary was each year mounting up until it has reached now the enormous total of £1,400,000, with no prospect of diminution, even despite the reduction of the numbers of the general population.

This was certainly a curious and anomalous condition of things. The expense of a police force going up by thousands each year while the statistics of ordinary crime showed a marked decline and the statistics of the general population a manifest decrease. At one time some English politicians cynically thought that the Irish agrarian problem would solve itself by a process of exhaustion, and that the Irish people left so, would be the active causes of discontent. But that has not been the case. The four million Irish now left actually cost more to police than the eight million of fifty years ago. This consciousness of the imperative and imperial necessity of a final settlement of the land question strengthens Mr.

Wyndham's hands as never minister's were. His bill is sure to become law if the ministry remain in power. No responsible politician in the United Kingdom has ventured to suggest the possibility of its rejection; and the bill will go into committee with a general desire to improve but with no disposition to reject.

As already stated, the idea and purpose of the bill is to so encourage purchases as to make it universal. It is expected that such practical monetary inducements will be held out to the landlords, that they will readily sell; and such inducements, in reduced rents or its equivalent reduced annual payments, on the other hand given to the tenants as will make them inclined to buy. The former class are naturally, in ill circumstances of the country. The strong and imperious necessities of the situation; the inexorable force of economic laws in a free-trade country lessening gradually but none the less surely, the profits of agriculture; the fact that each successive rent settlement by the land courts means a further reduction of its rental; all these considerations will no doubt induce, in fact, compel a reasonable landlord to part with what is at best a losing property and a wasting security. The bill offers inducements now to landlords that if not availed of, will never be offered them again. The sands in the glass are fast running out and if the landlords do not avail themselves of the present opportunity for settlement, they will never get a better. Indeed the men of sense among them realize this fact and are now hoping the bill will pass, in order that they may sell with some hope of saving something. The terms offered them are under the circumstances advantageous and it would be fatuous and foolish upon their part, to refuse to accept them, and if the bill become law there will be little sympathy with any owners who have not "cleared out" under its provisions.

Under the existing purchase acts—usually and popularly known as the Ashbourne acts—tenants were enabled to purchase their holdings at rates which meant an immediate reduction of 20 per cent upon their rents and they paid an annual terminable sum by way of principal and interest, in lieu of rent, which decreasing decennially at the end of sixty-eight years, cleared off their entire indebtedness. The bill proposes to abolish the decadal reductions and to make the repayments regular and fixed; further to extend the time of payment while the amount is being lent at a lesser rate of interest. An eighth of the annual charge also is to be retained as a perpetual rent charge. This is objected to as being an interference with the full ownership but it, on the other hand, finds advocates as being an admission of the principle of nationalisation. It any way gives the state a perpetual interest in and charge on the land and one of the reasons it is proposed in the land bill is, to give the state the right of interference in the matter so far as controlling the acting of the purchasing tenant so that he may not sub-let alienate or mortgage the freehold. It is a modification of the homestead law of America, an attempt to prevent the usurer and money-lender from getting a grip on the land that he may become the landlord of the future, and in a few years reducing the purchasing occupier to a worse position of dependence than that from which he is now emancipating himself, making the second state of the country, under such conditions, worse than the first.

It is to be hoped in the interest of all parties concerned that this bill so far as amended will pass into law; for undoubtedly it will go as far as legislation can towards settling the agrarian problem and bringing about an era of peace and consequent progress in Ireland. Mr. Wyndham's speech on the occasion of his introduction of the bill,

"a great speech worthy of a great occasion" (to aptly apply to it the words of the late Lord Hannen, when describing the speech of the late Lord Russell of Killowen before the Parnell commission), ended with a peroration which may well and fitly be reproduced here in conclusion, as it exactly and eloquently describes the hopes and fears centered round a measure with which his name and fame are worthily associated:

"Failure will not be due to Irish landlords and tenants. It will, I dare to prophesy, be due to the general taxpayer or to his representatives in this house for they appreciate now and will appreciate still more clearly, the magnitude of an opportunity which is unexampled and may never recur. * * * Nor assuredly will it be due to the public service in Ireland, who for so many months have devoted themselves heart and soul to the cooperating with me in this work. If failure there is to be, it will be due to my own shortcomings in framing this bill. For, sir, this opportunity has enlisted an army of support from many sources, including some of the most unexpected. And yet why should I say that support from any source is unex-

pected? It is not strange. There are two alternatives before us. We can prolong for another 100 or 150 years a tragedy, which is none the less, which is, indeed, the more, a tragedy because it is thin and long drawn out; or we can to-day imitate and henceforth prosecute a business transaction occupying some fifteen years, based, in common with all sound and hopeful transactions, upon the self-esteem, the probity, and the mutual good will of all concerned. (Cheers.) I believe that this will be done, that all the interests affected, landlord and tenant, Nationalist and Unionist, British and Irish, can hope for no tolerable issue to any view, constitutional, political, or economic, which they severally may cherish, unless, by settling the Irish question, we achieve social reconciliation in Ireland. (Loud cheers.)"

NOTE.—The members of the land conference were Lord Dunraven, chairman, Lord Mayo, Colonel Poe and Colonel Everard on part of the landlords. William O'Brien, M. P., John E. Redmond, M. P., T. W. Russell, M. P., and Lord Mayor Harrington, M. P., on part of the tenants. Captain Shawe Taylor was secretary and Lord Dunraven presided as chairman.





CARDINAL SERAFINO VANNUTELLI CARDINAL VINCENZO VANNUTELLI

The Cardinals Vannutelli

By GRACE V. CHRISTMAS

CARDINAL VINCENZO VANNUTELLI

HIS Eminence Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli was, like his brother Serafino, also born at Genazano, on the 5th of December, 1836, under the shadow, as it were, of Our Lady of Good Counsel. He pursued his studies at the same time as his brother, at the College Capranica where, having attended the classes of the famous Father Secchi, he was already at eighteen a doctor of philosophy and mathematics, and later on at the Gregorian University and the College of San Apollinari he took his degree in theology and jurisprudence. In 1861 he was nominated professor of dogmatic theology at the Vatican Seminary, and the year 1863 found him in Holland in the suite of Mgr. Oreglio di Santo Stefano, now a member of the Sacred College. From thence Vincenzo Vannutelli, now bearing the title of Monsignor, followed Mgr. Oreglio to his new post as Nuncio at Lisbon, until he was recalled to Rome by His Holiness, Pius IX. and appointed protonotary apostolic and substitute for the Secretary of State. This post he retained during the conclave and also for three months after the accession of Pope Leo XIII. in order to arrange affairs for the newly nominated Secretary of State, Cardinal Franchi, and in 1880 he was consecrated Archbishop of Sardinia and proceeded to Constantinople as Apostolic Delegate. During his sojourn in Turkey Mgr. Vannutelli gave several proofs of his diplomatic talents, and by his tact and prudence contributed considerably to the pacification of the Armenians and the general progress of

religion in the East. At the end of three years he was appointed Envoy Extraordinary to Brazil but various circumstances arose to prevent its ratification, and instead we hear of him acting as Envoy of His Holiness at the Coronation of the Czar, Alexander III. On his return to Rome he was sent as Nuncio to Lisbon where he again distinguished himself by his intelligence and tact in dealing with difficult questions and also by paving the way for a peaceful relationship between the Holy See and Portugal. It was on the 25th of June, 1890, that, in recognition of his services at Lisbon, he was given the red hat of a Cardinal, and since the death of Cardinal Prince Hohenlohe he has succeeded to his post as Arch-Priest of the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore.

Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli is a well known personality in the Eternal City. He is tall and imposing in appearance and is frequently to be seen at social gatherings. Foreigners, in particular, English and Americans, find him very accessible and genial in his manner and he is very fond of a quiet game of "whist," or "bridge," a pastime in which he occasionally indulges in the house of some American friends.

His Eminence is Protector of the English Church of San Silvestro in Capite and Prefect of the Congregation of Councils, also a member of various other Congregations including the Pontifical Commission for the reunion of Schismatical Churches, Ecclesiastical Affairs and Studies as well as Protector of several religious orders and institutions.

CARDINAL SERAFINO VANNUTELLI



It is but seldom that one family can boast of possessing amongst its members two Princes of the Church, yet this is the case with the Vannutelli. Serafino and Vincenzo, both are Cardinals, and each, in his different way, is a noted personality in the Eternal City.

The subject of our sketch, as well as his brother, was born in the picturesque village of Genazzano, that hallowed spot where the fresco of "Our Lady of Good Counsel," borne by angelic hands across the sea to its present resting place, smiles down upon the countless pilgrims who annually pay their homage at her shrine. Born on the 26th of November, 1834. His Eminence went to Rome at an early age to begin his studies for the priesthood, at the College Capranica. Here he distinguished himself in various ways, notably in philosophy and natural science and also obtained his degree as doctor of theology and jurisprudence. In 1863 he was appointed a Canon of St. Peter's, and shortly afterwards took the place of his brother, Vincenzo, as professor of theology at the Vatican Seminary. In 1864, however, he relinquished both of these posts in order to accompany Monsignor Meglia, the newly nominated Nuncio, to Mexico, and, remaining there until the tragic death of the unfortunate Emperor Maximilian, he afterwards followed the Prelate to the United States and finally to Munich.


Later on he is mentioned as a distinguished diplomat in Peru and elsewhere, and later still he himself ably

filled the role of Nuncio in Belgium. There are certain Cardinals to whom one instinctively applies certain epithets, in some cases, possibly, inappropriately, but at any rate significant of the impression they convey. With some "saintly" appears the most fitting adjective, and I have been told recently that this applies especially to the subject of my last sketch, Cardinal Gotti. With others, it is the evidence of rare intellectual gifts, or some special graciousness of manner, the magnetism of their personality and so forth, which immediately strikes the casual observer, and there are others again who leave the impression of being eminently diplomatic, and it is to this class that Serafino Vannutelli, at any rate, appears to belong.

While he was at Brussels his unfailing tact and prudence elicited for him not only the sympathy of Catholics but also the respect and admiration of the Church's adversaries, and when, on account of the education question diplomatic relations between Belgium and the Holy See were temporarily suspended, he was appointed Nuncio at Vienna. Here as before he gained golden opinions from all those with whom he came in personal or social contact, and was created Cardinal by His Holiness, Leo XIII., on the 14th of March, 1887. His Eminence is also Bishop of Frascati, belongs to the Congregations of the Inquisition, the Propaganda, Indulgences and Sacred Rites, Ecclesiastical Affairs and Studies, etc., and is, moreover, spoken of as one of the possible successors of the present Sovereign Pontiff.

Some Phases of Modern Occultism

By THOMAS QUINN, O. P.

N ministering to man's craving for communion with the Unseen, charlatanism and superstition have sought in all ages of the world to usurp the place of true religion. In pagan times and countries they assume the form of polytheistic idolatry with its many degrading outgrowths. In the Middle Ages they appear as witchcraft, magic and astrology. While in these latter times they are known as clairvoyance, theosophy and spiritism. The simultaneous vanishing of the magician and the witch and the appearance of the clairvoyant and medium is by no means a mere chronological coincidence; the latter are the true heirs of the former, as the latest historian of spiritism frankly admits.*

Occultism, it is true, has, like other professions, much improved in our time, and the medieval witch would feel sadly out of place in the social and intellectual surroundings of her modernized sister.

The immediate precursor of latter day phases of the occult was mesmerism, which made its appearance towards the end of the eighteenth century. A German physician, Mesmer, by name, came to Paris in 1778 and proclaimed himself a healer of all diseases by the application of a new physical force called animal magnetism which he professed to have discovered. The so-called discovery was described by Mesmer or his disciples as an organic emanation or fluid which pervaded all things and which acted as a curative agent when conveyed to the sufferer through persons more than normally saturated with its influence. Though this magnetic fluid is now generally classed with the philosopher's stone, its existence was believed in at the time with unquestioning faith by a

large proportion of the educated classes. Some sufferers professed even to see the fluid radiating as a brilliant shaft of light from the person of the healer. An occasional device for the frontispiece of books on the new method of healing, was a gentleman in evening dress with dotted lines preceeding from his eyes and fingers and impinging upon the person of a lady seated in an armchair.

A commission of the Royal Society of Medicine, it is true, decided against the reality of the alleged magnetic force, but the decision had no appreciable effect on the cordial and profitable reception given the new practitioners by the French public. The discovery really made, or rather stumbled on, in connection with mesmerism is the secret of inducing artificial somnambulism by passes, contact, or fixation of the eyes—a secret which was known to Egyptian conjurers and sorcerers from the earliest times.

The fact remained unnoticed or was kept in the background until the early "forties" when for the first time, in England at any rate, mesmerism was studied in a sober, scientific spirit, by a surgeon named Braid. He disentangled the subject from the fantastic theories and practices which had grown up around it, and explained the really ascertained facts on true psychological principles. He discarded the misleading terms, "animal magnetism" and used the word hypnotism instead; and although his labors were not appreciated then, and modern hypnotism did not come into prominence for thirty years afterwards, Braid may rightly be regarded as its founder, whatever may be the value of the title. With our present knowledge of the amazing natural phenomena of the hypnotic trance it need not surprise

* "Modern Spiritualism," vol. i, pp. 24, 25.

us that mesmerism was early associated with superstitious practices. In its later history the power of communicating with spirits and bringing messages from other worlds became the accepted test of susceptibility to the sleep-walking state. A demand being thus created the clairvoyant, the conjurer and the quack united their resources to meet it. The most notable example of the class was one Andrew Jackson Davis. Davis was born in 1826 in a small rural township in the state of New York and afterwards moved with his parents to the town of Poughkeepsie, in the same state, from which he takes the name "Poughkeepsie Seer." He was apprenticed to a shoemaker named Armstrong and worked at that trade for a short time. In December, 1843, a tailor named Levingston mesmerized—or as we should now say, hypnotised—Davis, who soon began to practice as a professional clairvoyant, giving tests and prescribing for diseases under Levingston's guidance. In March, 1844, Davis himself tells us, he was inspired to wander into the country where he fell into a spontaneous trance during which Galen and Swedenborg appeared to him and instructed him concerning his mission to mankind. But what need, one may ask, was there of a clandestine meeting with the deceased Dutch mystic and the Greek physician to learn to deny the inspiration of Holy Scripture and the Divinity of our Lord—the chief burden of the Davis "mission?" Instruction of that kind could surely have been more readily obtained in the state of New York in 1844. Later on Davis secured the services of the Rev. Mr. William Fishbough and of Dr. Lyon, a physician; the clergyman to act as his scribe and the physician as a sort of hypnotiser in ordinary, and both to assist him in the inditing of lectures to be delivered in the clairvoyant trance. The lectures, one hundred and fifty-seven in number, were delivered in New York, and were published in the summer of 1847 in a

large octavo volume of nearly eight hundred pages. Among those who listened to the lectures was the Rev. George Bush, professor of Hebrew, a well meaning man with a reputation for learning. He was betrayed into becoming an enthusiastic supporter of the Davis "mission" and his injudicious championship contributed in no small degree to the success of the book. Thirty-four editions of it were sold. The professor having discovered his mistake tried in vain to correct it. When the first edition of the lectures appeared he published a pamphlet entitled "Davis' Revelations Revealed," in which he solemnly warned the public against being misled by the errors, absurdities and falsities contained in Davis' book, and declared it was clear that the author had been made the mouthpiece of deceiving spirits. The warning was ineffectual. The followers of Davis continued to increase. Henceforward there was no lack of clairvoyants and no end of marvels they saw, nor, it must be added, to the credulity of the eager multitudes to whom they related them. The Galen-Swedenborg legend may here be taken as the link that unites the superstitious outgrowths of mesmerism with spiritism, a cult which professes to put its votaries in touch and in communication with the spirits of the dead. Spiritism, or spiritualism as it is more commonly called, arose in America and in the state that produced Davis himself.

Farmer Fox and his family dwelt in a haunted house at Hydeville near Newark, in the state of New Jersey, and were much disturbed by unexplained knockings which in January, 1848, assumed the definite character of hammer strokes. Kate, the nine year old daughter of Fox, discovered that the cause of the sounds was intelligent and would make raps as requested. A signal code having been devised the rapper professed to be the spirit of a murdered pedler. This was the origin of "spirit-rapping." Kate

Fox and her sister Margaret, a girl of twelve, soon afterwards went to Rochester to live with a married sister (Mrs. Fish), where they perfected their discovery, became the first mediums, and spiritism grew into a movement which spread like an epidemic over the states of the Union. It soon absorbed or took over the whole propagandist machinery of the later phases of mesmerism. A large number of professional clairvoyants became mediums pure and simple. Some added spirit-rapping to their other accomplishments, while others found they could work profitably in their own particular business lines side by side with the rapping mediums who now sprang up everywhere throughout America.

The spiritists in the United States were said to be two millions in 1852, were "counted by millions" in 1855,* and one of the estimates given in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*† puts them at eleven millions, or two-fifths of the entire population in 1867. "Psychography," or direct writing and drawing, asserted to be done without human intervention, is but one department of mediumship. Hammond‡ reckons the number of mediumistic performers in this branch alone at two thousand in 1852. These figures may at least be taken as significant indications of the extent to which the American people became infected with this novel form of superstition. The spiritists, like the mesmerists, made free use of the printing press to disseminate their teaching and to advertise their claims, and for more than a quarter of a century the physical phenomena associated with mediumship formed their chief source of "copy." Their first periodical in England was the "Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph," started in 1855, and in 1900

the spiritistic journals throughout the world numbered about one hundred, of which one-fourth were published in the United States. There is now, moreover, no lack of books and pamphlets on the subject and here again America leads the way with, it is said, an annual output of one hundred thousand publications.

Spiritism was tinctured with a strong commercial flavor from its birth. The reason given by the Fox girls for accepting money for their services was that "the spirits told them to." The first professional medium to visit Europe was Mrs. Hayden. She soon crowded her rooms in London at a minimum fee of half a guinea each, and she managed besides to be in great demand for evening parties and private sittings. She was followed by Mrs. Roberts whose advertisement in the front pages of the *London Times*, April 16, 1853, read thus:

"Spiritual manifestations and communications from departed friends, which so much gratify serious, enlightened minds, exemplified daily at—"

With so promising a beginning the movement quickly spread in England. Table-turning particularly "caught on" and became a mania all over Europe in 1853. The other "mirabilia" on which the belief in spiritism purports to be based include, as every one knows, bell ringing, the production of light, of musical sounds, of phantom voices, the neutralization of the action of fire, such as handling red-hot coals without hurt, the materialization, or presence in material form, of what seemed to be human hands and faces, and sometimes of complete human figures alleged to be not those of any persons present, and sometimes claimed by witnesses as deceased relatives, the photographing of human and other forms invisible to most of those present. Lastly and more especially the entrancement, elongation and levitation of the medium, trance-speaking and personating by the medium of deceased persons.

* "Modern Spiritualism," vol. i, p. 303.

† Ninth edition art. "Spiritualism."

‡ Quoted in "Modern Spiritualism," vol. i. p. 303.

Daniel Douglas Home was the subject of the most remarkable of the physical phenomena in the annals of spiritism. Here is an account of the levitation of Home taken from *The Cornhill Magazine* for August, 1860: "Still more extraordinary was that which followed, or rather which took place while we were watching the transfer of the flowers. Those who had keen eyes and who were in the best position for catching the light upon the instrument declared that they saw the accordion in motion. I could not. It was as black as pitch to me. But concentrating my attention on the spot where I supposed it to be, I soon perceived a dark mass rise awkwardly above the edge of the table, and then go down, the instrument emitting a single sound produced by its being struck against the table as it went over. It descended to the floor in silence, and a quarter of an hour afterwards when we were engaged in observing some fresh phenomena we heard the accordion beginning to play where it lay on the ground."

The climax of the sitting was as follows: "Mr. Home was seated next the window. Through the semi-darkness his head was dimly visible against the curtains and his hands might be seen in a faint white heap before him. Presently he said in a quiet voice, 'my chair is moving; I am off the ground—don't notice me—talk of something else,' or words to that effect. It was very difficult to restrain the curiosity, not unmixed with a more serious feeling, which these few words awakened, but we talked incoherently enough upon some indifferent topic. I was sitting nearly opposite Mr. Home and saw his hands disappear from the table and his head vanish from the deep shadow beyond. In a moment or two more he spoke again. This time his voice was in the air above our heads. He had risen from his chair to a height of four or five feet from the ground. As he ascended higher, he described his

position, which at first was perpendicular and afterwards became horizontal, he said, as if he had been turned in the gentlest manner, as a child is turned in the arms of a nurse. In a moment or two he told us that he was going to pass across to the window, against the gray silvery light, through which he would be visible. We watched in profound stillness and saw his figure pass from one side of the window to the other, feet foremost, lying horizontally in the air. * * * He hovered about the circle for several minutes and passed this time over our heads. I heard his voice behind me in the air and felt something lightly brush my hair. It was his foot which he gave me leave to touch. * * * He now passed over the farthest extremity of the room and we could judge by the voice of the altitude and distance he had attained. He had reached the ceiling upon which he had made a slight mark and soon afterwards descended and resumed his place at the table. An incident which occurred during this aerial passage, and imparted a strange solemnity to it, was that the accordion which we supposed to be on the ground under the window close to us played a strain of wild pathos in the air from the most distant corner of the room."*

The *Cornhill* was then edited by Thackeray, who vouched for the good faith of his contributor. It is now known that the contributor was Robert Bell, dramatist and critic.

The most fanatical of the faithful of the fold of naturalism acknowledge that science has so far failed to explain all spiritualistic phenomena. It is presumed that the levitations of the Medium Home are included in the residue of marvels awaiting an explanation.

Such exhibitions as the one just described and those of the later phases of mesmerism helped not a little to promote the growth and development of the many other cults and crazes revived or

* "Modern Spiritualism," vol. i, pp. 49, 50.

originated in the last century. Lavater sought to give a scientific basis to physiognomy in a highly imaginative work in four volumes, published in 1778. A three volume edition of this work appeared in an English dress fifteen years later and a one volume abridgement of the English version passed through several editions. But the so-called science failed to sustain its absurd pretention and was claimed by its rightful owners, the clairvoyant and the fortune-teller, before half the century had passed.

Phrenology, of somewhat later origin, had a much more vigorous existence and it at one time seemed to be taken seriously. Though the French Institute decided against its pretensions and the celebrated Cuvier in drawing up the report thought it necessary to apologise in the name of the commission for having taken the subject into consideration at all. Phrenology made many converts including, in Ireland, Whately, the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin. It became popular in most European countries. Doctor Lurzheim, the co-founder of this study, on his first visit to Cork in 1814, lectured to a small and sceptical audience, but on his return eleven years later he received a warm and enthusiastic reception. We have a record of the association of phrenology with animal magnetism in the title "Phreno-Magnet" given by Spencer Hall to the monthly journal started in 1843 to promote the movement. Hall, who describes himself as a lecturer in phrenology, estimated that three hundred persons had lectured on the subject in America, in Ireland and in Great Britain during that year. Cerebral exploration had by this time become as absorbing as Central African and, it must be added, the explorers got "lost" quite as often in the one region as in the other. Some of these cerebral geographers "discovered" the dwelling places of no fewer than one hundred and fifty faculties marked on the human cranium.

Fancy having to live with a person endowed with one hundred and fifty faculties! But the movement, like others of its kind, proved a waste of energy. The true value of the vague and fanciful reasons on which the theory rested became better known and phrenology has taken its place in a large group of subjects of investigation more curious than profitable which do not lend themselves to scientific treatment. The well known pleasantries of Oliver Wendell Holmes on phrenology helped to dispose of its scientific pretensions in the popular mind. It is in this context, as all readers are aware, that he gives that humorous definition of a pseudo-science: "A pseudo-science consists of a 'nomenclature' with a self-adjusting arrangement, by which all positive evidence or such as favors its doctrines is admitted, and all negative evidence or such as tells against it is excluded."* The genial doctor does not, however, deny that there may be something in a pseudo-science, for he hastens to add: "It may contain many truths and even valuable truths. The rottenest bank starts with a little specie. It puts out a thousand promises to pay, on the strength of a single dollar, but the dollar is very commonly a good one." Professor Bumpus in this skit is a shrewd man with, of course, a practical end in view; while the believing multitude from which he draws an audience "consists of women, of both sexes, feeble-minded inquirers, poetical optimists, people who always get cheated in buying horses, philanthropists who insist on hurrying up the millennium, and others of this class, with here and there a clergyman, less frequently a lawyer, very rarely a physician and almost never a horse-jockey or a member of the detective force." The bankruptcy of phrenology as a science, matters not at all to the professor Bumpus of the present day. He lays

* "The Philosopher at the Breakfast-Table."

claim to a knowledge far superior to that of the mere man of science, namely a supernatural faculty of divination and prediction. He gathers round him a still larger class—the eternally gullible—and fleeces his clients on a scale commensurate with the greatness of his supposed gifts. That the face, “a book where men may read strange matters,” and the head, the seat of the brain, should be thought to reflect in some mysterious way, and to reveal the secrets of the past and the future, is at least conceivable, but how about the hand? Here truly is a puzzle of unreason for the panegyrist of pure reason to explain. For chiromancy or palmistry, the art of reading the past and forgetting the future by examining the palm of the hand, is as old as history. It is known to have been practiced in the East from the earliest times. Aristotle and Juvenal refer to it. It has maintained itself in every age down to our own when probably the palmist reaps a richer harvest in the great cities of Europe and America than at any other period. We hear that at this moment eight hundred women live by this ridiculous superstition in Paris alone, and with the increasing decay of supernatural faith, we may look forward to an increasing growth in the number of their clients. But to return to the principle subject of this paper.

Committees and associations had on various occasions undertaken to investigate the claims of spiritism, but for one reason or another the results of their labors were deemed unsatisfactory. At length, in 1882, an association called the “Society for Psychical Research” was instituted for the purpose of “making an organised and systematic attempt to investigate that large group of debatable phenomena designated by such terms as mesmeric, psychical, and spiritualistic.” The association has labored hard for twenty years, published bewilderingly voluminous reports, and debates

on “debatable phenomena” have kept pace with its efforts. It has achieved one result sufficiently definite. It has prolonged and will probably perpetuate the life of spiritism, which it set out with the hope of cutting short. Even if there were any justification for the inquiry at all, which all Catholics and many non-Catholics deny, it seems such a waste of the time and labor of learned men to devote them to inquiring, for instance, how much of the cheat and charlatan there was in Madam Blavatsky, and how much of fraud in her performances. The writer of the society’s report on “The Priestess of Isis” must have felt this. He concludes it in these words: “For our own part we regard her neither as the mouthpiece of hidden seers nor as a mere vulgar adventuress; we think that she has achieved a title to permanent remembrance as one of the most accomplished, ingenious and interesting imposters in history.”

Spiritism ten years ago was so much on the wane that it seemed as if the movement was about to die a natural death. Since 1893, however, it has gained fresh energy and the cult at the present moment is believed to be more widely diffused and more firmly established than at any other period in its history. This result is due to the trance utterances of a certain Mrs. Piper and to the excellent free advertisement given her by the prolonged and laborious investigation of her doings, conducted by Dr. Hodgson, the representative of the Society for Psychical Research. Dr. Hodgson and many other scientists admit that the evidence in this case points to communication with spirits—of the dead, as they fancy—and the extremely sceptical author of “Modern Spiritualism” says that “certainly here if in any case in the whole history of spiritualism, is such evidence to be found.”† The trance utterances of another medium, Eusapia Paladino, were the subject of in-

† “Modern Spiritualism,” vol. ii, p. 342.

vestigation by continental scientists about the same time, and accepted by them as pointing to the same conclusion. As this is likely to be an abiding phase of spiritism we shall take a closer view of it from the pages of the work already quoted:

"Many of the personalities or pseudo-personalities [says Mr. Podmore] who speak, write and act through the organism of the entranced Mrs. Piper present so faithful a mimicry of the persons whose names they assume as to have prevailed in some cases over the natural reluctance of sceptical outsiders. The most effective of these impersonations is that of the so-called G. P., G. P. was a young journalist and author of some repute, an acquaintance of Dr. Hodgson who died suddenly from the effects of an accident in February 1892. A few weeks after his death he purported to possess Mrs. Piper's organism, and from that time onwards for some years has assumed the chief control, has carried on many and prolonged conversations with Dr. Hodgson and others and furnished numerous proofs of his knowledge of the doings and affairs of the person whom he represents. He has made reference to G. P.'s manuscripts and personal effects, to private conversations which took place before his death and to many other matters betraying an intimate acquaintance with G. P.'s own concerns and those of his friends. One of the most striking proofs of identity furnished is his constant recognition amongst the numerous persons who have since his death consulted Mrs. Piper, of those known personally to G. P. when alive. Not only so, but the supposed G. P. has accorded to each his due measure of welcome, whether as near relative, friend, or mere acquaintances. Nor is Dr. Hodgson able to find any instance where such recognition has been incorrectly accorded. There have been many other trance personalities speaking through Mrs. Piper's

organism which have been accepted as genuine representatives of deceased friends."*

Investigators of spiritistic phenomena find themselves much embarrassed by the fact that similar manifestations, especially those of the physical order, have been produced fraudulently or under conditions that favor fraud or by persons who have again and again been convicted of fraud. But we, at least, are fully prepared for such a condition of things. Trickery and fraud have in all ages been associated with occultism and superstition. Hence Catholics are most cautious in expressing opinions on the character of abnormal occurrences and slow in deciding that such or such phenomena are preternatural; for even when the preternatural enters into them it may be present in very different degrees. What interests us most in the Piper trance utterances and in similar mediumistic communications is the extreme credulity of intelligent spiritists. They believe the mediums put them in communication with the spirits of their departed relatives, friends and acquaintances! Surely the means of detecting this fraud are easily accessible, for the records of spiritism abound with them. Two years ago a member of the Society for Psychical Research wrote a small volume† for the two-fold purpose of bearing testimony to the reality of spiritistic phenomena and of warning the public against the dangers of spiritism. The true character of these communicating spirits may easily be learned from its pages. A correspondent of his, the author tells, us a lady of high moral character and of much intelligence developed the power of automatic writing, that is, of writing at the dictation of a spirit. The dictating spirit personated

* "Ibidem," vol. ii, p. 343.

† "The Dangers of Spiritualism," (London, Sands & Co., 1901). A more recent edition has been published with the approbation of the Most Rev. Archbishop of St. Louis. (St. Louis, Mo., B. Herder, 1902.)

the spirit, or soul, of a deceased celebrated novelist. "He dictated to her a portion of a novel, entire essays of a theological and philosophical character and constituted himself in every sense her guide, philosopher and friend. He was with her and wrote through her hand at all hours of the day and night." The lady was much pleased and hadn't a particle of doubt or misgiving about the good faith of the "novelist." Our author was not so. He had doubts and to the lady's unbounded indignation he expressed them. She paid no attention to his warning but continued her writing. Two years later her eyes were opened. She wrote to him to say that she had been terribly and cruelly deceived. The spirit was not that of a deceased novelist, but an arch-deceiver.† On another page* a spiritist of twenty years' standing, writing to the author says: "I have seen a medium, at other times calm and respectable, suddenly, under some mysterious influence or control, break out into a tirade of the most horribly blasphemous and obscene language, which drove all the sitters from the table, to which no persuasion would ever afterward induce them to return."

The author vouches for the truth of the foregoing cases, but as they were the experiences of others a case in which he was an eye witness himself may be added. He devotes the whole of the fourth chapter of the volume to the spiritistic experiences of a youngish man of superior birth and education who for some weeks had been a frequent visitor at his house. It is an instance of the gradual growth in influence of a wicked spirit over the intellectual, moral and even the physical constitution of a man until he seemed to be wholly and helplessly in the power of his cruel tormentor. Our author was anxious to help to deliver his friend, but he wished first to have a further proof of the presence of the spirit and here is what happened:

† "Ibidem," pp. 126, 127.

* P. 124.

"Upon this M. said excitedly, 'But he is determined to speak to you and I shall have to let him do it.' Throwing himself back into an easy chair, and closing his eyes, he gave one or two gasps and twists, and then passed into a quiet, trance-like state. The next moment, however, his eyes partially re-opened, a violent contortion shook his frame, and his features undergoing a strange and startling metamorphosis, assumed those of an old man of a most crafty and cunning type. A rasping voice and a defective enunciation suggesting a toothless mouth, poured forth a stream of the most horrible and unheard-of blasphemies. It denounced my utter and hopeless folly in attempting any kind of experiment with a view to dislodging the observing intelligence. * * * When I persisted in discrediting the presence of a personality other than, and different from, that of M. a very frenzy seemed to shake the frame of M. and words of the most abusive kind were levelled at me. 'What fools you are,' it exclaimed, 'to tamper with things which you do not understand; to facilitate the invasion of spirits and then to deny that they exist; to play with hell-fire and then to be surprised that it hurts and burns. I challenge you to propose any kind of experiment to test my utter and entire independence of the person of this idiot with whom I can do absolutely as I please.' Further on we have imparted the wholly unnecessary information, as far as we Catholics are concerned, that all the spirits invited by these means are evil spirits with evil intent in whatever guise they come; that they have access to every fragment of a person's past history, to every thought and feeling; and that they can consequently simulate any personality living or dead.†

The communications made through spiritistic agency are, on the whole, just such as we should expect to emanate from spirits of the character thus de-

† "Ibidem," pp. 90, 91, 96.

scribed. When these communications are not wholly mendacious they are generally "such a subtle mixture of truth and falsehood as to suggest the guile of the serpent" (p. 124) "the high-flown talk of clever but fallen intelligences" (p. 150) "for the most part vague, colorless * * * and contradictory" (p. 145), "intellectual phenomena which when not silly are frequently mischievous, and when distinctly true are not new and being new are not true," (p. 120), "designed with cruel cunning to destroy all faith in God," (p. 147), to remove the sanctions of religion and to entrap men to the undoing of their souls (pps. 124 and 147).

That the votaries of spiritism in their dealings with spirits expose themselves to the greatest possible dangers, mental, moral and physical is the opinion of most of the leading members of the Society for Psychical Research. The member from whom many of the foregoing facts have been taken thinks his colleagues commit a grave error of judgment in not speaking out distinctly in their collective capacity and pointing out these dangers to all whom they may concern. In the case of "M" already referred to we get a glimpse of what these dangers are. Home and Stainton Moses, the mediums, are other and well known illustrations of the real nature of spiritism. The latter confessed that evil spirits assailed him. His days were perturbation and his nights were terror and though he knew the so-called spirit teaching was contrary to Scriptures and to the fundamental dogmas of Christianity—and who does not?—he gradually surrendered his life-long religious convictions through the practice of spiritism. How cruel, then, it is as well as silly, to attribute such things to communing with one's deceased relatives, friends and acquaintances? Reverence for the dead characterized all past ages, Pagan as well as Christian. It has been reserved for our time to dishonor this

memory by associating them with deception, fraud and cruelty practiced on the living. This is about all that is really new in modern spiritism as "being new [happily] it is not true." What, then, it may be asked, are we to think of these spirits and of the spiritistic movement as a whole? When mediumistic communications really extend to the world of spirits they are communications with fallen angels or demons and spiritism in its essence is a kind of modernized diabolism, the revival of pagan demon worship, modified in accordance with the trend of modern ideas. In pre-Christian times men believed in many deities and these spirits personated them,* spoke by the oracles and wrought pretended miracles by the magicians.† In modern times men having, to a large extent, lost definite faith in God believe in man, in humanity, and the spirits or trap their most sacred natural feelings by assuming the character of those who were near and dear to them. This view of the true nature of spiritism accurately reflects, as the present writer thinks, the opinions of those Catholic writers and theologians who so far have written on the subject. It (a) fits the facts; it is (b) an adequate explanation of all spiritistic phenomena; and (c) it is in accordance with the attitude assumed by the Catholic Church toward spiritism from its first appearance.

1. With regard to the facts or the evidence of the preternatural character of spiritism in some of its manifestations, it is unnecessary, indeed impossible, for want of space, to add to what has already been submitted in this paper. The Home and Piper cases are typical of many others, those selected from "The Dangers of Spiritualism" are not, as may be inferred, exceptional or rare occurrences while the statement made before an assembly of several thousand

* I. Cor. X. 20. Aug. De Civitate Dei viii. 24.

† Athanasius de Inc. 48.

persons by the converted leader and exponent of spiritism in Germany, Dr. Egbert Mueller, will continue for long to be quoted in this context: "A bold scheme of Satan for the destruction of the Church of Christ." Such is spiritism pronounced to be by this prominent figure in Berlin intellectual and literary circles, after years of careful investigation.

Many of the writers on spiritism do not believe in the existence of a world of spirits at all and in vindication of their principles they have fought hard against the conclusion to which the evidence points. In exposing the trickery, jugglery, fraud and deceit which are common to occultism under all conditions and in every age, they have done excellent work. One of the ablest and most sceptical of these writers, however, admits that there is a residue of phenomena in spiritism which neither the detective can expose nor the scientist explain. "Competent witnesses," says Mr. F. Podmore, "have seen things which neither we nor they can explain."*

To the Catholic, on the other hand, the world of spirits and its inhabitants—God and His holy angels, Satan and his fallen hosts, the souls of the just and the reprobate—are of course familiar facts. The existence of fallen angels or demons, their knowledge, their power, the conditions under which that power may be exercised, the possibility of treating or dealing with demons, the fact of demonical possession are things so plainly revealed in Holy Scripture, and so manifestly supported by the infallibility of Holy Scripture that the infallibility of the Church has hardly had to be invoked at all in this department of dogma.

The Catholic investigator, nevertheless, is at one with the unbelievers in the rigor of his methods for sifting the evidence, in any given instance of alleged preternatural intervention. This

latter hypothesis he admits then only when no other can be reasonably sustained.

2. That this view of spiritism adequately explains all its phenomena may easily be shown. The physical and psychological manifestations, the power and knowledge displayed in the Home levitations and in the Piper trance utterances (to select from the abyssimal mysteries of spiritism) are mere trifles compared to the marvels ascribed in Holy Scripture to Satanic agency. It is generally taught by Catholic theologians that the fallen angels in their fall retain their enormous natural power and extensive knowledge. In the history of Job we have a display of both which offers a striking illustration of the doctrine. Here Satan first "considered" (showing profound knowledge of the human heart and of human motives) and then proceeded, with divine permission, to afflict the great servant of God. Immediately the Sabeans and Chaldeans are impelled as by a tempest to their work of plunder and slaughter; fire rushes down from heaven and destroys the servants and property of Job; his sons and his daughters are crushed to death beneath the ruins of the house which had been suddenly thrown in upon them. Yet this is a display of restricted Satanic energy, for these spirits cannot act without divine permission, especially in thwarting and striving against the purposes of God's all-wise Providence. They are only permitted to do evil. This brings us to that feature of spiritism that spiritists never attempt to explain, the uncertainty, namely, of results and the presence of fraud. But the explanation here given is at once simple and logical. Since the spirits cannot act without the divine permission the exercise of their power in these cases (of direct interposition in human affairs) is necessarily intermittent. Those who become their instruments and agents are, of course, in no better position. Hence the suc-

* "Modern Spiritualism," vol. ii, p. 184.

cess of mediumistic performances can never be relied on. The most elaborate precautions and the minutest and most careful observance of the prescribed ritual have not, as a matter of fact, been sufficient to insure it. But to meet the commercial requirements of the profession the proportion of failures must by some means be lessened—else the performances will cease to be interesting and, what is much worse, will cease to be profitable. How is this to be effected? Obviously by supplementing the borrowed Satanic power by acquired personal dexterity. Hence the detection of imposture is a commonplace among the experiences of the seance-room and no medium, however reputable on other grounds, is trusted in his professional capacity.

3. In a well known work of reference† we read that Home, the medium, was expelled from the Catholic Church for spiritistic practices. This statement though grotesquely inaccurate, sufficiently indicates what is understood even by those outside her pale to be the attitude of the Church towards this and all other forms of the occult. The facts in this instance are these: Home in the jargon of spiritism was frequently tormented by intelligences of a malicious and mischievous character—in other words was obsessed by demons, had periodic fits of alarm, that is to say stirrings of conscience, seasons of grace—and in one of these he made up his mind to have done with spiritism and to become a Catholic. The spirits mocked and ridiculed his resolve to escape them. A non-Catholic writer* informs us on the authority of an eye witness that very

extraordinary occurrences attended Home's reception into the Church in 1856. A year later, as the spirits had foretold, the rappings and other spiritistic manifestations recommenced and Home performed in Paris before the French Emperor. His confessor, the well known Father de Ravignan, on being informed of it strictly forbade him to engage in these practices. Instead of obeying his confessor he was much annoyed when the celebrated Jesuit declined to reason with him on a matter of elementary Catholic duty. He was, of course, quite free to consult other confessors and may have done so. He shortly afterwards visited America, but it does not appear that he resumed his duties as a Catholic on his return to Europe.

Spiritism and all such cults are, of course, forbidden to Catholics. They are movements that are practically outside the Church's pale with which Catholics have nothing to do save to avoid them.

The cursory glance taken in this paper at the right side of moral and intellectual life among the best representatives of latter-day progressiveness is highly suggestive if not flattering. For one thing it suffices to dispel the illusion of those semi-scientists who bid us hope for a solvent for superstition from the diffusion of scientific knowledge. And what hope could be more illusive? Is it not as defiant of reason and experience as the most extravagant of the cults we have been considering? Men must learn to combine a high estimate of the dignity and utility of science with the frank acknowledgement of its insufficiency for any such purpose. That the true vaccine for superstition is religion, is the well known dictum of a man of a supereminently secular and scientific cast of mind, the First Napoleon.

† "Chambers' Encyclopaedia," art. on Home, etc.

* Author of "The Dangers of Spiritualism."

Fernanda's Diamonds

By MARY E. CONWAY

IV.

THE CLOUDS GATHER.

TWO days after her "at home," a telegram from Entre Rios announced the sudden death of young Pedro Iturrialde, and "poor Fernanda" was obliged to lay aside her fine costumes, and consign the brilliants she had only worn once, to the depths of the "Caja de Fievro"* which stood in her husband's room.

"Well," said Lola, who remained as friend of the family to accompany Fernanda, and help her receive the formal visits of condolence, the day of the Requiem Mass, "how foolish it is to worry. Last week you were so upset about the concert. Do you remember?"

"Indeed I do. I hope they won't bother me now, sending for the price of the tickets."

"Oh no! How could they have so little consideration, after your loss. By the way, Iturrialde's mother is yet living, is she not?"

"Yes, but now she has only Carlos and Maria. Poor Mamma Iturrialde! She will be very lonesome!"

"She inherits from the boy, of course, and her part will be divided between your husband and his sister. Well this leaves you much better off—unless—she marries again."

"Never!" Fernanda's face flushed as she spoke. She never lost her sensitiveness about her mother's second nuptials. "Do you know," she continued, changing the conversation, "the institutrice has given me notice. She leaves at the end of the month."

"Ah, just the way with her class, never know when they are well off. Have you found any one to replace her?"

* Safe.

"No, for the present, as we go to Cordoba next month, I shall take, I think, the 'gobernanta' who is leaving the Olinos. They say she is an excellent person—a sort of superior, upper servant. She has taught all the girls to speak French fluently; besides she is very cheap."

"Ah yes, but, do you know she has what they call a past?"

"Bah, that has nothing to do with me. They say she speaks French beautifully—that's all I want her to teach the children. They must learn, for I shall give her entire charge of them and of their clothes. It will be a great economy, for Mademoiselle never liked to do more than what she called the 'instructive and educative part.' She always objected to bathing or dressing the children. So besides the nurse for Toto, I had to keep a maid for Maria and Caihtos—quite a useless expense."

A few days later there was very bad news. The "London and Liverpool (limited)" engaged beyond its depth in the wheat trade and other promising ventures, was obliged to suspend payment.

The day the first of the Vandeleur notes fell due, Iturrialde was in Entre Rios. He had gone to see his mother for her feast. "The saddest 'Mercedes'* in all my life," sighed the afflicted mother.

In response to Fernanda's telegram announcing the protest, her husband returned in haste. He did not find it quite so easy to renew with the agent in Montevideo. After much discussion the bill was renewed for three months at two per cent per month.

"Things are looking very black," he remarked to Fernanda a couple of days

* 24th of September, day of Our Lady of Mercy, hence Mercedes.

later. "There is no hope of seeing the "London and Liverpool" on its legs again until after the managers' general meeting in London, which, they tell me, will take place early in January. And mayhap they won't be able to start even then. It's fortunate that Don Tomas has left his place outside at our disposal."

"You don't mean to say we are going out there! I detest the Tigre."

"Yes, but Fernanda mia, it's a splendid Chacra* everything is ready for us, even the servants are left. We shall have hardly any expenses—and I did not like to tell you, but I must—until the London and Liverpool resumes work there will be no rents. We are sure it will be all right in time, but no one can fix the day, and it's useless to try to raise money on remote prospects."

Fernanda's eyes dilated.

"Do you mean to say you won't get your money every month as usual? Well, turn them out, and rent to some one else. We must have the money!"

"No, dearest, we can't do that; there is a fortune in buildings and machines on the land; if things go well in England it will be only a temporary inconvenience. Meantime, as you say, we must have money. If you like," he continued hurriedly, as one who wants to get over the worst at once, "if you like you can help me so much by allowing this house to be rented, as it stands, and to pass the time your mother is in Europe in the Villa Ezcurra. I know, dear, it is hard, it goes to my very heart to ask this sacrifice, but I can think of no other way. I see my error; we have—I have been improvident, but with prudence all—"

"Stop! Repair your errors yourself, don't try to make me do it for you. Why should I give up my own house? If you won't take us to Cordoba as you promised, and as the doctor ordered for me and the children, I suppose we must

go, for three months, to the Tigre. We can't spend the summer in town—but to rent my house—that, no!"

"Fernanda, do, I implore you be reasonable. I have never crossed you, never refused you anything in my power, but now there is no other way. We have nothing. I brought two thousand dollars back. I was ashamed to take it from my mother, only that I needed it for you and the children. There will be expenses, servants to be paid off here, and I want to get a good governess for the children—poor little things, they are very backward."

Fernanda listened, indignant and amazed, for the first time in her married life. Carlos—but was this her indulgent, easy-going, pleasure-loving husband? This pale, serious man who seemed resolved to direct her affairs?

"To whom do you think of giving the house?" she asked coldly.

"Alberto Frias returns the fifteenth, and his brother offers me one thousand per month as it stands, with a two years' contract." He paused for a moment. "When you and the children are comfortably settled, if I can get no other employment I shall try to go as capataz on an estancia. Don Juan Anchocampos always said I was made for an estanciero, not for a lawyer."

"Thou! Capataz on an estancia! Thou art mad!" she said rising languidly. "Do as thou wilt about the house." She trailed her long black draperies across the drawing-room without another word or glance, as she passed slowly out, but the vicious bang she gave the door betrayed the storm raging under her apparent calm.

Reaching her boudoir, she gave way to a storm of tears, which brought on one of her nervous headaches. She would see no one but Primitiva, an old mulatto servant of her mother's who worshipped her, and would scruple nothing to give her adored nursling a moment's pleasure. To this ignorant

* Small estate near the city.

and devoted creature Fernanda confided her grievances. She was bitterly wroth with her husband, the world, everyone and everything.

"If Carlos were only vivo* like other men, but no, he is so fastidiously honorable. With his 'relaciones' he might have had anything he wanted, but no, he would not push, nor solicit favors from his friends! Look, Primitiva, when his Coprovinciano was Finance Minister, he might have been government broker and made a fortune—and now we have nothing—nothing!"

"Ah, my poor Senora, my poor child," murmured the old woman, stroking the cold hands she held in hers. Her beady eyes glistened.

Was not her son Toribio, coachman and confidential factotum of his excellency, the minister of—what, she could not remember. And wasn't it only a short time since he amused her so much telling how the viejo presumido† made him drive up and down the Corso in Palermo, until her mistress left the park, and then ordered Toribio to return to the city, saying to his colleague and companion: "Varnos, the beautiful Senora de Iturrialde has gone, why should we stay to trouble ourselves saluting the painted old frumps who remain."

To win a smile from Fernanda might not this minister do something to help Don Carlos? At least it were worth the trying. As soon as her mistress fell into an uneasy slumber, Primitiva left her, to send an urgent message; she wanted to see Toribio that night if possible.

V.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

"What can have happened to our aristocratic neighbor? He looks as if he won the 'grande' or inherited a fortune from some unexpected quarter,"

remarked Rene Rotstard, the speculator, who kept bachelor's hall in a fine house opposite Iturrialde's.

"Hope he has won a lottery," replied Alsina. "He is a good fellow," and he looked with friendly interest on the tall handsome man just disappearing behind the vestibule door.

"Well, I guess he needs one; he's only a miserable beggar. He had to shut up his office. They say he's dead broke, and is looking for something to do. Reckon he won't find it an easy matter."

Alsina did not answer, he was intent on a paragraph in the evening paper. He smiled, laid the journal on his knee, and keeping his hand on the item he had just read, looked up pleasantly. He was an old beau of limited means, but good ancestry; he repaid the speculator's hospitality by keeping him posted on the doings of the "high life"—that charmed circle from which Monsieur Rene was rigorously excluded.

"Did you not hear at the Cuzon's ball last night,—but I forgot, you don't know them."

The man's face flushed darkly. "A poor pretentious set," he growled. "I could sell them up to-morrow. I know them well enough for that. I hold a mortgage on every stick old Jose Maria Cuzon owns."

"So, they were fools not to have asked you; I heard there last night that his wife's uncle has accepted the vacant portfolio—"

"What? Is Ortiz Suenz her uncle? Why, I knew him thirty years ago; he kept the books for my brother-in-law and gave us Spanish lessons every night in the little room behind the shoe-shop. He was poor then, and was studying law. Ever since we have been friends. Don Juan Roque is not a man to be ashamed of having been poor."

"He need not," answered the other drily. "Now he can enrich himself and his family."

* Sharp. † Conceited old man.

"Not so! Don Juan Roque is not that kind."

"Perhaps, but listen," taking up the "Diario" he began to read. "Don Carlos Iturrialde has been commissioned by the National Government to purchase supplies—"

"What!" cried Rotstard, "Impossible!"

"Look and read for yourself," replied Alsina, giving him the paper. "I am going to the Club."

"Meet me at the Cafe de Paris at eight. Aldano from Chacabuco, my lawyer, and young Tinnah will dine with us."

"Well, all right," said the other indifferently, and he lounged across the square to the magnificent Club house, where many a fortune was lost, many a family cast from affluence to poverty in the course of a few hours' play.

Meantime, all unconscious that his altered demeanor had attracted attention, Carlos Iturrialde hastened to give his wife the good tidings—just when he had lost all hope of obtaining employment, he received a document from the government house, announcing his appointment as inspector and assistant secretary with an excellent salary. At first he feared it was a hoax, for his impecunious condition, owing principally to the protested bill, was pretty well known to his intimates. Furthermore he had never solicited any place from the government; to put himself out of uncertainty he took his courage in both hands, walked boldly to the department indicated in his official notification.

On presenting his card he was at once shown into the sacred precincts of the ministerial private parlor, where he had a brief but most satisfactory interview with his future chief.

Iturrialde's expressions of gratitude were cut short by the minister who said kindly:

"You undervalue your talents; for some time back your friends have been

interesting themselves in your behalf. The son of General Iturrialde is worthy to take part in the government of the nation his father helped to form."

Thus reassured, he hastened home. Fernanda was beside herself with delight.

"I never dreamed he would do anything for us—and the very day he entered office! Dear old uncle, I shall never call you a Beato* again."

"You may call him what you like, beloved, "it is Don Pantaleon Oribes who has given me the Inspectorship."

"That pompous old sphinx! Well it's awfully nice of him. But Uncle Juan Roque ought to be ashamed."

"Nonsense, dear, even if he knew we were in need, he would scruple to put me in any position of importance, lest I could not comply with its obligations, and you know one can hardly blame him."

"Oh, he is all for reform, economy and all other stuff-and-nonsense. He will only work for the public good, tiresome old hypocrite. But," she continued, running her cool, slender fingers through her husband's abundant hair, "what a fortunate thing no steps were taken about the house. Now, of course, you'll take us to Cordoba. Let us go soon—it's horrid shut up here."

"But, Fernanda dear," he said, drawing her closer to him, "you forget our income is gone. The appointments bring about eleven hundred a month, paid at the end of each month, I suppose. Everything must go on as we have already agreed, but this will be a great help, for I can devote it all to paying off debts which we have incurred. I can't risk another protest."

Hastily withdrawing herself from his encircling arm, she exclaimed in a voice hoarse with anger, "Always that protest! How you begrudge me the only pleasure you have ever given me! You have

* Devotee—in derision.

no debts of course! You never squandered anything at the Clubs, nor at the Careras.† My diamonds have caused all your trouble!"

Pale with anger he answered, "You say well, I never signed a bill nor had a protest until I contracted that debt," and he left the room.

Before November the family were installed in the Chacra and Fernanda appeared tolerably reconciled to her new life. The children gave her no trouble, although she had not secured the services of the invaluable dame with a "past."

H. Iturrialde obtained, through the Anchocampos, an excellent governess, for them. "A friend of ours," the venerable Missa Dolores called her. This gentle old lady and her unassuming nieces proved the kindest and most considerate of friends.

Fernanda felt keenly the neglect of her old time associates, and contrasted their indifference with the real friendship of the ladies, Lola and her tribe ridiculed so unsparingly.

Often in the evening, the elderly, but still elegant minister, in whose department Carlos was employed, drove over to see his young protege and become better acquainted with his charming wife. He greatly admired the children, who were always in evidence during his visits.

The stately "Mees," as the governess was called, was exceedingly amiable, but inflexible on one point: the children must be left entirely in her hands.

Fernanda listlessly acquiesced. All her life she had her own way in everything until now; in the full perfection of her beauty, when the incense of flattery and the adulation of admirers were as the breath of life in her nostrils, she was cut off from all she most desired, and condemned to a life of seclusion, not for one summer, during her mourning, worn with such ill-grace, but for

at least two years, and with what prospects after?

"Those wretched diamonds," she murmured, when she thought of the money that must be saved to pay for them. But one glance at the precious stones (for she had brought them with her, refusing her husband's request to send them for safety to the "Deposit") and she forgot all but the happy day when once again that glowing circlet should be clasped around her neck.

The Minister, in his frequent visits, fostered her discontent by his constant allusions to the opera season, balls, and all other winter amusements, in which he used to remark to Iturrialde, "Your charming Senora is always the bright particular star. He pooh-poohed the idea of their remaining in their "hermitage" for a couple of years.

The astute statesman saw with ill-concealed delight the gleam of anger in Fernanda's eyes when her husband answered seriously that they would "certainly remain two years in the Chacra, it was so healthy for the children."

VI.

MORE UNEXPECTED GOOD FORTUNE AND SOME INTERPRETATIONS THEREOF.

"How glum that swell Iturrialde looks this morning," remarked one young athlete to another as they left the train at Palermo and started towards the "grounds" for an hour's practice.

It was not without reason; at the Tigre Station he received, with the morning mail, a notification that the Vandeleur notes were left for collection with the "Banco Frances." They were due the 28th, Innocents' day.* How was he to pay them?

The astute Hebrew, who represented himself as returning immediately to Amsterdam, and leaving his affairs in the hands of an agent in Montevideo, had only made a business trip to the

† Races.

* Corresponds to April first.

Upper Provinces, and on his return to the Capital, learned to his amazement that the elegant and distinguished family of Iturrialde were in straitened circumstances; but also he discovered that the house was the Senora's private property.

"Ah, there will be nothing lost," he said to his wife. "We press for payment," and he made a significant gesture, indicating the pressure to be applied.

"Besides they are of very rich family, and in this country you never know—they have nothing to-day, and are very rich to-morrow. But make sure."

He smiled, went to see a friend in the Avenue, and later in the day Iturrialde's notes among others were deposited in the bank.

The luckless creditor was at his wits' end. If only there was any certainty of the L. and L. resuming payments within a reasonable time, he might borrow from—but no, he could not, he would not rob his mother and sister. Poor Maria; preparations for her marriage with Goyma in June, had already been begun when the crash came. And his mother, he had not the heart to visit or even to write to her this Christmas. For the last fifteen days a presentiment of evil, a sadness for which he could not account, oppressed him. Was there really a change in Fernanda? Or was it only his imagination? Everything seemed to go on well; the governess never had any complaints, as Mademoiselle always had. The Anchocampos were as friendly as ever. Still there was something wrong, not only at home, but abroad. He had drifted away from all his former acquaintances and friends, just how he could not tell. His duties at the Minister's were rather undefined, but they required his constant presence during office hours. On his arrival he was called to the inner sanctum, but only for a few minutes' indifferent conversation—then with an intimation to be

ready for a delicate piece of work—the interview was over. But the delicate piece of work, like the supplies to be purchased, was yet in the future.

On his arrival this morning, he was informed that the chief had already asked for him, and with a sudden fear that he was about to lose his position, he took his way to the private office.

His excellency was radiant: "My dear young friend," he cried as Iturrialde entered, "I was growing quite impatient to see you, to tell you the good news. Convinced of your extensive legal knowledge," he dropped the friendly tone and adopted his formal and affected manner of speech, "Convinced, I say, of your extensive legal knowledge and your diplomatic talent, I recommended you, some days ago, to his excellency, the illustrious president of the Republic as the most fitting person to act as Interventor in the Province of Tartagal, and this morning his excellency has named you to this very important post. Select your own secretary, take a couple of notaries, and half a dozen good servants. You must leave by the fifth of January. Your absence will be probably of three months' duration. But," added the great man hastily, as he saw his junior's face clouded, "that depends on yourself, and the tact with which you arrange matters. We have had interventions settled in ten days, and again, others that dragged for five months. The emoluments will be far superior to anything you could hope for in any other position. I made a point of your nomination with his excellency, the president," he lapsed into his familiar tone, "because I am so fond of your charming wife and lovely children. If this intervention succeeds, as we hope, it will be a stepping stone to an Embassy for you. How well your beautiful Senora would help you represent our country abroad! What advantages for your children, and you would have an opportunity to add new

lustre to your honored name. And we look for a vacancy either in France or Germany very soon. Nay—no thanks," as Iturrialde happy, but bewildered, tried to express his gratitude.

"We old politicians are not all selfish beings; we like to play the part of a beneficent providence—sometimes. You have vacation until January the third, then you will come to me for orders."

The young man with a few half incoherent words, which, however, plainly revealed the tumult of happiness in his soul, took his leave. His head was in a whirl; what a prospect the future was opening for him! Would not Fernanda be pleased. An Ambassador! just what she was made for.

He took the first return train home. He found his wife on the back piazza, seated in a straw chair, deeply absorbed in a yellow, paper covered book; he touched her shoulder. She started and made a movement to push the volume under the cushions.

"Oh, is it you? I thought it was one of those tiresome Anchocampos. Why have you come back so soon?"

"Ah, picara!"* he said, not heeding her petulant tone, he was so full of joy, "is that why you wanted to hide your book? What is it?" and he took it from her resistless fingers.

"Oh!" with a look of disgust, "Don't read that stuff, Fernanda, its loathsome."

Her eyes flashed vindictively.

"Do you know, dear, I've come back to give you some news—splendid news. Just what you have always longed for, may very soon come to pass. I am named Interventor in Tartagal, and if that turns out well I shall have the next vacant Embassy—and one will soon be 'disponible,' according to his excellency. Is not that good news?"

Her face flushed and paled again; she lay back in her chair and shaded her eyes from the strong sun-light.

"Tell me all about it," she said in a low voice.

When he had finished a scrupulous report of the Minister's conversation she said gently: "I wish you were not obliged to go."

"But, dearest, it's for the best. With the rent of your house, what I get in the Ministerio, and my fees as Interventor, I think things might be straightened in a few months."

She took, he was pleased to see, great interest in all he told her. She was the Fernanda of old times; he yielded to her request not to return to town that afternoon. The little ones were rejoiced when their parents joined them at the boat house for their sail in the evening. The placid waters reflected the soft, rosy clouds, the perfume of a thousand flowers floated on the gentle breeze, and the prattle of the children delighted the father's heart.

"Ah, Fernanda, its worth while to make even heavy sacrifices for these dear ones."

She agreed, and entered into all his plans; but she sat up until long after midnight to finish the book her husband had cast aside with such contempt. It was one of a set that his excellency had kindly sent her "to pass an idle hour."

Holy Innocents' day was very hot and when Iturrialde, always indolent, was not obliged to go to his office, he doddled around, bathing, boating, smoking, and as was his custom, building castles in the air. He had, in imagination, already finished the Intervention, successfully, of course; received the thanks of a grateful province, the approval of his pleased chief, and, best of all, a good round sum—twenty thousand at the least, which would put him on his feet—and neither the Aftoso Club, nor the Jockey should count him among their visitors for the future. He would give up wine also, for in the last three months he had allowed himself too much

* Little rogue.

latitude in that respect. Now, that providence in the shape of the Minister, had come to his aid, he would prove himself of assistance. The only little vice he would permit himself was his cigar. Then he thought on the second gift that had been held before his delighted eyes. That, yes, was something to be desired. How well Fernanda would hold her own among the European beauties. Yes, he was right, the old man, she would represent her country royally. And the children, what advantages for them.

The long sultry day drew to its close without an incident to mar his satisfaction; he remarked, at dinner, it was the quietest and happiest "Innocents'" he remembered.

Next day the Vandeleur notes were protested; he had quite forgotten them, in the excitement of the previous days. What a fall to dull reality! Six thousand one hundred and eighty dollars to pay, and he had scarcely five hundred to his credit. The rent, already received for the house, as well as his salary, had gone to pay accounts that had been running for years, but which had to be settled before leaving the city. His salary for December was all he had to count on for the present, that was nothing. Yet, if the agent would accept one thousand on account and renew for the balance.

He went directly to the wholesale house in the Avenue de Mayo, but neither of the partners were authorized to do more than deposit the notes for collection, or to receive the money. He suggested sending a telegraphic message to Montevideo, but was told Mr. Vandeleur's agent had embarked for Europe ten days ago.

There was nothing to be done but to pay. A dozen plans presented themselves to his excited imagination. He could decide for none. The day wore on, yet he was unable to make any arrangement to take up his protested paper. How hard it was just when he

had such a splendid opening. Stay—why not tell his chief. But no; lately he had begun to realize his folly, not only in the affair of the diamonds, but in his wasted youth, his idle self-indulgence, pursued and enjoyed without one thought of how his extravagance might harm others, his recklessness ruin himself and his dear ones. How would it sound? The Interventor of Tartagal's effects siezed and sold to pay for jewels bought on credit? He would go home and think it out. Fortunately the next day was Sunday and he could count on twenty-four hours' peace—nay more, it would be difficult to initiate proceedings until after New Year's day—that gave him at least three full days. And yes—why had he not thought of it?—to-day or to-morrow the decree naming him would be published. It was almost certain that when it was known, he could make some arrangement with the bank. He would not return to the Avenue de Mayo, they were too insolent. His face burned as he recalled the quiet impertinence of the suave foreigners, and the bill he had to pay them for their telegrams to "my agent in Montevideo" on the occasion of the former protest.

He was hot, tired and thirsty, so he went, about sunset, into a restaurant where he took a couple of drinks; his head ached and he remembered he had eaten nothing all day. Selecting a table in a retired corner of the big dining-room, he called the waiter to bring him an evening paper, ordered a little dinner, and a bottle of wine at once.

He had just opened the paper when suddenly he heard his own name mentioned. He was surprised; it was not a place he frequented, and he did not recognize the voices.

"Yes, Don Carlos de Iturralde is the Interventor. Here's the decree in full in the 'Diario.' I tell you this is the most corrupt government under the sun. I've worked for it for twenty years; I was at the Chacarita in eighty with Avel-

laneda and Pelligrini; I've carried the election, single-handed at San Telmo, helped to defeat Alem at the Balvanera; I defended it in the plaza Libertad in ninety when that aristocrat was fooling round the opera house, or driving a mail coach in Palermo. I know the province as well as I know the Calle Florida. My father-in-law is one of the largest land holders in that province—and when I am proposed, as the most fitting person, my candidacy is completely ignored, and that popinjay appointed."

"Yes, but you forget—he has a handsome wife."

"Bah! that has nothing to do with it."

"You are mistaken; the infatuation of the Minister is well known. A friend of my wife's who knows her well, says she has a fortune in diamonds—all got very lately. The husband is a mean fellow; he has taken a house at the Tigre where his love-sick excellency spends the summer," and the man's voice dropped to a more confidential tone, as he continued with evident satisfaction the scandalous chronicle.

"Well," said the disappointed candidate, rising and shaking himself, "he's got the inside track for the ministerial favors and no mistake—if all that's true; but it's hard to believe. I don't know him, but I knew his father, Gen. Iturralde, well. He was a prince among men."

"Well, everybody knows pretty well what the son is; it has been town's talk lately, but this has crowned the scandal. No one can have a doubt of it now."

With burning eyes fixed on the journal he could not read. The unhappy man waited until the friends went out; then he drank a couple of glasses of wine, paid his reckoning, and passed out into the well lighted street, at that hour comparatively deserted. He hailed a passing cab. "To the Recoleta,"* he

said, and threw himself back in the victoria. This lovely garden is situated on a long slope at the bend of the broad avenue leading to Palermo Park. On one side of it lies the walled city of the dead, the fashionable necropolis of Buenos Aires; on the other, separated only by the avenue and the narrow strip of land occupied by the Northern railway line, the Rio de la Plata spreads far as eye can reach, a great inland sea. When Iturralde dismissed the cab he sought a retired bench in the most secluded part of the garden; the unhappy man was a prey to the most harrowing emotion. How could Fernanda—how could he face the world again, if that story, every word of which was burned in his brain, was common talk? In the silent watches of the night, his whole life passed in review before his weary eyes, and when the first ray of the morning sun announced the birth of a new day, he left the garden and walked slowly towards the Retiro, just at the foot of the Recoleta hill.

Dawn brought renewed life to this lonely spot. The birds sang their matin hymn, the flowers raised their bowed heads, and from millions of waxen white chalices, perfumes rose like incense on the morning breeze. Other sounds, too, mingled with, and soon overpowered the music of God's feathered songsters. The shrill whistle of the locomotive, the harsh call of the dustman, the rattling of wagons, the mellow voices of the gangs of Italian laborers going to resume, for half a day, their life of toil, for was it not that best of all days, Sunday?—the last Sunday in the year. Even the severest task master does not exact work after midday.

Iturralde walked as one in a dream. It was, he said to himself, the last time he should ever look on these familiar sights. His train was already in the station; he entered a carriage and mechanically drew the shades of the windows on the river-side to shut out the morning

* The property of the Recollects; confiscated in 1822.

sun just rising over the waste of waters, and sat gazing dreamily through the opposite window on the cultivated terraces, here and there crowned by stately mansion or pretty villa.

He had taken counsel with himself, he had made his decision, and the numbness of despair had fallen on him. "It was fate," he said, "he would show himself a man."

The early train from the Capital brought only one first-class passenger.

"Looks as if he'd had a big spree last night," said the dispatcher to his friend the telegrapher.

"He don't look as if he's had a good time," was the answer, as the man's eyes followed Iturrialde, who strode hastily along the camiro-real towards the Villa Ezcurra.

The gate was soon opened by the sleepy porter. In the house all was quiet at this early hour. A couple of servants were washing the broad marble corridor. One hastened to open his master's study and in a few minutes Mateo, the steward, came to ask if he might bring him a cup of coffee.

"No, not until I've had a bath; meantime don't let anyone interrupt me. I have some important letters to write."

The old man had known Don Carlos since his master had married the mother of the Senora Fernanda. Something he had never seen before in the young man's face gave him a feeling of uneasiness. The faithful galleyo retired, scratching the scanty hair on his right temple, a sure sign in the household that "Don Mateo" was "perturbado" (worried).

Unconscious of the old servant's affectionate scrutiny, Iturrialde went to his desk. He was perfectly collected; the long silent night passed under the starlit sky had calmed his nerves. He had no alternative, he said to himself, but even in that sad night he never for an instant blamed Fernanda. He knew how innocent in thought and deed she was of all

that was evil—her inordinate love of luxury was her only fault. Had he given her good example he might easily have weaned her from many extravagances. All that had happened, he brought on himself, and all he could do to atone he would do. Resign the Inventorship, write the truth to Don Tomas, a few words to his mother; write also to his wife for he could not risk seeing her or the children and then—Carlos Iturrialde would disappear forever.

He wrote steadily for an hour or more; sealed, directed and stamped three letters, which he placed in the mail bag for the servant to take to the station. Then he wrote a brief note to his wife which he enclosed in another envelope directed to Miss Pritchard, and after making three or four attempts, wrote the following:

"When this reaches you Fernanda will need a friend to console her and accompany her until her mother's return. Your kind heart will inspire you to protect her as no one else can.

"CARLOS ITURRIALDE."

He took his revolver from its drawer, examined it carefully and put it in his pocket. He called a servant to carry towels, etc., to the bathing house, a couple of hundred feet beyond the garden.

"Be sure," he said to the steward, "to send the mail at once to the station. And this letter," he added, handing the last one he had written, "you must send to Villa Paulina, the sooner the better. Let Lucas take it when he comes back from the river. And mark me, Mateo, give this to the governess at nine o'clock, not before—be careful for it is important."

The old man was puzzled. He glanced after the retreating figure of the "young patron," as he called Iturrialde, and turned the letters over. One for the Senorita Mercedes Anchocampos to be sent at once—and why? He went

into the study and there in the mail bag were the letters. "One for Don Tomas, very proper; another to Dona Mercedes Alcorta de Iturrialde, very well indeed; the young should always remember the old. And this big one for the Minister; O, wishing him a happy New Year. He deserves it for he has made us very happy here. But he is not in Buenos Aires. Did not Primitiva say he had gone to Mar del Plata and taken Toribio with him, earning thereby her malediction. But why this letter to the governess? Maybe its her saint, and the patron is making her his good wishes—but how can he know her day? Nobody knows any name for her but 'Mees' and that's no saint's name."

In the short walk from his study to the river Iturrialde's composure began to give way; the familiar path trodden daily by his children's feet, the flowers and shrubs they loved, brought tears to his eyes, great drops of perspiration rose on his forehead, but his resolution never wavered. He saw Lucas returning from the bathing box, and turned into the boat house to avoid meeting him. Standing at the head of the steps leading down to the boat, he looked out on the smoothly flowing river, the dark wooded islands farther up the stream, the blue sky flecked with tiny fleecy clouds. With an effort he turned away, took the revolver from his pocket and laid it on the rustic table.

"And this is the end of all?" he murmured. "I wasted my youth, I dreamed away the precious days of my early manhood, when all I most desired is in my reach, it is dust and ashes—I must renounce it. For honor's sake I must thrust myself into a suicide's grave; my wife defamed, and I dishonored; pointed out as the vile thing I am not and I can do naught to defend her or to exculpate myself. Circumstances favor the calumny, circumstances due to my reckless folly and insane—"

He sprang to his feet. Borne on the

perfumed breeze he heard his little daughter's voice:

"Quick, Carlitos, come, Lucas says Papa is in the boat house." Then the lower tones of the governess, who was taking them for their morning walk.

"O God!" he cried, "let them not come here!"

He took up the revolver and deliberately raised it to his temple, his finger was on the trigger. Again Maria's voice rose, clear, insistent:

"I only want to say good morning to Papa."

His hand trembled as the trigger was pressed. A loud report, a blinding flash, an awful pain, a terror of the God he had forgotten—and he knew no more. When he awoke to consciousness he was in utter darkness. Instinctively he raised his hand to his eyes, and as he did so a firm, strong hand clasped his, and an unfamiliar voice spoke:

"Gently, my friend, gently; don't touch the bandages. You have had a bad—accident."

"Where am I?"

"At home—all will be well; just take this," and a cool liquid moistened the sufferer's lips. "A little more, that is better."

In a few minutes the patient's regular breathing assured the listener that the potion had taken effect. He opened the door and spoke to some one in the hall. Soon an elderly woman appeared.

"He is sleeping now," said the doctor. "When he wakes, which will be in about two hours, ring; hold his hands if necessary until I come. The bandages must not be disturbed."

"Very well, sir."

And the doctor, well pleased with the strong, quiet woman's appearance, left Iturrialde to her care.

Before going down stairs he paused at the half opened door of the tower room where Primitiva was crouched on the threshold. She whispered: "She sleeps, thanks be to God, she sleeps."

VII.

FRIENDS INDEED.

"Is he in danger of death?"

"Oh, no! What I fear is total blindness; one eye is certainly destroyed."

"My God! how terrible!"

"Yes, it's a great misfortune. Do you feel able now to tell me what you know about this sad affair?"

"We came back by the main road this morning early and were passing the gate here, when a servant ran out to give me a note; he said his patron told him to take it to the Villa but as he saw me passing, he saved the journey in the sun. Miss Pritchard and the children were in the garden and came up to speak. As I read the note I heard a shot; all at once I understood. "Take the children to my aunt, and get a doctor!" I cried, and sprang from the phaeton, "there is something wrong," and I ran towards the boat house, for the shot came from that direction. He was lying on the floor, his face bathed in blood. I could not raise him up, but in a few minutes the servants came and carried him to the house, and then it seemed, God sent you," she added reverently.

"My appearance is easily accounted for," he said with a smile. "I was strolling along enjoying the freshness of the morning when a carriage dashed past me, and in a moment returned. I was captured and carried here. You are sure you heard only one shot?"

"Only one."

"Did you see the revolver? The old servant says he can't find it."

"Yes, I flung it in the river, it had fallen on the floor."

"Would you mind showing me the note you mention?"

With marked reluctance she drew the paper from her pocket, and gave it to her companion, who, as he returned it, said:

"You are Miss Anchocampos? I thought you were a relative."

"No, we are connections, and lived many years neighbors in Entre Rios. I am Mercedes; it was my sister Paulina who took the children home. We live so retired I am surprised she knew you."

"It was the coachman who recognized me;" but he added, "there is no doubt it was premeditated. Do you know if he has written any other letters; if so it will be impossible to conceal the real facts, however earnestly his friends may desire to do so."

"He sent one through Miss Pritchard."

"Yes, his wife told me."

"Poor Fernanda! If it were only for her sake and the children's we must do our best. Miss Pritchard, who thinks of everything, telegraphed to our man of business; he will be here this afternoon with the nurses. He can return to Buenos Aires in time to see that the morning papers report it properly. I dread—"

"Senorita, doctor, will you please come to the dining room," said Mateo, "breakfast is served."

The governess was awaiting them.

"I am sorry it is so late, you must be starved," she said, looking affectionately at Mercedes. "She left home at six o'clock this morning—fasting," she added to the doctor.

"No wonder she looks exhausted after such a morning," he said.

Once or twice during the meal as he looked at the younger lady he marvelled at the judgments of women. Several times since his return from Europe, where he had spent many years, he heard the Anchocompos ladies mentioned in connection with some lands adjoining an estancia he thought of buying, and his best friend and old fellow student's wife stigmatized them as the essence of pride, ignorance and ill-natured ugliness, in which opinion the other ladies present fully concurred, declaring they were "perfect Gorgons."

"And here is one of them, a refined,

elegant young woman; simple, kindly and capable, just what a woman ought to be. How well she carried herself in the three trying hours just past with the injured man, and his helpless, hysterical wife. I shall certainly see more of her," he resolved. With him to resolve was to do.

The venerable Missa Dolores Anchocampos came over, after the siesta, and installed herself in the darkened drawing room. As friend of the family she received the visitors who began to call for the news of the accident was carried to the station by the man who sent the telegrams to Buenos Aires. Cards and messages poured in from all sides; her niece and Miss Pritchard were, one or the other, constantly with Fernanda, whose state inspired grave fears for her life or her reason. A couple of trained nurses, and a serious medical student were in attendance on Iturrialde, while the famous surgeon himself announced his intention of taking a needed vacation in the pretty summer resort, where he was within call, one might say, of the Villa Ezcurra.

There was great demand for the papers on that last Monday of the year. Nothing was talked of but the accident at the Tigre. All the particulars of the sad affair were given, and much sympathy was felt for the injured man and his family. It appeared they were about to join the Ezcurra's in Europe, for which reason Senor Iturrialde had resigned the post of Interventor for the Province of Tartagal to which he had just been nominated.

The afternoon papers had nothing new to say on the sad subject except "that the eminent doctors who are assisting Don Carlos Iturrialde fear both eyes are destroyed."

Varied are the comments in the clubs and government house offices.

"Depend upon it," said one, "there's more in that than meets the ear."

"It was no accident," insisted another, but one and all sent cards and telegrams of inquiries and sympathy, and no one was more attentive in that respect than his excellence, Don Pantaleon Oribes, although for some unexplained reason, he remained in Mar del Plata all the month of January leaving the important affairs of Tartagal to the care of his sub-secretary and declining to allow Iturrialde's post as Inspector to be given to any one.

Lola, grieved and curious, hastened the day after New Year's, to her beloved Fernanda, declaring she would remain with her till the worst was over. She returned to town the same evening.

"The Anchocampos, whom she detested, pervaded the house. Fernanda was invisible with one of her nervous headaches. She met Monsieur Terrere and Padre Jordan leaving the house, and Primitiva, Fernanda's maid, told her they had been twice to see Don Carlos and Monsieur had made her mistress a long visit yesterday. So its likely the Anchocampos are going to convert them both," she said with a bitter laugh.

The same excellent Primitiva had told her all the circumstances of the accident: how in hanging up his jacket in the boat house the revolver, he had forgotten in the pocket, was jerked some way against a beam and discharged its contents in his face. Some one threw discredit on the tale but she persisted that Primitiva knew, for she was the first to reach him when he screamed for help.

"Ah, Senorita," she said to me, "the poor patron is not only blind, but so disfigured that his own mother would not know him; but it's no matter, the doctors say he won't live three days longer. Poor Fernanda," and Lola wept for her afflicted friend. Many who heard her story smiled. "Si non e ben trovata," remarked Paca Casares, scornfully.

VIII.

THE AMSTERDAM MERCHANTS AGAIN.

One afternoon, a week after the events just narrated, two well dressed individuals presented themselves at the Villa Ezcurra asking to see Monsieur or Madame.

Mateo demanded their business; they declined giving him any information, but insisted on getting speech with either the gentleman or the lady.

"The patron is very ill, the Senor sees no one," said the old man, eyeing them suspiciously. He knew much of the past extravagant career of the sick man, having overheard conversations on the subject between his old patron and his wife, the Senora Fernanda's mother. Might not these smooth, smiling foreigners hold some gambling debt or, at any rate he decided they were not proper persons to be presented to the Senora Mayor, as he repeated, called Missa Dolores. After a brief discussion in a strange language the elder said suavely:

"We are friends of Senor Iturrialde, and come to do him a service. If he can't see us, we can arrange with the Senora, but one or the other we must see to-day."

Miss Pritchard was just crossing the hall, and the perplexed Mateo called, not daring to leave the door, as he explained afterwards, lest they should force their way in.

"Mees, will you have the goodness to come here?" and he explained how urgent the strangers were to see the patron.

"It is quite impossible," she said decidedly. "If it is a matter of business you must go to the legal adviser of the family, whose address Mateo can give you."

"No, that would not suit them."

After another short consultation in a tongue which even so good a linguist as the governess did not understand, they requested to speak with her in pri-

vate. Mateo reluctantly showed them into a small room adjoining the study, remaining conveniently near the open door, but he could not hear what they said, for they spoke in low, confidential tones.

They explained they were merchants of jewels—traveling merchants. Last June they had sold very valuable stones to the Senora in her own house in town, receiving therefor some cash in hand and notes for the balance. Except the initial payment they had not received one penny. Notes had been protested, renewed and again protested. They deplored causing any trouble, but they were really obliged to protect their own interests. They would be quite satisfied if one note were paid, to renew the other. They declined calling on a lawyer, for as the younger man interrupted brusquely: "A protested bill carries its remedy with it. We can seize everything he has, and attach the rents of the Senora's house besides," and he leered cunningly in the frightened woman's face.

"Be silent, thou knowest ve nevaire do such dinks like dat. Mademoiselle vill have de goodness to make know to Madame ve are here, an' if Madame desange herself to see us, I tink de business arrange himself. It is a delicat' affaire—a verra delicat' affaire. Ve don't make troubles, but ve must see Monsieur or Madame."

Finally Miss Prichard left them to see what could be done.

"Had we not better try to get back the collar and close the affair?" asked the younger man, speaking in an undertone, as Mateo was dusting the wood-work of the door frame apparently unconscious of their presence.

"No," snapped the elder. "I know dis kind; dey do anny'ting to avoid an expose. Ve shall get de last copper of dis debt, wid a leetle diblomacy. Beside ve could nevair sell it again for de price dese pay you. No, no, Simon, my son,

you make a good sale, but you mus' be patient. All vill go vell."

An hour passed. Even the elder man began to grow impatient, and was about to leave the room to call the porter, for visitors had arrived and Mateo was obliged to leave his self-imposed watch over them. When Miss Pritchard and another younger lady came in, the former carried the velvet case containing the diamonds.

"Madame Iturrialde," she said, addressing the merchants who looked with ill-concealed annoyance at the box, "is in great trouble and desires to return you these diamonds, as she has no means of paying for them."

"Impossible!" they cried simultaneously. "Dat ve should not do for no one; it is not business dat! Beside she have money, houses, much riches; she can pay verra vell if she vant to. Ve vant our money."

"How much is due you in all?" asked Miss Anchocampos, cutting short their duet.

"De collar is really vort dirty dousan' dollars, but my son let Madame have it for dwendi-seven dousan' dollars."

"Yes, Madame know vell appreciate the fine white stones," said Simon smiling pleasantly at the ladies.

"But," said Miss Pritchard, "if you keep the three thousand dollars Mr. Iturrialde paid you and take back the diamonds—"

The old man interrupted her rudely. "Dat is one ting ve nevair do—no, ve don't do dot kind of ding. Pay our—"

"Then you absolutely refuse to take it back?" she asked.

"To be sure, yes; besides," said the younger man, "what security have I that the stones, the big beautiful white stones have not been changed—such things have been done—have not been changed for false ones. No, no, Madames, we don't take the diamonds back. We are honest merchants, we sell high class goods to all the great families of this

country, and," raising his voice, "we count on getting paid in money for them."

Miss Anchocampos had listened, scarlet with indignation, and when the man paused for breath, she said quickly, before the elder could take up the strain:

"Enough, leave us now, you shall be paid day after to-morrow. Wait for the address," she added as touching her friend's arm she rose and left the room, followed by Miss Pritchard, still holding the jewel case. The ladies walked down the hall and out on a little balcony overlooking the garden, where they were out of ear shot.

"There is only one thing to be done. I'll pay these men and take the diamonds. But you must never let anyone know—not even my sister. I can arrange with Avelino about the money. Send him a telegram to come to-morrow early—"

"But is it so?"

"No, no," she interrupted. "Could we see that poor thing suffer? My heart aches for her, and I thank God I am able to get her out of this miserable affair. But what folly; it seems incredible!"

"What will you do with them, you have so many diamonds already?"

"I don't know. But please write the address and to call after one on Friday afternoon. Best send it by Mateo, and charge him to see them off the grounds."

In five minutes the merchants, rejoicing in their good fortune, were on the road to the station.

"Who is the young lady?" they asked Mateo.

"The Senorita Mercedes Anchocampos."

"Anchocampos! Of the great millionaire family?"

"Yes, she and her sister, the Senorita Paulina are the richest of all—they are relatives of the patron."

They exchanged glances, when in the train they gave vent to their feelings.

They had never yet been able to get "an affaire" with that family; nor even to get entrance in the house, and Simon flattered himself that he could secure a purchaser for his trinkets as soon as he secured a listener.

"On Friday," said the father, "let us dry to do a ledel business wid one clerk."

Anchocampos! Ah, if they could get that name—a name to conjure with—on their list!

But on Friday in the large sombre office there was no chance to say a word. The notes signed by Iturrialde in June were presented, duly verified and paid, the clerks immediately returning to their desks, and Senor Avelino Rodlan carefully placed the cancelled notes in his pocket book. He brought them to his principal the same evening, receiving from her the dog-collar of brilliants to deposit in the safe with other jewels.

IX.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

After Holy Week the Iturrialdes went to live on the Estancia "Las Barrancas," where Carlos was employed as Majordomo. One year's experience convinced Don Tomas that his "Linsa's son-in-law" was "the right man in the right place." "The experiment," as the wiseacres called it, proved so satisfactory to both parties, that until this day the Iturrialdes remain at Las Barrancas, and it is whispered they will soon be able to buy it, for the London and Liverpool (limited) has been closed, with losses, but at least the great Entre Rios property is now in the market.

"Mamma Iturrialde" spends half her time at the Estancia, and fairly worships her daughter-in-law.

"Fernanda is an angel," she says to her old friend, Missa Dolores, "so considerate for others, so severe with herself, so charitable, such a devoted wife and mother, and a housekeeper unequaled in the province. No wonder

Carlos adores her, and the paisanos love the ground she treads on; I am so happy, my dear friend. Carlos was always a loving son and a devoted brother, but I never dreamed of him having the grand, noble character he has developed in these last years. God has been very good to him; his sight is as strong as if he had both eyes perfectly well, and the wound on his forehead has left only a slight cicatrice that will disappear in time. It was a happy accident. May God be ever blessed!"

"Amen," softly sighed the dear old listener, who, if she never had the great suffering, neither had she ever the supreme joys of her life-long friend, Mercedes.

The summer of the last year of the nineteenth century was quite a gay one at Las Barrancas. The Ezcurra, father, mother and son, the last a prime favorite with everyone, Mamma Iturrialde with Maria, and her husband, and the very important young lady just cutting her first teeth, the Senorita Mercedes. Fernanda Goyman, made a real family party.

Taking advantage of this gathering of the tribes, Miss Pritchard made her long promised visit to her old pupils at the Villa Paulina. They had only returned from seeing her on the train when "Mamma Louisa" followed her daughter to her room.

"Let me help you, dear," she said, "that dust cloak is stifling this hot morning."

"Thanks, Mamma," said Fernanda. "I'll just slip on a white gown and be ready to go to breakfast in a few moments."

"Its early yet, and I want to say something to you."

Fernanda looked up smiling; her mother was very serious and a faint blush covered her face. The Senora de Ezcurra who held the dignified "Mees" in awe was determined to improve the opportunity of her absence to talk over

the one thing that did not please her, in her daughter's conduct. In her remorse during the sad January days, when her husband lay hovering between life and death, Fernanda had made a vow, from which her mother had frequently insisted she ought to seek a dispensation. She was resolved now, to give her daughter no peace until she consented to her request.

Why should Maria Goyman dress in all the charming elegance of the present mode, and her daughter not? Indeed she felt very uncomfortable herself in her lovely fresh costumes, which became her so well, that Tomas declared she looked more like Fernanda's sister than her mother. No, she would do her duty, cost what it would; there must be an end to this, and she began:

"I'm sick and tired of thy white gowns and thy black gowns; it's absolutely silly to wear nothing but white or black linen or woolen all thy life; never to come to Buenos Aires, to forswear the opera; Hija mia, it is absurd. And when thy girl grows up, who will accompany her, who will present her in society?"

"Don't worry, Mamma," said Fernanda gently, "many years must pass first."

"Not so many," interrupted her mother vivaciously. "She is nearly eleven; thou wast accustomed to go everywhere with me before thou hadst thirteen years."

"Yes, I know, thou wert too good to me," and Fernanda kissed her pretty mother's flushed cheek.

Just then a servant came with a message and the daughter escaped further conversation for the time being.

Mercedes Anchocampos, the happy wife of the famous surgeon, Doctor Delo Campillo, and the proud mother of the baby boy who lay smiling in his nurse's arms, was waiting for "her dear Miss Pritchard" in the pretty rustic station.

After the "boy" had been duly embraced and admired they entered the waiting carriage and drove homewards along the broad familiar "Camino real."

"What is that?" asked Miss Pritchard.

They were passing a fine house, set in a large garden, where many girls were playing in the pleasant shade.

"It is something new to me."

"Yes," answered Mercedes, with a smile and blush, "it's my thank offering for all my happiness—an industrial school for girls, under the care of the Sisters of Charity. The best use I could make, I think, of Fernanda's diamonds."

POEMS

ALICE S. DELETOMBE

MUSIC

*NO touch of finest skill nor art divine
Can bring full echo from the depths of song,
Though voice and verse with silvery string combine;
The highest powers above to Heaven belong!*


POETRY

*SPRINGING like dew to the petal tips
Of flowers born in the morning mist,
The perfect thought waits at the poet's lips
Till by heavenly inspiration kist!*

THE OLD WORLD SEEN THROUGH AMERICAN EYES

By REV. JOHN F. MULLANY, LL. D.

HAPPY NAPLES.

N this letter I shall try to give you something that will interest your readers on "Happy Naples" and its beautiful surroundings. There is no place where the visitor will find more to attract him than right here. The scenery is all one could desire. The mixture of mountains, and water, and delightful little villages in the distance, gives a variety that cannot but please the most fastidious taste. The climate is so mild the year round that the earth produces from three to four crops in rapid succession. The gardens just now are full of ripening fruit, the chief of which are the orange and the lemon; at other seasons the grape, the fig, the olive and the walnut are in abundance. And so it is with garden produce of all kinds. They grow at all seasons with little labor and in great profusion.

The people are a happy, easy-going people, never over-anxious about "tomorrow." They are simple in their ways and fond of out-door enjoyment. The first impression that comes to the traveler is that they live entirely in the open air. No matter how early or how late one passes through the streets, they are in the same happy mood, offering their simple wares and fruits to passersby for sale, or chatting with their neighbors, or looking at the sights in the streets, or gazing into the shop windows. In the more congested districts apparently they live in the streets, cook in the streets, make their toilet in the streets, eat in the streets, wash in the streets and even sleep in the streets. They are never disturbed by the crowds rushing on around them. They feel at home, and are indifferent as to what people may think or say about them. This is one phase of Neapolitan life.

The city of Naples has a population of nearly 600,000 souls. It is the largest city in Italy and perhaps its site is the most picturesque in Europe. It commands a magnificent view of Vesuvius, Sorrento, Capri and a dozen other charming spots. The bay itself on which the city stands is one of the finest in the world. No description can do justice to the scenery as viewed on a bright day from this point. To realize it you must see it. It is so picturesque and charming that it is impossible to select one point of view in preference to another. The landscape is so varied; the ground so fertile; the vine and the orange, the lemon and the olive dot the hillside with their many colored foliage, while the sun sparkling upon the deep blue sea, gives a freshness and a life to the scene which cannot be surpassed. It is this never-to-be-forgotten background that makes the city so picturesque. It is this, too, that makes the Neapolitan the cheerful, merry, light-hearted being that he is. For him there is no melancholy. For him life is worth living, even for the poor, and there are many here. The cause of this poverty is not hard to find. Unjust taxation on their labors and on the fruits of the earth,—then the absence of the great industries to give occupation to the great mass of wage earners, and finally, the enervating climate has much to do in fostering indolence. But with all this you cannot reside in Naples very long and not like the people, even the poor with all their failings. They pester you with their constant appeal for alms, but when you remember that there is not a government institution for this class in all Italy, your heart goes out to these poor beggars that greet you at every corner. The Church, though robbed of her means, is doing what she can for them. Here, too, she is handicapped, for

the very institutions she has erected by private charity for the poor are taxed by authorities. There is a heartlessness about the rich people who are numerous here as well as elsewhere, in their apparent neglect of the poor. They ride through the streets every day with seemingly no thought of assisting their unfortunate and wretched neighbors. The thought came to me that some day these poor will rise up in their desperation and overturn the whole social structure. They need but the opportunity to repeat the history of other nations. To avert this great threatening evil the Church has sent forth her warning to the rich and powerful, to respect the rights of the poor, and her solution is in the practical application to capital and labor of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

To see Naples will require a sojourn of several days and even weeks if possible. The churches, museums, theatres, public buildings, parks and monuments are so attractive and instructive that the principal ones at least should be visited. They are very interesting, especially the old cathedral where the blood of St. Januarius is a perpetual miracle. Also the museum must be seen. It has the famous Pompeian collection of bronzes, statues, and frescoes, the most wonderful of the kind in the world. Here the student can study Roman history better than in any university.

The lesser attractions are worthy of attention. They are all rich in art and architecture. The public parks must be seen, so must the public monuments, which are without number. Then the short excursions to Vesuvius, Pompeii, Capri with its famous blue cave, Sorrento and Herculaneum, not to mention the many other places of great interest, will fill up every moment the traveler has to spare.

MOUNT VESUVIUS.

Mount Vesuvius is the only eruption. Grand and solemn is the impression

made on the visitor as he beholds the majestic and terrible Vesuvius belching forth fire and smoke. It stands out against the clear sky, forming a dark and awe-inspiring background to the blue sea, the fruitful fields, and the distant city which lies at its feet as if in defiance of its threatening look. More terrible is it when the flames rise and fall amid the smoke, now shooting upward like a pine tree of fiery darts, or disappearing with equal suddenness, to blaze forth again with redoubled force—and then to remain for a time like a crown of fire on the mountain top. Add to this a steady stream of lava, aglow with fire, flowing down the mountain side, consuming and destroying all within its reach, and you have a picture that few can contemplate without a shudder. There you behold the mysterious forces of nature proclaiming to us, though in awe-inspiring language, the existence of an inner fire which burns on forever in the center of the earth. This mountain, times without number, as if in wrath, spread sorrow and desolation over the surrounding country and its inhabitants. We can trace back its history through two centuries to the terrible year of 79 of the Christian era, when it awoke from its long sleep and destroyed Pompeii, Herculaneum and other flourishing cities so completely that there was nothing left to indicate where they once stood. We know Vesuvius was formerly submarine. This is evidenced by the sea shells found among the formations of an extinct volcano which is within a short distance of the present Vesuvius. This old crater is known as Mount Somma. It had evidently a prehistoric age of activity for the very streets of Pompeii and Herculaneum are paved with its lava. This old crater is about 3,000 feet above the level of the sea and in all probability is named from Summanus, the god of darkness. The present Vesuvius is nearly 5,000 feet above

the sea and the cone is more than a mile in circumference.

The day we made our ascent the sun was bright and the air balmy. We started on our journey at 9 o'clock and reached the observatory at midday. The first few miles were through the streets and suburbs of Naples. We were accompanied by beggars, musicians, importunate guides and a whole army of children who were willing and anxious to amuse us in any manner for the smallest coin. All this time we watched the black mountain that smoked and vomited forth lava and fire continually. It looked like a huge giant exhausted after putting forth all his strength in a terrible struggle. All about is ruin and desolation. Black masses of lava, in all forms, piled hundreds of feet in height, jagged rocks of the same material, deep fissures from which issued sulphureous vapors, furrows which suddenly terminated in ragged looking hillocks, huge blocks of lava twisted and moulded into most fearful looking objects, met the eye in every direction. For miles and miles nothing but what I might call a vast sea of lava tumbled about in the wildest confusion, can be seen. Where once were luxuriant fields, smiling valleys, vine clad hills, cosy villages, prosperous cities, is now a black mass of desolation. No sign of life; nothing to tell the woeful story of the hundreds of villages and cities that were swallowed up by this hideous monster during the centuries. Picture to yourself some one of our large lakes lashed into fury by the winds and storms, and then frozen over in one great mass, the ice taking all shapes and forms, and you have some faint idea of the immense field of lava, ashes and stone that is visible everywhere.

When we arrived at the observatory, which is about ten miles from Naples, we were obliged to abandon our carriages, owing to last year's eruption which destroyed the road, and take a narrow path over smouldering lava,

which still retained considerable latent heat. This circuitous route brought us to the old road, which though badly damaged was passable for donkey carts. Another hour's zigzag ride and we arrived at the cable station, where we rested and enjoyed luncheon. We then ascended the side of the cone, in a funicular car, which is almost perpendicular, to a point within a few hundred feet of the crater. Here the scene is terrible. The roar of the volcano is deafening; the sun is entirely obscured, the atmosphere is very heavy and sulphureous, the air is filled with ashes and small particles of pumice stone which are constantly falling in showers; and from every direction there is an upward rush of ashes and sand caused by the intense heat of the volcano. Here we were met by an army of government guides, for it is not considered safe for visitors to venture alone. They took possession of us, gave us one end of a rope and led the way up to the steep hillside to the very crater. The first look down into the fiery pit is awful. There we beheld the great caldron of liquid fire which has been roaring and seething for thousands of years. At times it is almost invisible, owing to the dense smoke and steam that fills the entire opening. Then there is an apparent pause in the bewildering confusion. This is the signal for a grand explosion. The great mountain trembles, the awful struggle begins again, the roar increases, the whole crater is once more belching forth fire and smoke and lava and rock and horrible gases. Upward it moves with a hissing and a crackling sound that fills one with terror. Should it chance to over-leap its bounds or even should the wind change at the moment, all would be over. The gases are most deadly to man, or anything living. Fortunately when it reaches the top, it seems to have spent its fury and slowly and sullenly it moves back to its infernal abode. We heard rocks crash down into the great river of lava that flows beneath

the mountain. They sometimes fall outside the circle and then the danger is very great.

As we witnessed these scenes, I could not but think of Dante's *Inferno*. Did the great poet get his ideas of hell from Vesuvius? We returned by the cable road, to the station, mounted our donkey carts, took our carriage at the observatory, and arrived safely at our hotel after the most thrilling trip of our lives.

DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII.

In my last letter I tried to sketch our journey to Vesuvius and return. In this one I will give a few historical notes on the same subject that may be of interest to your readers. The one awful catastrophe that has filled the world with a feeling of horror, is the destruction of Pompeii in 79 A. D. We have the testimony of an eye witness, in the person of the younger Pliny, nephew of the great geographer and admiral. Pliny the elder, thus describes the fearful visitation in a letter to his friend Tacitus. This document is preserved in the museum at Naples and is in part as follows: "You asked me to write an account of my uncle's end, in order that you may more faithfully transmit it to posterity. I thank you for the privilege for I deem those blessed to whom, by favor of the gods, it has been granted to do what is worth writing of, or to write what is worth reading. My uncle was at Misenum in personal command of the fleet. The ninth day before the Kalends of September, at about the seventh hour, my mother called his attention to the appearance of a cloud of unusual size and shape. He was engaged in study. He called for his sandals and ascended to a spot from which this wonder could be seen. A cloud was rising from the mountain, which had the appearance of a tree. It towered upward to a great height and spread out into a number of

branches. It was at one time white and at another dingy and spotted. To my uncle it seemed a remarkable phenomenon and one to be observed from a nearer point of view. He consequently ordered his fast sailing cutter to be got ready. He was in the act of leaving the house when he received a note begging him to come immediately to the rescue of a friend. This caused him to change his plan and having started on his enterprise as a student, proceeded to carry it out in the spirit of a hero. He launched his four banked galleys and embarked in person in order to carry assistance to many others. He hastened in the direction whence everyone else was flying, holding a direct course, and keeping his helm set straight for the peril; so free from fear was he that he dictated and caused to be taken a complete description of this dreadful prodigy. Ashes were already falling on the ships, hotter and thicker the nearer they approached; and even pumice and other stones, black, scorched and cracked by the fire. There had been a sudden retreat of the sea and the debris cast from the mountain made the shore unapproachable. Having hesitated a moment he then directed his ship to land. Meanwhile Mt. Vesuvius sent up vast sheets of flame and tall columns of fire the brightness of which made the darkness of the night more terrible. To soothe the terror of those about him, my uncle kept telling them that these were fires which frightened country people had left to burn and that the deserted houses were blazing away by themselves. Then he gave himself up to repose. However, it was of short duration. The streets were being rapidly filled with stone and ashes and his friends aroused him and he came forth and rejoined them. After consultation they decided to face the danger. They covered their heads with pillows tied around with cloths; this was their way of protecting themselves against the shower of stones and debris. By this

time it was day elsewhere, but there it was night,—the blackest and most fearful of all nights. It was decided to make for the shore in order to learn whether the sea was at all available. A huge and angry sea still continued running. Here my uncle fell to the ground exhausted. A sudden outbreak of flame and smell of sulphur aroused him. With the help of two boy slaves he rose from the ground and immediately fell back owing to the dense gases. When daylight returned (three days from the first outbreak) his body was found whole and uninjured, in the dress he wore; its appearance was that of one asleep rather than dead."

Pliny the younger in a second letter to the great historian Tacitus, tells what he and his mother experienced: "Though memory shuns the theme, I will begin. There had been heavings of the earth for many days, but they produced less apprehension from being customary. On that night, however, they so much increased that everything seemed to turn upside down. My mother rushed into my room. At last we decided to leave the town. The mass of inhabitants followed us, terror stricken. They pressed on us as we were making off, carrying us forward within their crowded ranks. When we had got beyond the buildings we stopped. There we experienced much that was strange and many terrors, for the vehicles we had ordered, though standing on level ground, were rocking from one side to the other. We saw the sea sucked back into itself and repulsed as if it were by the quaking of the earth. The shore had encroached on the sea, and retained a number of sea monsters on the dry sands. On the other side of us a black and terrible cloud, broken by the zigzag and tremulous careerings of the fiery element, was parting asunder in long trains of flame; these were like lightning, but on a larger scale. Not long after, the cloud descended on the earth and covered the sea. Then my mother begged me to

escape the best I could, it being in my power, as a young man to do so; as for herself, retarded by her years and her feeble frame, she was well content to die, provided she had not been the cause of my death. I, on the other hand, declared that I would not be saved except in her company. And now came a shower of ashes and the dense cloud was closing in upon us. We turned aside so that we might not be trampled upon in the darkness when night came on; again we could hear the shrieks of the women, the cries for help of the children, the shouts of the men; some were calling for their parents, others for their little ones, others for their partners. Some were lamenting their own case, others their dear ones. There were those who through fear of death invoked death. Many raised their hands to the gods, but the greater number concluded that there were no longer gods anywhere and the last eternal night of the story had settled on the world. We got up from time to time and shook off the ashes; otherwise we would have been crushed by their weight. I believed myself to be perishing in company of all things and all things with me."

During the terrible eruption there does not seem to have been any flow of lava. Pompeii is buried under lapilli and Herculaneum under sand and ashes, converted by the action of time and water into tufa. In later ages a stream of lava flowed over the latter, forming thus a solid crust above the buried city. After the first memorable eruption it would appear that Vesuvius remained comparatively tranquil for nearly a thousand years. There were many minor disturbances, but nothing in comparison to the one of 79. In 1036 there was another that has been described by St. Peter Damian, in which he tells how the Neapolitans considered each new eruption as evidence that another great sinner had been called to his eternal account. I am not surprised that devout

Christians looked upon the burning, restless mountain as the gate of hell. There is nothing on earth more in keeping with the idea of the infernal abode. From 1036 to 1631 there were several eruptions but not till the latter date did it spread destruction in every direction. The lava covered several villages and even flowed into the sea, so that at night the whole bay seemed to be on fire. For upwards of one hundred years the mountain continued at frequent intervals to threaten with destruction the entire country and even Naples itself.

On our return from the mountain our attention was called to a little church that was almost engulfed in lava. The burning torrent rushed down to its very walls and then parted, encircled the edifice and again united, destroying everything within its reach. The people of Naples were filled with alarm. They formed processions, chanted penitential hymns and, led by a Dominican monk who carried the relics of St. Januarius, the patron saint of the city, to the city limits. Wonderful to be said, at this point the lava stopped, and to commemorate the event, a marble statue of the saint with his hand raised, as in the act of commanding, was erected on the site, where it is still to be seen.

The last eruption of the eighteenth century took place in the year 1794, which overwhelmed the city of Torre del Greco; 100 people and 5,000 cattle perished. In this conflagration Vesuvius put forth all its powers. Its roarings, earthquakes, smoke, lava, ashes, lightnings, in fact every conceivable horror combined to constitute the fearful spectacle of what hell might be imagined to be. This time, also the relics and images of St. Januarius accompanied by

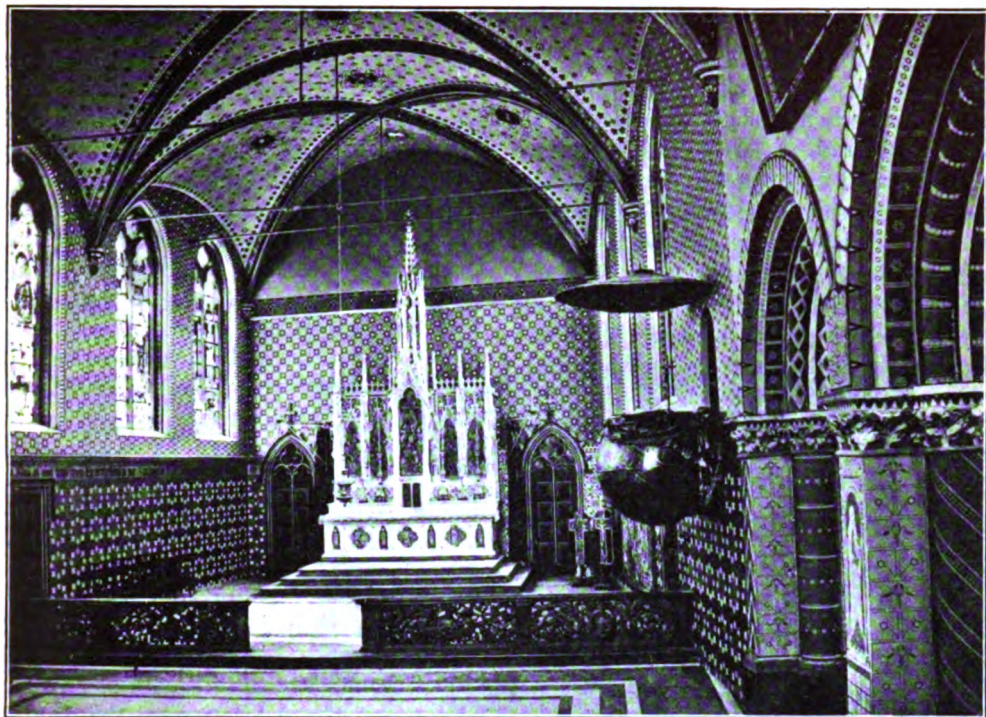
the clergy and people were used with the most gratifying results.

During the last century scarcely a decade has passed without a repetition of the story of former centuries. Each and every eruption has marked its course with considerable loss of life and great destruction of property. After the last great discharge a traveler describes the terrible scene in these words: "On visiting the mountain side we were struck by the awful grandeur of the sight; a sight surpassing human imagination. Gigantic rocky pillars met our eyes, towering on high, and divided from each other by scoriated lava canals which it was impossible to cross. Masses on masses of lava, bare of all vegetation, lay heaped together in all sorts of fantastic shapes; a stony sea over which brooded a stillness of death, only broken from time to time by the deep, hollow roar, as of heavy thunder, coming up from the depths of the mountain and echoing through the petrified valley about us."

In 1895 the last serious eruption took place, which threatened the observatory with destruction. This would have been a great loss, as it contains the latest and best instruments to take observations and give warnings to the surrounding villages of impending danger.

It presents a magnificent spectacle to the eye. The fiery pillar still surmounts the crater and from the depths below we hear the hollow roar of thunder; an awful tone, which seems as if it meant to warn Naples and her lovely surroundings that the secret fires, although apparently slumbering for the moment, may awake at any time and spread ruin and desolation over the loveliest spot in all of sunny Italy.

(To be continued.)



THE CHAPEL OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

A Pilgrimage Through Belgium

By GEORGINA PELL CURTIS

BRUGES.

ALL honor to our American poet (Longfellow) if our first visit in Bruges is to the belfry which he has immortalized in verse.

We heard its musical chimes long before we saw its tower rising from Les Halles. Its forty-eight bells seem to be constantly playing, striking short notes every five minutes, with longer airs, weird and soft, at the quarter, hour and half-hour. The building begun in 1291 was not finished until the 14th century. Its rich color, that indescribable warm purple brown of ancient brick, adds to its charm. The great hall for the sale of cloth, from which the belfry rises is of different periods of architecture. Its graceful pointed windows, Flemish bat-

tements along the facade, ending in flat-topped turrets, with the statue of our Lady over the deep arched doorway are of both thirteenth and fifteenth centuries. But over all the belfry exerts its magic fascination; rising from the center of the building it has corner turrets and an octagon-shaped dome.

The higher it ascends, the more it is contracted in size, till near the top it is welded to four lofty pinnacles by flying buttresses. The pathetic charm of its wild bells heard through the silent night, the different types of buildings seen everywhere, showing how the Italian renaissance, the pure northern Gothic and the Moorish arch all found their way to this quiet old town, is something once known, never to be forgotten.

Near the belfry are a number of very

old houses, one called "Au Lion de Flandre," is said to have been for some time the residence of the exiled Charles II. of England.

The Canal of Bruges looks more like a river than what it is, having a profusion of water lilies growing, and in full bloom, while its waters are very clear and sparkling. Swans glide over its surface, and trees droop over its banks. Near the canal is the Chapelle du Saint Sang, dating from 1529. In appearance it has a rich Flamboyant facade, portal and staircase, and is built with an upper and lower chapel. It derives its name from some drops of the Holy Blood said to have been brought from Jerusalem in 1149 by Theodoric of Alsace, Count of Flanders. The interior of the chapel is very rich, there being a great deal of coloring done in the Moorish style, and the stained-glass windows of the 15th century with scriptural subjects, are very fine. The pulpit, a curious work of art, is round, and meant to represent the world. From the front no steps are visible, while above is a sounding-board on which is a figure of our Lord holding the cross. Other interesting things in the chapel consist of some beautiful old lace made in 1484, and which is so very delicate and cobwebby as to be preserved under glass, a old piece of tapestry representing the funeral procession of Saint Augustine; and in the sacristy is the reliquary in which the tube that contains the Holy Blood is carried around on feast days. It is a magnificent piece of work made of silver, gold and precious stones in a Gothic form, with figures in gold of our Lord, the Blessed Virgin and the saints. It measures four feet in height, and two in width, and was made in 1617. Around the base of the box, in enamel, are the arms of the donors. The whole thing is exquisitely carved, and the chapel, which contains a few fine paintings, is indeed a gem, worthy of an age when faith ruled the world.

From the chapel a lovely walk called

the Dyver leads along the shores of the canal; graceful trees here and there dip into its waters, while the queer jagged houses—some with statuettes carved in the stone, and all with pointed gables—make, with the bridges that span the canal, a charming scene. One house had a small veranda from which hung flower-baskets, while the walls were covered with green that looked like lichen. We kept on this walk until we reached the church of Notre Dame, which dates in its present form from the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries. In design it is Gothic, with the central tower higher than the two that flank it on each side. Though built of brick it is so discolored by age as to look like a dark stone. There is a very picturesque Gothic addition, originally a portal, but now used as a baptistry. At the entrance door of the church is a beautiful painting, by De Crayer, of the Adoration of the Infant Jesus, and at one of the side altars is a lovely Madonna and Child said to be by Michelangelo.

There is a special chapel in Notre Dame with a perpetual charge to the sacristan to tend the tombs of Charles the Bold and his daughter Mary, wife of the Emperor Maximilian—the last scions of the house of Burgundy. She was the richest heiress of her age and died by a fall from her horse while hunting near Bruges in 1482. The tombs are marble sarcophagi on which rest gilded bronze figures of the father and daughter in a recumbent position. Over the sarcophagus is an open frame work of brass with numerous figures of angels in flowing drapery, supporting richly enamelled armorial bearings of the duchies, counties and estates owned by the Princess. The monument to the daughter was done in 1495-1502 by de Beckere of Brussels, that of the father in 1558.

In the same chapel is a very quaint old picture by an unknown artist, called the Mourning Mary. It represents the Blessed Mother seated, a graceful, sor-

rowful figure, while all around her in a circle are painted her seven sorrows.

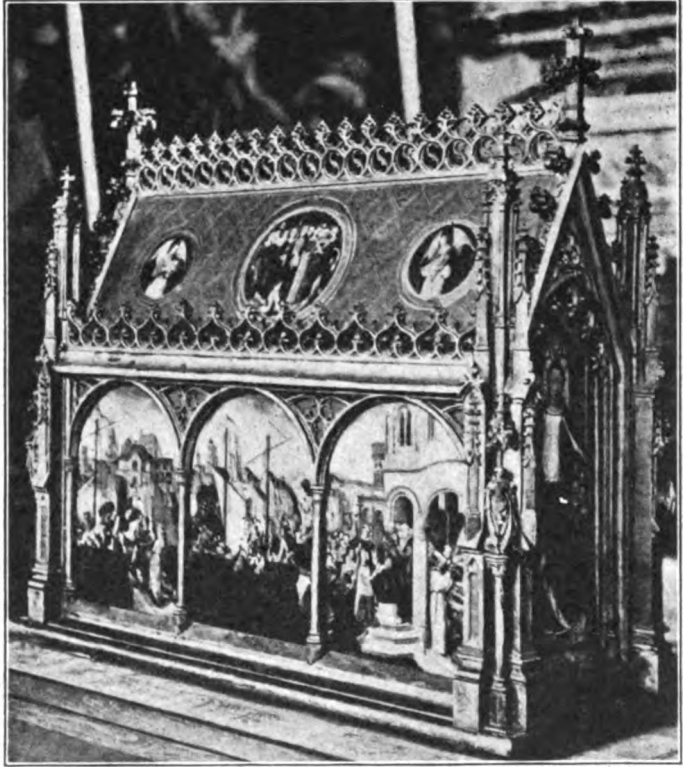
Across the street from Notre Dame is the Hospital of St. John that has existed for six centuries. It has curious old gables and windows; but its chief attraction for us was the picture gallery where are some of Hans Memling's finest pictures. In the center of the gallery is the "Chasse de St. Ursule," a

silver gilt reliquary, kept under glass. It has three panels on either side, two end gables, and paintings on the cover in six medallions. The six scenes represent St. Ursula landing at Cologne, where she has the vision of the Pope bidding her go to Rome. (One sees her with all her companions and numerous towers in the rear); the next scene shows her disembarking at Bale, she being already on shore while her suite are landing; the third, the Pope on the steps of the church waits to receive her; St. Ursula kneels on the steps below—on the right, novices are receiving the Sacraments—on the other side of the shrine the Pope accom-

panies the maidens to Bale, many are seen already in the boats, while others are winding their way through the passes of the Alps, in the far distance; fifth, the knights and virgins are set upon by soldiers and the quiet way in which the soldiers stand alongside the boats shooting arrows at the suite, is most curious. The sixth scene shows St. Ursula standing on shore, awaiting the arrow of a soldier

who shoots at her at close range while she calmly stands, merely raising one hand as if to ward it off.

Of course, looking at it for accuracy of treating a subject, it is most ridiculous and primitive, but the varied grouping, the fine and harmonious coloring, the odd little landscapes in the background, and, above all, the exquisitely delicate finish, are perfect. St. Ursula



THE RELIQUARY OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

is always in blue and white, and always prominent, a sweet, passive face, even at the moment of her execution. The gables represent St. Ursula protecting her maidens with her cloak, where she appears as a giantess, like a female St. Christopher; and on the other gable is the Blessed Virgin holding the Divine Child, two hospital nuns kneeling in front, as if about to receive them as guests. On the cover of the reliquary



THE BELFRY OF BRUGES.

are four lovely angels, each in a separate medallion. Two other paintings on the cover are the Coronation of the Blessed Virgin and the Glory of St. Ursula, surrounded by her maidens. The whole thing is a gem of beauty, and full of interest as a study. In the same room are two other fine triptyches by Memling, a mystical marriage of St. Catherine and an Epiphany. There were many other instances of Memling's art; but none so fine as the St. Ursula.

Our last visit to the Bruges churches took in the Cathedral, dating from the thirteenth century. It is very fine in its proportions, and Gothic, but different from Notre Dame, the towers being square, with small turrets at the corners. Inside there is a heavy rood screen of marble separating the chancel from the choir, and above it a statue of God the Father, by Quellin the younger. The choir stalls of the fifteenth century have some very fine carving of the armorial bearings of the Golden Fleece. The finest picture in the Cathedral is by Van Hoeck. A Crucifixion where the face of the dying Christ is beautiful. He is represented looking up instead of the head drooping forward, as is usually the case.

Our last and loveliest walk in Bruges

was taken the evening of our departure when we went to see the old city gates. Passing the Hospital of St. John, we crossed a bridge from where we had a charming view of the old part of the Hospital, blackened with age, and contrasting with the nearby low gable houses that were painted yellow, and in front of which, in many instances, were women seated with their lace pillows or boards before them, their bobbins flying back and forth almost as fast as flew their tongues. We passed down the Rue ville de Gand until we came to the Porte de Gand or old gateway, flanked by two large round towers with pointed tops. The view of it from the other side of the bridge, with the water and green trees of the ramparts (which run around the city), was very picturesque, heightened by the evening sun. And so we took our last look at Belgium by the light of a golden sunset, and with the musical chiming of the bells from the belfry sounding in our ears. It was just dusk when we boarded our train and commenced our journey from Bruges to Antwerp, and thence over the open country and across the miles of stone piers and the long bridge called the Hollandsch Diep, that was to lead us to our destination at the Hague.

A MOON-LIT NIGHT

BY DENIS A. McCARTHY

THE world is sanctified with holy seeming,
 All nature joins to worship the divine—
 Like newly-lighted altar-candles gleaming
 The stars begin to shine.

*Like incense rise the perfumes of the valleys,
 The winds like voices sing along the coast,
 And high above the ocean's brimming chalice
 The moon hangs like a host!*

The Schoolboy's Sermon

By THOS. A. McGOVERN



It was the first week in May. The world without was buoyant with the spirit of spring. The farmer's boy ploughed in the field and whistled a merry tune as he walked along in the deep rough furrow behind his handsome grays. The roads were drying fast under the warm sun and already the villagers, taking advantage of the time, were out with horses better groomed than they had been for many a day.

The young grass looked so soft and green, a delicious treat for the farmers' cows that grazed by the side of the road. These were the things a happy crowd of young boys and girls saw as they leaned out of the window in the village high school during the eleven o'clock recess.

They were seniors. They had nearly completed the long course of four years. Full of ambition, each was beginning to mark out his or her future.

The class numbered sixteen—nine girls and seven boys—a large class for a country high school. It had been customary for nearly half a century in this good old school to appoint as class orator the scholar, boy or girl, who handed in the best composition on the first day of June. The subject had not yet been given. They expected it would be announced by Mr. Thompson, the rhetoric teacher, after recess. What would it be?

An essay, one boy thought, for Mr. Thompson had spoken on this form of composition for three successive days in class. Others thought it would be a short novel or perhaps a political speech or a newspaper editorial. What would the subject be?

"O, we'll know now," some one remarked, for just then the gong in the hallway announced the close of recreation and every scholar repaired to his place in the rhetoricians' class-room.

Mr. Thompson was a goodly man. He was not a Catholic, but to his kind, sweet disposition, to his honorable and impartial character and to his conscientious regard for duty, his scholars, scattered to-day over many states, owe a deep debt of gratitude. As he stood by his desk with a narrow slip of paper in his hand, he said:

"The subject for this year's competition will be a sermon, on the 'Inspiration of the Bible.'"

All his pupils knew that he had the most reverential regard for the sacred book. He then outlined the different parts—the introduction; the body of the sermon, and the conclusion. In speaking of the sermon proper he said that the inspiration of the Bible might be proved from the following arguments:

First, its age and wonderful preservation; secondly, its form, neglecting all pomp or show of style and yet so powerful; thirdly, its "self-evidencing light." A pious person who reads the Bible knows by the effect produced upon his conscience and feeling that the book he reads is the inspired word of God; fourthly, the sublimity of its doctrine.

That night James Brown and Joseph Hall, the only Catholic boys in the class, discussed the sermon and its subject as they walked along the country road to their fathers' farms, which adjoined each other about three miles from the village.

"What do you think of the proofs Mr.

Thompson gave for the inspiration of the Bible?" asked Joe.

"They're all right," Jim answered. "I'm going to begin mine to-night."

Jim was a happy-go-lucky fellow, but an industrious student, who always attained a fair average in his studies and promised well for the future.

Joe's mind was of a deeper cast. He always wanted the why and wherefore of things, sometimes much to the annoyance of his companion. On this occasion he did not seem to be satisfied with the teacher's idea of "inspiration." He thought there was something about it at variance with what he had studied in the larger catechism.

"Say, Jim," he said, "I've a good mind to ask Father Grace about it after Mass next Sunday."

"O, don't bother Father Grace. You're never satisfied with anything," was Jim's answer. "Mr. Thompson knows such things and why not take his word for it?"

"That may be, Jim, but Mr. Thompson is not a Catholic, and it would be well for us to give a correct account of what our Church teaches on so important a subject."

With much reluctance on Jim's part the two agreed to ask their pastor the following Sunday.

Father Grace was a good-natured, whole-souled priest, who ruled his people rather by love than fear. The most obscure among his flock was not afraid to approach him for advice on any subject. In his early life he had been a soldier and though now past his prime, still possessed the martial bearing of his younger days. The snows of sixty winters had whitened his heavy hair but the sunshine of as many summers was in his eyes and heart. For nearly thirty years he had labored among this same people and many a time he had refused a larger parish—not indeed shirking duty—but loath to leave the good people who had so endeared themselves

to him. He loved his books and even now studied with the ardor of youth. It was his delight to visit the school, and on such occasions, Mr. Thompson, who heard the Homer recitation, in addition to his English studies, always invited him to conduct the class, for he knew that Homer was the old priest's favorite author.

Sunday morning came. A beautiful morning it was. The first sweet flowers of May had been gathered by the little children and placed upon our Lady's shrine. The church and everybody in it had a cheerful appearance. How much our dispositions depend on the weather.

After Father Grace had unvested and blessed a rosary for an old woman and enrolled a sweet-faced little girl in the scapulars, he found James Brown and Joseph Hall in the vestry waiting for him. In a few words Jim made known the object of their visit.

"A sermon, is it?"

"Yes Father."

"On the inspiration of the Bible?"

"Yes Father."

"And you are to prove that the Bible is inspired from its preservation?"

"That's what Mr. Thompson said, Father."

"And is Homer inspired or Virgil or any of the old classics. Haven't they been preserved as well as the Bible; and are not many of them older than some of the canonical books. From its simple form it would be hard to prove your thesis, boys. Fenelon's most powerful sermon is the very one which seems to lack all the show of eloquence. What did you say the third proof was?" asked Father Grace.

"From the effect produced on the conscience and feeling of a pious person who reads the Bible."

"That theory, boys, is refuted by historical facts. Doubtless the early fathers of the Church read the books of the New Testament piously and studiously

too, but they did not always agree concerning the canon and surely the Reformers of the sixteenth century were not one with regard to the books which make up the New Testament. From the sublimity of its doctrine,—my good boys, could you say that the 'Imitation of Christ,' that I read for you every Sunday in our catechism class does not contain doctrines just as sublime? No, no, you can never prove the inspiration of Holy Scripture by these arguments. Come down to the house to-night, boys, or better to-morrow night. Perhaps I'll be tired this evening. I'm not as young as I used to be."

Monday evening old Sarah Mullaney, the good priest's housekeeper, who prided herself more on her knowledge of rubrics than on her cooking—although she knew nothing about the former and was well versed in the latter, announced that Teddy Brown's son and young Hall, as she called them, were waiting in the reception room.

"Tell them I'll be there in a few minutes," the priest answered.

He was just beginning the "Te Deum" of Matins for the following day, and after he had finished Lauds and devoutly said the "Sacrosanctae" he gathered some books from the table and entered the reception room. To the boys he seemed younger and happier than ever. He was pleased to have them inquire about such a subject. It showed him that his labors of thirty years had not been in vain. Great things, thought he, are in store for the Church of God.

"James, what do you understand by the inspiration of a book? When are we to say a book is inspired?" was the first question.

"When the Holy Ghost, through the Church has declared that the book is free from error, the book is said to be inspired," was James' answer.

"Even though the book were written by mere human industry?"

"Yes Father."

"Oh, James, that was the error of Lessius which was condemned by the Vatican Council. James, how would you translate these words of St. Paul: 'Omnis Scriptura divinitus inspirata?'"

"All or every scripture—divinitus—divinely. Every scripture breathed by God."

"Very good, James. Mark that—'breathed by God.' Therefore the sacred writers are said to be inspired, because God breathed into them, as it were, or in other words because God suggested the thoughts which they wrote down. We may say that inspiration is a supernatural impulse by which God directed the authors of the canonical books to write down certain matter predetermined by Him. The inspired writer must have the will to write. His mind must be enlightened by God so that he may know what God wishes him to write. The Spirit of God must direct him, lest he should omit anything that God wishes him to write, or lest anything foreign should be added. Then the inspired writer needs the divine assistance so that he may not use inadequate words or expressions. Therefore God is the real author of Holy Scripture, although inspiration does not exclude human study and labor and cooperation any more than justification."

"Father," said Joe, who thus far had remained silent, "I am glad we came to see you, for I had always understood that inspiration was the special protection of the Holy Ghost preserving the writer from error."

"No, child, it means more; that would be only something negative, while inspiration is a prerogative by which God is the Author of Holy Scripture and therefore supposes and implies a positive act."

"Now, how do Catholics know that the books of the Bible are all true and inspired Scripture?"

"From the infallible authority of the Church," the priest said, with emphasis.

"Before the Scripture was written they were guided by her infallible teaching and from this same teaching they receive with perfect confidence the written word of God in all its books and in all its parts. The Church is their guide, and following her they cannot go astray, for God has promised to be with her always. She is the pillar and ground of truth, and therefore cannot teach them error. Man left to himself could never with certainty know the inspired books. It is above and beyond him. I showed you last Sunday, I think, how impossible it is to prove the inspiration of Holy Scripture from the arguments you mentioned. Now, here is a book for each of you, and when you have your sermons finished I would like to read them to be sure that you will give the correct doctrine of the Church on this matter."

Bossuet or Massillon never worked harder than did these young sermon writers for the next two weeks. When their compositions were finished they presented them to Father Grace, who pronounced James' very good indeed, but clapped his hands with joy when he had read Joe's clear cut, logical exposition of the subject.

On the morning of the first day of June, sixteen sermons were filed upon Mr. Thompson's desk. The good teacher had taught his pupils the lesson that all pupils should learn—when a task is given to have it done on the appointed day.

Before taking them home for correction Mr. Thompson called upon three scholars whose names were chosen by lot to read their sermons to the class. Joseph Hall was the first to read. At the first sentence Mr. Thompson looked surprised, then he blushed and meditated, grew nervous and before Joe had finished tears were in the teacher's eyes. But he suppressed them and called another name. Harold Lewis, a Protestant boy, who read in a clear, distinct

voice. Strange to say James Brown was the third to read and when he had taken his seat Mr. Thompson, pale and trembling, for some unknown reason, thus addressed the class in a clear, dignified manner:

"My dear scholars, I am sorry to have given you this subject. It never occurred to me that there was, or could be, any difference of opinion concerning it. It was not my intention to arouse a religious controversy in this school. I now give you notice that there will be another trial for class day honors. Each one of you will write an oration suitable to be delivered on graduation day and from among them the class oration will be selected. There is yet ample time before the 27th of June.

On that happy day Joseph Hall was the class orator and James was next in merit.

That summer the two boys helped on their fathers' farms. They gathered in the hay, ploughed the fields and sowed the seed for the following year. But while they were working thus their mothers and sisters at home were sewing and knitting and packing two large trunks.

On the 5th of September, James and Joe left for Holy Cross, Worcester, Mass. Young and old of the village accompanied them to the depot and wished them good luck and God speed and good bye.

* * * * *

Ten long years have passed since then. Mr. Thompson's wife died a month after the boys' departure and he has long since resigned his position in the village school; some one said at the time to take charge of a Latin class in Boston.

A sign hangs in the window of a large stone residence in one of the principal cities of Eastern Massachusetts, and it reads, "James M. Brown, M. D."

The doctor has just returned from a sick call and a half dozen patients are waiting for him.

Joseph Hall, after graduating with high honors from Holy Cross, went to the Grand Seminary, Montreal, and after ordination he was stationed by his Bishop as curate in a country parish eight miles from his old school mate, James. Many a pleasant walk and drive they have together.

On the third Sunday of last Lent Father Hall's pastor announced that a mission for the men and women of the parish would begin the following Sunday. Saturday morning the pastor limped to the curate's room and knocked on the door.

"Come in. O, is that you, Father. How is your rheumatism this morning?"

"I am no better," the pastor answered. "This storm has affected me badly. I wish you would go down to the depot this morning and meet the mission fathers. They promised to come on the 10:04 train."

Father Hall was glad to do a favor for his good pastor, and he was waiting on the platform when the 10:04 train whistled. In vain he looked for the mission fathers. They did not come.

"Well, perhaps they will come on the 1:15 train. I'll come down again after dinner," he said to himself as he turned toward home.

Just then he heard some one behind him say, "Good morning, Father James," and on turning around whom should he behold but Mr. Thompson, his old teacher. He was much older and a little stouter. His mustache was gone and his large coat was buttoned high around his throat, but Father James recognized him immediately.

"Well, I declare, Mr. Thompson, I am glad to see you," he said as they shook hands. "You got off that train? Strange I didn't see you. I was watching for two priests who are to give a mission in our parish, but they did not come. The mission is to begin to-mor-

row. They will probably come on the 1:15. Well, Mr. Thompson, how are you and where have you been all these years?"

"I am well, Father James, and as to where I have been, I've been everywhere."

"Well, I am delighted to see you," said his old pupil. "Come up to the house and have dinner with us. How long can you stay in town?"

"I intend to stay about two weeks," Mr. Thompson replied.

Father James was delighted. In the hallway of the parochial residence Mr. Thompson unbuttoned his great coat and Father James looked at him in wild astonishment. His old school master wore a Roman collar and in every detail was dressed like a Catholic priest.

"Father James, you look surprised," he said. "I am one of your mission fathers—Father Alphonsus. The other will be here to-morrow night. He closes a mission in Bridgeport this evening."

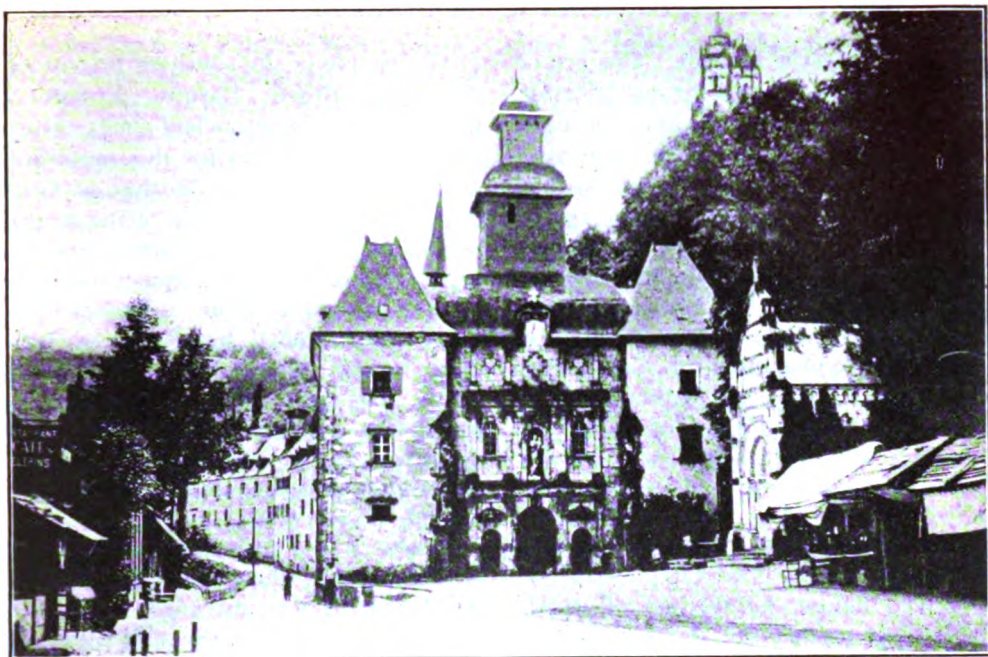
"How long have you been ordained?" gasped Father Hall.

"Nearly three years," the other answered. "I learned that you were stationed here, about a month ago, and I thought of writing to you then, but I took this way of surprising you."

"Tell me about your conversion? What induced you to study the Church?"

"Your sermon long ago on 'the inspiration of the Bible,' Father Alphonsus answered. That was Father Thompson's name in religion. His old pupil dropped on his knees.

"Give me your blessing, Father," he said, and before he arose he raised his eyes to heaven and slowly repeated these words: "O the depths of the riches and of the wisdom and of the knowledge of God. How incomprehensible are his judgments and how unsearchable are his ways."—Rom. xi, 33.



CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF THE STAR.

BETH-ARRAM--ANCIENT SHRINE of FRANCE

By LILIAN A. B. TAYLOR

FAR away, in the smiling south of sunny France, on the vineclad hills and beneath the blue skies Bearn, is an ancient shrine of the Madonna,—one of the many hallowed spots in which ancient Europe abounds,—relics of the old days of the true faith. The church of Notre Dame de Beth-arram lies very near Lourdes, on the banks of the same river Gave that washes that far-famed little city and the grotto of Massabielle. So near is it, that the pilgrim of Lourdes, before departing, perhaps forever from a land so peculiarly consecrated to the sweet Mother of God often terminates his wanderings by a visit to the less known, but far more ancient temple of our Lady of Beth-arram.

So old is this shrine that its origin is lost in the mists of antiquity, and the

derivation of its very name is now unknown. Many curious old legends and traditions still linger, however, to account for both. Some say that the name "Beth-arram" is a corruption from a Hebrew word, meaning "House of the Lord, or Most High." Others say that the word is from the Arabic, "Beit Haram," or sacred dwelling, and that the name was given by the Saracens of Spain, in early ages, during their invasions of the Midi. A mention of a valley of Beth-arram, according to P. de Marca, an old chronicler, is to be found in Holy Scripture, in the book of Josue. It is believed that El Rameh in Syria was once called Beth-arram, and also an old ruin west of Jericho; and that the Hebrew name was given to the French shrine by a crusader who accompanied Gaston de Bearn to the Holy Land,—

perhaps by Gaston himself. This prince was said to have had a strong affection for Beth-arram, and to have brought thither soil from the holy sepulchre. But whatever its origin, it has always been a favorite place of devotion in the Midi. It is said that from the earliest times miracles were wrought here at the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, and in one of these alleged miracles is found an explanation of the name. Long ago, a young girl gathering flowers on the bank of the Gave, fell into the river and was swept away by the strong current, when in despair she called upon the Holy Virgin for succor. Immediately she found a branch of a tree floating by her, which she had not perceived before, by the aid of which she at last gained the shore in safety. In thanksgiving she offered a gold palm branch as a votive tribute to the already famous shrine, and in commemoration of this event, the chapel which had been called Our Lady of the Star (*de l'Estelle*) was changed to Our Lady of the Fair Palm-Branch (*Beau Rameau*) or, in the Bearnaise dialect, Beth-arram. A long poem on the subject was written in Bearnaise, in 1839, by M. Vincent de Bataille, and crowned by the archaeological society of Bezers. It was afterwards translated into French.

In addition to its Hebrew name, the site of Beth-arram and the configuration of the soil and the hills on which it is built are said greatly to resemble Jerusalem; on an even larger scale, however, and with the rushing torrent of the Gave for the Brook of Cedron. The church is built on a steep hill above the river, and commands a view of great beauty over the fair southern country. The river, rough and tempestuous above and below, at this part of its course flows on with a singular calm and placidity, which the peasants were formerly wont to think a tribute of respect paid by the turbulent forces of nature to nature's sovereign Lady.

The people of the southern provinces, (Gascony, Bearn, Basque, Provence) have from the most ancient times exhibited a great affection for this mountain sanctuary of the Holy Mother of God. It is said that two children of the neighboring town of Lestelle, while playing in the woods long ago, came suddenly upon a beautiful statue of the Blessed Virgin, surrounded by a halo of brilliant light. None knew whence it came. The people came to the spot in procession, and bore it to the city; but as often as it was carried thither, although watched at night and guarded behind closed doors, it returned mysteriously to the place of its discovery on the rocks. The people then understood that it was intended to remain there; but dreading the difficulties of attempting to build on the steep cliff, they began to erect a church for its reception on the opposite bank of the river. Still the holy image would not remain there, but returned to its old place. While they were hesitating as to what course to pursue, a young peasant girl, named Raymonde, suddenly addressed the assembled crowd, and threatened them with the anger of heaven if they did not obey its manifest designs. As she was speaking, a heavy hail began to fall on the crops and the harvests. The people prayed for pardon, and it ceased. Without further hesitation, they abandoned the newly made foundations, and began on the site indicated a humble little chapel, the best they could afford. The peasant girl, Raymonde, promised, while thus inspired, that it should one day greatly increase in size, wealth and power. The truth of these legends is not vouched for; but it is certain that the little shrine of Mary has been for many years the scene of many miraculous cures and favors from the Queen of Heaven.

After a long and peaceful existence, the pure mountain spring whence Divine grace flowed to so many, was

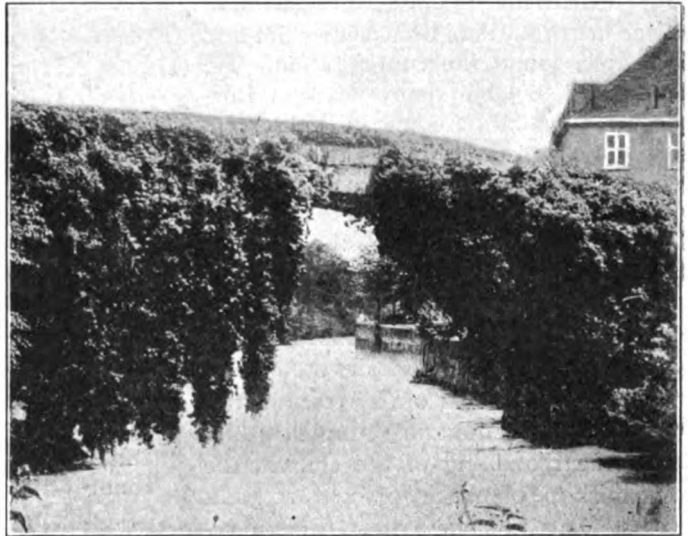
destined for a time to be choked up and polluted. The devastating tempest of the Huguenot heresy overspread the land, and its thunderbolts fell upon the little shrine in the hills. Bearn alone, as a province, remained true to the old religion; Jeanne d'Albret, the Huguenot sovereign of Navarre and Bearn, sent the Count de Montgomery to attack and destroy all places of Catholic worship in her dominions. Beth-arram was given to the flames; but a priest contrived to save the statue, and convey it into Spain, (1569), where it was known as the image of Notre Dame la Francaise, or la Gasconne, from the provinces whence it had come.

It remained in the Spanish town of Fauste for forty years. But the charred ruin of the chapel in the mountains continued to be the object of popular devotion. Pilgrimages were still made to the hallowed spot, and miracles were still worked among the shapeless, blackened stones of the former shrine. Mothers who spent the night there in prayer with their sick children, are said to have frequently obtained the cure of the latter. It is related that

at night brilliant lights of unknown origin illuminated the ruins, and that sweet and melodious chanting, uttered by no mortal voices, was heard among them. At last, in 1599, Henri Quatre published an edict which was the beginning of the re-establishment of religious freedom in France. Beth-arram gradually recovered its former prestige.

The holy image was brought back from Spain after forty years of exile, and the church of our Lady was rebuilt by

Jean de Salettes, Bishop of Lescar. The Bishop greatly desired to found there a congregation of priests to minister to the needs of so large and popular a pilgrimage. There was such a congregation at Notre Dame de Garaison, in a neighboring province. One of its most zealous members, Pere Hubert Charpentier, had joined it on being cured of a dangerous illness on making a vow to the Lady of Garaison. He was a priest of almost apostolic zeal, and possessed a peculiar power over sinners. The Bishop applied to him to found the new congregation at Beth-arram. He willingly agreed to do so; but many ob-



BRIDGE ABOVE THE GAVE.

stacles arose in the troubles of 1615, and Pere Charpentier yielded to an urgent appeal to attend a hospital in Bordeaux. The project was abandoned for the time; but at the return of peace, negotiations were renewed and at last brought to a successful conclusion. A missionary band of six priests was sent to Beth-arram and received with great rejoicing by the people, and by the hereditary lord of the soil, Henri, Seigneur of Coaraze, Baron de Miossons. Mass was

celebrated in the church of our Lady after forty years of desertion. The entry of the revered statue into the town was the occasion of a grand triumphal procession. These were indeed joyful and glorious days for the people, when the ancient religion triumphed over heresy, and once more was demonstrated the truth of the great promise, "that the gates of hell should never prevail against it!" Storms might arise, and rage for a time with fury, but they must pass away in the end, and the reverence and love for Christ and His Blessed Mother resume the outward manifestations of the hidden sway they had always exercised over the hearts of faithful, believing Christians. These events took place in 1616. Pere Charpentier did not, however, found the congregation. He continued to labor many years in Bordeaux; nor did he come to Beth-arrah for some years, although destined later on to become one of the chief leaders of the mission band, and to have his name inseparably linked with the ancient shrine of the south.

We have already spoken of the resemblance of the site of Beth-arrah to that of Jerusalem. A hill opposite the church was called Calvary, from its resemblance to the holy mountain. On this hill, after the rebuilding of the church, the Archbishop of Auch planted a great cross. In the same year (1616), a remarkable event happened. Five villagers from the neighboring hamlet of Montaut, who were working on the hill opposite Calvary, sat down at midday to eat their frugal dinner. The day was calm and beautiful with no trace of storm; but suddenly a violent wind began to blow, which threw the cross to the ground. Then it ceased as suddenly as it had begun; and immediately the cross rose slowly of itself, and stood erect, surrounded by a brilliant halo of light. The truth of this prodigy was established by a strict judicial inquest,

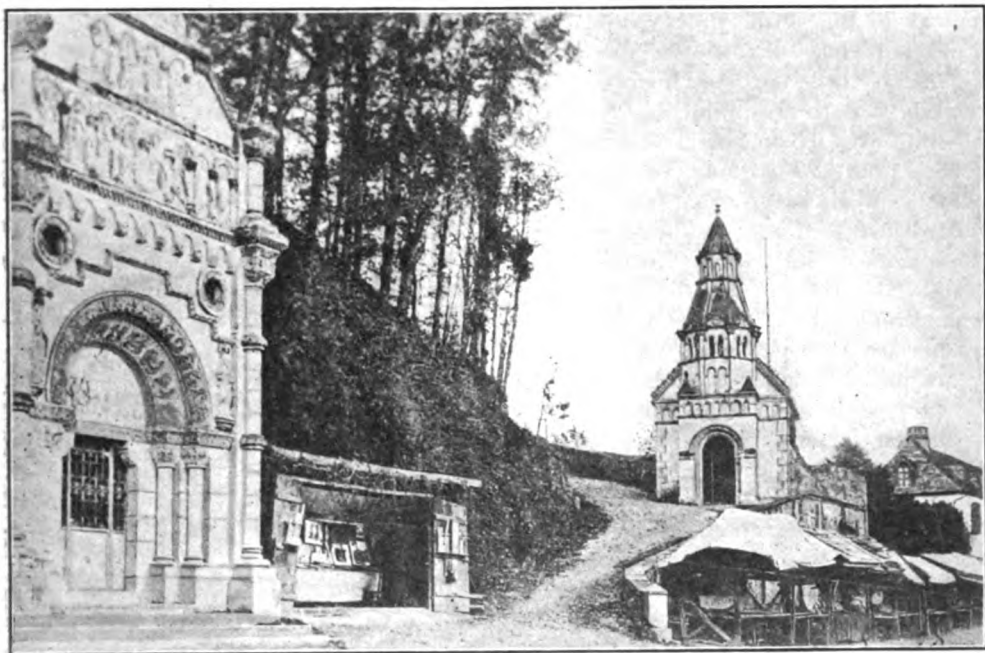
conducted with all the prudence and thoroughness which the Catholic Church has ever shown in its examination of the testimony of miracles. The witnesses were all separately examined, and their story tallied in every particular. The meaning of this event can hardly be doubted. The cross, beaten to the earth by a whirlwind, signified the tempests of human wrath and hate which had so long raged against religion in France; and its rising, crowned with light, was the eventual triumph of the Church of Christ which had come forth like gold tried by the fire from the furnace of suffering and persecution, through the aid of Him who has promised to be "with it all days, even to the consummation of the world." Nine months later, Louis XIII. re-established the Catholic religion in Bearn, and restored all its former rights and privileges, by the edict of Fontainebleau. The Archbishop of Auch again appealed to Hubert Charpentier, this time with success; and the latter now came thither as the superior of the little band of priests at Beth-arrah. To commemorate the miracle of the cross, and increase devotion to the Passion among the pilgrims, Pere Charpentier resolved to erect stations of the cross upon the hill of Calvary. The name, the resemblance to the true Mount Calvary, and the event of the cross upon its summit, made this resolve peculiarly appropriate. No place could have been found more fitting. Mary is the way which leads to Jesus; and so intimately and indissolubly connected is the devotion to the Mother and Son, that such a memento of His death and passion could not be better placed than near the shrine where so many thronged to do that Virgin Mother honor. Where will sinners turn sooner to their Saviour to lament their guilt and His sufferings than where they have just implored the aid of that sorrowful Mother; and what will more surely incline them to repentance than the con-

templation of the agony of the Via Dolorosa?

A set of stations of the cross, representing the chief events of the journey to Calvary were therefore erected in small separate chapels along the winding way that leads to the summit. They were figures in relief, of very fine workmanship, and life-size; and were endowed with all the indulgences attached to the real way of the cross at Jerusalem. Various nobles and great personages

patible with the vows of the latter, and after some discussion this plan was abandoned. Several priests had voluntarily joined him in his labors; but he wished much to leave there a properly organized community which would perpetually guard and serve the sanctuary. He was at last authorized to carry out his wish by a papal bull and the community received the title of Priests of the Holy Cross.

Pere Charpentier was not destined to



MT. CALVARY—FIRST AND SECOND STATIONS.

contributed generously to their erection. Louis XIII. built at Beth-arram the chapel of St. Louis, and left the shrine a legacy of 3,000 livres, which was later on given up, as is sometimes done, for an annual rental of 100 livres.

Pere Charpentier applied in various directions for priests to join in forming the new congregation; there was even some question of the company of St. Vincent de Paul, who was then living; but the duties were considered incom-

end his days peacefully at the spot for which he had done so much. In response to an urgent appeal he left Beth-arram to establish a similar mission at Mont Valerian, near Paris, a work for which he was so admirably qualified. At his death his body was interred there; but his heart he bequeathed to Beth-arram, showing clearly how it had always held the first place in his affections. It reposes now behind a tablet of black marble in the church for whose service

he labored so faithfully. He has been accused of sympathizing with the Jansenists of Port Royal. He may have been for a time deceived by their great apparent virtue, but he never shared in their errors, and so faithful and loyal a servant of God would never have joined with them in their resistance to authority, and their repudiation of the fundamental teachings of the Church to which he was so ardently devoted, which was not done until after his death in 1650.

For nearly a century and a half the history of the shrine flows onward like a peaceful river. Prosperity, like happiness, has little or no history. The records of Beth-arram during this peaceful time are rich in favors obtained and graces poured forth on converted sinners; but these spiritual and interior records are seen only by the angels, and the pages of its earthly history are a blank. In 1661 a superb new church was completed to take the place of the former little chapel, now wholly inadequate for its purpose, and in 1705, the Calvary, as it was called, was rebuilt in a manner superior to the original one. But these were the only events worthy of record until the peaceful course of the stream is interrupted, and a new and more terrible storm lowers on the horizon,—the French Revolution.

The revenues of Beth-arram were confiscated, like so many others, by that decree of the National Assembly which "placed the property of the clergy at the disposal of the nation." In 1791 the little congregation of priests was dispersed. In 1794, the Revolution, in its dying throes of fury, turned upon this sanctuary, as it had upon so many others. Beth-arram, which had until then escaped, became the theatre of those hideous scenes of destruction and carnage, which everywhere desecrated that France which was once called from its piety, "the Eldest Daughter of the Church." The beautiful church and the Calvary were totally destroyed, and the

fragments of the statues burnt in the public square of Nay. One wretch decapitated the statue of the Blessed Virgin between two stones. It is said that he afterwards suffered a similar fate. One of the priests of the congregation, however, remained concealed in the neighborhood, exercising in secret his priestly functions. His name was Pere Joseph.

Years later, when Napoleon restored religion in France, Beth-arram again became ecclesiastical property, as part of the diocese of Bayonne. It had been divided and sold to individuals, but nine inhabitants of the neighboring towns had united to purchase the site of the church and the hill of Calvary, in order to preserve them intact. They were thus restored to the clergy undivided. It now became the great ambition of Pere Joseph to rebuild the Calvary. This after some time he succeeded in doing, but the new stations were crude and inartistic in design and finish, with the exception of a few portions of the former ones which had somehow escaped the Revolutionary fury; but at the time nothing better could be secured, and temporarily they answered the purpose, until better times permitted it to be rebuilt once more.

The Bishop of Bayonne, Mgr. Loyson, wished to re-establish the congregation of priests, but the laws at that time would not permit it. He therefore located at Beth-arram the seminary of the diocese. Amongst the students at this seminary was Bertrand Severe Laurence, who later was to become Bishop of Tarbes, and famous throughout the world for judicially pronouncing in favor of the apparitions at Lourdes. In 1824 the seminary was suppressed, but at the earnest plea of M. Baradere, Cure of St. Jacques de Pau, it was preserved as a school of theology and the Abbe Lassalle, the superior of the former seminary, was placed at its head. This worthy priest was held in high es-

teem by Mgr. Loyson and his successor, Mgr. d'Astros. He founded at Igon the Daughters of the Cross, a religious order of women devoted to the instruction of young girls. He also built himself, on the site of the old Benedictine Abbey of Saint Pe, a small diocesan seminary, whose first superior was Mgr. Bertrand Severe Laurence.

In 1833 the great seminary was removed to Bayonne, but two priests remained in the deserted house. They were unable to fulfill all the duties of such a place, and were at length joined by some others. One of these, Pere Michel Garacoits, was a man of great holiness. The work of Christian education was added to their other duties, and the previous community having been destroyed at the Revolution, the little company received a new rule and was formally erected into an order, under the name of Priests of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. It has since prospered greatly, and has spread to South America. The sanctuary of Garaison had also been restored to the Church since the Revolution. The priests who volunteered to serve the shrine went first to Beth-arram to be trained for the work under Pere Garacoits. As it was from Garaison that the first missionary band had come to Beth-arram long ago, the latter was thus able in a measure to repay a debt of gratitude.

The first care of the new congregation in 1839, was to restore the interior of the church and to rebuild the Calvary in a manner more worthy of the place, and more befitting the dignity and sacredness of the subject. For this latter work they secured the services of M. Alexandre Renoir, a young artist of considerable merit, whose failing health obliged him to seek the balmy climate of the South of France. For five years he labored at the Calvary in the peaceful seclusion of Beth-arram. Eight stations, bas-reliefs of great merit, were the result of his labors, as the fathers

were unable from pecuniary reasons to secure the rest from his hands. The designs show reverent faith and artistic skill. Christ before Pilate, the Flagellation, and the Crowning with Thorns, are among the finest in style and execution. The meeting of Jesus and His Mother is, however, considered by many the best, full of touching pathos. He also executed a statue of the patroness of the church, to replace the lost original. It is a beautiful work. It shows the Blessed Virgin seated on a throne, holding in her arms the Infant Saviour, on whom she gazes with a smile of mingled rapture and adoration. He holds forth in His little hand a palm-branch, in memory of that shown to the drowning girl in the legend; but in reality, signifying the palm of victory, which our Divine Lord holds out to all who, in this earthly struggle, call for aid upon Him and His tender Mother.

The remaining stations were completed later by the hands of other artists, but the Calvary, when finished, was found to be very ill protected from the elements, by the ruins of the old buildings which had been their former shelter. The light, moreover, was bad and threw too fierce a glare upon the life-size figures, which were intended to be viewed in a softer light and from a little distance. It was therefore resolved to enclose them in separate chapels. This, although a work of considerable magnitude, was accomplished, as the Catholic Church always does accomplish such things, in a manner corresponding with the style of the rest of the undertaking. This was achieved by the superior, Pere Chiron. The chapels are small and built in various styles of architecture to give an aspect of variety to the whole, and adorned with carvings in relief and with miniature spires and turrets. The general effect is very beautiful. The Crucifixion, on the summit, stands facing the East. In a brief of October 29, 1870, Pope Pius IX. conferred upon the new

way of the cross all the indulgences of that at Jerusalem.

The solemn blessing of the new Calvary took place on the feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, September 14, 1873. The fete was the occasion of the greatest celebration of modern times at Beth-arram. A vast concourse of people from Bayonne and the neighboring towns of the diocese assembled there to do honor to this event. The preparatory ceremonies began on September 7, with an introductory novena. As special indulgences were granted while this novena lasted, processions of

the sermon was given by Mgr. de Langalerie, Archbishop of Auch.

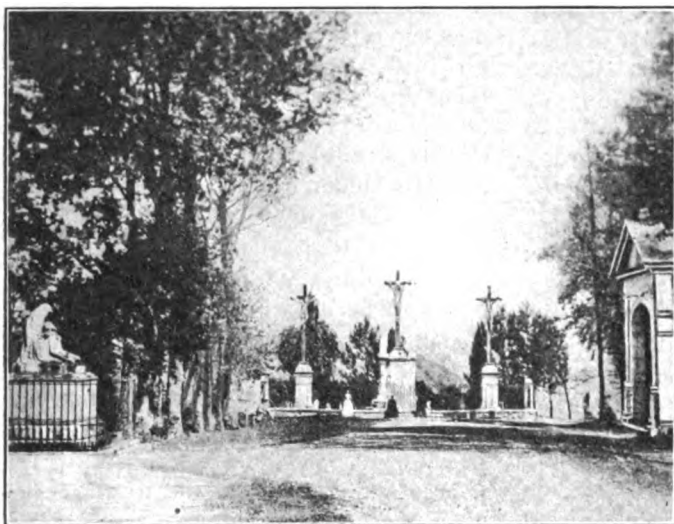
On the eve of the feast, however, a violent storm came on, accompanied by furious thunder and lightning, and raged all that night and partly through the next day. It was not sufficient to deter the throngs of faithful worshippers who continued to pour in from all directions, until the hillsides, the steep slopes of the river, and the entire territory of the shrine were covered with a vast and densely packed throng. Pontifical High Mass for France was celebrated in the church of Notre Dame, and the Arch-

bishop of Auch delivered the discourse; but owing to the continued bad weather, the blessing of the Calvary, which necessarily took place in the open air, was deferred until the next day. At midnight a fresh concourse arrived to swell the vast throng. All at once the clouds showed signs of breaking, and suddenly a burst of sunshine streamed down upon the delighted multitude, which greeted it with shouts of acclamation.

At two o'clock a splendid procession, duly or-

ganized, defiled slowly and majestically up the holy hill. First came the pilgrims of more than twenty communes, bearing crosses and banners, then the delegates from different parishes, the clergy, the religious orders, and finally the great mass of the multitude. Chanting alternately the canticle of the Sacred Heart and the Vexilla Regis, the solemn pageant wound its way to the brow of the hill. On the summit a discourse was preached by Pere Caussette, Vicar-General of the diocese, and followed by Ben-

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MT. CALVARY—ESPLANADE AT THE SUMMIT.

ediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. In the evening the chapels of the stations were brilliantly illuminated, presenting a most beautiful sight. The next morning, after Solemn High Mass, in the presence of the same mighty concourse, the solemn Benediction of the stations was pronounced by Mgr. Lacroix and the new Via Crucis was opened to the devotion of the faithful, amid the chanting of a double choir of priests, singing anthems of praise and thanksgiving.

It seemed as though the tempest had been an emblem of the storms that in this world must ever rage around the cross of Christ; and the sudden final breaking forth of the sun, a type, not only of the cessation of the outbreaks of human fury against religion, and the period of calm that was to follow, but

of also of the light and glory to come which will shine forth in ineffable splendor on the storm-tossed soul at the conclusion of its weary pilgrimage in this vale of tears.

There are many, very many, of the faithful on this wide earth who can never visit these sacred lands except in fancy, never behold their beauties save through the pages of a book. What a consoling thought it should be to many, who cannot tread these hallowed spots, to know that they belong to the same Church, unchanging and unchangeable which there holds sway; and that, whether known to us or not by the title of any earthly city, the same sweet Mother, the Help of all Christians, smiles equally upon us; regards her children over all the earth with tender pity, and intercedes with her Divine Son alike for us all.

THE HAND THAT WROTE UPON THE WALL

TERESA HEATRICE O'HARE

*O*H surely to the slanderer's cup
Comes back the bitterness and gall,
As surely as Belshazzar saw
The hand that wrote upon the wall.

All deeds come back by wisdom's road,
More swiftly than the swallows fly;
The grand magnificence of right
Lets nothing waste nor nothing die.

The mother's sweetest, earliest prayer
Upon her babe a moment old,
Will haunt the skies with whispered love,
Till moons shall fade and suns grow cold.

And human moths who flutter round
Life's glittering dross, will surely fall,
As surely as Belshazzar saw
The hand that wrote upon the wall.

The Use of the Right Hand and the Left

By LAWRENCE IRWELL

THE name of left-handedness carries with it a suggestion of disparagement, almost approaching contempt. And it is the case not only in our own speech, but also in other tongues in all parts of the world, among nations of different degrees of civilization and savagery. It is not a mere accident of the English language that the same word serves both as the opposite of left and as the opposite of wrong. A similar association of the left hand with inferiority, not merely physical awkwardness, but ill-luck, and stupidity is found in many languages. Two of those from which ours has formed its vocabulary have supplied us in this way with uncomplimentary epithets which have in our common use of them quite lost their original meaning; we sometimes use the French word "gauche" to describe ungainly actions or clumsy speeches, but without any insinuation of the moral obliquity which we have attached to the Latin word "sinister."

Among a generally right-handed race, it is not difficult to see the reason of this. The writer, an Englishman, having watched cricket matches in which a left-handed batsman was taking part, knows what trouble he causes to his opponents; how the fielders have to change either their positions or their duties every time he faces the bowler; and how strange he appears at the wrong, that is, the unusual, side of the wicket. The same remarks apply to a left-handed man engaged in almost any other game. Look at the reflection in a mirror (which, of course, makes right appear left, and left right) of a right-handed person using pen, needle, or knife, or doing any ac-

tion habitually performed by the right hand. How curious it appears! Does not everybody to some extent sympathise with the popular view, crystallised in language, which takes the left-hand as the type of awkwardness, perversity, even of insincerity and bad faith? Let a right-handed person be obliged by an accident to use his left hand for a time for all purposes, and he will be inclined the more to think that the left hand is well called sinister, so slow and helpless will he find it in doing his bidding, so unreliable and deceptive. Yet this is only a superficial view, quite unjust, even in the purely physical aspect, to those who are really left-handed.

In all communities, left-handed individuals seem to occur, in varying proportions. Among the people of the state of New York, about two per cent is probably the minimum and twice that number the maximum. The peculiarity is to some extent hereditary, but this not always the case. That it is so in some families is vouched for by Monsieur Ribot in his well known book on "Heredity," of which there is a translation. It would not be surprising if a race were met with in which left-handedness was the rule and not the exception. Yet the reversal of so general a law as that of prevalent right-handedness would have to be established by very conclusive evidence; and although statements have been made as to a preponderance of left-handed individuals among the Hottentots and the South African Bushmen, none of them can be said to be supported by such careful and prolonged observation of facts as would be necessary for their acceptance.

One of the prevailing ideas about

right-handedness is that it is merely a matter of training, and that left-handed individuals have become so either from want of care on the part of parents, or from imitation of some other person. In many children, the preference for one hand is shown from a very early age, before the child has learned to handle anything, except the very simplest toys, and therefore before training can have caused a preference at all. More than this, the experience of left-handed persons is on record in whom the peculiarity has been noticed and combated, but without even the slightest apparent result. In the case of one child, both of whose parents were left-handed, we are told in "Left-Handedness," by the late President Wilson, of Toronto University (Canada), that "his mother, accordingly, watched his early manifestations of the same tendency, and employed every available means to counteract it. His left hand was bound up or tied behind him; and this was persevered in until it was feared that his left arm had been permanently injured. Yet all proved vain. The boy resumed the use of the left hand as soon as the restraint was removed." It must not be supposed that all persons, whether right or left-handed, have so strong an instinctive preference for one hand as this. There are many degrees of right and left-handedness in adult life. A large number of persons seem to have had no strong natural bias either way, and accordingly fall in with the prevailing usage in all, or nearly all respects, and these persons seem to become right-handed by training and imitation. In some of them, a trace remains of their original indifference in the shape of a preference for the left hand in some actions. It is not uncommon to meet with people right-handed in all other respects, who use two-handed implements, such as an axe, with the left hand next the "business end" in the manner usual with the left-handed. There is no doubt that

among those who have a strong, instinctive preference for one hand the right-handed are in a large majority. The proportion they bear to those right-handed by training only is, and will probably remain, quite uncertain.

The lower limbs are much less closely controlled by the will than the upper; in walking and running, which are by far their most frequent and important uses, their movements are to a very large extent instinctive and automatic, and are, moreover, much more symmetrical than are the movements of the upper limbs. Nevertheless, one foot is generally used in preference to the other in such movements as digging (the "spade" foot), in hopping, and in making a leap. But there is much less uniform preference for one side than in the case of the hand; and it by no means follows that a man is either right or left-footed because he is right-handed.

Where there is a choice of two directions of growth or movement in plants or animals, without apparent advantage either way, a preference is almost always shown for one over the other, with occasional exceptions which prove that the rule is not a necessary one. Even among the heavenly bodies, the movements of the planets and their moons follow a similar law; all of them go in the same direction except the moons of Uranus, which revolve round their planet the opposite way. Each species of spiral shell and turning plant has its own favorite direction of making its turns, although there are in each occasional exceptions. It seems only another instance of a similar law that man should use one hand rather than the other as the chosen instrument of his will. Why that hand should be the right is a question that has been much discussed, and concerning which a number of different theories have been advanced.

It is well known that, although our external configuration is so nearly symmetrical, the arrangement of the internal

organs is very different. The heart lies obliquely in the chest, and more to the left side than the right; the liver, by far the heaviest of the internal organs, is on the right side; the two lungs are differently shaped; and, moreover, the blood-vessels supplying the two sides, especially in the upper regions of the body, are differently disposed. It is natural that these irregularities of arrangement should have been thought, in some way, to explain left-handedness and the various phenomena connected with it. A good deal of ingenuity has been expended in forming theories which connect the use of the right hand with the disposition of the various organs of the human system, and the consequent situation of the center of gravity a little to the right of the middle of the body. But there is a very simple method of putting not only the theories, but the fact to the proof. Individuals are occasionally met with in whom there is a transposition of the viscera—that is, in whom the heart inclines to the right side, and the liver lies on the left; in fact, the internal organs are placed as they would be in the reflection of an ordinary person in a mirror. If the unsymmetrical disposition of the internal organs is the cause of right-handedness in most people, all persons who have the heart on the right side, liver on the left, etc., ought to be left-handed. Occasionally they have been found to be so, but not as a rule; the co-existence of the conditions seems to be merely a coincidence. Similarly with regard to the arrangement of the blood vessels supplying the brain and the upper limbs, it is not found that reversal of the usual arrangement is associated with left-handedness, as would necessarily be the case were the unsymmetrical arrangement of the body the cause of right-handedness.

There is, however, one extremely curious and interesting instance of want of symmetry in the bodily functions, which is not merely analogous to right-

handedness, but very closely associated with it. The nervous machinery normally connected with speech is situated on one side of the brain only. So intimate is the relation of this subject to the use of the right hand that it must be considered in detail. It is generally recognised that each side of the brain is connected with the movements and sensations mainly on the opposite side of the body; the right hemisphere of the cerebrum is responsible for the motions of the left arm and leg, and vice versa. Cases are not particularly uncommon in which, with or without "a shock," or at least some degree of obvious loss of muscular power on the right side of the body, the faculty of recalling and reproducing spoken words is totally or almost totally lost. This loss of the power of speech is known by the word aphasia. It was shown as much as forty years ago that this particular symptom is associated with injury to a limited and very definite part of the brain-substance on the left side, which has since been known, in honor of its discoverer, as Broca's convolution. When the power of speech has been lost, it is possible, if the mental faculties are not otherwise damaged, to acquire it again, by just such a course of training and practice as the child passes through in learning to speak at first, even when Broca's convolution has been so damaged as to be quite incapable of performing its functions. In such a case, the portion of the brain on the right side corresponding to the Broca's convolution (on the left) is capable of taking up its work; but only by being educated to do so, just as the injured part had been originally educated. If after this the power of speech is again lost, by injury to the right side similar to that which had impaired the left, there is no hope of its being restored a second time. It is therefore certain that there are two portions of the brain capable of controlling speech—and two only.

In ordinary circumstances only one of them is trained to do so. The other remains in abeyance. All the education is given to one favored side, and all the work is done by it; but the neglected side, if called by necessity to undertake the work, can be trained to do it, and to do it apparently as satisfactorily as the other. There are other parts of the brain, known as "centers," devoted to other functions connected with language. One of them relates to the interpretation of spoken words, which may be called a word-hearing center; another relates to the interpretation of the written characters which represent words—a reading center; and a third to the production of these characters, a writing center. The functions of all these centers are very closely connected and are interdependent, and cases are not common in which any single one of them is affected without the others being involved. Even Broca's convolution is seldom damaged without injury to other parts; the other centers are still more rarely affected alone. Nevertheless, there is clear proof that they exist, each in a definite position in the brain, and that all are situated on the same side of the brain in all normal individuals. We have, therefore, a complete analogy to the preferential use of the right hand. There are two sets of organs, either of which may be used for speech, one in each hemisphere of the brain, but only those on one side are trained; only those have the education carried out which makes them effective. But if the educated centers are so damaged as to lose their functions, the others can be trained to take their place. So we have two hands either of which may be trained for the performance of delicate movements; yet in most of us only one of them has been so trained, and the other remains comparatively awkward and inactive, unless accident compels it to try to take the place of the educated hand.

It has been said that the active speech-center is on the left side, and this is the case in the great majority of individuals. But occasionally it is found that the right and not the left side of the brain has been educated as regards speech. When this is the case, it is always found that the individual has during lifetime been left-handed. Whatever may be the cause of right-handedness, it is closely associated with left-brainedness, if such a term can be permitted, not only for the comparatively coarse movements of the hand, but for the fine adjustments of the windpipe, tongue, lips, etc., which produce articulate speech, and the far finer machinery within the brain itself which registers our stores of words. If right-handedness is in many cases not merely the result of training; if it is not caused by the unsymmetrical arrangement of the organs or blood-vessels of the trunk; but if it is closely associated with the assumption of important functions by the side of the brain which is connected with the right hand, then it seems reasonable to suppose that the preference for the right hand is due to a superiority of the left hemisphere of the brain over the right. Some observers state that, on carefully weighing the two halves of the brain, the left is found in a considerable majority of cases a little heavier than the right. This might, no doubt, be an effect rather than a cause—simply a result of the greater use of the left hemisphere. Many investigators, however, have not found a general excess of weight on the left side. Whether the left hemisphere develops earlier than the right or not in the majority of individuals is a disputed point, which must be regarded as quite unsettled at present. But there is good reason to search for the cause of the preference of one hand over the other in the part of the brain which regulates its movements rather than in the hand itself, or in any other of the organs of the body.

In most persons who grow up left-handed, it has been pointed out that their left-handedness, and therefore right-brainedness, is antecedent to any training. It is, no doubt, the same with the left-brainedness of right-handed people. There are, of course, many persons who, as children, had no very strong natural bias either way; how is it, then, that they become left-brained? It is certain that they are so as regards speech in adult life. As has been explained, it is only in individuals who have been decidedly left-handed that injury to the right hemisphere of the brain leads to loss of speech. The most reasonable conclusion seems to be that those who have no marked tendency to right-brainedness or left-brainedness eventually become left-brained because they have been trained to become right-handed. If this is so, the preference for the right hand has an unexpected and far-reaching influence upon the education of brain-centers.

At what exact age the preference for one hand asserts itself in persons who are neither markedly right-handed nor left-handed is not known. Upon this subject there have been few accurate observations. One instance is on record in which a distinct preference for the right hand had become noticeable as early as the seventh month, a long time, as time must be reckoned in an infant's life, before the development of intelligent speech.

Very many persons who are strongly left-handed have found their peculiarity a very decided advantage to them. Of course they are at a disadvantage in attempting to use implements which are constructed for right-handed use, such, for example, as golf-clubs, and it is necessary for them to have special ones made for their own use to enable them to compete on equal terms with the majority. But by learning to write, and to perform other delicate movements with

the right hand, they acquire, without impairing the natural aptitude of the left hand, much more dexterity with the right than the right-handed ever attain with their left hand, and thus in many cases reach a degree of ambidexterity which makes them, instead of "gauche," peculiarly clever and skilful in their manipulations. It is among those originally left-handed that men would be found like David's companions, who "could use both the right and the left in slinging stones and in shooting arrows from the bow." At the present day there are some surgeons originally left-handed, who are conspicuous for their ability to use both hands with equal facility.

When a child displays a decided preference for the use of the left hand, it is as has been already mentioned, quite useless to make forcible efforts to suppress the preference. The right hand should be trained in writing, and in using knife and spoon, as well as in some other actions usually performed by the right hand of the average person. But the use of the left should not be prevented, for any attempt to do so will only diminish its aptitude without greatly increasing the dexterity of the right.

There seems to be no good reason why right-handed people should not attain some of the ambidexterity which is often the privilege of the left-handed. A little trouble expended in practising with the left hand, as well as with the right, in throwing, drawing and other common movements requiring skill, would be rewarded by a much increased usefulness of that generally neglected member. If there is a natural preference for the right hand, it is probable that no amount of practice would make the left equally expert in actions that have once been well acquired by the right. But the experience of the left-handed seems to show that it is well worth while for the right-handed to give more attention

to their despised left hands than they usually do.

One point more is of importance. If it is correct that right-handedness in some cases precedes and determines the use of the left hemisphere of the brain for the interpretation and reproduction of language, both spoken and written, may not a greater use of the left hand lead to a better development of the right hemisphere? There is, it is true, no proof that a man becomes any wiser by being able to use both hands alike, yet it is quite conceivable that an education of both hands in different directions might enable the brain to do more work, or to work more easily.

Let us consider for a moment these speech-relations of the brain which we know to be unilateral. The early use of the right hand has, we believe, led to our storing in our left hemispheres all the memories of our mother tongue; and the other languages we acquire are registered in the same side of the brain. But it has been shown that the other side can be educated, even in adult life, when the need arises, to acquire these

special functions. Would it not be a distinct advantage if the unused side could be made to discharge this duty in acquiring a foreign tongue? It might be desirable to ascertain experimentally if this could not be accomplished. The left hand would have to be used for all actions habitually performed by the right while learning some foreign language, Spanish, for example. The right hand ought to be as nearly as possible inactive. The left ought to hold the book, and to turn the pages; and all writing should be done with the left hand. It is quite possible that this method, carefully carried out, would lead to the acquisition of the language by the unused right brain-center; and if this were so, the capacity of the brain for learning languages would be doubled. We may imagine some future generation keeping the left hemisphere for the Teutonic languages, and storing the Romance languages on the right side. If any individual should have his left speech center deranged, he would still retain some languages in which he could communicate his ideas to others.

Our Teachers

By R. E. D.



OUR teachers! God bless them wherever they are, resting a while from their labors, renewing their strength and courage, to resume their heaven appointed task.

Fortunate are they, if, members of a religious community, it is given them to hie to an ample Mother house, in some refreshing woodland, there, in a sweet spiritual retreat, to reckon the soul's work in the busy twelve months—to look back, and look forward, that the mistakes of the past may serve as stepping stones to good work in the future;

that the work already good may be made better and stronger, while new incentives, new means are devised, and with the fragrance of the harvest fields, brought to the shady nooks that invite to study, new inspiration comes to devoted souls in love with their vocation. Then, there are hours spent in well filled libraries; thoughts are exchanged with kindred spirits, luminous thoughts whose object it is always to lead, to interest, to elevate the children and help them to become noble, loyal, useful and happy men and women.

Not alone are our religious teachers availing themselves of the summer vacation months to improve their work in the class room. Secular teachers, too, are nobly striving onward and upward for the advancement of the great cause. Willingly do they undergo fatigue, and expense out of their slender means. Some cross the sea to learn the methods followed in other lands, and so improve their own. Some venture away in the far West to see the petrified forests, the giant trees, the spouting geysers, and peer into the depths of the great canons that they may study the pages of geological history there exposed to view. Some go in search of curious plants to trace their relationship to other known species and complete herbaria whose value is enhanced because they have been collected carefully, and studiously classified by themselves.

A greater number still attend summer schools and institutes in convents or in lay gatherings. All are busy, busy, adding to their store, with energy worthy of emulation. And when the roll call brings them to their task again, they will come refreshed in body and mind, full of vigor and enthusiasm. Let no laggard be found in the ranks, no dreaming idler; let no melancholy, repining spirit invade the sanctuary of education; where work, cheerful, earnest work and self devotion are needed—"a love that counts no labor and would willingly do more than it can."

Patient, untiring exertion indeed is wanted to do thoroughly the elementary work, to teach reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic and grammar, that the children who must leave our schools with only a rudimentary education, may have such sound, ready information as

will be useful through life, while the more favored who advance higher must not build on a foundation of sand.

Meanwhile, character must be formed apace; true principles established; the catechism must be taught thoroughly, prominently. Faith, enlightened faith, must permeate all our work. In a recent utterance, the Emperor of Germany said: "It is all the same what a man is; it is all the same what a man does; if he does not make religion the foundation of his life, he will go to destruction." Strong words these are, and true. The world has widely drifted away from God, but sober thought reads the consequences of a Godless education in the startling crimes of the age.

Christian parents trustfully bring to us their children, that we may uplift them from the dust of ignorance, guide them in safe paths, train them for a useful life here, and a blessed eternity hereafter. What a vocation is this! Guardian angels who see the face of God in heaven, are appointed to minister unto these little ones, and angelic teachers are assigned on earth, who go from the Eucharistic Table to put their best life-work at the children's service—wise virgins who carefully fill their lamps and keep them trimmed and burning; whose ways are paths of light, and whose words are sparks of wisdom, enkindling the love of virtue and knowledge in other souls. Who shall tell the influence of an earnest, holy life, gilded with the cheerful simplicity that belongs to childlike innocence, in the class room? When that is joined to an intellect, well gifted and well trained, we have the ideal teacher. Heaven grant that many such may carry on the work of our schools, for then, indeed, will they be asylums of benediction.

At Midnight in the Glen

By SHEILA MAHON

I.

MRS. O'BEIRNE stood at the door of the old house, her blind eyes staring vacantly towards where a couple of peacocks were proudly preening themselves on the terraced lawn. A pathetic figure she looked standing in the dusk, in the doorway, her sombre brown dress only relieved by the vivid whiteness of the embroidered kerchief that crossed her bosom in the fashion of the period, and cuffs that showed to perfection the delicate beauty of her finely formed hands. A lady unmistakably, a little over middle age, with features cast in rather a stern mould, belied by a sensitive mouth and sad shadows 'neath the sightless eyes. Silver white was the hair that in youth had been her sole vanity. Altogether it was a face to be remembered, crowned and chastened with sorrow's dignity.

The scene was peaceful in the extreme, It was early autumn, and the setting sun lit up the mullioned windows of the quaint gray house, the home of the O'Beirnes for generations, and streamed through the giant oaks that overshadowed it on either side in a gorgeous harmony of color. Not a sound broke the stillness, save an occasional discordant scream from the peacocks as they strutted proudly in the golden glory.

"Hush!" called out the blind woman gently as the cries became more frequent, followed by a rush and a great flapping of wings.

The meaning of this interlude was the appearance of a white pigeon which flew down from a neighboring tree and perched itself coolly on the tail of one of the peacocks and commenced boldly

plucking at the beautiful feathers. The enraged bird flew toward Mrs. O'Beirne followed by his companion, filling the air with its distressed screams.

At this juncture a girl appeared, her bright face peeping over Mrs. O'Beirne's shoulder, her eyes flashing with merriment as she watched the grotesque struggles of the peacock to rid itself of its tormentor.

"Oh, Aunt Margaret! if you could only see it!" and she laughed aloud with the utter lightheartedness of youth that time and sorrow alone can quench.

A shadow passed over Mrs. O'Beirne's face, but she replied softly, "God's will be done, Mary."

"Oh, Aunt Margaret," cried the girl regretfully; "forgive me; but, oh, Auntie, I can't help it, I must laugh," and peal after peal rang through the quiet air.

The peacock, receiving no sympathy, flew like a mad thing down the terraced steps vainly trying to dislodge its tormentor. The girl at last came to his assistance. Round the lawn she ran after the infuriated bird and gently lifted the pigeon from its resting place.

"Aunt Margaret," she called out breathlessly. "Fantine has returned, and if I mistake not has a message for us."

She made a pretty picture standing in the sunlight, her brown hair in soft disorder round her bright, piquant face, her eyes gleaming with excitement, the pigeon held gently to her bosom, as if she feared to lose it.

Mrs. O'Beirne became almost as excited. "Come in quickly," she exclaimed, "and search Fantine."

Together they entered the house and searched the little carrier pigeon. Con-

cealed in its soft plumage they found a tiny note: "At midnight, in the Glen," read out the girl, falteringly.

"Glory be to God!" burst from the lips of the blind woman.

"Glory be to God!" echoed the girl.

"I shall feel his arms around me once more," continued Mrs. O'Beirne. "Twenty years since I parted him; shall I ever forget that night, my boy—he was little more—clung to me, sobbing, his blue eyes like wet violets; I crooned to him though my heart was breaking, until he fell asleep, exhausted; then I placed him gently in your uncle's arms. Through the long years that picture remains indelible. My beautiful child, his face stained with tears, and his golden head lying so helplessly on your uncle's shoulder—the little, tired figure and dainty limbs on which my eyes gazed for the last time."

"And now," interrupted the girl joyfully, "think under what happy circumstances you are going to meet him again!"

"Yes, God be thanked," said Mrs. O'Beirne; "I do not deserve this great mercy. I blame my blindness for ceaseless repining against His holy will. For years after my darling went to Spain I never ceased crying; night after night I would lie awake thinking of him, the tears streaming down my face. One morning I awoke blind."

"Didn't Uncle want to take Hugh also to Spain with him?"

"Yes, but in my misery I would not hear of it, and I thought I could bring him up secretly in the old faith, despite these surroundings, and now, you see, how I am punished. My God!" she cried vehemently, "that an O'Beirne should be a renegade to his faith and country."

"Cousin Hugh has a good heart," whispered the girl. "I think it is for our sake he has done it; but we will not talk about him," she added, soothingly. "Let us think of Gerald."

Mrs. O'Beirne's face brightened. "Yes," she said; "God is good, blessed be His Holy Name! Gerald is coming back to me, one of His anointed; to-night we shall hear Mass, and I, his proud mother, will kneel at the altar and receive the Bread of Life from my own son."

"Poor cousin Hugh," said the girl, pityingly. "We must pray for him specially to-night. Perhaps God in His mercy will make Gerald the instrument of his redemption."

"Amen," said Mrs. O'Beirne, fervently.

A loud knocking startled them. The girl hastily hid the paper.

"Open quickly," said Mrs. O'Beirne; "it is Hugh's knock, I would know it anywhere. God grant he does not bring bad news."

Mary hastily unbolted the door. Outside stood a tall, handsome man in the uniform of a Yeomanry captain. Casting one quick glance around, he exclaimed in a tone of relief, "I am glad you are alone, mother." He stopped and kissed the worn, white face.

"Do I not count?" said Mary, with a bright smile and a saucy toss of her head.

Hugh O'Beirne looked at the winsome girl and a half sad, wholly tender expression crept over his dark, saturnine face.

"Mary," he said softly, "you are the sunshine of this gloomy house. I am the shadow."

"No, no, cousin Hugh," said she vehemently. "I will not have you calling yourself names. 'At any rate,' she said quaintly, 'the sunshine would not be so bright if there was no shadow.'"

"Hugh," interrupted Mrs. O'Beirne, "is there any news?"

The officer looked round cautiously as if he feared that the very walls had ears.

"Yes," he answered slowly, "we have got orders to-night for a raid on the

Glen. From information received there is to be hot work."

"For God's sake, Hugh, don't go!" cried the blind woman.

"Why should I not?" he answered recklessly, "it will not be the first time. I can ill afford to be suspected of disloyalty; that means ruin," he added significantly, "to us all."

"Better death than perdition hereafter," his mother replied. "Oh, Hugh, I implore you to give up this life. Do not think of us, but of the days when as an innocent lad under the hedge you first learned to lisp the 'Our Father' at the old soggarth's knees, and now you would betray another soggarth."

"Who said so?" he answered quickly. "It is merely a meeting of desperate men we are going to disperse."

"Do not go," cried Mrs. O'Beirne, the tears streaming down her cheeks.

He looked at the distressed faces. "There is more in this than I thought," he muttered. "You had better be honest with me if you want anything done."

The two women hesitated.

"Aye, you do not trust me."

"No, no, Hugh, my son, it is not that, but the horror of the thing overwhelms me. Do you know whom you go to hunt in the Glen, my son, my son?" she cried. "It is your own brother."

"The hell hounds," he cried fiercely. "I might have known there was something more than mere chance in appointing me for the work to-night. This is the devilish scheme of an informer who knows more of our movements than we wot of." He looked meaningly at Mary as he spoke.

A red flush flamed into the girl's face. "You surely do not mean Gaston Glanbury?"

He nodded significantly. "A nice husband my lieutenant would make."

"He'll never be mine," said the girl proudly. "He received his answer long ago, and I must say took it badly," her face paling as the fierce, cruel coun-

tenance of her would-be suitor came momentarily before her.

"Mother," said Hugh O'Beirne abruptly, "tell me everything if you want to circumvent our enemies. Blood is thicker than water. I am bad enough, but not so vile as to betray my own. I thought Gerald was not to leave Spain for another year."

"So it was arranged," said Mrs. O'Beirne, but I had a letter last week saying he was on his way, and that we might expect him any time."

"Does he fully realise the lions' den into which he is rushing? Mother how could you let him come, knowing that it means transportation?"

"Yes, I realise it fully, Hugh, and I thank God that if one of my sons has foresworn the old faith the other is ready to lay down his life for it, but I pray that God may not ask the sacrifice. I have no fear, the Good Shepherd will watch over him and not let the wolves destroy him. He is doing his Master's work; it is not for me to hinder him. Oh, Hugh, Hugh, that I could say the same of you!"

Hugh O'Beirne's face worked convulsively. "Mother," he cried, "if I could only undo the past, but it is too late. I swear to you I did not know it was a priest hunt to-night. I have always shirked that up to the present, though of late there has been doubt of my fidelity. Only this morning I received a strong hint if I did not do something to show my loyalty serious consequences would be the result. Tell me everything, so that I may spoil their devilish plans. Mother, mother, can you ever forgive me."

"Ask God's forgiveness, not mine," said the blind woman gently, and her hands groped until they came in contact with the strong ones of her eldest born. "To-night they would have made you your brother's murderer."

"Never! by God!" answered Hugh

"I would have been
myself."

"But how could you have been
of course, coming to celebrate Mass in
the Glen, and then, suddenly, having
received the message. Haven't I trusted
you?" he exclaimed, gleefully.

"Thank God, he received the message
before you came, Hugh, in time to warn
us," she added, more reluctantly.

Together in the wet twilight they sat
by every way and means of warning
Father Gerald, and at last came to the
conclusion that the best plan was that
Hugh should contrive to get the bar-
rack clock stopped within half an hour
of midnight and trust to chance that the
tampering would not be noticed until
too late. If all went well by twelve
o'clock both priest and people, warned
by Mary, would have dispersed before
the appearance of the Yeomanry.

"If I could only tell them now," said
Mary mournfully, "but they do not as-
semble to within a short time of mid-
night and I know not where to seek
them, but I pray God all will come
right."

* * * * *

"Aye, my wild bird, you're trapped at
last and you my brave captain. At mid-
night in the Glen. I shall see you will be
there to the minute. Everything comes
to him who waits."

A pale, malignant face, distorted with
demoniacal glee, shook a threatening
hand at the unconscious inmates of the
old gray house and Gaston Glanbury
rose from his cramped position of eaves-
dropper underneath the window, which
unfortunately had been left open, and
disappeared into the darkness of the
gathering night.

II.

When Hugh O'Beirne left the old
gray house his mind was in a whirl of
anxiety. The rain was coming down in
torrents, and the wind howled like a
demon through the trees that had been

but lately so gorgeously lovely in the
autumn sunset. His heavy garments
were become saturated with wet, but he
heeded not, but strode along like one
possessed.

"A midnight in the Glen," the words
rang through his ears like a bell.
Yet what had he to fear? A little diplo-
macy would baffle his enemies, merely
to get the great barrack clock put back
half an hour. A ticklish job, but money
can do anything, and his spirits rose as
he thought of the very man for his pur-
pose—Phil Jordan, who kept the clock
in order, a drunken scamp attached to
his own corps, who would sell his soul
for gain.

But what if anything happened to
frustrate his plans? God of heaven, he
would not think of it, he must succeed.
Brave man though he was he shivered,
and a cold perspiration damped his brow
as a picture rose before him of his gentle
mother and the brother he but faintly re-
membered as a fair-haired child, and
Mary in her girlish loveliness in the
cruel clutches of the Yeomanry. He
ground his strong, white teeth as he
thought of some of the scenes his eyes
had witnessed, and of his utter power-
lessness to avert, though his heart cried
out for vengeance. Truly the price of
his apostasy was appalling. He saw his
fellow-countrymen fugitives, their homes
in flames, their women and children—
ah, me! ah, me!—was there a curse on
this unhappy land that she should be so
tortured by an alien sister?

Hugh O'Beirne registered a silent
oath that if his loved ones were spared
he would lose no time in sending them
back to Spain. Then, with God's help,
he would give up this sinful life—a
thousand deaths were preferable to the
living hell of deception into which he
had voluntarily plunged for their dear
sakes.

Absorbed in sombre meditations with
downbent head he half stumbled against
a little old woman with a witchlike face,

who peered up at him in the dusk with uncanny looking eyes.

"Musha; good evenin' to ye, Master Hugh. It's you that's in the hurry; perhaps ye won't be so quick on your fut the next journey you're going."

He stared at her wildly. "What do you mean, an Peggie?" he said gently. The weird meaning in her words startled him.

"Nothing, Master Hugh; but don't go to the Glen to-night. I dreamed I saw you in a river of blood. The Lord between us and harm," she crossed herself piously. "You were lying on the green grass, a pike in your heart."

"Peg," he commanded, "tell me who told you to warn me?"

Hugh O'Beirne recognised in the eerie creature before him a protege of his mother's, who had tended her through an attack of fever brought on by exposure consequent on her wandering life—a poor, crazed thing with lucid intervals, wherein she talked sanely enough. Her affection for Mrs. O'Beirne was wonderful. One word from the gentle lady was sufficient to quell her in her maddest moods. At another time Hugh O'Beirne would have laughed at the phantasies of the half-crazed brain, but his mind was in such a hell that every word seemed ominous and fraught with meaning. He tried to pierce the darkened intellect and find out from whence came her knowledge about the meeting in the Glen, but it was of no use. Peg commenced to sing wildly, and mutter unintelligible conversation to herself, so he gave her up in despair and continued on his way.

When he arrived at the barrack gate the first one he met was Phil Jordan, half drunk, as usual, yet quite capable of doing the work he wanted. To Hugh the meeting seemed a good omen. The gleam of a gold piece was sufficient for Phil; he would have stopped a dozen clocks for the same amount. With drunken gravity he listened to Hugh's

instructions, and promised cheerfully that all would be right. Hugh O'Beirne's heart sickened as he thought of the fate of his loved ones at the mercy of this besotted wretch. He must watch him closely, and see that the work was done; very little more drink would render the man incapable.

They were still at the gates standing, talking, Hugh giving Phil minute directions, when Gaston Glanbury passed. An indescribable gleam of malice flashed for a second through the latter's foreign-looking face as he perceived the two figures. He was a powerful, undersized man, with a hawk-like eye, and cruel-looking mouth.

Hugh O'Beirne said, dryly enough, "A wet night, Glanbury." An instinctive feeling of distrust always seized him when he came in contact with this man. The latter replied suavely.

"A wild night indeed. I must confess the moonlight would be more to my taste for night work; one can enjoy it thoroughly then. A fight, man to man, when the moon is at its full, is decidedly picturesque; but in the rain, ough!" and he gave his shoulders an expressive shrug of disgust.

Hugh O'Beirne looked at him keenly, trying to read the impassive face. Were his suspicions unfounded, and did this man really believe it was only a meeting of outlaws, men rendered desperate by the penal laws and the cruelty of England's minions, who overran the country, and left a hell where they found a paradise? Happy, peaceful homes were now blackened rafters, and the inmates wanderers on the face of the earth. Truly it would take a long spell of kindness from England to blot out the black page of iniquity, misrule, and cruelty practised on this beautiful, unhappy country. It is an enigma which has yet to be solved. Will it ever?

A bugle sounded, and Glanbury, with a hurried "Au revoir, captain, until midnight," walked jauntily into the bar-

racks. Hugh following him with slower step, his mind still intent on the question—was Glanbury a traitor, and did he, to vent his vengeance on an innocent girl, who flouted him, plan this devilish scheme? All he could do was to watch, and if he found his suspicions were correct—then woe to Glanbury; better for him he had never been born than cross Hugh O'Beirne's path.

Time passed on leaden wings; eleven o'clock struck; in a very short time now he would know whether Phil had kept his word. Phil was not to change the clock until the half hour, lest there should be any suspicion of tampering. He paced up and down feverishly in the darkness, revolving in his mind how to act if such an emergency arose. Suddenly his eye caught the white face of the clock gleaming like a ghostly thing in the surrounding darkness—half-past eleven! Hastily he looked at his watch, and heaved a sigh of intense relief; Phil had kept his word. It wanted just one quarter to midnight by his time-piece. He felt like whistling aloud, but the danger was not yet passed. What if attention were drawn to the discrepancy? All would be undone. He must call his men out at the time appointed. True, the chances were ten to one for the success of his ruse. But what if it should fail? To and fro he walked, the rain beating on his fevered brow. Again he looked at the clock, and a white horror overspread his face—the clock was going right, his plan had failed. He groaned aloud in his despair and his arms worked convulsively as if grappling with an unseen foe.

A quick step coming in his direction was the first thing to rouse him from his wild rage. Out of the darkness came the sneering face of Gaston Glanbury; an unholy look of triumph in his dark eyes. Suavely he spoke.

"Captain O'Beirne is it not time to call the men out? I thought I would remind you of the hour. You need not

judge by the barrack clock. Phil Jordan was working at it some time ago half drunk; he stopped it completely, but I got one of the men to put it right.

Hugh O'Beirne felt a mighty impulse to fall on the smiling demon before him and tear him limb from limb, but he restrained himself, knowing how useless it would be; how easily Glanbury could sound the alarm. In a moment he could be rendered helpless and thrown into the barrack prison until his fate would be decided on. Now the only thing for him was to meet cunning with cunning. Sharpening his faculties he replied carelessly:

"Thanks, Glanbury, for reminding me. You can call the men," and he turned his back on his enemy.

Gaston Glanbury gazed after him, hate and admiration of his coolness struggling for predominance. He would have liked to have had him craving for help in the deadly peril that menaced him. Yet, there he was, like an iceberg, as if he had nothing to fear. Glanbury was a brave man in a brutal way, but he did not understand the moral courage that makes even the weakest master when it comes to a trial of mind strength.

Like an iceberg outwardly was Hugh O'Beirne, but what a volcano lurked underneath and threatened every moment to topple down the snow of his repressed passions. He felt that if he stayed one second longer in sight of that smiling evil countenance he could not restrain his mad passion but must hurl himself at his enemy's throat, regardless of all consequences.

He raised his eyes to heaven in a wild appeal for his loved ones. "Mother of God," he cried, "intercede for them. I promise," he added solemnly, "to devote my life to your service if you save them." The scalding tears ran down his face like rain. He felt like a little child at his mother's knees as he prayed, and surely the good God heard the appeal

wafted to Him by the angel who guarded him and who stood now smiling with heavenly sweetness as he listened to the prayer of the erring sinner committed to his charge. He no longer had to hide his face, and an alleluia of thanksgiving reached the great white throne for "there is great joy in heaven over a repentant sinner."

An ineffable feeling of contentment stole over Hugh O'Beirne after his prayer. He felt that it would be answered, he knew not in what manner. He left it all in Higher hands, and it was with almost a serene face that he headed the small company of men who marched steadily towards the Glen. Saints have worn the same look facing martyrdom.

Nearer and nearer the marching feet broke on the stillness of the night. "Halt," rang out the clear voice of the captain as they came to the entrance of the Glen. The moon had risen from behind a dark cloud and showed his pale, resolute face against the darkness of the trees. In the distance, by the same faint light, a compact mass of kneeling figures were dimly visible.

"I go no further," cried Hugh O'Beirne, "I am a Catholic and openly profess myself such; too long I have denied it. Men," he cried in thrilling tones, "in yonder glen my only brother, torn from my mother's arms in childhood by the cursed penal laws and sent to a foreign land to be brought up in the ancient faith kneels to-night professing the faith I openly abjured; for which God in His mercy forgive me, and now through the devilish malice of one amongst you I am here to-night to hunt him down. Would you have me my brother's murderer?"

A groan of dissent burst from some of the men.

"Let him who likes lead, but it shall be over my dead body."

For a moment there was silence. Bravery appeals even to the most brutal-

ized, but the hoarse voice of Gaston Glanbury cried out:

"On boys; I take the command. Down with the Popish rebels."

Ere he had the second word spoken a wild, blood-curdling yell rose from the direction of the Glen. At this moment the moon shone out brilliantly, showing that the kneeling figures had risen, and were a compact body of armed men with glistening pikes. With wild cries they advanced towards the astonished Yeomanry. Then ensued a struggle, brief but terrible. The Glen became one mass of swaying figures locked in deadly embrace. The Yeomanry fought bravely, but were outnumbered. They were hewn down like grass before the sickle. Gaston Glanbury was the first to fall.

When Hugh O'Beirne realised that it was outlaws he had to face, and that through some wonderful agency his loved one had escaped he threw up his arms, but not before a pike wound pierced his side, and he lost consciousness, thereby fulfilling the strange prediction of old Peggie. When he recovered he found himself in the old gray house clasped in his mother's arms, Father Gerald bending over him, and Mary, her sweet eyes humid, watching him. Such a happy reunion. "Mother," he whispered faintly, "your prayers were not in vain."

"Thank God, my son. Thank God."

A short time afterwards, through the agency of a friend who held power in high places, the O'Beirnes escaped to Spain, but Father Gerald remained behind doing his Master's work. At last he was captured and transported.

And what of Hugh? Wild, wayward Hugh O'Beirne. In one of the most severe orders of La Trappe he ended his life esteemed by the community. His last words were:

"I denied my Master for many years. God grant that He will be merciful and not deny me heaven."



HIS EMINENCE HERBERT CARDINAL VAUGHAN

**Born April 15, 1832; consecrated Bishop of Salford, October 28, 1872; transferred to
Westminster April 8, 1892; created Cardinal Priest January
16, 1893; died June 19, 1903.**

Our London Letter

By AUSTIN OATES, K. S. G.

Since the receipt of the following letter from our London correspondent, the Church has been called upon to mourn the loss of the illustrious and venerable prelate, Cardinal Vaughan. We regret deeply that a part of our London letter which spoke so hopefully of the condition of His Eminence must be suppressed and in its place inserted this humble "in memoriam." In the death of the great English Cardinal, the Church suffers the loss of another of her truly great sons. English Catholics grieve over the loss of a father and a benefactor.—[THE EDITOR.]

Dr. Elgar's Oratorio, "The Dream of Gerontius" On Saturday next, the 6th inst., Dr. Elgar's great oratorio, "The Dream of Gerontius," the words by Cardinal Newman, will be performed in the new Westminster Cathedral. This will be the first occasion on which Dr. Elgar's masterpiece has been heard in London, and assuredly no place more fitting for its rendition could have been selected. Building and music will be in harmony. It may confidently be expected that a vast concourse, comprising lovers of music, poetry and architecture, and more than these, the lovers of religion, will be gathered together under the late Mr. John Francis Bentlay's magnificently imposing dome on Saturday afternoon next. Dr. Edward Elgar will himself conduct the choir of 250 voices and the orchestra of 100 performers. Dr. Ludwig Wullner will sing the part of Gerontius in English; Miss Muriel Foster, that of the Angel, and Mr. Frangcon Davies, those of the Priest and the Angel of Agony. As the proceeds will be devoted to the benefit of the Cath-

edral choir school it is to be hoped that the production of Cardinal Newman's masterpiece as a poet, linked to music that is the acknowledged masterpiece of a Catholic composer, in the great Metropolitan Cathedral built by Catholic hands, offering as they do such a conjunction of interests, will appeal strongly to the generous support of the Catholic public. The tickets of admission range in price from five shillings to five guineas.

Dr. Edward Elgar, the Composer Dr. Edward Elgar was born in Worcestershire and began life as a law student, but soon gave up that profession for the study of music, becoming a pupil under Pollitzer. He was appointed organist at St. George's Catholic church, Worcester. In 1896 his "Susa Christi" was produced at the festival held in that town. In 1898 his "Caractacus" was heard in Leeds, and his "Sea Pictures" in Norwich, a year later. In 1900 his "Dream of Gerontius" was performed at Birmingham, fitly ending the century of the Catholic revival in this country, and celebrating, as it were, the centenary of Cardinal Newman's birth. Dr. Elgar received from the University of Cambridge his honorary degree of Musical Doctor in 1900. Since then other compositions have been produced. "Diarmuid and Grania" and "The Apostles" are to be performed for the first time at the Birmingham festival to be held this year. Dr. Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius," it may be added, has been performed in Dusseldorf, Birmingham and Uncester, _____

The Annual Catholic Truth Society Conference This year the annual conference organized by this admirable and enterprising society is fixed to take place

at Liverpool, a center stronghold of Catholicity. It commences on July 5, and closes on the 9th. Cardinal Loque has accepted Dr. Whiteside's (the Bishop of Liverpool) invitation to be present, and amongst the other members of the hierarchy expected to attend are the Bishops of Shrewsbury, Southwark, Leeds, Middlestro and Nottingham. The papers to be read and the subjects to be discussed are varied and of topical interest and importance. The one most looked forward to is that by the Rt. Rev. Abbot Gasquet, on "The Suppression of the Religious Orders in France." The Rev. F. Segesser will deal with the organisation of "Boys' Brigades," of which he is their founder in London; certain phases of social work will be treated by Dean Billington and the Rev. W. Pinnington, while Lady Edmund Talbot, sister-in-law of the Duke of Norfolk, will treat on "Ladies' Settlements" and their work. The evenings will be devoted to a grand reception by the Bishop of Liverpool, and a mass meeting of working men. The children will not be forgotten, for the afternoons of Tuesday and Wednesday will be reserved for meetings for them. The evening gatherings will be held in the large hall of St. George's Hall, probably the most imposing building in Liverpool.

Breton Nuns in South Wales Out of evil good may come! The Catholics of South Wales have assuredly reason to think so, for within the last few months their charming and picturesque country has afforded hospitality to not a few French nuns. Congregations of Breton Religious expelled from France have settled at Monmouth, Usk and Carmarthen, and quite recently one has bought the famous Troy House, Bartestree, near Hereford. The House, the ancient home of a branch of the renowned Herbert family of South Wales, passed by marriage to the ances-

tors of the present Duke of Beaufort, who last year parted with his Monmouthshire estates. This coming of these French Nuns to Wales bodes well for the progress of the old and struggling missions of that principality, which have long been praying for some such infusion of new life and hope, and where in certain purely agricultural districts the Church is rather losing than gaining ground.

The Late Mr. John Francis Bentley, Architect of Westminster Cathedral Some very interesting details concerning the life of this great and good man are now appearing in the columns of *The Catholic Fireside*. His first artistic work was the construction from memory of a model of the Protestant parish church of St. Geuge, of Doncaster, Yorkshire, which was burnt down in 1853. He was then but a child, yet his model realised £5 at a bazaar organised for the purpose of raising funds for the re-erection of the church. It was in 1862 that Mr. Bentley, leaving Mr. Chilton, who had offered him a partnership, started on his own account. The year before he was received into the Church. His success was slow, yet steady. The commission to build the new Westminster Cathedral came as the crowning triumph of a long life of strenuous effort. It was while engaged on that great Cathedral, that the late lamented artist, so writes his daughter,

And the New Brooklyn Cathedral Miss Winefride Bentley, received a visit from the Bishop of Brooklyn, who was anxious to build a Cathedral for his diocese. Bentley received a commission from his Lordship to prepare plans, and he visited New York in 1898, and eventually sent out a ground plan, and as time would permit, proceeded to put on paper the elevations of the glorious Gothic Cathedral, which his vision beheld, but which fate, alas, had decreed he should never realise.

Confraternity of the Holy Rosary

THE ROSARY IN THE PHILIPPINES.

TO relate the history of Christianity in the Philippines is to extol the fame and glory of the Rosary Confraternity. Zeal for the propagation of Christianity and ardent love of Mary were inseparable characteristics of the early Oriental missionaries. When, in 1581, the Dominicans of Mexico decided to carry the light of the Gospel into the far regions of the East, they placed their work under the guidance and patronage of the Queen of the Rosary. Soon Christianity and devotion to Mary were being preached in the Philippines, in Tonquin, and in Siam. They grew apace.

Nor did heaven fail to bestow on these pious efforts the mark of its approval. When in 1604 an earthquake destroyed nearly the whole town of Manila, and reduced the church of St. Dominic to ruins a statue of the Blessed Virgin therein contained was miraculously preserved unharmed. Ever after this statue was jealously guarded by the inhabitants of Manila and became the object of deep veneration. It was preserved for many years in the Confraternity chapel at Manila. Luzon, Bataan, and Cagayan were favored with similar marks of Mary's intervention as the history of celebrated chapels attests.

How eagerly the Filipinos embraced the devotion to the Queen of the Rosary is witnessed by their conduct in the struggles with the Dutch. In 1606 Holland was exerting herself to the utmost to capture the East Indies and the adjacent territory. The natives and Spaniards resolved to oppose these maneuvers. They assembled in camp and formed a plan of campaign. The priests were with them, and one, a Dominican, exhorted them to secure the powerful aid of Mary by enrolling them-

selves as Rosarians. Before setting out the Bishop of Cebu sang a Pontifical High Mass and reminded them to invoke Mary's intercession and to rely on her assistance. The leaders promised to name the first city freed from the enemy "Rosario," in honor of Mary. They soon occupied Pernat, changed its name to Rosario, and taking a mosque abandoned by the Mohammedans dedicated it to the Queen of the Rosary.

A more signal victory was obtained in 1646, when Holland renewed its attempt at subjugation. The enemy's fleet was more numerous and better equipped than that of the natives, but Mary was with the latter. Gathered in the Rosary chapel at Manila, the leaders besought Mary's intervention and promised, if victory were given them, to return barefooted to this same chapel. Daily they recited the Rosary in unison. Its influence was seen when, war having begun, the more powerful and numerous body was thoroughly routed and their hopes of aggrandizement shattered.

While the Dominicans were preaching in the Philippines other of the brethren were carrying the Gospel into Japan. It is said that as early as 1530 a Dominican gave up his life for the faith in those regions. Certain it is that in 1602 a party of Dominicans had begun to evangelize the island. They were received by a bonze, who renounced paganism, gave his house and temple to the missionaries and himself became a worker for Christ. These apostles visited Nagasaki in 1606 and erected there a Rosary Confraternity, whose membership was the largest in the Orient. Persecution soon broke out, and in 1617, the Blessed Alphonsus Navarette was put to death, holding in his hand the Rosary and Crucifix. In 1622 a large number were put to death of whom one

hundred and seven were Rosarians. The devotion of the Rosary was dear to them and they clung to it with marvellous tenacity. When, after a lapse of over two hundred years, Christian missionaries again set foot on the island they found at Nagasaki in 1865 striking vestiges of the early faith. Though the people had forgotten much of the teaching, they knew of the sacraments, they still had their Rosaries and images of Mary, and were eager to honor her.

From the Philippines missionaries went forth in 1629 to Formosa and dedicated the first church in honor of the Queen of the Rosary. And from the beginning Cochin China was a fruitful field of labor for those valiant soldiers of Christ. Between the years 1861 and 1862 over 40,000 Christians were put to death in that district, and the majority of these were Rosarians.

It is hard to conjecture the amount of work accomplished by the Philippine priests or justly to appreciate its value.

It affords us at least an earnest of what they will do if unimpeded. The presence of God's sustaining grace has ever blessed their efforts and, we may reasonably trust, it shall not be found wanting in the future.

INDULGENCES FOR JULY.

July 2—Feast of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin; a plenary indulgence for visiting a Rosary chapel; a plenary indulgence for visiting a public chapel; a partial indulgence of seven years and 280 days for a second visit to a Rosary chapel. Confession, Communion and prayers for the Pope's intention are necessary. A partial indulgence of seven years and 280 days for reciting five mysteries, and an indulgence of 100 days for a second five mysteries.

July 5—Usual indulgences for the first Sunday of the month.

July 26—Usual indulgences for the last Sunday of the month.

THE SCHOLAR OF THE ROSARY

A sweet legend tells of a guileless boy, who grieved much because he could not compete with his fellow-students in the composition of verses; not that he deemed the art of any intrinsic value, but that, notwithstanding his proficiency in other studies, his deficiency in this particular branch deprived him of the literary honors which he longed for, solely for the sake of the dear mother whose hopes all centered in him as her only child. Into the heart of that gentle mother he poured the sorrowful tale of his repeated trials and attendant failures. "Remember, my son," she said, "that no one ever applied in vain for the help of the Blessed Virgin. I know you have a Rosary. Take it every morning before school-hour to the altar of Mary, and there recite it devoutly, and depend upon it that, before long, the source of your tears will be dried, and the cause

of defection removed." And the prophecy was verified. In all simplicity and loving trust, the boy knelt daily at the feet of his blessed patroness, and his innocent heart poured out its supplication in the Rosary. Suddenly he who had been remarkable only for inferiority of his position among his school-mates, now took his position high above them all, and gave promise of renown so great, that it seemed as if he had but to select at pleasure one among the many paths to literary fame so miraculously opened before him. And when he was questioned as to the manner in which the strange alteration had been effected, he merely replied with quiet simplicity, that he had learned all he knew in the Rosary, where others might, if they pleased, learn the same; and so he came to be called, "the scholar of the Rosary."



With the Editor



Our readers will notice that with this issue we introduce a change of form into the make-up of the magazine. We have adopted the double column on account of its obvious benefits and we trust that the change will meet the approval of all whom we have the honor to claim as readers. The number of our pages has not been diminished, and since a double-column page contains many more words than does one of single-column, we are giving to our readers considerably more matter in one issue than heretofore. The steadily increasing encouragement we are receiving makes us doubly anxious to perfect our magazine in every way possible, and therefore we have conceived other plans looking to improvement, the carrying out of which, we trust, will be vouchsafed to us in the near future. As our sphere widens, we feel more and more the opportunities and the commensurate responsibility which are ours, and over it all, there is an abiding sense of the dignity of our enterprise. We appeal, therefore, to our friends at home and abroad to unite with us in the winning from Our Lady of the Rosary the assistance necessary for the successful conduct of our mission. To her honor and glory are we pledged and the cause of Catholic literature, specially patronized by her, is the channel in which our energies shall be made to flow.

The Federation of Catholic Societies is a movement, the expediency of which has been doubted by many. In the very strength of the organization they saw a menace that would defeat the end of the federation. But the federation is daily growing stronger and is winning the

good opinion of even those who were at first opposed to the project. It must be admitted by all that the spirit which the federation has so far maintained is unimpeachable and one to inspire confidence and allay the fears of those who rather expected a display of self-sufficiency, arrogance and indocility. In all matters there has been manifest a marked desire to be guided by the hierarchy, and a willingness to surrender ways and means, even when these were not thought prudent by the rulers of the Church. As long as this spirit animates the Federation it will be a mighty engine working for the good of the Church; when it does not, the organization will be doomed to ruin, and the wreckage of fondly cherished hopes will strew a pathway that might have led to brilliant results. Many endorsements are coming to the Federation from the hierarchy. One of the most recent is a strong one made by His Grace, Archbishop Chappelle, and which we append in full:

Archbishop's Home,

New Orleans, May 30, 1903.

In the divine prayer which our Saviour Jesus Christ directed to His Eternal Father, we find that our blessed Lord on the eve of His passion prayed with admirable insistency that His disciples might be one even as He and the Father are one. All in His teaching and the constitution which He gave to His Church make for union. It is no wonder then that the Christian charity, which unites within her bosom and under her direction different bodies of men and of women for the attainment of blessed

aims, should also tend to unite man closely in these various societies, for in union there is strength and the promise of success.

As our glorious Pontiff, Pope Leo XIII., in the spirit of Him whose Vicar on earth he is, has of late years united together various branches of divers religious orders, so those who are striving to bring about the Federation of Catholic societies are animated by the same spirit.

We, therefore, heartily approve this Catholic movement and give it cheerfully our blessing.

Sincerely yours,

†P. L. Chapelle, Abp. N. O., Ap. Del.

The Annals of the Propagation of Faith report that during the year 1902, 6,598,044 francs were collected to further the ends of the society. Of this sum over one half was contributed by France. This is indeed remarkable, for while this large sum of money was given by France to spread the faith abroad, her ministers and legislators were doing their utmost to kill it at home. What a land of contradictions! In spite of all the shameful and merciless persecutions

set on foot by those who guide her political destinies, France still nourishes many hearts that beat in unison with the great heart of their Redeemer. In these hearts there are nurtured the seeds of the faith and in His own good time will the Ruler of Nations cause them to multiply like the scriptural mustard seed and yield to the Church a harvest rich and rare.

On the 16th of this month we celebrate the feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. On that day we commemorate the reception of the scapular by Simon Stock, the Carmelite. There is scarcely any devotion in the Church more widespread than that of the brown scapular and therefore this day should be made one of special devotion by all Catholics. It would require volumes upon volumes to tell of the many favors, temporal and spiritual, received by those who devoutly wear the brown scapular, the badge of Our Lady's protection. A feeling of gratitude, therefore, should prompt all loyal Catholic hearts to make some splendid tribute to their benefactress on that day.

MAGAZINES

The June issue of the North American contains among other good things, an article on "A Prototype of Latin-American Misgovernment," by Marrion Wilcox. It is a masterly refutation of "Is the Monroe Doctrine a Bar to Civilization," the affirmative of which is maintained by "An American Business Man" in the April number. The writer's first effort is to contrast the present condition of Latin-America, as set forth by the "American Business Man," with that of England under Tudor despotism as pictured by Goldwin Smith's "A Gallery of Portraits," in the same issue. The contrast is in all respects highly favorable to Latin-America; yet the Tudor regime was followed by one of the most

brilliant periods of English history. The writer then confines his attention to the "Business Man's" statements and finds them inaccurate and contradictory. After a ten years' residence in Latin-America the "Business Man" found nine-tenths of the inhabitants a highly respectable people, in most respects ideal; the peasants for the most part far more orderly and intelligent than those of other countries; and yet "within forty-eight hours after setting foot on the soil, one finds himself outside the bounds of civilization;" this, too, in a country where nine-tenths of the people are "cultured, religious, hospitable, honest, intelligent, polite, comparatively free from drunkenness and crime, the most

docile and easily managed people in the world." Quite an encomium for the inhabitants of an uncivilized region! In conclusion Mr. Wilcox cites competent authority to offset the unsubstantiated conclusions of the former contributor. Other contributors to the current number are Frederic Harrison, Lord Coleridge, and Jos. H. Choate.

In "The Sultan of Morocco Journeys Towards Fez," the opening article of the June Century, Mr. Arthur Schneider describes the progress of the Moorish court from its southern capital, Morocco City, to Fidalá on the northern coast, just before the recent uprisings. The descriptions are very picturesque, reading at times like a modern "Arabian Nights." "A Land of Deserted Cities," is the narrative of an American archaeological expedition undertaken in 1899 into Northern Central Syria, the modern government of Aleppo. "Within a few weeks," says the author, "there were found over thirty ruined towns that are unknown to modern geographers," * * and "a Roman military wall, built undoubtedly during the reign of the Emperor Trajan." "Stranded in a Spanish Hill Town," is the title to the interesting and somewhat humorous adventures of an American journalist at Lorca and Buza in Southern Spain, after having lost his purse. Mr. Ray Baker continues his excellent papers on the Northwest, contributing to this number an article on "The Salmon Fisheries," of Oregon and Washington. "The Ways of Nature," is a very interesting article on the question of animal intelligence. Reminiscences of Sir Augustus Harris and Jean de Reszke under "Modern Musical Celebrities," by Hermann Klein; "The London Stock Exchange," "The State Boss, and How He May be Dethroned," "In the Quicksand," and "The White Turkey," stories, with several other articles complete this number.

Anything relating to religion in France immediately arouses the curiosity of the reader of to-day. In the *Dolphin* for June there is an article that touches on this subject. It is from the pen of Mrs. Bartle Teeling, and its title is "The Experiences of a Country Curé." If what is recorded be true—and it bears the marks of credibility, for the article consists almost entirely of citations from the manuscripts of the curé himself—the French peasant is a far different being from that which he is usually pictured to be. The "petit cultivateur" is thus depicted by the curé: "The peasant of the Jura, and indeed, of all modern France, is ignorant, narrow-minded, obstinate, and above all eaten up with pride." Nor are these his only faults. He is described as a liberalistic, and an irreligious and inhuman personage. A great contrast exists between the peasant as described by the curé, and that humble and religious man we have been accustomed to respect as the French peasant. The second paper of the series under the heading "An Heirloom of the Protestant Reformation," appears in this number. It is immediately concerned about "The Jubilee Indulgence versus the 'Lutheran Gospel.'" It contains much valuable information and is, therefore, worthy of the attention of anyone desiring to be instructed on this subject. The number contains many other interesting articles, among which is "Under the Cedars and the Stars," by Fr. Sheehan.

The June number of the *Review of Reviews* contains a series of articles on the treatment of consumptives. In showing the progress which has been made both by private and public institutions in the methods of treating this disease, much hope is held out to those suffering from its ravages. The fundamental principle upon which all are agreed is that of fresh air and sunlight in abundance both in winter and summer. To prove

this, the phenomenal success of the institution at White Haven, Pa., in which "from May until December more of the inmates live under canvass than under wood," is instanced. Here, after a sojourn of six months, fully fifty per cent—and some of these known to be "advanced cases"—leave apparently cured. One of the series of papers tells consumptives how to live out doors with impunity, even in the coldest weather. The writer claims that she spends twenty-two out of the twenty-four hours out of doors. Another of the series describes the consumptives' chances in Colorado, while still another, statistical in its nature, gives an account of New York's fight against tuberculosis, a fight which costs the city \$23,000,000 annually. In "The Progress of the World," the editor has much to say upon the labor question, and also upon the centenary celebrations which have lately taken place or are to take place in the near future.

In the *Cosmopolitan* for June the sugar-beet industry, which in connection with the Cuban Treaty, attracted a great deal of attention, is briefly treated. The origin, progress, present success, and future hopes of this branch of commerce are discussed, especially in relation to the United States. The subject of "Old Age Pensions," which Mr. Chamberlain has introduced into the domain of English politics, is taken up by Edward E. Hale, the well known Massachusetts scholar and argued as regards its practicability in this country. In the series, "How to Administer a Household," the subject is the care of the sick. In "Making Choice of a Profession," Albert Shaw gives some practical hints on journalism. The number also contains some short, snappy pieces of fiction.

"Corporate Reunion With Rome," in the *Messenger* for June by Rev. Charles Coppens, S. J., is a review of an article

that appeared in "The Lamp," from the pen of the Rev. Spencer Jones, entitled "Reunion." The object of the Rev. Spencer Jones and his associates is to effect the corporate reunion of the Protestant Church with the Catholic Church. Father Coppens, although praising the reverend gentlemen for their zeal and good intentions, shows the impracticability of the measure. "Johann Mueller," by James J. Walsh, Ph. D., M. D., is a scholarly article on the father of modern German medicine, who, notwithstanding the materialistic tendencies of his age, remained to the last a faithful son of the Church. Other readable articles in this number are "The Real St. Francis of Assisi," by Father Paschal Robinson, O. F. M.; and "The Transitionists," by Gabriel Francis Powers.

The June number of the *Catholic World* has, as usual, an assortment of profitable and entertaining reading. One of its best articles is that entitled: "Skinner versus Washington," by Rev. James J. Fox, D. D. The author endeavors to show by both reason and undeniable facts that Mr. Skinner's views with regard to teaching religion in the public schools are foolishly false, and that it is the greatest folly to think that any real morality can be had without religion. Other articles of particular interest are the "Value of Health," by Rev. F. B. Wilberforce, O. P., and "A Study of Dr. Brownson," by J. F. McLaughlin, LL. D.

The June number of *Men and Women* is well supplied with articles of interest. Father Louis J. Nau gives a sketch of "Luther and Lutheranism." "John Greenleaf Whittier," by John P. Murphy, is worthy of perusal. Among the remaining articles are "Woman's Place in the World, as Seen Through the Eyes of Some Graduates of Our Academies;" "Dentistry," by D. M. Patton, D. D. S.; "The Waters of Contradiction," (continued), by Anna C. Minogue.

BOOKS

"England's Cardinals," by Dudley Baxter. Burns & Oates. Benziger Bros., American Agents. 70 cents net.

The majority of the members of the Sacred College of Cardinals have ever been Italians, but in this volume we note the fact that not a few have been Englishmen. The line of English Cardinals extends from Robert Pullen, who died in the year 1147, down to Cardinal Vaughan, the present Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. There are thirty-four in the line and many of them were men of great distinction. The names of Wolsey, Fisher, Pole, Manning, Howard, Newman, stand out prominently. One of the English Cardinals, Nicholas Brakespear, became Pope under the name of Adrian IV. The sketches in this collection are all graphically made, though of some there have come down to us but meagre data. The book will have a special value as a work of reference and the convenience of having sketches of all the English Cardinals thus collected will be appreciated by scholars.

"Harry Russell, a Rockland College Boy," by the Rev. J. E. Copus, S. J. Benziger Bros., New York. 85 cents.

We have here an interesting story and one that will doubtless be productive of much good. Boys will read it for the story and unconsciously they will be drinking in wholesome counsel; they will learn to love manliness, diligence, purity. So far, so good. But when we come to measure the book by literary standards, it certainly does not fill the measure of perfection. It is amateurish in places and on the whole lacks the finish, the ease, the grace of the skilled master. It will probably never be as popular with even older students as are the works of some other writers of Catholic boys' stories. If there be another edition of this book we would in all

kindness suggest to the reverend author to erase certain lines on page 136. The interview between the President of the College and Russell, Grantley and Armitage is described. The author says: "When they were seated the president put down his pen and swung his office chair round so as to face them. They were facing the light; he had his back to the light as he had intended." We do not believe that a college president would descend to such a "trick," for trick it is and nothing else, and it is quite as reprehensible as it is small. For, if one man will meet another in the open light of day and have it out, it seems strange that a College Professor should wish to veil his face in shadow when confronted with any of his boys. Mr. Egan launches the book most gracefully and his introduction is as refreshing as the bottle of good spring water broken over the bow. With him we hope that the good lessons of the book, and they are many, may sink deep into the hearts of the readers.

"Saint Teresa," by Henri Joly. Duckworth & Co., London. Benziger Bros., American Agents. \$1.00 net.

This is the latest volume of the admirable series of the Lives of the Saints by Henri Joly. The translation from the French is well made by Emily M. Waller. As this series of Saints' Lives appears we grow more and more delighted with it. They are all written in a measured, sane, reverent manner, and so interesting are they that the aversion of many readers to the Lives of Saints, will certainly be overcome. The subject of the biography under present consideration is admittedly one of the most remarkable and fascinating in all the history of the Church. The treatment her life story receives at the hands of Mons. Joly is masterly. The result is a book which every one should know.

"Man Overboard," by F. Marion Crawford. The MacMillan Co., New York. 50 cents.

This is one of Crawford's short stories, admirably told and bearing, in fact, all the characteristics which we have learned to look for in anything coming from the pen of that prince of novelists. It is uncanny, however, and does not leave the most pleasant flavor in the mouth. It is a story that will not fail to give the nightmare at least to those whose nervous organism is easily played upon. If you want to read it, do so with full blaze of the sun, for the story is short, and by nightfall you will have come from under its uncanny spell.

"Helps to a Spiritual Life," from the German of Joseph Schneider, S. J. Benziger Bros. \$1.25 net.

This is a translation from the German of Father Schneider's popular work. It is rather a compilation from some of the best of the author's ascetical writings. The greater part of the book is intended chiefly for religious, though it will serve those seculars well who are striving for sanctification. The subjects treated are the usual ones, but there is a simplicity and solidity in the author's treatment that makes them specially attractive.

"The Untrained Nurse," by a Graduate of Bellevue Hospital, New York. Angel Guardian Press, Boston, Mass.

This is a little book which should find a place in every household. It contains useful hints, indeed, specific directions as to the nursing of patients. The diseases are classified and special instructions are given, how to treat those suffering from them. As the author says: "The Untrained Nurse has been written with a great desire to help those who, unable to hire a trained nurse, yet, feel most keenly their own ignorance and know that trained nursing may be necessary to save a life for which they would be willing to shed their heart's blood.

The great majority of families are in this condition. Trained nurses are an expensive luxury. For instance, many may have heard of more than one life sacrificed by the simple ignorance of the necessity of perfect rest. This has been especially impressed in typhoid, pneumonia, and diphtheria. Doctors sometimes take it for granted that many things are known, and forget to impress them upon the inexperienced."

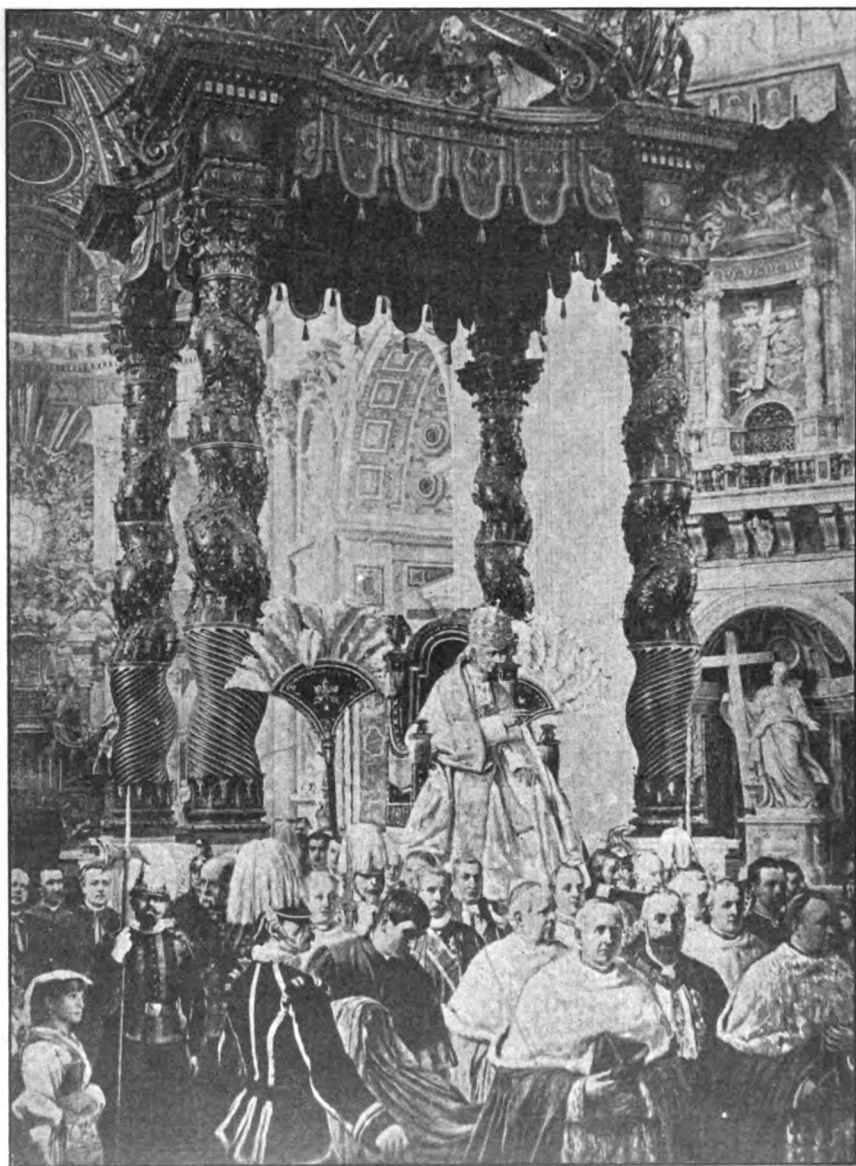
"The City of Peace," by those who have entered it. Catholic Truth Society of Ireland. Benziger Bros.

The story of how the light of faith came to those whose vision was holden is ever interesting. In this volume, so fitly titled the "City of Peace," we have a collection of stories of some noted personages who were happily called from the house of bondage. We find here the stories of the conversion of Dom Bede Camm, Alice Wilmot Chetwode, Rev. Joseph Darlington, S. J., Mrs. Bartle Teeling, Susie Teresa Swift, and the Rev. Henry Browne, S. J. All of these narratives appeared anonymously in Saint Joseph's Sheaf during the years 1897-1902 and are now for the first time collected in book form and given to the public over the signatures of the narrators. They are all interesting and will tend to make born Catholics appreciate more fully the heritage of the faith which is theirs.

"A Story of St. Germain," by Sophie Maude. Benziger Bros. \$1.00 net.

To those who love romance this story will be a delight. It is written of the time when King James II. of England was exiled to France and is largely based upon fact. It runs the gamut of the various emotions to which the ill-fated Stuarts were no strangers. The story of Gabriel Roy, page to Queen Mary Beatrice, and subsequently her secretary, is the leading motive of the romance, and while it is a sad one, it is of exquisite tenderness and no little truth.

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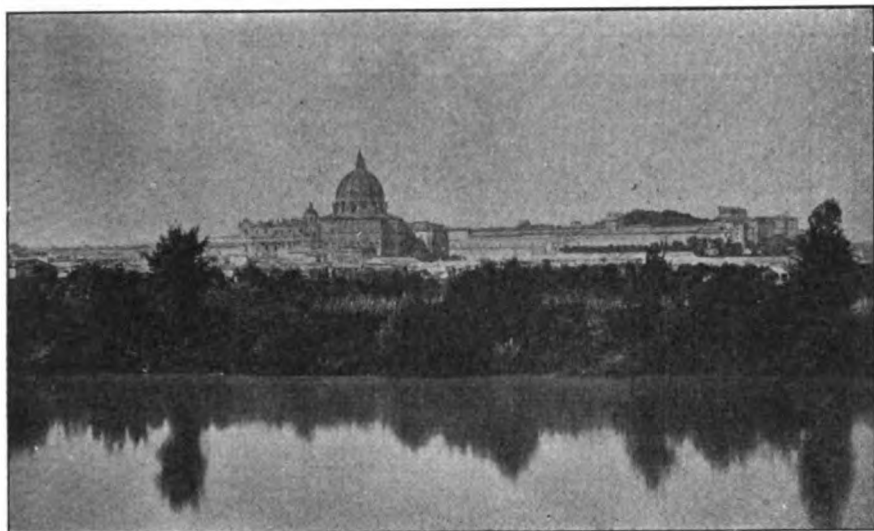
HIS HOLINESS, LEO XIII., BEING BORNE IN STATE THROUGH ST. PETER'S.

THE ROSARY MAGAZINE

VOL. XXIII

AUGUST, 1903

No. 2



ST. PETER'S FROM THE TIBER.

✠ His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII ✠

By WILLIAM J. D. CROKE, LL. D.

IN one of the many books that have been devoted by hostile intellects to the deriding, under some one aspect or other, of the revival of Catholicism in the Europe of culture, M. Anatole France employs a phrase about Leo XIII. which, to the historian of the next age, might justly present itself as the truest characterisation of His Holiness, Leo XIII. As will be expected from the pen of that master of neat forms and delicate paradoxes, the description, though brief, is a witticism, self-sustained by mutually balancing contrasts, and a fusion of two elementary ideas. It surprises one by its naturalness and its novelty. The reader wonders why it has not become a

commonplace description of the Pope. Leo XIII. is: "ce picux Machiavel, a pious Machiavelli." (Le Sys Ronge, p. 133.)

The context in which the little phrase is set is suggestive. The author has in mind the revolt of the European intellect against the Revolution, which, like the latter, began in France. This second intellectual counter-revolution is of fresh date. The Vicomte E. M. de Vogue, whose name at the first was principally bandied about in connection with this reflux movement of the intelligence toward Catholicism, the second, but a larger one, during the nineteenth century, has, in his "Hewres d' Histoire," mildly and queringly protested



HIS HOLINESS, POPE LEO XIII.

This is from a photograph taken in the fall of 1897, and said to be the only one for which His Holiness ever sat. All who have ever seen Leo XIII agree that this is the best likeness published.

against the name then popular, that of "Neo-Catholicism." He gives the names of cicognes, storks, the forerunners of the swallows of springtime, to the writers whose works he is reviewing, some of "these writers who for some time past have swollen the literature of good-will; ces écrivains qui grossissent depuis quelque temps la littérature de bonne volonté."

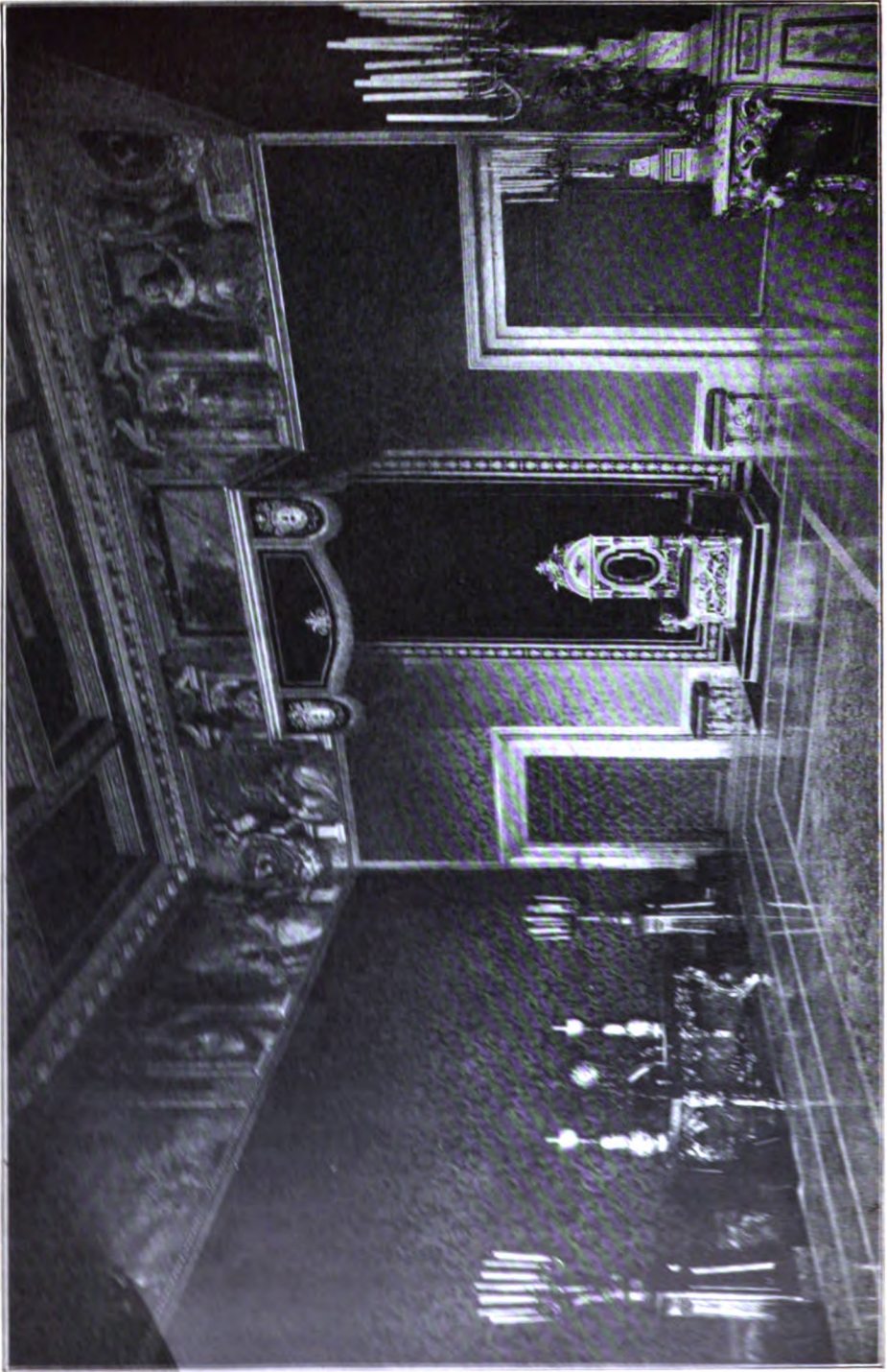
The movement had but set in. Any one who did not have ready at that date, the year 1892, a description of "Neo-Catholicism" would have felt justified in pointing to M. de Vogué as fully representative, yet this recollection, with its contrast in name and in numbers, suffices to show how much more has been achieved during a decade. To the names of the early comers, most of them now forgotten in this respect, would have to be added those of a host, many of them from among the best and brightest of France: thinkers and writers like M. Brunetiere and those of his school, like M. François Coppeé, like M. Huysmans, like M. Paul Bourget, like MM. Barres, Leon Claretie, Peladon, Barbey d'Aurevilly, and Paul Verlaine, whose works survive him, and, in the train, names like those of Frau Gnauck-Kuehn in Germany, and those of Ola Hansen and August Strinberg in Sweden. A not dissimilar enumeration might be made up of the conquests achieved in the intellectual and literary world of English speech, but the movement which has gone on in France and flowed over its borders even into Calvinistic Switzerland, Orthodox Russia, and the Lutheran countries of Germany and the remote north, attests in the most immediate way the magic that has been wrought under the sway of the intellectual Pontiff.

But if the legend of the Syllabus has been broken in this way, and if his name wields a sway as speaking for the emancipation and development of intellect and will, permissible and natural in the

Church, not less has it been set aside in the political world. Indeed, it would be so lengthened an undertaking to study the reign of Leo XIII. in the light of the description given by M. Anatole France, that it is preferable to take the present date with its happenings and promises as a standpoint, and to compare its retrospect and prospect with those presented on the arrival of Cardinal Pecci in Rome from Perugia, and on his advent a little later to the Papal throne. This is the third month of the year of his third jubilee; April, 1902. The contrasted period covers the space between the death of Cardinal Antonelli in 1876, and the election of the successor to Pope Pius IX. in 1878.

The last named Cardinal had been Secretary of State from the exile of the Papacy at Gaeta, 1848-1849, until the day of his death, so that the long pontificate of his master bore the deepest impression of his resistant, if not belligerent, conservatism. One of the characteristic features of that policy was the detention of Cardinal Pecci outside of the Papal court. Thus the other method was given exhaustive trial, nor did it cease in its operation even after the Secretary of State had been removed by death, and when Cardinal Pecci had been named Camerlengo of the Roman Church. While he was residing at the Palazzo Falconieri between the Via Giulia and the river-side by Ponte Sisto, Pope Pius IX. said to Mgr. (now Cardinal) Ferrata: "I recognize the necessity of a change (in policy), but that will be the duty of my successor. It is not for me to break the unity of my pontificate."

We can seize in an instant the difficulties which had created at the least an opportunity for change. In his volume, "Rome and the Newest Fashions in Religion," published a few years before, in 1875, Mr. Gladstone spoke of "the tendency—the design, of Vaticanism to disturb civil society" (Preface, p. 9,



THE THRONE ROOM.



THE CLEMENTINE HALL.

Tauchnitz edit.), and of "the intention of the Roman Church, wherever she thinks it may be safely ventured, to trample the law under foot! (p. 13.) These were inferences, but in dressing up one of his arguments, he was able to point to facts: "I look out into the world, and I find that now, and in great part since the Vatican decrees, the Church of Rome, through the Court of Rome and its head, the Pope, is in direct feud with Portugal, with Spain, with Germany, with Switzerland, with Austria, with Russia, with Brazil, with most of South America; in short, with the far larger part of Christendom. The particulars may be found in, nay they almost fill, the speeches, letters, allocutions, of the Pope himself." (p. 207.) What Mr. Gladstone reviewed was the Catholic world, principally the countries where Catholicism was represented in, or acknowledged by, governments.

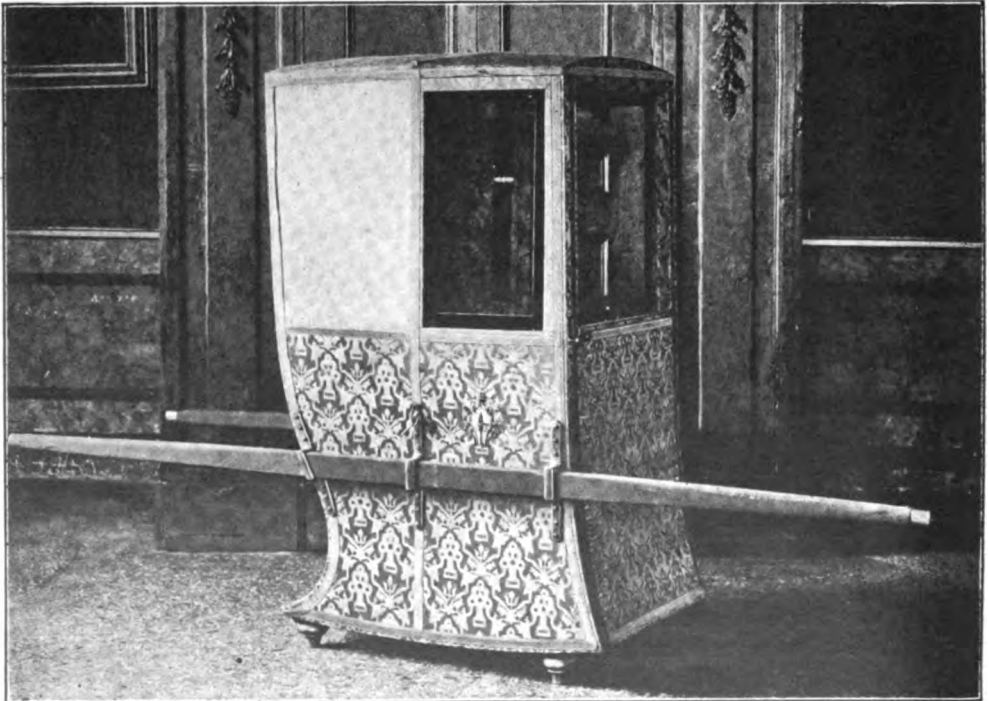
This was mainly "the far larger part of Christendom" which furnished the facts of his case.

Now for the contrast. The sweep of the successes of Leo XIII. is wider than that of the reverses and afflictions of his predecessors. The boundaries of the Catholic world have been widened, as has the extension of the civilised world, and so has the sphere of Papal contact and influence. From this point of vantage during the third of his jubilees, in the twenty-fourth year of his pontificate, and within a twelvemonth of his passing "the years of Peter," what do we see? Nearly every civilised country of Europe has sent, or accredited, an Ambassador or a Minister Extraordinary, or else despatched congratulations and gifts. France, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Russia, Great Britain, Spain, Portugal, Bavaria, Belgium, Saxony and Montenegro stand in this new enumeration,

which can be profitably compared with that of Mr. Gladstone; other rulers, like the King of Roumania participated in the tribute; if Italy was not officially represented, this was not because pacific proposals have failed to resound in the public addresses of the Pontiff, nor because a new sort of virtual peace has not been established with the heart of the people; friendly feelings exist on the part of the sovereign of Denmark and Norway and Sweden, in whose kingdoms there are but inappreciable Catholic elements of population; Turkey would have been represented, just as it would long ago have accredited a resident Ambassador to the Holy See, but for the French Protectorate which prevents China from entertaining standing relations with the Vatican. Yet even out of farthest Asia came congratulations and well-wishing, from the King of Siam. The returning effects of the

"Pax Leonina" reached the Vatican from the nearest and not less from the most remote quarters of the world, because Leo XIII. has been able to propose peace everywhere, and to carry it into effect everywhere, and in almost every case completely. It is more widespread and deeper than the "Pax Britannica, or than that symbolised by the eagles of the first Rome.

Nor is the New World an exception. The absence of the Republic of Mexico was as exceptional for Latin-America, as the example of the United States was among the great nations of civilisation, yet hardly have the Envoys Extraordinary returned to their respective capitals than there has come the announcement of the sending from Washington of a Commission to treat of the Philippine question in one of its aspects. And, at the same time, a new Pontifical mission is being sent to Mexico. The gov-



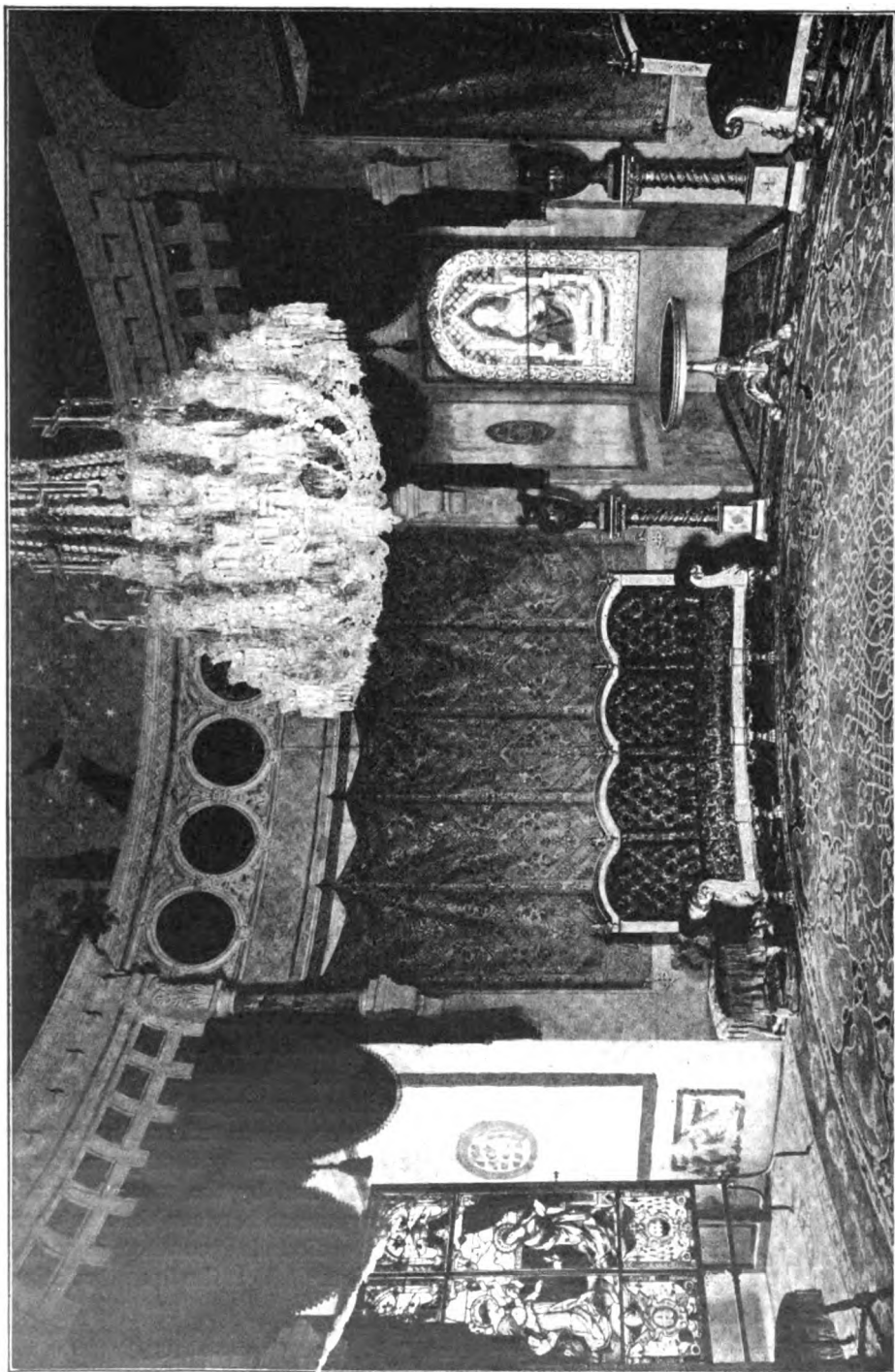
THE HOLY FATHER'S SEDAN CHAIR.

ernment of the United States has given the first sign of its coming round to the universal persuasion about the inevitable. It is not simply that the coming of the Philippine Commission, the composition of which could not be more complimentary, will be the occasion for repairing the grotesque anomaly of the omission made during the jubilee festivities; this, the only diplomatic mission which has come from the United States to the Vatican, is something more than the first; it cannot well be the last. Yet it is only four years since the Republic took its first considerable development abroad, and the mission now on the way hither owes its origin to the conviction formed at Washington within the same period, of the supreme moderation and pacific disposition of Leo XIII. Thus, in its tardiness, the republic of Mexico presents a contrast to the case of the United States. So the initiative must be that of Leo XIII. Wherever during his long reign, he has not created diplomatic relations abroad he has sent Delegates Apostolic. So it was, more than a decade of years ago, with the United States. Where he has found it impossible to establish an Apostolic Delegation, he has sent a Visitor Apostolic. One commissioner to Mexico several years ago, resided for long in the country without reaping any substantial success in the way of bringing about a resumption of diplomatic relations, and the Pope has now substituted for the first, a very youthful, but winning, prelate who is a member of his immediate court but of Latin-American origin. And it may be safely predicted that the rigid rule of dissociation between Church and State will be either broken, amended, or compensated for. Unsuccess does not dishearten Leo XIII., difficulty and disaster do not dismay his great spirit. He keeps the "Pax Leonina" ever in view, and, knowing the potency of such a promise, he can await success with confidence.

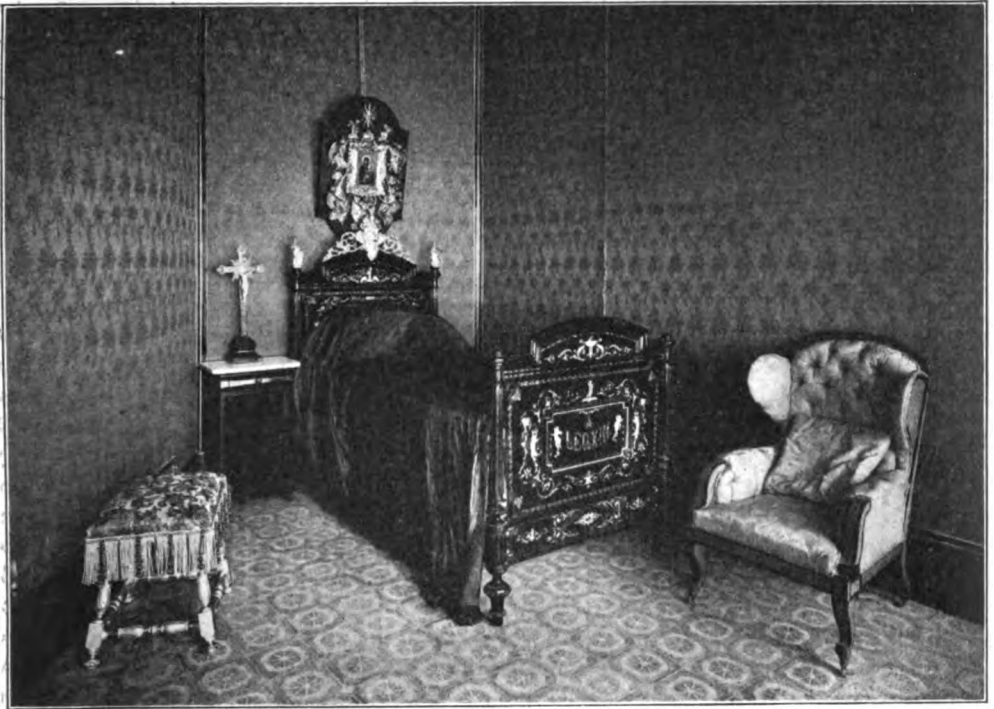
But unsuccess is so unusual,—it is almost unique in the case of Mexico,—as to seem to be no more than temporary. His relations with Russia and France have been marked by difficulty and discomfiture, but it cannot be denied that his efforts have been directed to the making the best of two thorny and largely unfruitful situations.

In the case of Russia, the establishment of the Legation to the Holy See less than ten years ago, put the seal upon all the foregoing negotiations. The rupture which preceded these had been lasting and complete. After the withdrawal of Baron de Meyendorff in 1886, Prince Ouroussoff essayed fruitlessly to renew relations in 1887, and all endeavors to arrive at a mutual understanding were equally ineffectual until, in 1888, the late Emperor sent his Private Chamberlain, M. Iswolsky, to Rome. What was effected was, therefore, doubly notable, as the healing of a long conflict and the creation of natural and enduring relations between the Pope and the Tsar, despite perfectly abysmal divergences of nationality, temperament, office and interest. The standing of the Papacy in the view of the powerful empire is that of a moral force, which, without the control, direct or indirect, of arms, exercises an influence sufficiently considerable to be rated as equal to the moral and material standing of other nations, and the success achieved is enhanced by the consideration that the Pope and the Tsar are the rival religious sovereigns of the two largest bodies of Christian believers, separated, and necessarily made antagonistic, by deadly traditional differences, and by the most invincible of estrangements between their subjects, namely, profound ignorance and misinformation.* Yet the good relations

* On page 21, "La Quest. Relig. d'Orient," P. VINC. Vannutelli qualifies the discord between the Orthodox and Catholic Churches as a fight in the dark, caused by consummate mutual ignorance. As an instance of this, he says, on page 22, that the



THE HALL OF THE ROTUNDA.



THE HOLY FATHER'S SLEEPING APARTMENT.

then established have continued and deepened, and borne fruit, as will be mentioned below, in such a way as to give a meaning to the words of the "Novoie Wremia," in 1888: "The Pope is our natural ally. For this reason, Russia should oppose whatever would lessen the prestige of the Holy See or contribute to the weakening of the power of the Popes. Without sacrificing our interests as an orthodox power, and as a sovereign State which reckons fifteen millions of Catholic subjects, we can, and we ought to, grant wise concessions, entertain a regard for the Pope, and formally respect his rights as a sovereign. Such, in a word, is the proper moving spirit of our policy."

In the case of France, it is to be pre-

sumed that no one can have a more general, and at the same time a more intimate, appreciation of the intrinsic hopelessness of the case than the patient Pontiff who has the strongest interest and who receives the fullest information. But, as in the case of Russia, his mood is pre-eminently one of optimism, and his immediate purpose is preservation: the second is the end; the first, the means. He entertains the rooted conviction that protests, complaints, and requests cannot make up the bulk of diplomatic expression forever. Or, can it be denied that he has insistently pleaded for the independence of the Holy See? Would anyone contend that he has made concessions, due or undue, on this head? Appreciating the essential impossibility of battling with Russia and France on equal terms, or of turning the trend of events, he has resolved to obtain as many benefits as

Christians of the East believe that the Westerns are unbaptised, while those of the West not less erroneously think that the Eastern creed is imbued with serious errors against the faith.

may prove realisable, and to preserve as much as is possible. A rupture with Rome would make no insuperable difference to the Tsar, while it would tell to the greatest disadvantage upon the Church throughout his Empire; the excommunication,—to imagine a picturesque instance,—of M. Loubet or of M. Waldeck-Rousseau, or, to speak more practically, the withdrawal of the Nuncio from Paris on account of the laws against the religious orders, would scarcely improve the situation for the Bishops, or for the missionaries scattered throughout the vast colonies of France and the sphere of her Protectorate.

This conservatism softened in form into liberalism, is the main element in his policy. It is best seen, because it is more positively displayed, in the most important and difficult instances, those of France and Russia. Then it undergoes obvious as well as logical limitations in the case of Germany, of Austria-Hungary, of Great Britain, of Spain, of Portugal, of Italy, of Belgium, and of Holland. It receives these modifications from its absorption in the first two cases. In other words, if a policy of favor be followed in regard of France and Russia, predilection cannot but be accorded to the other powers and states. This is the form which the policy assumes. If the existing conditions of these two countries be sincerely accepted by the Holy See, the same law is applied to all. That is the substance of the policy. Much, to illustrate the matter by examples, is condoned to the German Empire which proscribes the Society of Jesus. More must be condoned to France, where the conditions are more severe, the tension is greater, the hopes stronger. But in consequence of this, the German Emperor is still hungering for the Protectorate, and for other satisfactions, while encroachment or deterioration in the Catholic conditions of Austria-Hungary, Italy, Belgium, Spain, and Portugal are

resisted boldly but as amicably as circumstances consent; Holland, for its largely involuntary share in the exclusion of the Papacy from the Peace Conference during 1899 is still without its Internuncio, despite the letter of regret written at that time by the Queen and the mission of congratulation sent to this jubilee.

In his forecast, Leo XIII. doubtless reckoned the chances that were to fall out according to two alternatives. A conservative policy for the retention of all that is substantial and the utmost concession of all that is secondary, will have either the positive effect of bringing about a restoration of the independence of the Holy See and a general return of prosperity for Catholicism, or—and this is the only alternative of failure—it will at least defer as far as is possible the advance of irreligion and the approach of catastrophe. Severance and menaces of severance tell for nothing; beyond these there are no measures in diplomacy. In friendliness, the largest inducements must be set before the worst disposed. Thus predilection for France becomes pivotal in this policy, and the case of Russia, like that of France at the outset, has become more so with the passing of time and since the constitution of the Dual-Alliance.

By according his favor to France when she was isolated, by preparing and fostering her alliance with Russia, (something with which, as with the initiative of the Peace Conference, he has been authoritatively credited,) Leo XIII. completed the fabric of his positive preparation for success. By strengthening her he has restored to her a vast amount of old time prestige and power. If no decisive turn for good come in the tide of events; if his efforts in the moral order be unavailing; if demoralisation, degeneration and decrepitude bring France to lose the position which has been restored to it, then, at the last and



THE HOLY FATHER'S LIBRARY.

In the recess of this apartment, screened by the draperies, the Holy Father, after the day's work was done, was wont to retire, and, not infrequently, refresh himself by the composition of those classic poems which will serve to keep alive the memory of his scholarship.

at the worst, Leo XIII. will have retarded the catastrophe, saved much to the Holy See, (which benefits by the friendliness of France); to Catholic Europe (where her place is still the greatest), and to the missionary lands, which for the best part still depend upon her for the maintenance or the reception of the faith.

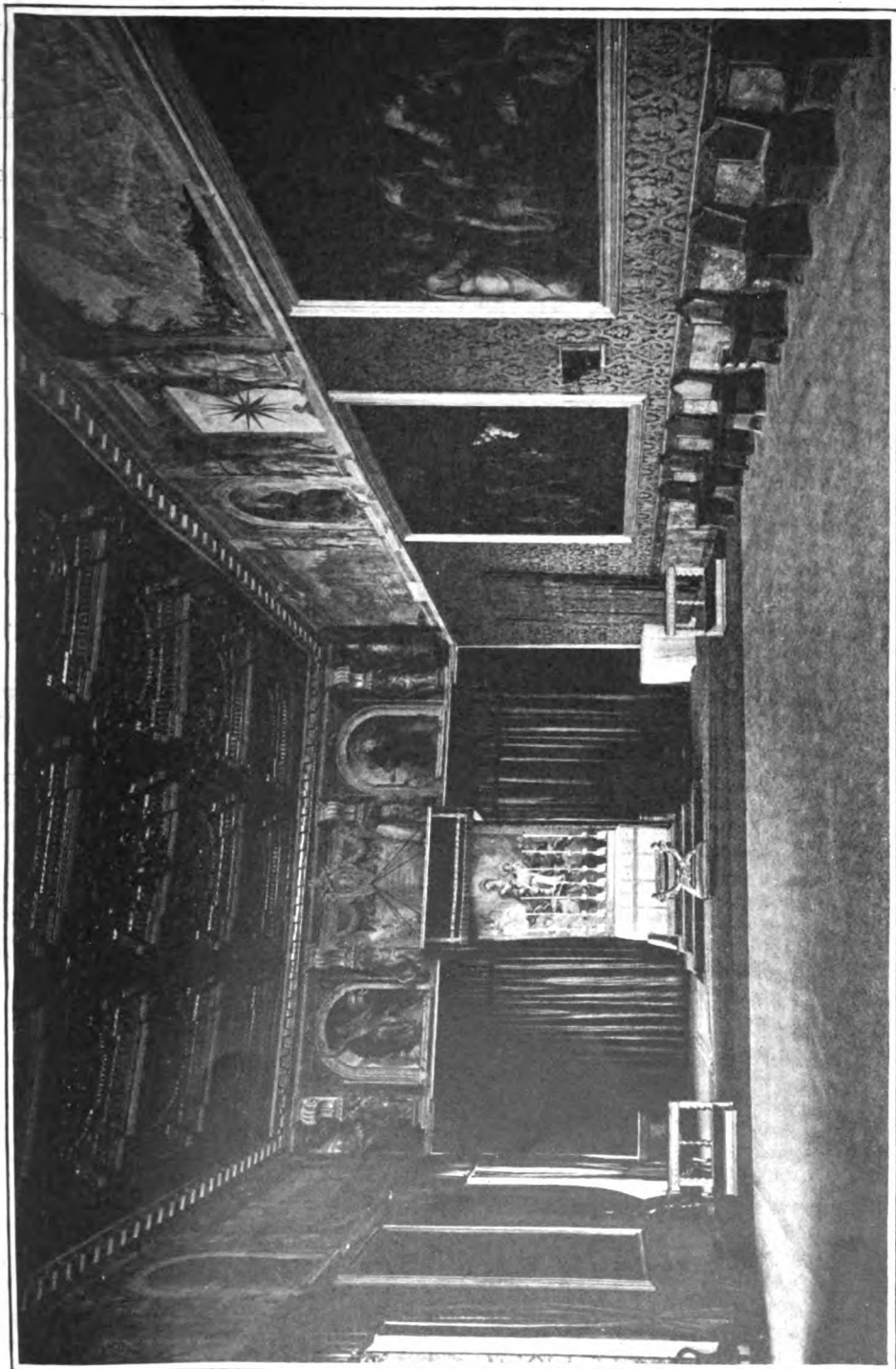
Meantime, the development of the relations binding the Holy See with Germany and again with Great Britain, and the inception of relations with the United States, attest that Leo XIII. is doing more than safeguard the past and the present. He is preparing the future, wherein, according to all indications, these three nations will play the principal part, conjointly or otherwise, and if the record of his pontificate had to be written as one of sudden and successive losses with France and the countries of lower Europe, this would have supplied a redeeming feature. The Papacy can turn from France in the twentieth century, as it turned from Byzantium to the Frankish monarchy in the eighth. Dependent upon a European power, as the Holy See is likely to be, so long as the present conditions endure, a policy of predilection for the German peoples in Europe, or in general, or for the English-speaking peoples, with or without the Teutonic, may become pivotal, after the middle of the twentieth century, as the policy of predilection for the French has been since the middle of the nineteenth. Already among the Teutonic peoples there is being created a missionary society, that of St. Peter Claver, and a sense of similar responsibility is stirring in English-speaking countries. The good will of the German kingdoms and empires for the Holy See is more evidenced year by year. The points of conjunction are many and strong.

The remainder of the prospect covering the present and the future, both proximate and remote, must be distributed between the United States and

Great Britain, or between these countries and the Russian Empire. The friendliness, proof against all difficulty, existing between Russia and the Holy See should not be sundered by any merely French happening, since it has survived the shocks of the decade of years running from 1892 onwards until now.

Whether the more important secondary nations are to be some of those of Latin-America, or among some in Europe, and Japan, in Asia, and an African State, the same happy conditions are in the main assured. The passing of time will bring Mexico back into the circle of nations represented by legations to the Holy See; and nowhere more strikingly than throughout Central and South America, has the pacific policy of Leo XIII. told with the result of creating close and cordial friendship:

Wherever we observe his action in regard to states during the entire length of his pontificate, we discern at once that no aim, not even that of securing an adjustment of the Roman question, has been allowed to come between him and the ideal of spiritual religion. To this has been directed the pursuance of the "Pax Leonina." His aim has everywhere been to secure the fullest freedom, or the most ample concessions less than this, that are desirable for the local vitality of the Catholic Religion. If a political object has been occasionally pursued, this course has been taken on behalf of some lofty spiritual or ideally humane intention befitting the Sovereign Pontiff. Thus it was when he acted as arbitrator between Germany and Spain; thus also when he intervened, with efforts which would have been successful if President McKinley had acted in loyal correspondence, in order to prevent war between Spain and the United States about Cuba; and thus again when he shared in the preparation and results of the Peace Conference at the Hague. Such acts do not stand in need



HALL OF THE CONSISTORY.

of explanation, and still less of defence. But being what they are, namely operations in the highest political order of the world, they still are eloquent indications of the truth, that the unceasing activity and continued success of his reign of twenty-five years have been directed to the revival or to the progress of the Catholic religion. He has yielded to the inevitable, tolerated the undesirable, effected as much in the way of conservatism as it has been possible to achieve, and made the concessions suitable to his general aim and applied policy in each country. The triumph of this jubilee can hardly fail to be acknowledged to mean that his pontificate has been a general success in this way. The tribute of good will has been a flowering of the "Pax Leonina."

What his reign has seen accomplished is, then, the emancipation in large measure of the Church from false alliances

and artificially forged fetters, its deliverance from galling or impeding conditions, its establishment anew as a source of healthfulness, morality, and charity, and a center of faith, in regard of state and people; and especially of the lower orders, its vindication as the divine religion instituted by Christ, and as one essentially conformable to the teachings of reason and the dictates of the natural law.

Into this scheme of effort carried on throughout so many years will be found to fall naturally and exactly, not only the diplomatic messages drawn up in the Secretariate of State and the offices of the pontifical diplomacy abroad, but also his encyclicals, apostolic constitutions, letters, briefs, and other written pronouncements; the acts of the Roman Congregations and tribunals; the reforms effected in the organisation of the Roman Curia and Vicariate; the



THE CORNER SALON OF THE PALACE.

utterances of his accredited representatives; his own discourses in Consistory, and on all public occasions, and his private conversations day by day, year in and year out during the quarter of a century.

And all this synthesis of his reign will prove on scrutiny to be but the reflex of the character of the Pope, in which courage and firmness are not wanting, nay are even markedly present and operative, though in very different ways at different times, but kept under the dominion of moderation, gentleness, and prudence. And his character in turn will be found revealed in his person and his presence, to the first of which no painter or sculptor, be it Chartran, or Thaddeus, or Lucchetti, or, so far as I know, Laszlo, seems to have done justice, while to the second, as a moral revelation, general recognition has been accorded by the world. In his face shine intelligence;

brightness, rather than sharpness; yet sagacity, mingling directly with kindness; warm sympathy, true piety; and all these best gifts of mind and heart inspire his manner, as the theme pervades a musical elaboration. But the dominant characteristic of manner, countenance, personality and utterance in Leo XIII. is his gentleness. It is as the softness of a dove. Beholding him, you interpret his reign; seeing him, and conversing with him, you understand his policy; listening in his presence to any utterance, you receive an insight so deep and comprehensive of the conduct of his pontificate as to be satisfied that it could not have been otherwise. You will not find cause to deny that the cunning of the serpent is united to, and tempered by, the simplicity of the dove, and you will recognize the fitness of the description of: "*ce pieux Machiavel*,"—a characterization in which everything is complementary.

The Road of a Rosary

By MARGARET M. HALVEY

I.



FATHER Dornan's Reading Circle" St. Mary's Parishioners called us and so indeed we called ourselves colloquially: our official title, decided upon after some wholesome differences of opinion, was the "Dante Circle." As such, our doings were regularly chronicled in "St. Mary's Calendar," and on special occasions in the society column of the solitary local organ which our suburb boasted.

We met with weekly regularity at each others' homes, where, when parish duties permitted, Father Dornan

dropped in, sometimes with a helpful suggestion and sometimes to test our progress by a few clever questions.

During the Dante sessions we had depended entirely upon his guidance, and even when we veered to the Catholic poets of our own times, his judgment was quite as invaluable in making their acquaintance, as had previously been his proficiency in the tongue of the sunny land, where he first read Dante in the original.

Programs of circle meetings do not vary much as all members will agree, and it was only after the inevitable minutes, essays and debates, that one looked for any distinguishing features, which

were really characteristics of the various homes whose hospitable doors opened to us in turn. Of them all, that of our president was universally favored, not because of her own personality which was equally acceptable as hostess or guest, but because there was always a chance here, that after the business of the evening closed, we should adjourn to the upstairs sitting room, where Margaret Ronayne's invalid mother lived nowadays her beautiful life. It was a big, pleasant room upon which the family's ingenuity had been lovingly expended to make it agreeable to its idolized occupant.

By the rearrangement of screens and divans, her cosy corner beside the open fire place expanded to accommodate our number, and in Mrs. Ronayne's welcome, there was always warmth "and to spare," for Margaret's coworkers in the girlish activities usually undertaken at her mother's suggestion. It had become quite usual for us, in Father Dornan's absence, to submit our difficulties whether of discipline or criticism, to the gentle invalid, who had been herself a popular writer with the young folks of a period antedating ours.

For many years now, since the date of the carriage accident which rendered her comparatively helpless, her name had been absent from the pages it once adorned, although she was being constantly urged to resume the work as a refuge from the weariness of forced inaction.

"It must be hard for Mrs. Ronayne to be without occupation," declared the friends who remembered her as the originator of charitable and literary activities, as well as the capable housewife, whose husband and children had hourly incentive to rise up and call her "blessed." One day, however, spent

within that retreat of hers—one "painless day," as she was accustomed to call her respites from sharp suffering—was sufficient to dispel all such friendly regrets. For Mrs. Ronayne had no unoccupied hours to hang heavily now, any more than in the days of her strong young womanhood. "There are always threads that must drop from the over-filled hands of the workers," she would say, "which an idler like myself can pick up and, perhaps, with God's help, straighten."

And indeed there never was a time when such were not to be found in abundance, judging from the variety of her occupations. To her sanctum came, either by the way of coaxing or gentle compulsion, those refractory mothers of men, whom the Dorcas members despaired of turning to the paths of "makin' and mendin'," and the weary women who had lost faith in the temperance people "because they hadn't been able to keep Bill up to his pledge." Here hastened the worried teachers of Sunday School classes, sometimes having in tow the small boys who were, figuratively, thorns in the flesh. And the fashionable Church worker, resenting a less or more fashionable sister's incursion in her own special field, called to talk it all over with this mutual friend. And the girls who wanted "dear Mrs. Ronayne" to think out something new for the sodality table at the fair, or to write an inscription for a book they could raffle, or dictate an appeal that should surely win response from some doubtful quarter.

Father Dornan himself had descended those softly carpeted stairs, after a half-hour's discussion of ways and means, appearing years younger for losing that worried look which crept into his kindly eyes after tedious interviews with the builders of the big new church, which

this gentle parishioner of his might hardly hope to enter.

So it is easy to understand why the Reading Circle members prayed individually, that meeting night at Margaret Ronayne's might be so ordered as to occur on one of her mother's "painless days."

Mention of special prayers recalls a particular evening accorded red-letter rank on our calendar.

"Mother was so much interested in our study of Adelaide Proctor," announced our president, "that she has written out a little experience of her own which she thinks may help to convince us all that the poet spoke truly when she told us:

An answer, not that we long for,
But diviner, will come some day;
Our eyes are too dim to see it—
So strive and watch and pray!

This was a point on which discussion had arisen, some of us finding it hard to believe in the "curse of granted prayer." Ah! we were all young then and youth is prone to self-conceit! Was there one amongst us who misunderstood her own nature so as to mistake its real needs? Well, we did not think so!

"Nor did those of whom I am about to tell you," said our kind entertainer, when, seated here and there around her, always as near as consideration for her comfort would admit, we repeated to her how difficult we found it to copy Miss Proctor's faith.

"That we are utterly unable to judge what is spiritually best for us, my dears, is proven in every life, not once, but many times. All that is needed is patience to await the proof; sometimes it may be delayed to the end of our allotted time—

sometimes, I think, it is only made evident in eternity."

To all of us who listened, there flashed the same thought that filled Margaret Ronayne's beautiful eyes with tears just then, while she moved around the beloved speaker, to adjust the reading lamp beside her and arrange the little stand, where lay the paper prepared for our entertainment.

Only in eternity those who loved and believed in Mrs. Ronayne, might understand why this life, so brimful of good for its fellows, should be circumscribed by the limitations of comparative helplessness. But if such doubt had ever occurred to the one most interested, as it doubtless had in the watches of sleepless nights when Satan was alert, it was long since silenced, and there was no shade of self-consciousness in those introductory words of hers.

"Now, children, if you are all comfortable, I will begin," she said, "and remember, I expect no criticism of style; that belongs downstairs with the minute book and the essays. This incident occurred when I was a girl like yourselves and belonged to a band whose chosen work was something akin to your Altar Society of to-day. Altar decoration was our primary object, but we turned our hands to whatever our director found for them to do. The parish was one of New York's largest and I think I may add, one of its poorest. It was noted, too, as being blest in the possession of priests, whose lives of self-sacrifice attracted more than local attention. Indeed it was no secret that the first assistant, our own director, who chose our channels of usefulness, was a living martyr to his labors in unsanitary haunts where his duties led him.

"We all knew that Father Malone's days were numbered and knew, also,

when the doctors talked of what a warmer climate and complete rest might effect in his case, that our director could never be made to feel himself free to seek them. All we might do was to lessen his burden in every little way that occurred to us; one disheartened laborer helped to a new task—one poor widow introduced to the shop or factory where work was likely to prove permanent, meant hours of wakefulness saved for this failing shepherd of a distressed flock. And so, as misers hoard small coins that in the aggregate will swell their treasure, we garnered every bit of such tidings which came our way, to bring to Father Luke, in lieu of the mere material offerings that we felt sure he should not appreciate.

"I wonder now how many religious vocations are represented here amongst my good girls," he said, one festal morning as he made the rounds of the parish hall, where we were all busily engaged in setting the tables for a breakfast tendered to our Sunday School children on the great occasion of their First Communion. I think he could have told, or rather foretold, if he would—for his were the keen perceptions and understanding of the spiritual physician—and I noticed his glance rest with an added kindliness as he spoke, on two of our number, who have long since donned the simple habit of St. Joseph's Daughters.

"Well, nobody holds up hands I see, so I must keep on guessing," he continued. 'I am not entirely unlike the match-making mothers of the period; I want to see most of you settled for life before—you get away from under my eyes.'

"That was not quite the ending Father Luke intended and we understood him well enough to know, that as he neared his journey's end, his big heart was troubled over our individual futures. Noticing the stillness that fell upon us,

he made believe to count heads and ended by inquiring for the one absent member.

"I suppose Dorothy couldn't get excused this morning," he remarked, 'and it must be a disappointment to the poor child; I am afraid she experiences much bigotry in this fine position of hers.'

"It was an open secret that Dorothy Houghton owned the coveted honor of being Father Luke's favorite, but there were so many varied reasons for the distinction that we all cheerfully accepted her as such, and never disputed her privileges.

"To begin with, her mother, who died when Dorothy was a small school girl, had been his own convert and surely one to be proud of—bearing with rare fortitude the petty persecutions inflicted by her own and her husband's people on account of her change of religion. In the struggle she had come off victorious to the extent that her three children were baptized Catholics and her husband had promised by her death-bed, that their faith should not be interfered with, by him. The letter of the promise was kept, but how difficult had been the nurturing of this precious bloom in the hearts of the motherless ones, was known only to Father Luke, the solitary witness of that death-bed compact.

"Trouble came thick and fast to the Houghton household—financial troubles that served to sour still more Mr. Houghton's temper, thus rendering exceedingly difficult the priest's accepted task of joint guardianship. It was his efforts that placed the boys at a leading college, the fees of which were otherwise beyond the reduced means of the parent, whose pleasure in this opportunity for advanced education was offset by the circumstance that it was also Catholic.

"To complicate matters still more, the elder boy discovered amongst his gifts

that of an embryo vocation, and at the end of college days, started for Rome, with the avowed purpose of cultivating this precious possession to the point when hope might blossom into certainty.

"A travelling tutorship was secured for the younger, whose frail constitution apparently reproduced that of his pretty mother, and only Dorothy remained as the companion of the disappointed father. The sisters, who had been her teachers, prompted by Father Luke, sought to prepare her for the difficult task of sharing and lightening the burdens of one who attributed his life's failure to the baleful influence of the religion which she professed and practiced. No wonder that the sympathy of all went out to Dorothy Houghton—a sympathy intensified when we heard that her father had procured her a confidential position in the office of a great firm, the founder and head of which had been the friend of his own prosperous days.

"‘I cannot refuse father,’ Dorothy explained; ‘if it were not absolutely necessary he would not suggest such a thing I am sure, and perhaps it will not be so hard after all, for I am taking a place filled until lately by Mr. Warner’s own son, whose failing health forbids any longer attention to business.’

"But we could see how Father Luke disliked and dreaded the experiment and how anxious he was, that the new occupation and associations should not entirely supersede the old. Therefore, the absence of Dorothy on such an occasion as the Sunday School breakfast was enough to cloud his enjoyment—something any one of us would have forfeited much to avoid.

"It was with a feeling of personal guilt that I remembered a letter from the absent Dorothy which I had read by her request to all our little society and the significance of which must eventually come to Father Luke’s knowledge.

"‘I have a note from Dorothy, Father,’ I ventured. ‘She said it was impossible

for her to ask any holiday now, as Mr. Warner has been obliged to leave for Florida with his son. She asks that we will all join in a novena for her special intention.’

"‘Ah, poor child, she needs prayers; we all do, but her necessities are very urgent.’

"Our hearts echoed his words, even while we were aware that the time had come when this best friend was ignorant of the real dangers that surrounded his favorite. For that recent letter of hers was an avowal or rather confirmation of what we girls had suspected for some time, but would not dare broach to Father Luke.

"The millionaire’s son, although meeting the daughter of his father’s old friend as her employer and social superior, was not slow to recognize the charm that was Dorothy’s birthright. I have not alluded to her as beautiful, because the description is so hackneyed that it has lost all significance, but none who remember her could question the sincerity of its application in her case. Yet ‘charming’ is the word that comes nearest to describing her in the days, when the business affairs of the great firm, drew Herbert Warner daily to his father’s private office, where the desk formerly his own, was occupied now by this fair-haired girl with the facial expression of a medieval Madonna and the mental equipment of a twentieth century student.

"Now, apparently slight as were their opportunities for acquaintance, Dorothy was his promised wife, with the understanding that the engagement should be private, until the young man’s restored health might allow of his return to business life. There was no need for the admission that both foresaw opposition on the part of his parents; even if the father were won over, as was possible, by daily intercourse with his future daughter, there was the fine-lady mother to be reckoned with. She, it was well

known, aspired to the queendom of her own exclusive set by right of Knickerbocker descent, even more than the inherited wealth that had served as foundation for her husband's millions. Her name was familiar to the general public as the foundress of an institution intended for the betterment of working women's condition, provided always that those who sought its benefits, belonged to the creed of their benefactress. This rule was later modified, so that all Christian sects were welcome save one, and this as might be expected, was the Church to which Dorothy Houghton owned allegiance.

"Truly the child had need of prayers! But when she came amongst us a few evenings later, we discovered that it was for another's necessities, these special ones were desired. If only her lover were restored to health all should go well, she declared; of course he could then be easily won to her faith. Had he not assured her that he possessed no religious preferences whatever, content as was his father, to leave the spiritual direction of the household in his mother's hands? And the latter, were her only son spared, would be surely glad to accept his chosen wife, who as such, could in her new sphere do much to advance the interests of her Church.

"Well, if our poor prayers might help on to such happy consummation—if Herbert Warner's recovery meant all this (and perhaps, too, the conversion of her obdurate father, as Dorothy believed) was it any wonder we conceded that novena, the first ever made in common, which Father Luke did not lead or join!

"For Dorothy had not chosen to confide to him the secret of its object and we shrank from enlightening him regarding her affairs. We were so sure that the news itself would shock him sadly, and then there was the hurt of receiving at second-hand a confidence, that was primarily his by right of years of patient care.

"As much for his sake as Dorothy's we watched the Florida bulletins with all the interest of personal friendship. So far, none had been encouraging and our dissatisfaction with our friend was soon merged into hearty sympathy, as we noticed the fair face grow daily paler and the lovely vivacity fade from glance and movement.

"Poor Father Luke, confined now to the narrow limits of the stuffy room he called his study, was no longer quick to notice what one might seek to conceal. And we were all, when in his presence, so subdued and altered by the consciousness of his suffering, that Dorothy did not seem very different from the rest. One day, however, there came news that changed the current of her life. In the morning an incoherent letter, the first she had ever received from Herbert's mother, told her that hope was well-nigh fled, and that in the shadow of approaching death he had confessed the secret engagement, begging that Dorothy should be sent for. Two hours later a telegram arrived, urging her to hasten, under her father's escort, or it should be too late.

"In her hurry and helplessness she sent for me; there was little time for thought and before I realized it, I had waved a last good-by to the pretty Dorothy of our girlhood days and was conscious of facing a bad half-hour, when in her behalf, I should break the news to Father Luke. I never knew exactly how it was done; I do know I tried hard to find a *roseate* side and he would not admit such a possibility.

"'Mr. Warner may live, Father, and with wealth at her disposal, think of all our Dorothy can do to further the projects she will always remember as yours.' But the priestly heart would not be comforted; it was not as the man, who saw ignored, his years of service to her and hers, that he suffered, but as the spiritual father, who had accepted a trust at her dying mother's hands and

was soon to make an accounting therefor.

"His latest effort was the letter given in our joint care for Dorothy when she should return; his latest word to us concerned her: 'Pray for the lamb that has wandered away from this poor frail shepherd, asking that the Master send one more worthy to seek and guide,' he said to us on the last evening that the physician allowed us to look upon his living face. And oh, how we felt in that solemn hour, that earthly wealth and love were as dross beside the golden treasure of faith, which Father Luke saw trembling in the balance.

"I did not start to tell you, however, of that death-bed or the sad day which witnessed a people's parting; my idea was only to have you hear one more experience of an answer to prayer that was long delayed.

"Father Malone was at rest in the vault beneath his beloved altar when tidings arrived through the columns of the city 'dailies' of Herbert Warner's marvelous recovery and the romantic marriage which had taken place when death seemed imminent. Coupled with this was the further announcement that Mr. Warner and his bride should pass through New York, remaining for a few days at his parents' city residence before their departure for Algiers where a two-years' stay was contemplated.

"With our understanding of the circumstances, we did not wonder or feel at all aggrieved over the tardy cards of announcement which finally made their appearance in our respective homes. It was agreed that two of our number should call on the bride, carrying with Father Luke's message, our good wishes and a joint wedding gift as the souvenir of early associations. For this a jewelled rosary was chosen, because we felt that amongst the costly presents sure to be showered upon her by her husband and his rejoicing relatives, there was no possibility of any with a religious signifi-

cance. So the amethyst and golden rosary was selected, looking beautiful enough in its satin-lined case, to vie with any of my lady's jewels. We rejoiced in the thought that she, at least, would consider it infinitely more precious, for we had not at all resigned our interest in the companion separated from us by a romantic marriage.

"It was rather a disappointment to find her 'not at home,' when we called—I was one of the envoys—yet there could be no significance attached to this, for we had chosen the regular calling hours with no previous intimation of our coming. Without doubt, her moments must be occupied with preparations for the long absence.

"A very pompous butler, who could be apparently depended upon to fulfil every demand of his position, took charge of the precious package of which no acknowledgement reached us, either before the sailing day or after the arrival abroad—both which events we saw duly chronicled. And so Dorothy Warner passed out of our lives for awhile, but never from our prayers, for had not Father Luke commended her to them as the 'wandering lamb of our little flock,' and his blessed memory was the golden chain upon which were strung the jewels of remembrance and constancy."

"Now, mother dear," Margaret Ronayne interrupted, "we will call this chapter, the first—and leave the sequel, which without doubt the girls will like to hear, for another evening."

II.

There was no need to remind the members of the Dante Circle of such an agreeable change of program as the second consecutive meeting at the house of the president. Unusual punctuality seemed indeed the order of the evening, so that the business session was quickly over, and even Miss Proctor's selections suffered abbreviation at the hands of her

devoted admirers, whose one anxiety, on this occasion, seemed to be for the signal for adjournment.

Again, as before, they found Mrs. Ronayne with a manuscript beside her, arranged in the careful fashion that characterized its more ambitious forerunners in the days when editors were wont to welcome her appearance. Margaret had told how the whole household enjoyed the invalid's interest in this resurrected occupation, and she, herself, referred to the matter after the first words of greeting.

"It is true, my dears," she said, "that the figurative rust of disuse affects one's style and mentality quite as injuriously as material rust corrodes the pen that is carelessly set aside. And so, though I have found it much more easy to set my events on paper for your hearing, I am constantly reminded in the reading that my hand has lost its cunning for effect.

"However, I do not seek to attain any—my object being to show you how other girls like yourselves puzzled over this problem of prayer to which Miss Proctor's beautiful faith inspired once, such beautiful solution.

"Often during the years of Dorothy Warner's absence, those of our little band who were left to meet, would discuss that fateful novena, to which, I'm afraid, some of us were disposed to attach undue importance as to its visible effect. For she, in her first burst of gratitude had almost succeeded in winning us to her conviction that her lover's recovery dated from its close; consequently, we reasoned, our petition must have seemed best in His eyes Who orders all things wisely. It was presuming to fathom the hidden depths of His will with the poor plummet of our human understanding—our sole excuse for the presumption, being fidelity to the memory of the dear, dead director, who had left us this charge of solicitude for the straying lamb.

"And so the Marthas of our number who remained in the world,—some of them under widely changed conditions—and the fortunate Marys who had taken their place amongst St. Joseph's chosen ones, continued, by the household hearth and in the convent cell, to pray for Father Luke's forgetful protege. Her father, who was almost a stranger to his daughter's friends, had left the city, and of her brothers we heard scant tidings beyond the indefinite rumor, that the youngest, after protesting most vehemently against his sister's marriage outside the Church, had died of a broken heart because of it.

"About the date of the Warner's return from their old world sojourn, my marriage occurred, and in consequence of removal to new scenes and associates, some months elapsed before I noticed the recurrence of our friend's name in the fashionable intelligence of the day. Then I observed it most frequently mentioned in connection with the Church activities patronized by her husband's mother, and it did not need the pathetic letter of our old-time prefect to inform me, that Dorothy had adopted the creed of her new relatives.

"I have succeeded at last in seeing her," wrote Alice Riordan, whose missionary spirit could never brook the consciousness of having left any means untried in such a quest; 'and only by an effort did I recognize our Dorothy in the fashionable woman who received me under protest. She gave no opening for any religious allusion, inquiring for former acquaintances in the most indifferent fashion. I saw that I could never attempt another interview, so, as I took my leave, I asked in a passing way whether her present location did not make her a parishioner of the Cathedral. 'Scarcely that,' she answered, with added frigidity, 'I believe I explained on the occasion of my marriage that I had adopted my husband's faith, as the only acknowledgement I could return for the

sacrifices he made for me. However, these personal matters can scarcely interest strangers.' ”

Poor Alice added no comment to her news; only yesterday in preparing this, I held again her faded letter from which I copied the “retort discourteous.” I can imagine now as then, our courageous little prefect, who had ventured so many times the reception of the tene-ment and slums, retiring thus from her first defeat. Still the blurred postscript showed she was not entirely discouraged: “Let us keep on praying with Father Luke,” it read, “for we know that he has not ceased his guardianship.”

It was discouraging, though, and while I, for one, never willingly omitted that Hail Mary for the old intention, I must confess that my personal interest in Mrs. Herbert Warner died a natural death that day, and it was long before anything occurred to resurrect it. Seven years must have elapsed from her wedding, when one morning, glancing through the gossip of society, I noticed an allusion thinly veiled, but easily understood, to the domestic affairs of the “Herbert Warners,” as the young couple were usually distinguished. Now the gentleman has left America for an indefinite period of African exploration, and his beautiful young wife, instead of accompanying him, removed from his parents’ home which they had together shared, to winter quarters in a fashionable hotel.

Their one child had died in infancy, so there were no family ties to prevent Mrs. Warner from sharing her husband’s elective exile—a fact that the breezy gossip of the “Daily” stayed to emphasize.

By this time, however, as you may imagine, the gulf between Dorothy and her one-time associates of the Altar Society, was so wide as to appear humanly impassible; only the bridge of prayer remained and of its existence, she was, of course, ignorant. After Alice Rior-

dan’s failure, none of us attempted any form of communication; still, as I have said, we remembered, and would frequently rehearse the incidents together whenever we happened to meet. On one point our curiosity, long since aroused, had never been satisfied, and that was, to whom had the bride expressed her decision on adopting her husband’s religion, as she distinctly told Alice had been done? We received no message whatever from her at that time, except the simple card of announcement; yet our poor Alice, in the excitement of that memorable interview, failed to ask an explanation of the remark. Through her, however, it was fated to be made later on.

And now I must explain that instead of reading to you the old letters in my possession which tell the sequel, I have used their contents, retaining the form of my own narrative. First in order I recall a message from Alice which reached me on a Christmas Eve. She alone remained at her old post in the old parish, for the demands of invalided parents kept our gentle prefect from any thought of flitting to a home of her own, as the friends of her young girlhood had done. Many of us retained the habit of remembering her in the way she best liked to be remembered, with gifts of bloom for the altar on all the great festivals. This Christmas in acknowledging my little contribution, she added the information that a magnificent assortment of plants and cut flowers had just reached her from a fashionable florist’s. There was no card attached but the salesman, when questioned, said his directions were to charge to the account of Mrs. Herbert Warner. Then followed another interval of silence and hope. Lent and Easter came—the latter bringing again the floral offering, but this time not anonymously. Accepting the little bit of pasteboard as a permit, Alice wrote her pastor’s and her own acknowledgement of the gift, only adding,

that they with many another would seek to repay in the coin of prayer.

It was, of course, the entering wedge, and I was not surprised to hear that somewhat later—before Mrs. Warner's summer flitting, Alice had been asked to come to her. The tone of the letter was humble and pathetic enough, reminding me when I read it of that other one, in which the same writer had pleaded for our prayers in behalf of her stricken lover. But were it formal or peremptory instead, Alice's response would have been just the same; to her the sender of that dainty, monogrammed note, was as the pen she used—merely instrumental towards furnishing the answer to Father Luke's prayers and our unworthy echo.

It was a lonely, unhappy Dorothy this old friend found in the magnificent apartments to which she was bidden—a woman, who at last conscious of her sin, yet cried out against the severity of its punishment and refused alike spiritual or earthly comfort.

The story of her husband's estrangement she did not dwell upon; we knew later, that influenced by his mother, he came to resent his wife's growing indifference to churchly observances, and again, her entire withdrawal from their social world after her child's death. Like Rachel, she had refused to be comforted, alluding often in her desperation to the belief that God chose this means to punish her for what she called her imitation of the sin of Judas.

Under the dreadful mental strain, her beauty, which had always suggested fragility and evanescence, vanished for the time, and with it the remaining bond that might have held Herbert Warner true to the choice of his romantic youth.

When Alice arrived it was to find a deserted wife, literally alone in the world—her husband's parents gone to join him with no previous intimation of their intention—her own father dead, and the one surviving brother a mis-

sionary in far off Australia, with the expressed intention of devoting his life in expiation of his sister's apostasy.

Yet not he who toiled and prayed beneath the Southern Cross, nor we who near at hand watched and waited developments, were chosen as the Master's emissary in this search for a soul. Again, as the tale unfolded, we heard in spirit the well-remembered text: "A little child shall lead them," for through a little strange child, Dorothy Warner was led back to faith. When she and her husband first made their home with his parents, the elder Mrs. Warner, then growing daily more absorbed in evangelical work, deputed much of the household management to the new daughter. And with the servants "Mrs. Herbert" was soon a prime favorite, by right of the same charm, where-with she had from childhood swayed all with whom she came in contact.

Therefore, when to everybody's consternation, the trusted English butler, in whose perfection Mrs. Warner had long taken pride, was discovered in some startling thefts, it was to the mercy of the young mistress he appealed—begging her for his child's sake to stay the threatened prosecution. Dorothy succeeded in having accepted his proffered restitution, partial as it was, and the matter ended with the man's dismissal. He had not again crossed the path of any member of the household—not even hers for whom he professed lifelong gratitude.

Accordingly, when in the grey loneliness of a December afternoon, Dorothy's maid carried to her in her new abode, the soiled substitute for a card which had been handed in at the hotel office, it was with surprise the lady recognized her disgraced butler's name. This scrawled line was an appeal for an interview, which she resolved at once to grant, entirely unheeding Jeanette's information regarding the man's disreputable appearance.

"No doubt by 'disreputable' the boy who described him, meant impoverished," she said. "I am not at all afraid of any unpleasant experience with Henry Holmes; you can have him brought here and I will see him."

The interview, which lasted so long that Jeannette was sorely tempted to interrupt, veiling her curiosity under the guise of concern, was such, however, as Mrs. Warner would scarcely have described at its close as "pleasant." It hurt her to note her visitor's extreme poverty—the result as he told her of the shadow of suspicion which overtook him at every turn of his dreary road, and then his heart-break over the approaching death of his only girl recalled to the former mistress, another childish death-bed, guarded indeed by science and luxury, but sadly destitute of God's consolations.

"My girl was a wee one," the man explained, "when I was in your service, and her mother being dead, my sister cared for her. I saw her always in my free hours and it was to please her baby fancy for sparkling things, that I took the first trinkets, which not being missed for so long, led to the big thefts later on. You remember, dear lady, how in all that I accounted for, there were none that were exactly yours—only madame's and the old master's. And it wasn't for want of opportunity as you know, for yourself and master Herbert were none too careful, but I wouldn't have taken anything you valued, because you were never high and mighty like some people, nor so aggravatingly holy as "madame." I told you this before; it was not maybe the whole truth, for when you were new amongst us, you called me once to Mr. Herbert's study and asked me to do you a favor. I knew, though you did not say so, it was a secret from the family and I watched without being told that nobody came upon you while you fastened up a box and a letter I was to send away."

"Angie—my little girl—was sick that night and I had leave to go see her, so I promised to send the package on its way myself. But I did not! I could put two and two together quick enough in those days; I knew you were returning something you did not want to keep and that something was from old friends, for I heard the two ladies who brought it mention you to each other by your first name the day before, when I took them your message that you were not at home. It was not likely, I thought, that a receipt would be expected, or if so, it would be easy to account for its being mislaid, for you and Mr. Herbert were sailing next day. I saw, too, that the address was a private one—no business firm which might make trouble; for years I remembered the street, though now when I want to I cannot recall it. At any rate, Angie's friend, the Catholic priest, said it was to you I must confess—for I destroyed the letter with the box that night, and the pretty shiny chain—I saw at once it was a prayer-chain and not an ornament—I took to my little Angie, saying to her aunt that I had found it.

"O, how the baby loved it! She would let it glide through her mites of hands and kiss the gold cross as if it were something living that could kiss her back! See, here it is, my lady, not a whit the worse for wear, for Angie's aunt put it away when she guessed its value."

From out the folded thicknesses of cotton and tissue, the man's hands drew the treasure and laid it across the dainty outstretched fingers that waited—a chain of amethyst and gold—the very Rosary that was Dorothy Warner's wedding gift! Like linked coals of fire, as she afterwards expressed it, she felt the gleaming beads in her reluctant hold. She could not return them to that of the man who once again cowered as a criminal before her; she would not drop them to the carpet at her feet, for with

their touch came back all the old-time Catholic reverence for the "prayer-chain," upon which had been doubtless breathed the blessing of her mother Church.

"Has Angie tired of them?" was all she asked, and the poor relieved father hastened to continue his story.

Indeed no! Through all the years Angie had cherished as her dearest hope that of owning them absolutely some day. Her aunt had said that very probably they could be strung for a necklace, but when Angie came of school age there were little Catholic girls who told her all about the Rosary Beads with the puzzling decades, and one, more thoughtful than the rest took her to a sweet faced nun at the Sunday School, who made the matter very plain to her, illustrating with the great wooden beads that hung from her own girdle.

Meanwhile, Angie kept silence at home; spiritual subjects were not much discussed there, but when the long sickness came and the wretched father was at last convinced of what Angie herself understood, then the frail sufferer pleaded that Millie Bryan's Sunday School sister be asked to visit her. She came and in a little while the priest, now distinguished as "Angie's friend," came also. This latter it was who drew from Henry Holmes the truth regarding the beautiful Rosary, insisting upon its return to the rightful owner.

Dorothy Warner was scarcely one who could sit in judgment on a fellow creature, if indeed any amongst us can, so her forgiveness was assured. She understood at last, how it was that her girlhood's friends failed to comprehend her position on the religious question; Holmes had burned the letter of renunciation unopened, and in it, too, as she now recalled with shame, was the simple Sodality badge, once received from the gentle hands of Father Luke.

The following morning found her at Angie's bedside with a duplicate of the

golden Rosary for her introductory gift. And thenceforward day by day, a step at a time, her faltering feet turned towards the forsaken pathway, until at last she knelt a Catholic by the deathbed of Angie Holmes. That was after Alice found her, for Angie's passing was slow; she bore removal to the lovely summer home of her benefactress where such care as should have been the portion of Herbert Warner's heiress, was lavished on this daughter of the people. There, amidst the radiance of June the summons sounded; with her head pillowed on the breast of the woman she had saved and her Rosary-wreathed hand in that of her contrite father, the girl, named all unwittingly for the angels, went to her allotted place amongst them.

Through her was the answer given to our years of supplication, but long, long afterwards it seems to me, our fated Novena bore its actual fruit, when Herbert Warner dying in a foreign land, craved as of old the presence of the wife, whose daily life was now a daily record of heroic penance.

It was granted to her to find him waiting—granted that she see the fruition of the seed fostered on that Catholic shore where he tarried but to die. Within sight of the fair Italian cemetery where he chose to rest amongst those of his new faith—Sister St. Luke of the Angels, long dead to the world, lives in God!

Once, outside of the Carmelite grating which symbolizes a long farewell to earth, stood a missionary, bowed and bleached by the toil and sun of Australasia. Only the ears of one listening sister heard and comprehended his greeting: "Mine eyes have seen my desire! Now can Thy servant depart in peace!"

These were the words with which Mrs. Ronayne refolded her manuscript and we rose and pressed around her with thanks and praise. Now, the Dante Circle hopes to find soon another subject that may again tempt the president's mother to share in its discussion.

The Influence of 18th Century Literature in France

By FLORENCE BAIN SEYMOUR

LOOKING, as we do, with bewildered eyes at the France of the present day in her attitude towards religion in general, and the religious orders which she is now engaged in banishing in particular—remembering her as the eldest daughter of the Church and the fruitful mother of so many illustrious men and women of hallowed memory, we most naturally ask from whence is all this discord, malice and satanic hatred of and enmity toward all things Catholic? For the answer it seems almost sufficient to glance back at the eighteenth century, and by reviewing some of the conditions—and more especially the conditions of literature of that period, much of the enigma may be solved. It is true, that the root of an evil may be traced for a seemingly interminable distance and some of the evil in France is of ancient growth, but at that time there came together a combination of circumstances that did much to produce the unfortunate results that confront us in the opening of the twentieth century.

The characteristic of French literature in the eighteenth century was a destructive force, just as that of the seventeenth had been constructive or creative. In place of such writers of brilliant genius as Bossuet, Fenelon, La Fontaine, La Bruyere, Racine, Moliere and a score of others, there arose a group of philosophers, so-called, whose chief aim was the destruction of religious law and order—a warfare which they carried on with an iconoclastic fury and violence. Philosophers they have been wrongly entitled, for philosophy is truth, and their special mission was to attack truth from the vantage ground of misguided

genius, and by following out with satanic subtlety, a system of false philosophy, they sought to draw men's minds into the vortex of unbelief.

In this group of writers, in which were Voltaire, Diderot, D'Alembert and others, was comprised the Encyclopedists—men who contributed toward the completion of that work, which has called forth such a large amount both of admiration and criticism. "It was a work undertaken for, and directed to the fixed end of an aggressive emancipation of thought." The English Cyclopaedia of Ephraim Chambers had appeared in 1727, and about fifteen years after its publication, a translation of it was offered to, and accepted by, the French bookseller, Le Breton. But Le Breton was not satisfied with a bare translation, and wishing the work to be developed into something more extensive, he applied to different men of letters and succeeded in obtaining as contributors most of the literary men of any repute at that time in France. "The book so produced," says Saintsbury, the English critic, "was by no means a mere pamphlet or controversial work, though many were made polemical by those to whom they were intrusted." The Jesuits offered to cooperate in the work by defining several articles, but the offer was declined. "It was a monument to philosophy that the Encyclopedists desired to raise," and naturally the Jesuitical interpretation of things would differ widely from that of the free thinkers and skeptics in whose hands the construction of the work was placed. It was not carried on without many struggles, for the clergy, as well as the civil authorities, were alarmed at the prospect

of the effect that might be produced by it upon the minds then all too ready to receive and respond to principles of irreligion and republicanism. Frederick the second of Prussia, and Catherine of Russia several times offered an asylum to the Encyclopedists in their dominions and in spite of opposition the work was completed about 1763.

A few words about the individual character of some of these men and their disciples, as well as something of what they accomplished, may not be amiss. Montesquieu may be considered a precursor, rather than a member, of this group of philosophers, and is said to have been the first to awaken that yearning for novelty and reform which had been silently brooding at the bottom of men's minds. His "Lettres Persanes" describing an imaginary trip of two exiled Parsees, freely criticising Paris and France, appeared under the Regency, and bears the imprint of it in licentiousness of expression, and witty irreverence of criticism. In these letters he seeks to set up the idea of justice above the idea of God Himself. He settled in England for two years, and became enamoured, as did so many of these men, with the sight of such political liberty and freedom of expression permitted. "England," he said, "is the freest country in the world. There men write what they only think elsewhere." His great work was his "Esprit des Lois," upon which he was engaged for twenty years. In it he propounded theories so perilous for absolute power that he dared not have his book printed in Paris, and brought it out in Geneva. Its success was immediate and before his death Montesquieu saw twenty-one French editions published, and translations in all the languages of Europe. Notwithstanding his scoffs he always preserved some respect for religion, considering it a necessary item in the plan of society.

Fontenelle, who it is said, formed with Montesquieu the last link that united the

seventeenth with the eighteenth centuries, was a nephew of Corneille and inherited much of the brilliant wit that distinguished the great tragedian. He was a man moderate in mind, prudent and cold in temperament, passing his life in discussion without ever stumbling into disputes. "He wrote," says a celebrated writer, "for society and not for scholars of whose labors and discoveries he gave an account to society." "There is only truth that persuades," he used to say, "and even without requiring to appear with all its proofs, it makes its way so naturally into the mind that when it is heard for the first time it seems as if one were merely remembering."

Francois Maria Arouet de Voltaire is a name that stands out conspicuously in this age, a name infamous above the others, because it is that of a man who has done so much to lead other men from the pathway of truth and virtue, "blasting men's souls and minds with his skeptical gibes, his bitter, and at the same time, temperate banter, disturbing consciences which would have been revolted by the materialistic doctrines of the Encyclopedists. * * * The circle of infidelity widened under his hands, and his disciples were able to go beyond him on the fatal path he had opened to them."

Born in Paris in 1694, of a respectable middle class family, Arouet, or to give him the name which he later adopted and by which he has become so well known, Voltaire, was sent at an early age to the college of Louis le Grand conducted by the Jesuits. A weak, delicate child, he showed a keen, lively intelligence, and early displayed a surprising gift for verse, manifesting, however, even there, an absolute lack of reverence and a tendency to free thought which alarmed his preceptors. Father Lejay, on one occasion jumping from his chair in indignation, seized the boy by the collar exclaiming, "Wretch, thou wilt one day raise the standard of Deism in

France," and his confessor said sadly, "This child is devoured with a thirst for celebrity." This inordinate vanity seems to be the keynote to Voltaire's character. He could not bear to remain unnoticed and preferred being anathematized to being ignored. The Abbe Chateauneuf took him as a child to see Ninon de l'Enclos, as famous for her wit as for the irregularity of her life. She was much pleased with the boy's intelligence and with some verses he had written and put him down in her will. Dying soon afterwards at the age of eighty-five, it was found that she had left him two thousand francs to buy books.

Voltaire was distinguishing himself with brilliancy in his third year of rhetoric, when he was first seen by Jean Baptiste Rousseau, the then famous disciple or pupil of Boileau. It was at a distribution of prizes at the Jesuit College that the older writer noticed, and enquired the identity of "the young scholar with an ill-favored countenance but bright and lively expression."

Leaving college, young Arouet refused to follow other than a literary career which his father stigmatized as "the condition of a man who means to be useless to society, a charge to his family, and to die of starvation." He plunged into a life of idleness and dissipation, and was sent by his father to Holland in the train of the Marquis de Chateauneuf, French Ambassador to the States-General. On his return to France he was forced to enter a solicitor's office where, however, he did not long remain. A satire against the French Academy which had refused him the prize for poetry, and some scathing lines on the Duc D'Orleans, obliged him to leave Paris. A letter addressed to the Regent disavowing all the satirical writing attributed to him, restored him to grace. This was a method Voltaire never hesitated to employ. He denied at one time the paternity of "La Percelle," his abominably licentious

poem, even threatening to ascribe the authorship of it to Cardinal Henry. He received Holy Communion at Colmar to "soften down" the Jesuits, conformed to the rules of the Convent of Senomes when he took refuge there with Dom Calmet, and when threatened with death by serious illness, several times went to confession and promised amendment, only to return on his recovery to his old mode of life, and to die at last replying to the good cure who hastened to him and asked, "At least do you believe in Jesus Christ!" "Laissey moi mourir tranquille!"

Ever inconstant and wavering he was the Free Thinker in London, the Cartesian at Versailles, the Christian at Nancy, and the Infidel at Berlin. "At the very moment," says Guizot, "when he wrote to Fr. La Tour, 'If ever any body has printed in my name a single page which could scandalize even the parish beadle, I am ready to tear it up before his eyes,' all Europe regarded him as the leader of both the open and secret attacks which were beginning to burst, not only upon the Catholic Church, but upon the fundamental verities common to all Christians."

A new satire directed against the late reign attracted general attention and greatly displeased the Regent. It was entitled "J'ai vu" (I have seen.) The Duc D'Orleans, meeting the poet one day in the garden of the Palais Royale, said to him, "M. Arouet, I will make you see something you have not seen." "What is that, Monseigneur?" "The Bastille," was the reply, and two days later Voltaire was shut up in the Bastille, where he remained eleven months and where he wrote the first part of his poem, "La Henriade."

A quarrel with the Chevalier Rohan-Chabot, a court libertine, sent him for the second time to the Bastille, where he remained a month, and on his release went to England. Here he was warmly received by King George and Queen

Caroline, and admitted at once into that literary circle in which Pope and Swift occupied such prominent places, falling in with the disciples of Locke and becoming impregnated with that epicurean Deism of which Bolingbroke was the formulator in the eighteenth century. Voltaire maintained the superiority of Newton over Descartes, and of Locke over all metaphysicians, past, present and to come. He could never comprehend Leibnitz. His "Lettres Philosophers sur les Anglais," published after his return to France in 1729, gave such offence by their profane and indecent witticisms that they were burned by order of Parliament, the bookseller was thrown into the Bastille and the arrest of the author was ordered, but he sought safety in flight to Bale, and afterwards fled for refuge to the castle of Cirey, to the Marquise de Chatelet, one of those women so frequently met with at that day, with no religion, and little or no morality. She was well versed in literature and the sciences, in which pathway she enticed Voltaire and greatly influenced his writings. At Cirey were composed, "Alzire," "Therope" and "Mahomet." Mme. de Chatelet died in 1749, and he then took up his abode with a widowed niece, Mme. Dunois, who was devoted to him. She was a woman of coarse wit and some mental ability. Voltaire had never been kindly received at court. The king looked coldly upon him, he had offended Mme. de Pompadour, and the ecclesiastical party naturally assumed a hostile attitude towards him. Admitted to the French Academy in 1746, after long opposition, he now aspired to the Academy of Sciences, and the Academy of Inscriptions, but failed in both candidatures, and in a fit of pique accepted the place and pension offered him by Frederick II. at Berlin, whose court was the rendezvous of those French men of letters whose bold views and free utterances forbade them living in tranquillity in Paris. Here he was

received with enthusiasm by Frederick and his coterie, and became at once the mentor of the sovereign, but his intolerable vanity could not brook rivalry, discussions became frequent, and a discreditable lawsuit with a Jew so annoyed and disgusted Frederick that he forbade the poet to appear in his presence. Voltaire's pride was small, his vanity and irritability great, and he readily apologized for what he styled his "giddiness," and was restored to favor but only for a short time. A fresh outrage in his writings so incensed Frederick that he wrote him, "If your works deserve that statues should be raised to you, your conduct deserves handcuffs." Voltaire became alarmed and anxious to leave, but dared not go without the King's consent, and Frederick, while angered at him, enjoyed his wit and brilliant conversation and was loath to see him go. Finally the desired intimation that his presence was no longer required, was given and Voltaire gladly availed himself of it.

Few places in France could now offer him a safe or comfortable residence so he went to Geneva, afterwards purchasing the estate of Ferney in Gex, and Fournay in Burgundy. Here he threw off the mask that he had worn from time to time, and engaged openly in the campaign against Christianity uttering his famous cry, "Ecrasez l'infame." His "Essai sur l'Histoire generale et les moeurs" was one of the most powerful volleys fired in this battle against religion and he became more and more violent. His quarrel with Jean Jacques Rousseau was not surprising considering the natures of the two men. Although it is said that they never met, and corresponded only two or three times, Jean Jacques was clearly the offspring of Voltaire's misguided genius and served to propagate his doctrines. After an absence of twenty-seven years he returned to Paris where the excitement caused by his arrival was intense. "All the literary world is moved—Paris

is ready to fly to the idol's feet," wrote Genun. His appearance at the academy was hailed with enthusiasm, and his reception at the theatre resembled a national ovation. It was the last triumph, and he died at the very pinnacle of that success which his vain and shallow soul had always coveted. "He did not see, he never comprehended," says Guizot, "the terrible catastrophe to which he had been thoughtlessly contributing for over sixty years." It has been acknowledged of Voltaire that while he sometimes exerted his powerful talents to promote the causes of reason and humanity, and to inspire princes with toleration and with a horror for war, he has too often, and too successfully exerted himself in extending principles of irreligion, anarchy and libertinism. De Maistre has justly replied to the argument that we must honor the genius of Voltaire. We must refuse to honor the genius of one who has so abused his gifts. He has pronounced against himself without perceiving it, a terrible condemnation when he said, "a corrupt soul or mind is never a sublime one." In his arraignment of Voltaire DeMaistre excepts his tragedies, "where," he says, "the nature of the work obliges him to express sentiments that were quite foreign to his character. He is void to the point of the ridiculous in lyric drama, his ears being closed to the beauties of harmony as his eyes are to those of art, and in comedy he is too often dull and gross, for wickedness is never amusing. If he essays satire he glides into libel; a monotony positively soporific characterizes his writings, which have but two subjects—the Bible and his enemies—he blasphemes or he insults. His much vaunted pleasantry or wit is far from irreproachable for the laughter it excites is not genuine 'cest un grimace.' The greatest crime of Voltaire was the abuse of his talents and the prostitution of his genius which

was created to celebrate God and virtue." His defenders admit freely that his work was not to build up but to destroy.

Jean Jacques Rousseau, the man who with Voltaire had more to do than any other in promoting the principles of infidelity and socialism which found their vent in the French Revolution, was born at Geneva in 1712, of a Huguenot family who had emigrated from France during the religious troubles. He lost his mother while very young and was sent to no regular school, which, perhaps, partly accounts for his lack of discipline. His education, however, was not neglected and he learned something of law and engraving, but followed neither profession. He was at one time a footman, and at another the inmate of an almshouse. Madame Warens, a Savoyard lady, took him under her protection when he was just twenty-one and while with her he became a Catholic with as little sincerity or conviction as he afterwards displayed in renouncing Catholicism and returning to "the cult of his fathers." Leaving Mme. Warens he went to Lyons, was attached to the French Embassy at Venice, and then coming to Paris he fell in with "the Philosophers" and with Mme. D'Espinay, who established him at the Hermitage with his companion, Therese le Vasseur, afterwards his wife. Rousseau soon quarreled with Mme. d'Espinay, and in fact quarreled with almost everyone with whom he came in contact. His rupture with Diderot and his dissensions in consequence became generally noised about, and the Duc de Castries with the true hauteur of the ancient noblesse exclaimed impatiently, "Wherever I go I hear nothing but this Rousseau and this Diderot—fellows who are nobody, fellows who have no house, fellows who lodge on a third floor—positively one can't stand this sort of thing."

It was while at the Hermitage that

Rousseau began his "Brownelle Heloise." His chief work which brought him widely into notice was his "Discours sur les sciences et les Arts," which was inspired by the question proposed by the Academy of Dijon, "Whether the advance of the sciences and arts has contributed to the corruption or purification of morals." Rousseau contended that the sciences and the arts had corrupted the world, basing his conclusions on the state of unbelief and immorality which distinguished the most cultured society of France. Nevertheless he wrote to King Stanislaus, "Let us guard against concluding that we must now burn all libraries and pull down the universities and academies. We should only plunge Europe once more into barbarism, and morals would gain nothing by it. The vices would remain with us and we should have ignorance besides, for the enlightenment of the wicked is less to be feared than the brutal stupidity of the ignorant." The truth of this remark was well exemplified in the excesses of the Revolution where that very brutal stupidity of the mob far surpassed in horror any of the evils which the "enlightened wickedness" of the higher classes could have compassed, and it was those violent invectives hurled at religion and authority by Rousseau and his fellow unbelievers that produced such a cataclysm. There is no doubt that the eloquence of Jean Jacques' rabid socialism appealed far more strongly to the "sans culotte" element than the polished epigrams of Voltaire, which they could not comprehend. Saintsbury says that Rousseau with his fervid declamations about equality and brotherhood, and his sentimental republicanism, was the direct inspirer of the men who made the French Revolution, and the theories of his "Contrat Social" were closer at the root of Jacobin politics than any other. Of his "Discours su l'Megalite des conditions" which shocked the educated

men of judgment and sense, Voltaire wrote: "I have received, Sir, your book against the human race. Never was so much good wit expended in the desire to make beasts of us. One feels disposed to walk on all fours when he reads your work."

Rousseau took refuge in England with his friend Hume, where he wrote his "Confessions," in which he ruthlessly draws the veil from a nature base and contemptible in the extreme, but where the picture is drawn with such skill and dramatic force, that even while one is revolted at the spectacle, he needs must watch it with interest. He was the type of a modern socialist, ever ready to destroy, yet offering no remedy for the evil, nor practical plan for reconstructing the edifice he would raze. Neither distinctively a Frenchman, nor yet a Swiss, his mind filled with infidel theories and his conduct marked by the greatest irregularities, yet clinging to the remnant of a Calvinistic tradition, Jean Jacques Rousseau was a man ever seeking, and never finding happiness nor rest. Advocating the brotherhood of man, yet placing his children in a foundling asylum, proclaiming freedom of opinion yet propounding the absurd opinion "that it is the duty of a citizen to follow the cult prescribed by law," he presents to us a nature full of contradictions. It is not surprising that his badly balanced mind finally gave way and that he died insane at the age of sixty-six.

Diderot, to whom the work of the encyclopedia was first intrusted, was intended by his father for the Church, but refused to follow any profession but that of letters—and his own inclinations. Before he was thirty he married, but soon tiring of the yoke, he dispatched his wife and child to his father, writing simply, "she will be with you in three days. You can say anything you like to her, and when you are tired, send her back." For "Grimm's Leaves," which may be considered the germ of the

modern journal, Diderot wrote his famous "Salons" reports of the biennial exhibition of pictures in Paris, and various book criticisms. He was cordially received by Catherine of Russia in St. Petersburg and she bought from him his magnificent library, appointing him librarian, and thus left him in enjoyment of his books. D'Alembert who was so closely associated with Diderot in the work of the encyclopedia was a man of more moderate temperament, and less impulsive in style than his contemporary. He was pensioned by Frederick and offered the education of her son by Catherine of Russia, but this honor he declined. He was a prominent infidel, but with none of the bitterness of Voltaire, throwing all his ardor into the pursuit of science, admitting scarce any power but that of mathematics.

These were the men who by the inculcation of their principles of infidelity, anarchy and immorality, not only moulded the minds of their own generation, but have exercised the most baleful influence upon their posterity in all classes and conditions. They were sowing the wind and leaving to other ages the reaping of the terrible whirlwind. It is true there were such writers as the de Maistres, Xavier and Francois, Chateaubriand, de Bouald Frison and the Abbe Guence, with their great literary gifts and acknowledged graces of style as well as powerful logic, deeply imbued as they were with the highest Christian sentiments, but their voices, while ringing clear and strong through the din of blasphemy and revolt, were not able to offset the evil influence of Voltaire and Rousseau. Of this age Carlyle in his "Past and Present" has said, or rather roared, in characteristic fashion, "The Dryasdust Philosophisms and enlightened skepticisms of the eighteenth century, historical and other, will have to survive for a while with the physiologists as a memorable night-

mare dream. All this ghastly epoch with its haggard doctrines and death's head philosophies, teaching by example or otherwise, will one day have become what to our Moslem friends their graceless ages are, 'the period of ignorance.'" Looking back, however, at this age in its various aspects, in spite of the horror of the Revolution, the propagation of infidelity with its hopeless doctrines, the corruption of morals that distinguishes the eighteenth century in a peculiar manner, there is the sustaining thought of that one great institution that survived the general destruction—the indestructible Church against which the gates of hell shall not prevail. In the midst of that awful confusion, there was in France the germ of a great spiritual regeneration which would unfold itself, rising from the ruins even as a flower that has pushed through the darkness and mold of the tomb and come forth in all its fairness to the glory of God's sunlight. In that work of regeneration were taking part those noble sons of Ignatius of Loyola, who up to the time of their suppression were battling with their superbly disciplined forces in the very van guard of Christianity—the priests of St. Sulpice followers of the virtuous M. Ollier, renowned for their sanctity and learning—there labored the daughters of St. Vincent de Paul among the sick and suffering, and those of St. Francis de Sales and St. Jean de Chantal, devoting themselves to "the instructing of others unto justice," and there, too, was the saintly Mother Barat, founding at the end of the century, her institution for the much needed work of giving a religious as well as a polished and cultured education to the upper classes.

The nun, breathing out her pure soul in adoration and reparation in the silence of the cloister, the pious mother, and there were many such, instilling the principles of Catholic virtue in the hearts and minds of the little ones gathered

about her knee, the devoted laymen, less distinguished, perhaps, but not less zealous than a Chateaubriand or a de Mais-tre, all have their names engraved, if not on the pages of history, within that Book of Life known only to the Divine Author—those hidden servants of God, of whom a modern poet, Francesca Alexander, the friend of Ruskin, has so beautifully written:

"No saintly legend their names disclose
And no man living their number knows
Nor can their service and place declare,
The Hidden Servants are everywhere."

So, too, at the present time, when all things look so dark for that once fair land, may we not, glancing beyond the storm cloud, see a future, rich in fulfillment of the promise that is just now hidden from our eyes? May there not be—assuredly there are, among the vine clad hills, the picturesque towns and

crowded cities of sunny France, souls as pure and noble as any that have ever adorned her generous list of saints, whether as nuns, maidens, mothers, priests or laymen. 'Somewhere, perchance, is an embryo Lacordaire whose eloquence will stir the hearts of his countrymen to an awakening to a life of noble achievement in God's service, and the name of Albert de Mun will not stand alone as the only follower of a de Montalembert or an Ozanam on the roll of Catholic laymen whom all Christians must hold in deepest reverence.

There is much hope for France, and there is, too, much need of prayer for her, that coming safely out of the fearful travail in which she is now laboring, she may bring forth sons and daughters worthy to succeed those great men and women who have formed the brightest jewels in her diadem of glory.

FREEDOM FOR THE BIRDS

MARGARET A. RICHARD

The bird in the tree

Is lovely to see;

His eyes are so bright,

His movements so light;

Naught living, I ween,

More graceful is seen.

But a bird on a hat—

No beauty in that!

The bird in the tree .

Is joyous and free,

Not bound to one home;

When the chilly winds come

His wings bear him far

Where sweet roses are.

But a bird on a hat—

No freedom in that!

The bird in the tree

Makes sweet melody.

His voice is upraised,

Not with wish to be praised,

Yet men, hearing, say:

" 'Tis a sweet roundelay."

But a bird on a hat—

No music in that!

The bird in the tree

Is where he should be,

With power to go,

Now high and now low,

Now o'er the broad lea,

Then afar to the sea;—

But a bird on a hat

My heart weeps at that!

Quid Est Deus

By M. L. JONES



ULL many are the pious legends told,
Of Mont Cassino's Abbey, gray and old;
But one there is, so tender and so pure,
Its charm through endless ages shall endure.

It tells that, on a day, long years ago,
Amid those peaceful groves, walked to and fro
A gray-haired monk, of presence grave, yet mild,
And with him, hand in hand, there walked a child.
But five years old, this child of noble birth,
Seemed ever far apart from things of earth;
More thoughtful than is early boyhood's way,
He loved a book, as others loved to play,
Nor heard he, as they lingered in the shade,
The blithesome melody the song birds made;
Till, with his hand upon the youthful brow,
The teacher asked, "My child, what thinkest thou?"
The child looked up, to scan the speaker's face,
And as he answered him with artless grace,
His placid eyes, with holy lustre glowed.
He said, "I seek for God, pray, What is God?"
Too weak were words the Lord God to portray,
Too feeble thought for language to convey
The knowledge that the child with wishful heart,
Again besought his master to impart.
But here the keynote to the life we find,
Of the "Angelic One," whose lofty mind
With facile pen, gave Holy Church a store,
A very mine of wealth in sacred lore.
Yet, not within that famous Abbey's walls,
Was he to follow Sacred Wisdom's calls;
He valued not the power, that family pride,
Would have him wield; for nobler ends he sighed;
And, still a boy, attained his soul's desire,
Became St. Dominic's son, a white-robed friar.

Then, those who loved him, sought with methods strange,
And harsh and cruel, his resolve to change:
And, failing these, they would his will control,
By striving to defile his sinless soul.
But grace gave strength the tempter to withstand;
And, snatching from the fire a flaming brand
He drove her, shrieking from his prison cell,
Who had been sent with purpose base and fell.
Then, burning with the fire of love divine,
He traced upon the wall the Sacred Sign;
And, blessing God, Who gave him victory,
His soul was rapt in blissful ecstasy.
While thus he knelt, two holy angels came,
They brought a heavenly token, in God's name,
A cincture,—made methinks by those pure hands,
That wove the Babe of Bethlehem's swaddling bands.
The angels girt him with the mystic cord,
That bound him, ever closely to his Lord;
And, thenceforth, man or demon would in vain
Essay his virgin purity to stain.
Still, all his ways were humble and discreet,
He prayed and studied to find answer meet
To his own question, "What is God," and then,
He taught what he had learned to other men.
And, Christ the Lord, so gracious are His ways,
Deigned, with His sacred lips, his work to praise!
And bade him, in requital for his task,
Some favor of His bounteous hand to ask.
What recompense could for his heart suffice?
What boon of earth, or e'en of Paradise
Save that, for which he had life's pleasures spurned,
For which he had from childhood, even yearned?
He answered, "Thee alone, my God, I sought,
In whatso'er I studied, wrote, or taught;
Since Thou wouldst have me choose my own reward,
Give me no other than Thyself, O Lord!"



The Mother of St. Dominic

By M. MARCHAL

DONA JUANA D'AZA was of noble birth; her father, Don Garcia Garciez, belonged to a race renowned for military valor.

He did good service to his country, old Castile, and as a recompense was named grand marshal, major duomo, preceptor of Alphonso IX., surnamed the Noble. However great Garcia's achievements, Juana surpassed immeasurably her father's glory, for she attained Christian heroism in early life and had the rare privilege of giving two illustrious servants to the Church: Dominic and Mannes de Guzman. The first became founder of the Order of Friars-Preachers, and the latter seconded his younger brother in his arduous task.

Dona Juana was united in marriage while very young as is usual in Spain, to Don Felix de Guzman, Lord of Calaroga, about the year 1165; they inhabited the castle of the same name, at the foot of which flows the Douro, in the province of old Castile, at an equal distance between Osma and Aranda. The ruins of this stronghold still exist in the village of Calaroga. A monument was erected on the spot called the cradle of St. Dominic.

The first fruit of the Christian union was Antonio, who became a priest and devoted his life to the sick in a hospital; he was remarkable for his humility and his spirit of penance. The second son called Mannes, also embraced the priesthood. Dona Juana was about to become a mother for the third time; previous to the event, she had a singularly vivid dream that represented the child yet unborn as a dog holding in his jaws a flaming torch as if to set the world on fire. In order to quiet her mind which was disturbed on the subject of this

dream, she undertook a pilgrimage to the tomb of a holy abbot, St. Dominic, at Silos. This shrine was the resort of young women about to become mothers. Dona Juana having traversed on foot four leagues between Calaroga and Silos, over a stony and hilly road, prayed here with great earnestness during nine successive days, at the end of which she left the shrine comforted. She seemed to hear an interior voice explaining to her the prophetic sense of the vision or dream. The child she bore would be one day a faithful guardian of the House of God; the lighted torch was a symbol of his zeal and indicative of his eloquent preaching which would kindle the fire of Divine Love in many unmindful souls. In gratitude to St. Dominic of Silos, she named her child after him, born in 1170. The noble lady that was godmother to little Dominic had likewise a vision. While holding him over the baptismal font, she perceived a bright star illumining the brow of the young Christian. According to an old chronicle, this star left a vestige on the saint's face through life that attracted many hearts to him. Spain still preserves as a precious relic the white marble vase which was used at the christening of St. Dominic. In the year 1606 it was taken to the Dominican convent at Valladolid to serve for the baptism of Philip IV. At the present time it is kept in the church of St. Dominic at Madrid and has been used to regenerate all the princes and princesses of the reigning dynasty.

Dona Juana d'Aza would confide her new-born babe to no mercenary nurse, but nourished him with her own milk. As soon as possible she and Don Felix set out for Silos and took little Dom-

inic to the tomb of his patron saint. They presented the child at the altar of the holy abbot. A celebrated painting represents the scene. They assisted at the Mass of thanksgiving offered by Padre Paschase, abbot of the monastery; when the celebrant turned round at the "*Dominus vobiscum*," his eyes fell upon Blessed Juana holding her infant in her arms, and involuntarily he exclaimed: "Behold the reformer of the Church!" The Bishop of Osma having been informed of the fact congratulated the pious parents on the glorious promise made of their son—destined one day to reform the Christian people.

From his cradle, little Dominic had the instinct of mortification; when able to walk, he used to get out of his tiny cot and lie on the bare floor; he seemed already to understand human misery and not to wish to have a softer bed than that of his poorer brethren. His devout mother saw with interior joy, his piety and his precocious spirit of self-denial and encouraged it; she inspired him with her own tender devotion to the Mother of God. By her ardent prayers and good works she brought down many blessings on her predestined son, and kept him with her until his seventh year. At that age, she entrusted him to her brother, a learned priest, rector of Gumiel d'Tzan, not far from Calaroga, the place of sepulture of the Guzman family. Blessed Juana's confidence in the holiness and learning of this ecclesiastic with whom she was in full sympathy, softened somewhat the pain of separation. She and Don Felix often visited their dear boy and never failed to hear from the lips of his uncle, accounts of the extraordinary progress in virtue and study of his pupil. The happy mother watched with supernatural joy the growing virtues of her son; his purity and fervor excited not only her admiration but her imitation. In 1135 Dominic had reached his fifteenth year; on the advice of his wise

preceptor, his parents placed him at the University of Palencia, mother of the more celebrated University of Salamanca, there to pursue his studies in theology.

The young student was twenty when he lost his dear and much valued mother; the certainty of her eternal bliss assuaged his sorrow; he resolved to imitate her in all he had seen her do and to follow faithfully all through life the counsels she had given him. This resolution of her son is perhaps the most beautiful eulogy of Blessed Juana. We can conjecture from the verbal portrait of St. Dominic by Sister Cecilia, a nun of St. Agnes' monastery and cotemporary of the Patriarch, what likeness he bore to his saintly mother. Sister Cecilia writes: "Father Dominic was of middle height, slight in figure; his complexion was fair; his hair of an auburn tint; his eyes large, fine and expressive; from his forehead shone a refulgent light that inspired both respect and affection. His manners were agreeable and even cheerful unless when moved to compassion by another's woe. His hands were delicate in shape and beautiful; his voice noble and sonorous." The painting of St. Dominic by Fra Angelico of Fiesole confirms in a great measure the words of the recluse of St. Agnes.

The mortal remains of Blessed Juana were first laid in the parish church of Calaroga where the people of that place claimed her as "their own saint." Later on they were placed with those of Don Felix in the family sepulchre of Gumiel. In the year 1318 Don Juan Emmanuel, infant of Castile, and grandson of St. Ferdinand, full of zeal and admiration for the Order of Friars-Preachers, built for them at Penafiel, in the province of Valladolid, a magnificent church and convent and ordered the body of the servant of God, Dona Juana, to be placed in it. Don Juan went to meet the reliquary, helped to carry it

on his own shoulders. A splendid mausoleum was erected to her and on it the following inscription was made: "Saint d'Aza, spouse of Don Felix de Guzman, mother of the Blessed Patriarch, Saint Dominic." This happened under the pontificate of John XXII., second Pope of Avignon.

This servant of God is honored at Calaroga, at Gumiel and at Penafiel. The Dominican nuns established at the first named place, obtained a relic of her whom they term "their holy mother," and through her intercession were favored with signal graces.

In the beginning of the sixteenth century Penafiel was visited with a drought, that transformed the fertile country into a desert; moreover there was an invasion of locusts that devoured everything green, trees and plants; the number of these insects was so prodigious that they corrupted the air, an epidemic ensued, causing fearful mortality among the inhabitants. St. Juana's reliquary was carried in procession through the town, borne on the shoulders of priests. All the clergy, secular and regular, followed and the people prayed with the utmost fervor, imploring pity through the mediation of her who in life had been so helpful to the poor. God listened to the supplications; suddenly the locusts disappeared and an abundance of refreshing showers fell, that fertilised the fields and fruit trees and renewed the face of the country.

The glory of St. Dominic sheds a fulgence over his mother, but it must not make us forget that which redounds to her from her second son, Bl. Mannes, beatified by Pope Gregory XVI. He entered the sanctuary early and when St. Dominic began to lay the foundations of his Order at the beginning of the

thirteenth century, Mannes was the first of the sixteen disciples who joined the founder. He and they made their religious profession at Notre Dame de Prouille in Languedoc, up to the present day one of the most frequented pilgrimages of France. On the morning following this solemn ceremony of profession, St. Dominic, whose maxim was: "Seed fructifies when sown, but rots when heaped up," dispersed his first companions, sending some to Paris and some to Bologna to found convents. Mannes, with some others came to Paris with Matthew of France as prior. They founded the illustrious convent of Saint Jacques. All were strangers to the city except the superior, who had taken out his degrees at the University of Paris. They lived in great penury for the first ten months, but soon the mortified life of these holy religious was appreciated, help was afforded and a house given to them. It was at once put under the protection of St. James, the apostle of Spain, and speedily became the seat of virtue and learning and attracted so many novices that in 1219, the community counted thirty-two friars and was one of the most flourishing houses of the Order. Mannes edified his brethren here for several years, but he was called back to Spain by the holy founder and later entrusted with the direction of a community of nuns under the same rule at Notre Dame de Prouille. Blessed Mannes by his zeal, gentleness, humility and love of mental prayer was a perfect copy of his saintly brother. He was sent on a mission to his native Spain and stopped to rest at the Abbey of Saint Peter de Gumiel. Here he died after a few days illness. Thus it happened that he was buried in the tomb of the Guzmans, his ancestors, at Gumiel where his relics are still kept and honored.

THE OLD WORLD SEEN THROUGH AMERICAN EYES

By REV. JOHN F. MULLANY ,LL. D.

THE RUINS OF POMPEII.

FATHER MULLANY has told your readers something of Vesuvius, the only active volcano on the continent of Europe. It devolves upon me to describe as best I can that beautiful city that was swallowed up by the eruption from its seething crater a little over 1,800 years ago. It is, perhaps, not too much to say that Pompeii is one of the most interesting places in the whole world. The city is about seventeen miles from Naples and easily reached by railway or road. Much has been written about this ill-fated place, and yet I venture to say it is impossible to form a correct idea of this resurrected city without actually visiting it and walking through its streets.

Pompeii is not a heap of ruins, as one might naturally suppose. It is a subterranean city, like the catacombs. It has been properly restored; it is all above ground; it is like any other city with its streets and shops and houses and temples and theaters; just as it was when the awful catastrophe fell upon it. In this respect it is a unique monument of the past. We walked through the Roman Forum, through the ruins of the baths of Caracalli, through the Coliseum and the ruined temples of Rome, but we saw only fragments of their former grandeur, but here we beheld a complete city dead for ages, brought to life again, and so completely restored that we walked through its streets almost expecting to see the Roman people come from their houses at every turn. It is a complete illusion, nothing the like of which is to be seen elsewhere. It is a

curious fact that the city destroyed by the earthquake in A. D. 79 was actually the third built upon the same site. The foundations of the first story were as early as the sixth century before the Christian era, and fragments of the walls, formed from immense blocks of stone taken from the neighboring mountains and laid one upon another without cement of any kind, remain to this day to show us that this type of architecture antedated the time of its becoming a Roman city.

It is a curious fact that the city was visited with violent earthquakes in A. D. 63, and was practically deserted for a time. Instead of profiting by this warning, the inhabitants returned and began to rebuild the city on a much grander scale. We are told by contemporaneous writers that the city at that time had attained a very high degree of culture, and that the residents of this provincial town did not hesitate to imitate the beauties of Grecian art much more boldly than would have been attempted at this epoch in Rome. It was curious to notice these richer combinations, so suddenly interrupted sixteen years later by the eruption of 79. Pompeii at the time of its destruction was not a large city. It covers, perhaps, an area of about one-fourth of a square mile. The old Italians all followed the same plan in laying out a new city. After having located the heart of the city they drew two perpendicular lines, one from the north to the south, the other from the east to the west. The first they called "Cardo," the other "Decumanus." These were the two principal streets from which all the others extended. These two principal streets are still to

be seen in the deserted city, one called the street of Abundance, so named from the public fountain which bears a bas-relief of a female with the cornucopia, and the other called the street of Fortune, so named from the temple of Fortune dedicated to Fortuna Augusta. There were about eight miles of streets in Pompeii. Just about one half of the ancient city has been restored. The excavations are proceeding very slowly owing to the lack of funds, which are furnished chiefly by English and American visitors. What a sad commentary upon the Italian government! After having robbed the Church of its patrimony and confiscated its revenues, it is now reduced to a state of beggary and almost hopeless bankruptcy. What a pity that a work of this kind could not be pushed in the interests of science! It would be a mere bagatelle for any government that had the confidence of its people and was not continually on the verge of dissolution. Alas! poor, unfortunate Italy!

We mounted a little hill at the end of the excavations that are going on and could see clearly the boundaries of the city at the time of its destruction. The population of the city was about 26,000. One of the most interesting places in connection with Pompeii is the local museum at the entrance of the city. Most of the statues and larger frescoes have been transferred to the museum of Naples, enriching it in such a manner that it is now one of the greatest museums in the world. But there is a very interesting collection of objects in the Pompeian museum. Readers of history need not be reminded that Vesuvius at the time of the eruption in 79 threw out a stream of liquid mud which ran down its slopes, covering up Herculaneum with a soft, warm paste which has since hardened to a consistency of stone. The fate of Pompeii was different. A strong northwest wind was blowing, and the hot ashes and pumice

stone thrown high into the air by the violence of the eruption, were blown over Pompeii, which got filled in as it might have been filled by a storm of snow. A deep layer of very soft ashes fell over the town and smothered all the inhabitants who came in its way. Their bodies and a good many inanimate objects fell into this, and the great weight falling upon them consequently, pressed the ashes till it made a complete mold of the objects inclosed by it. In the course of centuries the woodwork of such things as doors and the flesh of human bodies perished, but ironwork and bones and such hard substance remained in the cavities. When the excavators come upon the cavities they pour plaster of Paris into them. This clothes the bones again and takes the exact form which the body made in the impalpable powder when it fell from the mountains, so that we can see the precise features of the deceased and the exact position in which he died. Those who have read Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii," can form some idea of the terrible scenes on that awful day. It would be interesting, did space permit, to describe the objects pressed in this way in the museum of Pompeii. How lifelike were those human skeletons. Here is a man fighting against death in an agony of despair; there is a woman in calm resignation going humbly to its embrace. There is a skeleton of a horse, a fowl and other domestic animals, and probably the most interesting specimen was the bones of a rabbit in a bronze pan which was found in an oven in the course of being cooked for the day's dinner. There are plaster casts of color with the original ironwork, a chariot wheel, oil lamps, jars, money boxes for children, wicker baskets precisely similar to those now used in Naples, and many other household articles.

After spending considerable time at this most interesting museum we then walked through the streets of the old

city and entered almost every house. There were the streets paved with irregular blocks of stone, laid on a bed of concrete and, by the way, formed by the very lava of that volcano that destroyed the city. There were the ruts made by the old Roman chariots plainly visible. There were the curious crosswalks in the narrow streets, formed of blocks of stones placed a few feet apart so that the chariot wheels could pass between them. There were the drinking fountains for man and beast; there was the baker's shop in a perfect state of preservation, as if all ready for baking a batch of bread; there was the Fullonica or Fuller's establishment, so wonderfully perfect. We saw from the frescoes that the clothes were washed by being trodden by men in the circular vats. These are erected like miniature stalls for horses, and the wearing of the corners by the hands of the washermen is still distinctly visible. The large tanks were no doubt used for rinsing the garments afterwards. The pipes which supplied them with water are still to be seen, and in a small pantry adjoining is a store of Roman soap not yet exhausted. A most interesting find in our times, July 3, 1875, was a safe in the house of Carcilius Jucundus, containing 132 promissory notes and bills of exchange, with interest at two per cent per month and falling due after one month.

There we saw the shops for the sale of oil and wine, and the inns at the entrance to the town, with their little rooms for lodgers to accommodate the country folks that came to sell their produce in the city.

The Forum was most interesting, a large open space with a colonnade running part way around it. All around the Forum are the brick bases of statues many of which we know from the frescoes we saw in the museum in Naples. They were equestrian, and all or nearly all dedicated to the memory of distinguished citizens. The temple of Jove

stands at the northern end of the Forum and is the finest building in the city. All important public events were celebrated in front of this temple and a very fine view is obtained from the top of the steps. The Greater Theater stands on the left of this Forum, and it is a remarkable fact that the upper part of its wall was always above ground, although no one seems to have suspected that this indicated the position of the buried city. We noticed the large blocks of stone with square holes on the upper tier, exactly as in the Roman Coliseum, which seemed to support the masts which upheld the awnings. The performances were in pantomime by masked actors. The orchestra occupied the space before the curtain, which was lowered, not raised as now, at the commencement of the performance, into the trench in front of the covered theater, used for comic plays. Behind these theaters were the gladiatorial barracks or fencing school, where the combats took place in all kinds of athletic sports, which the enterprising little city had already in advance of Rome borrowed from Athens and Sparta. Not the least interesting feature of our excursion were the signs and inscriptions on the stores and houses. It was difficult to realize that the language of Cicero and Horace, now dead for so many centuries, but so carefully embalmed by the Church in her sacred liturgy, was then the language of the common people—a living, spoken language. But there were the unmistakable evidences before our eyes. There was the "Ave," our "Welcome," on the door step of one house, and the warning, "Cave Canem," "Beware of the Dog," on another. A curious inscription on the wall of a shop showed us that human nature is much the same now as it was 2,000 years ago. Loiterers were bidden to get away. "Otiosis hic non est locus. Discede morator." "This is no place of idlers. Lounger, depart."

And so for hours and hours we wandered through this strange city, meeting at every step some instructive lesson in the life of the Roman people of those days. In fact, without Pompeii we should know very little of how the Roman people lived outside of Rome. With the letters of Cicero and the Satires of Horace and Juvenal we can form a pretty correct idea of the day of a statesman in the capitol. But classic writers have told us very little of the life in the provincial cities, where the cares of state were thrown off and they enjoyed a time of leisure. The discovery of Pompeii has filled this gap in history, and if we wish to know how the Romans lived outside of Rome, it is not necessary to longer pore over classic authors to find the answer. One can learn infinitely more on this subject by a short walk through this resurrected city.

Doubtless your readers now expect that I should supplement these general observations on the buried city, which most naturally come to the mind of every visitor, by some personal reflections of my own drawn from a careful study of this strange spectacle. I must not disappoint them. What struck me in the first place was the marked contrast in the character of the houses from those of our own day. My first impulse was to judge that all the people belonged to the poorer classes, or else that they displayed a great lack of taste and judgment in the way in which they constructed their residences. We know from contemporary writers that the inhabitants of Pompeii were, for the most part well-to-do people, and that a very large number of them belonged to the wealthier classes. They were also a very thrifty people and the city was a kind of industrial center for the whole surrounding country, and many of its products had obtained quite a remarkable celebrity. We know, too, that they were a highly cultured people, for the influence of Grecian art was felt here even earlier

than it was in Rome. Besides it was a most fashionable summer resort. Here the youth and beauty of Rome came to enjoy the hot baths and the delicious air of the sea. Here the statesmen that in the Roman Forum discussed questions that agitated the world, came to take needed rest in their beautiful villas. Truly, from what classical writers tell us, Pompeii must have been a very beautiful city. Cicero tells us that in fact, it was the only city of which Rome was really jealous. What, then, is the explanation of this seeming anomaly that we noticed in the singularly comfortable character of the homes? In order to understand what seems so inexplicable we must first divest ourselves of our prejudices and try to enter into the feelings of the people of those times. All of us are naturally attached to our own ideas and customs, but none more so than Americans, and I must confess that I am myself tainted with this defect, if it be a defect. I fancy that the fashionable people of to-day would look with disgust at the mansions of Pompeians. Our ideas of palatial homes are to have them front on principal streets, with large windows of plate glass where we can sit and gaze at the passers-by and enjoy the outdoor scenes. Inside we expect to find spacious parlors and comfortable sitting rooms, and broad stairways leading to suites of rooms above. Is it not quite possible that we may not be entirely right in our ideas of what constitutes elegance and comfort in our homes? The Romans 2,000 years ago would have ridiculed our notions of elegance and comfort.

They believed in privacy and retirement. Their home was a little sanctuary apart from the madding crowd. Their rooms were small but numerous. Instead of a large dining room like we are accustomed to, they had several, according to the season or to the number of guests entertained. There was nothing in the front of the house to indicate the

elegant mansion. In fact the front was usually given up to stores or perhaps there was nothing but a plain wall with a small door leading to the interior. All the beauty of the house was on the inside. Their sleeping rooms were small and windowless, and while we, with our strict notions of ventilation, might object to a bed room where light and air must be introduced from a single door, the ancients were perfectly satisfied because they occupied these rooms only during the hours of sleep, and they always found them cool and comfortable. Indeed the chief part of the residence was on the ground floor and only the less important rooms in the upper story. Let me describe one of the homes of the better class of citizens of Pompeii as I saw it the other day. They were all built after the same plan, so a description of one will give an idea of them all. Upon entering you notice two court yards. The first one is open and is called the atrium, and it furnishes light to the whole interior. Here is the impluvium, or large basin, sustained by its beautiful columns, where the rain from the adjoining roofs is conducted by pipes. In the middle of this impluvium is a handsome fountain, and often an aquarium and flower bed. Around this open atrium was the covered court yard or peristyle, with its handsome colonnade of vari-colored marbles and walls lined with magnificent frescoes. Most of your readers will remember how much the beautiful peristyle of the White Palace was admired at the World's Fair in Chicago a few years ago. Here then in this double court yard, the one open, the other roofed and protected from the sun by curtains, was the family paradise of the ancients. Here, when at home they spent most of their time. Here all the masterpieces of art that they were able to procure were kept before their eyes for their constant delectation; here were visible elegant statuary, and bub-

bling fountains and rarest flowers; and here everything that could enhance the beauty of their home, found place.

Of course it must be borne in mind that the Romans of those days spent a great deal of their time out of doors—in the Forum, in the temples, at the baths, in the theaters and games, but when in the bosom of their families it was always in the atrium or peristyle that they were to be found, and this explains the care which they took in the adornment of this part of their houses. Is it not a lamentable fact that too little attention is paid in our days to the decoration and beautifying of what we might call our living apartments, and may not this be partly the reason why home life is fast passing away from us, and club life, at least in the upper classes, is taking its place? Another thing which struck me in Pompeii was the profusion of mythological subjects in the magnificent statues and frescoes that filled the houses and adorned the walls of the mansion. One could naturally expect to find such things in the temples, but I was surprised to see them everywhere, in the homes, in the atrium, around the peristyle, in the dining rooms and sitting rooms, everywhere pictures of gods and goddesses—at every step the stories and legends of heathen mythology portrayed on the walls. A distinguished scholar who classified and described the paintings found in Pompeii, informs us that out of 1,968 in his catalogue, there were more than 1,400 that referred in some way or other to mythology; that is, they depicted the adventures of gods and goddesses or the legends of the heroic age. Now I can understand what an obstacle the Apostles had to contend with in the propagation of the Gospel. At this very moment was beginning that awful struggle of Christianity with the tremendous power of pagan Rome. St. Paul must have passed by the shores of Pompeii on his way to appeal to Caesar, and an inscription in one

of the houses of Pompeii shows us that Christians had visited the unfortunate city. And yet at this very time the people of this city were strengthening the bonds which held them in the slavery of idolatry. There is no doubt that the pagans were deeply attached to their false religion. It entered into their very life. They lived in an atmosphere of mythology. Tertullian, the great Christian apologist, exclaimed with vigor and with truth: "We are all born idolaters from our mother's womb." It was on representations of mythology that the babe first rested his eyes. He enjoyed the pictures even before he knew their meaning. They were imprinted on his memory and blended with all the impressions of his childhood and youth and could not easily be forgotten. And so by studying this aspect of the statuary and paintings of Pompeii and seeing what a hold paganism had upon the Roman people at the dawn of Christianity, one is better able to understand the answer of St. Augustine to the sceptic, who declared that the Apostles had not wrought miracles; viz., that for them to have converted the pagan world without miracles would have been the greatest of all miracles. No, so tenacious were the ancients of the idolatrous superstitions that it was only by suspending the laws of nature and doing what God alone can do, that the Apostles were able to prove that they were the divinely appointed ambassadors of nature's God.

Finally, and I put it lastly, although it was the first thing which struck me as I walked through the unfortunate city, I noticed with disgust the grossly immoral character of the mythological scenes portrayed in the paintings. Critical scholars in our day sometimes accuse the fathers of the Church of ignorance because they ridiculed the loves of the gods in heathen mythology, asserting that these loves are nothing else but the glorification of the most shameful passions of man. These critics contend

that these fables have a profound meaning, that they clothe sublime truths, and are, in reality, but an allegorical explanation of some of the most important phenomena of nature. Doubtless there is some truth in this apology as regards the earlier epochs of mythology. But students of history are well aware that ancient religions which did not possess sacred books and were not bound by any fixed dogmas, were wont to accommodate themselves to the tastes and inclinations of each successive epoch. When we see Jupiter depicted on the walls of Pompeii only as the seducer of Diana or Ganymede; when we behold Venus who, by the way, was the patroness of the city, fifteen times represented in the arms of Mars, and sixteen times with the beautiful Adonis; when such is the manner in which the gods and goddesses are constantly placed before our eyes it is very evident that the painter had not the slightest intention of conveying a lesson in true mythology and thoughts of cosmogony were far from his mind. The idea of the artist was simply to represent scenes of love, with god and goddesses for the actors, for the gratification of lewd tastes. And the people of Pompeii that delighted in having such pictures constantly before their eyes, were simply voluptuous men and women who craved for sensual excitement and wished to feast their eyes on lustful images. No one who honestly studies the revelations of this city of the dead can reach any other conclusion.

It is quite the fashion in our day among a certain class to laud everything pagan, even at the expense of Christianity; to make altogether too much of heathen mythology, especially after it had fallen from the solemn and lofty ideals of its original conceptions. Much that is not true art or healthy literature is held in high esteem by men and women of culture, simply because it is connected in some way or other with idolatry. Why, it was only the other

day that a very distinguished English gentleman just returning from Egypt told me that he thought that Christianity was nothing else but evolution from the religion of the ancient Egyptians, and doubtless this man considered himself an orthodox Christian. So true it is that once men refuse to acknowledge the witness and divinely appointed interpreter of revealed truth, they soon begin to doubt the very fact of revelation itself. I explained to my friend that Christianity was indeed an evolution, but the evolution of divine revelation, which began in the Garden of Eden and was continued through the patriarchs and prophets until Christ came and closed the book forever; that man was not able to know anything of supernatural truths except through revelation, because these truths were above the natural order and not subject to the domain of reason; that the scattered truths found here and there in all pagan religions were only the fragmentary and distorted remnants of primitive revelation, but that the entire deposit of revealed truth was to be found only where God had placed it in His written or unwritten Word. No, let paganism be studied for its historical importance, but let us understand above all, the degradation of its superstition. A study of Pompeii will soon convince the apologists of idolatry what the religion of Rome was at the time of Christ and make them realize the great work which Christianity has done for the world in lifting it out of the deplorable depths of corruption under which it had sunk in spite of the highest civilization of the Egyptian, Grecian and Roman nations. No, I would not dare picture to your readers the actual condition of morals revealed by the buried city of Pompeii. No wonder that the religion of the Redeemer met with such bitter opposition. The head should direct, but unfortunately it often follows, the heart. Too often in our own day men are agnostics and unbelievers because they

are not willing to restrain their passions and live pure lives. The Christian, then, who visits Pompeii will not be surprised at the awful catastrophe which buried the unfortunate city under mountains of cinders and lava. He who believes that an angry God once destroyed the world by the waters of the deluge, and rained down fire upon the wicked cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, is not astonished to find the same punishment meted out by the Almighty to the voluptuous inhabitants of Pompeii. Let the fate of Pompeii, then, be a warning to the foolish men and women of our own time who are striving under different names to revive the horrible vices of the pagan world in our modern civilization. For us the visit to Pompeii was a source of entertainment and instruction combined. We shall never forget the interesting hours that we spent in its environs. The illusion was so complete that we seemed to be transported backward 2,000 years in the history of the world, and, as we walked through those silent streets and tenantless homes we expected at every moment to encounter its busy citizens in the pursuit of their various avocations, as well as that throng of pleasure seekers who came to rest and enjoy life in their beautiful villas in that city by the sea.

THE MONASTERY OF ST. BENEDICT.

We spent yesterday in Naples, where we visited the great Pompeiiian Museum. It was very interesting. The mosaics, paintings, bronzes and statuary taken from the ruins of the buried city surpass anything of the kind in the world. They represent every phase of life and every department of ancient art and architecture. We found the great building filled with artists of all lands, some reproducing the ancient mosaics, others copying on canvas the beautiful forms so long preserved in the frescoes of the destroyed city, and others still sketching

the Grecian bronzes and statues which were found in such variety and numbers in the temples and palaces as the excavations were made. But all this has been beautifully described by Dr. Lynch in his letter on the city of the dead. I will say adieu to beautiful Naples with her grand palaces, churches, museums, and hasten to Monte Cassino, where we made a short stay to visit the famous monastery of St. Benedict. It is three hours distant by rail from Naples and is a charming spot. At the base of the mountain is a city having the same name. The day we arrived, the peasants from the neighboring villages and country districts were holding a market in the grand square in front of the church of St. Scholastica, the sister of St. Benedict. It was a picturesque sight. Hundreds of peasants, male and female, with their wares and produce for sale, dressed in their modest, attractive garb. In some respects they resembled the Alpine peasants, though the Italians are far more beautiful. The men wear the conventional homespun blue blouse and wooden sandals, while the women are decked in white and blue, with black and red trimmings. The headgear is white linen, square pinned or folded so as to cover the head and neck, and at the same time to protect the face from the sun. It resembles in a manner the white coronet worn by the sisters of charity. This market is held once a week and is conducted in a most orderly and social manner. This class of people are to be the future saviours of Italy. They are religious, frugal, industrious and temperate. They are the very life of the country.

We drove to the top of the mountain in less than an hour. The scenery in every direction is grand and impressive. To the east and south the barren serrated mountain ranges piled up on one another to the very clouds, and to the west and north form the most delightful view in Italy. Broad, fertile valleys,

intersected by rivers and roads, dotted with villages and cities, most of them nestling in orange groves, presented a most pleasing picture to the eye. The view, as we were driven up the zigzag carriage road that crosses the face of the mountain no less than ten times, changes every few seconds. At last we reached the venerable old monastery, which is nearly 5,000 feet above the level of the sea. It was founded by the great St. Benedict in 528 A. D., and has stood the vicissitudes of time and change for the past fourteen hundred years. It occupies the site of the old pagan temple of Apollo. We said Mass over the remains of St. Benedict and St. Scholastica, a privilege which was very much appreciated by both the doctor and myself. The present church was remodeled in the eighteenth century. It is beautifully frescoed and has a great number of well preserved paintings by Giordano and Bassano. The wood carvings are among the finest in Italy, all illustrative of the life and labors of these two great servants of God. The library is rich in a grand collection of rare manuscripts dating from the first centuries of the Christian era. Unfortunately, here as elsewhere in Italy, the government has laid its sacrilegious hands upon those sacred treasures, and most of the great library has been confiscated. Even the very monastery has been seized, though the members are allowed to continue as tenants subject to the whims of the kingly landlord.

After refreshments, we were shown through these sacred precincts so full of interest to the student of history. The art gallery with its interesting collection of pictures, many of them works of the old masters, was first visited. We were very much interested in the portraits of the long line of Abbots that ruled the great Benedictine order during those many centuries. Many of them were famous men in their day who exercised a powerful influence over the des-

tinies of nations. There, too, were the pictures of the royal and ecclesiastical benefactors of the orders, and also the great scholars who retired to this secluded spot to continue their studies or to invoke the blessing of Almighty God upon their great projects undertaken for the betterment of mankind or for the salvation of souls. Here the great St. Thomas Aquinas lived under the severe rule of St. Benedict. He spent a number of years here as a member of the brotherhood before he founded the Dominicans. Here he laid the foundation of his studies; here he learned the art of meditation; here he received the inspiration that gave to the world the new philosophy which is destined to be the standard of correct thinking and correct living for all future ages. The great Dominican, the angel of the schools, was formed in the Benedictine mold, within the walls of this monastery. And hither came St. Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits, to meditate and commune with God. He spent fifty days in prayer, during which time he wrote his "Spiritual Exercises and Constitutions of the Jesuits," which have been ever since, the rule and guide of the great Jesuit Order and a powerful aid to millions of spiritual children the world over. Who would think that this obscure Spanish pilgrim, whose ideas and projects met with so much opposition from ecclesiastical superiors of high and low degree, would be the instrument in the hands of Providence to organize an army of intellectual warriors to fight the battle of the Church? The year he made his long retreat (1538) on this lonely mountain and penned his immortal "Constitutions," was the very year Martin Luther and his followers threw off the authority of Rome and declared war upon ancient customs and finally upon holy faith itself.

St. Ignatius and his followers met the issue and how well he succeeded in winning back lost territory is a matter of

history. Before his conversion he was a brave soldier and fought for the love and glory of his country. After his conversion he was still a brave soldier, but instead of fighting for his king and earthly honors, at the frightful cost of lives and untold misery, he resolved to fight for a heavenly King who would reward his labors with endless joy and eternal happiness. Henceforth he would fight the battles of the Church for the salvation of immortal souls, and not for mere earthly reward or pleasure. How nobly he and his followers have fought and won is known to the world. I could not help thinking how different the results might have been had St. Ignatius Loyola been advised, during his spiritual retreat here, to abandon his great scheme of forming a new order in the Church to meet the changed conditions of things created by the so-called reformation. To this sacred place came other distinguished men during the centuries, for here they could find that quiet and retirement so necessary for all great undertakings. Churchmen, statesmen, scholars, saints and sinners came here and each one found what he sought.

From the picture gallery we were taken into the library. It has a total of about 30,000 volumes and a very large collection of manuscripts. The illuminated work here is perhaps the finest in the world. Among the best and the most interesting are the Bible and the Psalter, also many missals and office books. The work is most exquisite. For instance, the Bible has at the beginning of each book a magnificent illustration in colors. Then each chapter has a beautiful initial letter which frequently represents the thought of the whole chapter in picture. One such letter would bring a large price if detached from the page. The same may be said of the whole collection, which represents more than a thousand volumes. The works of St. Gregory the Great, the personal intimate friend of St. Benedict, are here in

several editions, also the productions of the fathers of the Church, Cassiodore, Venerable Bede, St. Leandre, etc. There is also a grand collection of Bibles in almost every language, all prior to Martin Luther. The polyglot edition of Paris, and the Walton edition of London were very interesting. We glanced at old manuscripts dating back hundreds of years, and also some important ones of medieval and more recent times. There were the manuscripts of Dante, Michael Angelo and a host of others distinguished in some department of science, art or literature. We then took another look at the beautiful frescoes and chapels in the church. They equal anything that we have seen outside Rome. The sanctuary is directly under the grand dome. It has rare carved stalls in oak for the choir and the high altar is rich in precious stones.

We then visited the chapels, the great clock which was made in the sixteenth century by one of the monks and is one of the most wonderful in the world, the treasure of the church, and the relics which are very numerous and most precious. We then took a glance at the room where the general chapters of the order are held, the great refectory where the monks of olden times sat down to their frugal meal a thousand strong, and the grand corridor nearly six hundred feet long, on either side of which are the cells occupied by the monks. These apartments are very simple in their furniture; a plain table, simple bed, prie-dieu and some devotional pictures on the whitewashed walls. At present they are occupied by seminarians and a few monks, as the order is suppressed and most of the community in other fields of labor. There are a sufficient number retained to take charge of the grand seminary and the preparatory college.

Some are priests who are in charge of the spiritual and intellectual training of the youths confided to their care. Others are lay brothers who have charge of various departments of this great community.

Before leaving we walked through the long row of arcades to the central court. It is called the Court of Paradise and it is in every sense worthy of the name. It was constructed by Bramante, the great Florentine architect, and is surrounded by a balustrade of marble, supported with pillars of colored granite, broken at intervals with graceful ornaments. The cornice was beautifully sculptured with insignias of the passion of our Blessed Lord and other emblems of religion. The royal stairway which leads down from the church through the arcades to atrium produces a most wonderful effect. The great court has a number of colossal statues representing St. Benedict, St. Scholastica, our Lord and some of the great benefactors. From this charming spot we took our last look at the valley below, and the grand scenery round about us. The view is one of the most beautiful I have ever seen. We left in time to take the evening train for Rome, with impressions that will never be forgotten. On our way we paused a moment to look at the ruins of the little way chapel where St. Scholastica spent an evening with her brother, St. Benedict, before she died. It brought to our minds the beautiful history of that meeting as told in the Church office and the sequel which says her spirit forty days afterward winged its way to heaven in the form of a dove. Our American poet, Longfellow, has put the tradition into beautiful verse. So did Moore, Byron and many others before him.

(To be continued.)



His First Case

By JAMES A. O'SHEA, Ph. D.

HE was seated in one of the large old fashioned dormer windows that was located upon the second floor of the College of St. Stanislaus, one of those rare old institutions that so appropriately and beautifully adorned the suburbs of the thriving city of Valley Lee.

Beneath him, in the valley from which the town received its name, lay a broad expanse of woods, into which a deeply inclined, though carefully graded path led; before him rose some tall, majestic locusts that towered far into the sky.

Through the branches fast becoming bare and their foliage changing to brownish yellow and sepia-like tints, could be discerned the sober, somber head lines of the community grave yard.

On the tomb-stones, within the enclosure just below the brow of the hill,—how immaculately white the latest ones looked, and how strangely decayed some of the oldest looked, in the autumnal sun,—were chiseled the names of many esteemed and worthy prelates, men who had been celebrated missionaries in their day, and men who had been great teachers and professors.

The moss now held silent sway as if in communion with the lichen and ferns. The road of gravel, silvery white, that wound away into and between the dark tree trunks, from the building in which he was sitting, seemed like a tiny ribbon of a soul that wound in and out of temporality.

The college farm to his left, rose teeming with the wheat, golden tipped, and shone with brilliant lustre in the late sun; the trees lazily nodded their heads, occasionally giving a leaf or two to the wind to frolic with.

John Stanton's gaze did not dwell upon these things, but going far beyond,

weighed and pondered over mightier and graver problems. The sylvan beauty did not appeal to him with its charms, however magnetic they might be, as he sat there in deep thought. Although the boys below him were playing what, from the great shouts, seemed to be a particularly interesting, as well as highly exciting game of handball, they did not appear to break in, or in any wise disturb, the chain of thoughts in which he was indulging.

Scarcely could he realize his position of loneliness in the world; scarcely could he comprehend his desolation.

How like a dream had seemed that night, just eight months ago when he was awakened by the good Father Prefect, by whom he was told to pack his dress suit case and start for home as his mother was very sick; how the taper of wax which the Prefect of Discipline held in his hand spluttered and flickered. He could recall it as if it happened yesterday.

In a haze of misapprehension and misgiving, with the kindly assistance of his good old southern room mate, he hurriedly gathered a few requisites into his packing case, and boarding a street car was soon whirled to the depot where he procured a Pullman and was soon on his way home "up in New York State."

On his arrival at home, his anxious query was met by a response from one of those rare ministering angels—a nurse—who seem to grasp every emergency and control it as if they looked for the same, "that his mother could hardly live out the night."

On entering the now quiet room, Mary Stanton's face showed intense relief, as she gazed upon her pride, the boy for whom she had sacrificed so much.

Ever had it been a favorite thought of her heart to see her son become a priest; of that she had not the slightest doubt. Was not this a very laudable wish to a Catholic mother? and yet just why she had selected this life for him she could not say. Not that he had ever shown any tendencies in that direction, not that she could divine what would occur, but, good old Catholic soul that she was, she felt that was the end.

How many nights had she remained awake in stormy weather, while the rain pattered down incessantly on the eaves of her room, and how many times had she in midsummer, when the sultry night was only disturbed by the shrill chirping of the cricket or the garrulous "Katy-did," thought of him as one of God's chosen ministers!

* * * * *

In the early days of the war of the Rebellion, Mary Stanton, (nee Cullen), then a remarkably handsome woman, of superb accomplishments, surprised her friends by joining the Red Cross Nurses, and labored among the soldiers, cheering many a bed of pain with her bright and happy face, smoothing many a pillow of torture.

When the war ended, Mary further strengthened her wide experience by a course in one of the training schools for nurses, affiliated with a leading hospital in a northern town, so that she might make her livelihood.

It was during her stay with a sick patient in this same northern town of the United States, that she first met John's father. The friendship of these two speedily culminated in a marriage. A couple of years or so after the marriage, Mr. Stanton began to give evidences of melancholia, and in one of these fits he killed himself. His death disclosed that his affairs were heavily embarrassed, and that his family was well nigh penniless.

Mary with her now three year old son started to work at her profession of nurs-

ing again, and keeping a watchful eye on John, managed to raise him carefully and attentively.

When he was fourteen, at the earnest solicitation of Father Casey, her confessor, she sent him to college, where, under the guidance of the good Catholic fathers, he attained much excellence in his studies, and a good reputation for honesty and uprightness.

During all this time he, boy-like, failed to recognize the difficulties under which his mother was laboring—failed to understand how she was depriving herself of well nigh even the bare necessities of life to keep him at school.

John was graduated with high honors, and his mother, despite her dearest wishes in the matter, was called out on a particularly violent case of typhoid fever, which precluded her from seeing her boy in his great happiness. He was in his post-graduate year when the message came for him to go home.

As he knelt at his mother's bed side, the slow ticking of the watch held by the nurse was the only sound to disturb the stillness of death which was fast approaching. Outside, the electric lights gave forth a dim, vapory light in the mist which was falling, but no ray penetrated the room in which this tragedy of life and death was being enacted.

As he crouched on his knees with his face close to that of his mother's, now pale and emaciated, with her hand in his, and her eyes growing dimmer and dimmer, he solemnly promised that if God wished him to become a priest of His, that he would do so. "His will, not mine, be done," was all he said.

A faint smile of touching sweetness crept over the face, the eyes closed and opened, the head sank lower and lower upon the frail breast, and just after Father Casey finished ministering to her spiritual wants, Mary Stanton's soul went before her Maker.

John's grief seemed endless, for only in death did he realize his mother's

great sacrifices. Preparations attendant upon the funeral and the settling up of the little affairs—for the poor woman left no estate—occupied him for a month or so.

At the end of this time, through the kindness of Father Casey, to whom he told his promise and his mother's wish, and to whom, if the truth were known, this was no news, he was allowed to return and finish his post-graduate course. It was in this year that our story opened, just two weeks before his vacation.

On his return home, Father Casey met him with a bright, "Hello, my son, I am glad to see you back."

"Thank you, Father."

"Well, what sort of a year have you just managed to pass through; judging from your face I should say that you had been studying rather hard, or are you worrying about something, my boy?"

"Rather slow the year seemed to me, Father. To tell you plainly, for I do so want to talk plainly with you, and want your good advice, I am in trouble. My mother's wish has annoyed me not a little, because—because—well—I—don't think that I can fulfil it. I don't believe that I am fitted for that path of life; I don't think that I am suited for the priesthood. The world offers too many allurements, you will say to me, but such I hasten to assure you, good Father, is not the case. I am afraid of myself, and what the future in Orders may bring. I feel that I should stay out and study law, instead of going into a religious house, for, as a priest I imagine that I should be very unhappy."

The dying autumnal sun sent its last rays through Father Casey's open window, and as the light streamed in, casting shadows on everything, his priedieu, his wardrobe, his desk, a troubled look came over Father Casey's countenance, and a few minutes passed away before the silence was broken.

"God's ways are not our ways; His

will be done, but why do you feel this way, my son?" was all he said.

"Father, it doesn't seem that I am acting rightly in the matter, for I don't feel satisfied that it is the path in life that I should pursue. I have given the matter much thought and deliberation, and I have struggled long and earnestly, but the result is the same, the way I feel explains all."

"None of us, my boy, are fitted for that service."

"I fear, Father, that I would make a mistake did I do this thing. After all, Father, I fear that I should be only obeying a mother's wish and not mine—obeying a mother's whim and not my own."

"Very well, my boy, you have evidently considered this step well. Upon you, and you alone, does the matter rest. No one else can help you unless it be God Himself and His Holy Mother. The choice must be made by you and the result you must abide by. I trust that these matters have all been weighed by you. I had wished to see you a minister of God, but if God wills otherwise, then may His will be done. Let us turn to Him for consolation, and He will help us."

The genial face of Father Casey seemed as if it shone. John said to himself, "My, what a good face," as he gazed at the light of extreme pleasure which was spread over the hitherto troubled countenance.

"Well, my boy, let us, you and I, see this matter to the end. The grim future still stands before us. Have you made any further plans in your studies? Be candid now, and let me know what you think that you will follow as a means of sustenance. I am willing to help you as far as lies within my power."

"Yes Father, I want to study law. I want to plead for the oppressed and down trodden, to assist the poor. But this I cannot do, for I fear that I have not the wherewithal to pursue this study.

I have already too far trespassed upon your kindness and goodness."

"Tush, my boy, we'll see and find a way. Come back to me after you see your aunt, with whom you, I believe, intend to spend your vacation, and I will arrange something for you, whereby you may accomplish this result."

"Thank you very much, Father. And you won't feel put out about this, will you?"

"Why no, my dear boy, why should I?"

"Thank you very much, Father. I am indeed indebted to you."

Father Casey sat long, very long it seemed to him, and yet how long he could not say, any way until the community dinner bell rang in upon him and broke his reverie.

He had seen this boy, his charge, in his dream, a white robed priest; he had heard him intone the "Introibo ad altare Dei;" he had seen him giving Communion here in his place, in his little church; all this had he seen and this was the end.

* * * * *

Vacation passed away and John returned from his aunt's place, looking big and strong.

"Take this letter to Father Reynolds," said Father Casey, after they had chatted a while, "when you go back to college and he will look out for you. He is a personal friend of mine, and has lately been installed as Rector of the college. I have written to him and he assures me that he will be very glad to welcome you back. You will be permitted to attend the law department of the school during the day; the law sessions being at night you will teach a class of little fellows who are just going through their elements. The work will not be very difficult I am led to think, and will give you the chance you are looking for. I know that you will take advantage of your opportunities and will study hard."

"Thank you again and again Father. I can not say how grateful I am. I do not know how I can ever repay you, who have been so good to me."

"Never mind, my boy, let us see you fairly well established in a good practice and I will feel that I am amply repaid. Let me hear you argue your first case, and then you will have satisfied me. Good bye now, and may God bless you."

As the train sped on through miles and miles of telegraph poles which seemed to rise and fall like so many giants—through the fields, now terrifying the too venturesome herds of cattle that had the temerity to approach the track—now the wonderment of the country boy on his first visit to the town with a load of hay, John could not help but think of how fortunate and how lucky he had been in having such a mentor as Father Casey. Wishing to repay his kindness and to show the appreciation in which he held Father Casey, he firmly resolved to do his best and study very hard, or in the parlance of the college slang, to "plug."

The panting locomotive drew into the small, old-fashioned, dingy, southern depot, from which John, after partaking of breakfast, soon emerged, and boarding a car saw the gray walls of his Alma Mater rise before him. The feelings that he experienced when he saw his mother of education can only be equalled by the student who has an Alma Mater.

Father Reynolds, a portly, old gentleman of the good southern type, the new rector of the college, greeted him most cordially and assigned him to a room in the building set apart for the post-graduate students.

The law school with its opening and his teaching, kept him engrossed the first month or so, during which time he was deeply immersed in his work.

After this time had passed away, a great spirit of unrest came over him. Something in his heart told him that he was not doing the right thing, not go-

ing the straight path, but he put down these thoughts with some kind of a subtle distinction that might have baffled the shrewdest lawyer. There was something there saying: "You belong to the Church for your mother in her last will and testament bequeathed you to that devisee."

Indeed to have such scruples and thoughts was enough to worry and annoy a man of ripe experience and great maturity, let alone a young person just, you might say, budding into manhood.

His chief source of consolation, however, was in writing to good Father Casey, from whom he received letters which cheered him up wonderfully.

Time passed and his work in the classroom as a teacher became dull and monotonous, and began to lose its charms and attractions for him. His Blackstone and Kent seemed very dry. What a strange, ceaseless jargon of words his Contracts and Criminal Law seemed? The lecturer seemed to pick his subject with particular attention to dryness, and as for his Cooley or Constitutional Limitations, the distinctions were entirely too heavy.

Truly did he endeavor to settle his mind, but it was unavailing, the result was a failure. He meant to be honest and sincere, but he could not, and instead of getting better as time wore on, he grew worse. At moments during the night he would wake up and find himself saying, "I can't, I can't; I wish I could, mother, but I just simply can't."

How long would this keep up, how long would he endure this state of things? So long as he kept his mind on the subject. Then he would try to turn his mind to other and different things. The end was the same.

No, there must be some way out of the difficulty. Is it not far better for me to remain out in the world with a sort of a vocation for the priesthood and its holy responsibilities, than to become a priest

without any at all? Yes, for I might do something desperate then.

* * * * *

Christmas was to be duly celebrated in the old college, a college bound up in many traditions; so many that they seemed a part of the old place, and certainly to the students' minds, the most attractive and the best of all these was that pious old one of saying midnight Mass to usher in the Christ Child with solemn feast.

The snow lay crisp and springy under foot and creaked and squeaked as one walked on it, in the college quadrangle. The air was clear, bracing and invigorating; the sky was lit up with the pale moon which seemed obscured in significance of the coming celebration.

Through the long, time-worn, merrory-hallowed and dimly lighted corridors, the "Venite Adoremus" might be heard, intoned by the pious Fathers as they went the rounds to waken their fellow brethren.

John started up when he heard the voices. He had dozed rather fitfully, as he wished to go to Mass and intended to receive, and in the heavy darkness of the night, the sound of the chanting came to him as from afar, and for the minute he could not exactly place it, but whatever it was it sounded to his ears as the sweetest music he had ever heard.

Hurriedly dressing himself, he sought his way across the "quad," past the crowd of local alumni who usually attend this function in a large body, and went into the chapel.

The evergreens smelled refreshingly sweet and the altar looked prettier to-night than he had ever seen it, as he took his allotted place and started to say a few prayers.

With solemn ritual, Mass was being said. The priest had just placed his hands over the chalice after the Sanctus, the choir had just started to chant the

Benedictus, when suddenly John experienced an indefinable excitation, a certain nervousness, a great strangeness and yet a perfect wonderment withal! He could not say just what it was; he could not explain it, but it was a better feeling than he had felt for many weeks.

As the Host was raised on high, during the elevation, he was far distant, far away, beyond all people around him, whom he felt were down in a valley, while he was beyond all earthly allurements. He was walking in another world, a perfect heaven, where there was a higher, sweeter, purer, nobler and grander atmosphere.

"Hic est enim Calix," he heard indistinctly, for at that moment a light of ineffable refulgence played round him and he saw his path, formerly clouded and dark, now pierced by the rays of light, and his hitherto confused and perturbed brain was clear. His path was mapped out for him, his life was laid be-

fore him. He felt God calling him: "Thy will be done," he murmured.

How deeply he appreciated the "Domine non sum dignus," he alone knew; how exalted he felt with the priest on Mount Tabor, when he received Holy Communion, he alone could tell.

Long he remained in the ivy-covered, ancestral chapel, thinking that his mother's wishes had come true, that her prayers had been answered, that he passed through the ordeal with flying colors, that her will, in which she gave him to God had been probated, and now in his meditation he could see that smile on her countenance, but now brighter and happier.

The following day he telegraphed Father Casey: "I leave for novitiate to-day. Pray for me. John Stanton."

"Thanks be to God," said Father Casey when, an hour afterwards, he opened the message. "He has won his first case."

A Cross of Honor

By MARY E. MANNIX

MARIE ANGELE DE FARDIEU, in religion Sister St. Charles, was dressing a cut in her arm, which, though slight, she would not have received had she not been, a few days before, ministering to wounded soldier after wounded soldier in the thickest of the fight upon a bloody field.

Suddenly she raised her head to listen, her maternal eyes alarmed. She had heard the sudden beating of drums, the blasts of trumpets, the tramping of soldiers' feet.

"What can be going on this morning?" she said to herself. "Nothing is amiss, I hope?"

Suddenly the door opened; the chief surgeon of the corps appearing on the threshold in full uniform.

"Ma soeur," he said respectfully, a smile in his eyes, "the general desires to speak to you."

She regarded him over her spectacles, a way she had when perplexed or surprised.

"What?" she replied. "Does he wish me to go to him—at once? You see I am dressing this little wound. May I not finish first?"

"Certainly; of course. But when you have done, Sister St. Charles."

She went on with her work, hurriedly now, yet thoroughly, replacing the bandage, putting away the ointments and antiseptics in their proper places, finally returning a few pins she did not need to the little cushion which hung at the side of her black apron. When every-

thing was accomplished she went out from the hospital to the parade ground to find the general, into whose presence she had been summoned. To her surprise the soldiers were drawn up in line, bayonets glistening, swords shining under the brilliant sunshine, the blue sky smiling above, in the distance birds singing in the trees. It seemed a gala holiday. As she made her appearance the roll of the drums began, the troops stood at attention, the general on horseback in full uniform advanced a step. The poor, little sister looked up and down the ranks and all about her, quite confused. The general dismounted, approached her, bowed low, and before she had the slightest idea of what was coming he had attached to her white guimpe the cross of the Legion of Honor, with its tiny red ribbon, not more scarlet than were now her burning cheeks. The drums sent forth a loud fanfare, and the band began to play a triumphant march. For a moment she stood motionless, her lips tremulous, her eyes blind with tears; then she unpinned the decoration from her breast and dropped it carelessly into the pocket of her apron.

"But, ma soeur," objected the general.

She looked up at him, kindly, gratefully, but with a determined expression in her eyes.

"This is my cross," she said, detaching the cross from her cincture and uplifting it in the sight of all, "I desire no other, I deserve none."

But suddenly her face changed. The chagrin and embarrassment which had been depicted on it gave way to an expression of joy, of eager anticipation.

"Tell me, mon General," she exclaimed, "Is it not true that the cross you have just given me carries with it an appropriation of 250 francs a year?"

"It is true—quite true," replied the general. At this answer smiles rippled all over her countenance, even though the tears she had repressed would be withheld no longer. As they streamed down her cheeks she fell upon her knees, and extending her arms towards the soldiers she cried out in an ecstasy of joy: "250 francs a year! Oh, I thank Thee, my God! 250 francs a year for my poor, sick men, for my convalescents." It was but a moment; the next she was running back to the hospital amid the cheers and plaudits of ten thousand men.

Brave Sister St. Charles! Thy name is legion, though not all are decorated with the cross of honor. But all bear it in their hearts, each and every one of the noble band, capable of the self-sacrifice and devotion of which heroes and great souls are made.

A Prayer for To-Day

By WILLIAM J. FISCHER

O Thou, farseeing One, mighty and great!
 Give us strong men in these dark, stormy days,
 While Lust and Greed their voices, grim, upraise
 To busy throngs that in life's market wait!
 Give us strong men, who snap their thumbs at fate;
 Men whose pure hearts with virtue are ablaze
 To do the good that lies in open ways,
 While Poverty stands beggar at Earth's gate!
 Give us strong men, with lofty, noble minds;
 Strong voices that resound above the din
 Of strife; white souls in which to sunshine in;
 Strong hearts, wherein glad Justice ever finds
 Bright dawns of hope and cloistered aisles, so grey,
 Where tired spirits love to tread for aye.



THE VESTAL TUCCIA.

From the original painting by HECTOR LEROUX, 1874
In the Corcoran Gallery of Art

The Corcoran Gallery of Art

By MARY LALOR MITCHELL

II.

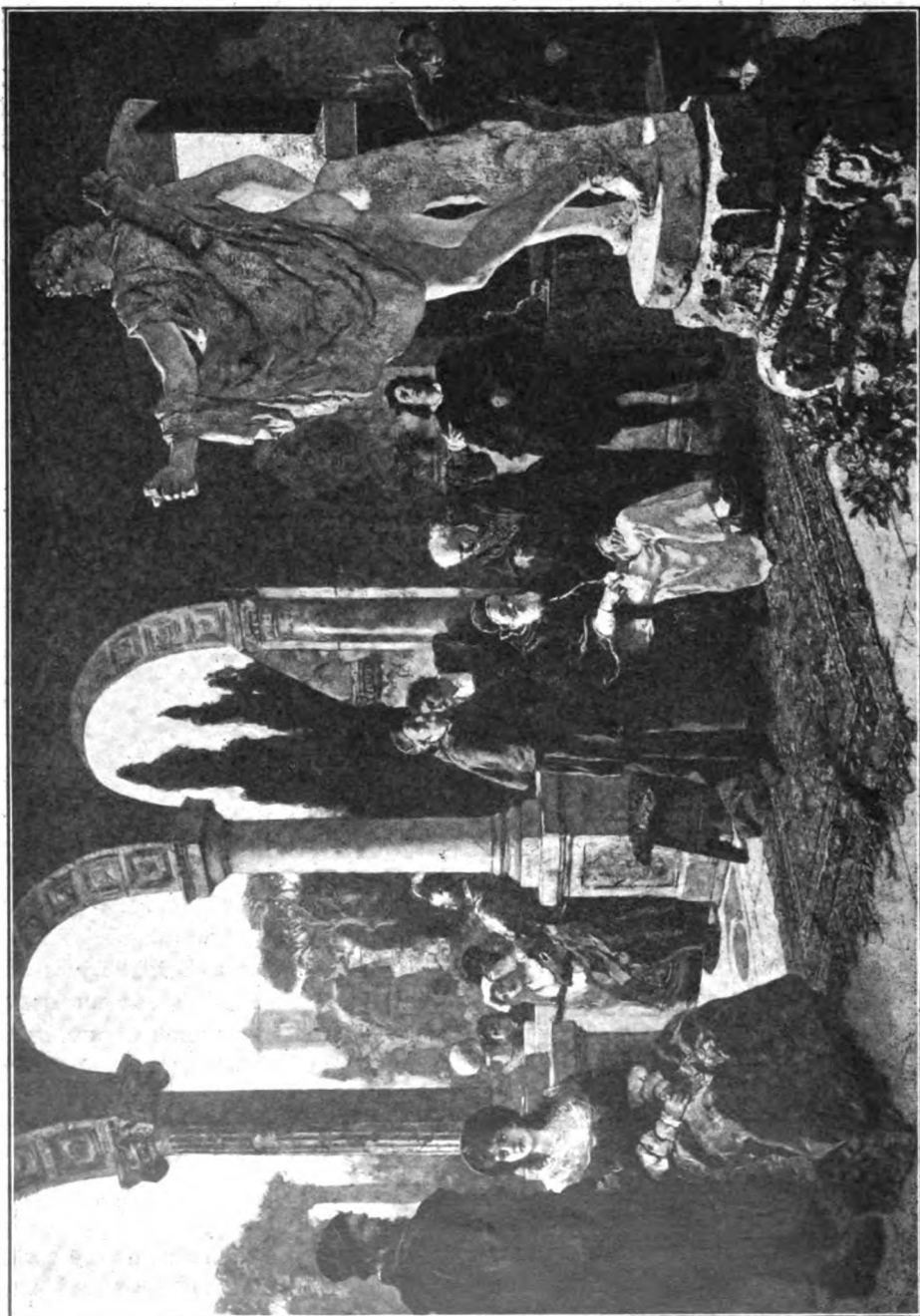
HAVING mounted the graceful staircase we arrive at the second story atrium, which is of the same proportions as the one beneath it. It is lighted by an immense skylight which is supported by thirty-eight fluted monolith columns of Indiana limestone.

This is a wonderfully quiet, peaceful spot whence to direct your steps into the various rooms on either side. In the center stands the statue of "The last days of Napoleon," referred to in our July number. The walls are tinted the rich Pompeian red, considered such an artistic background, and are destitute of pictures, save one, a loaned copy of Correggio's "Hagar in the Desert."

Two balustraded openings give a view into the lower floor, and, having studied the statues, casts and reliefs below, it is interesting to take the view of them from a different position.

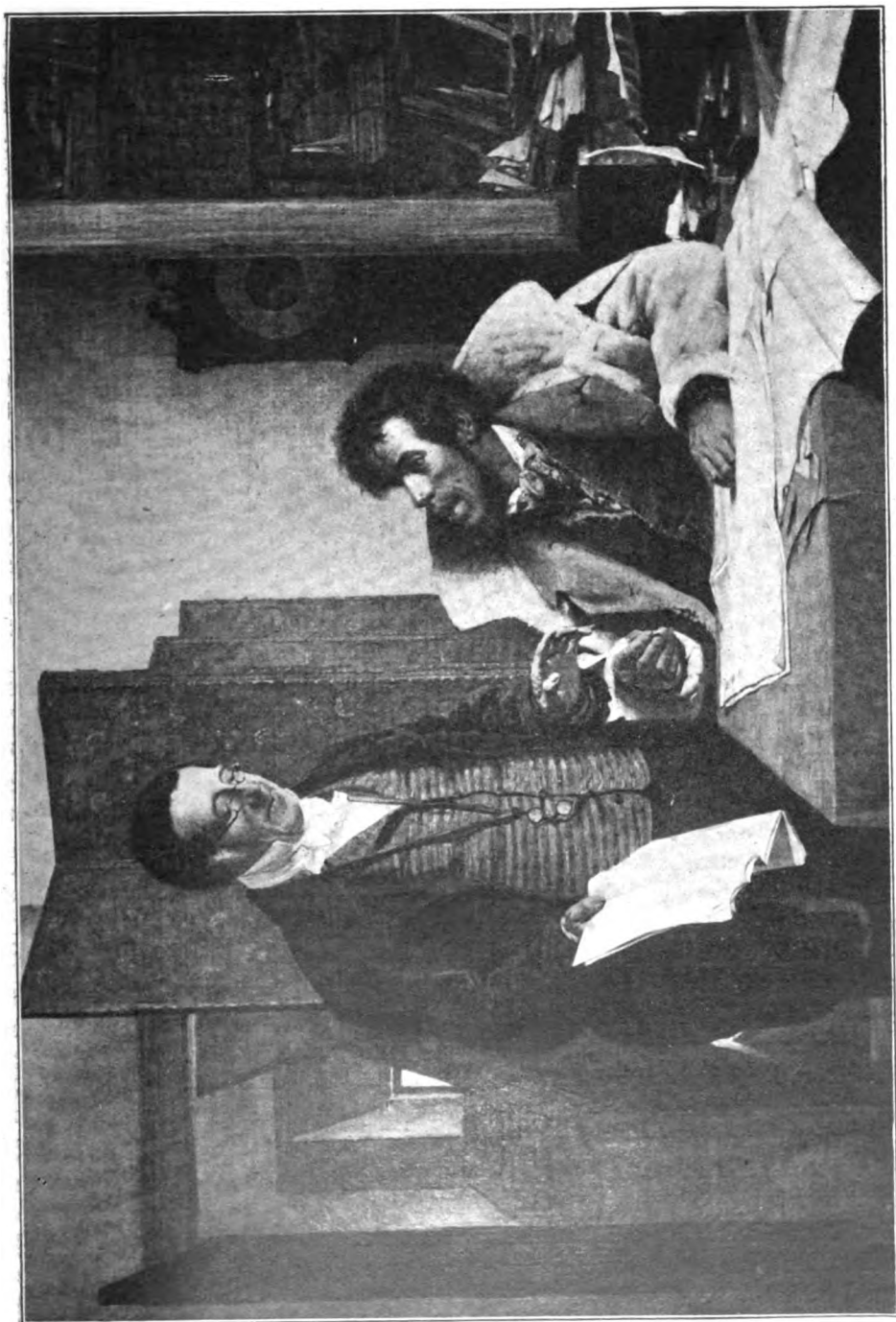
Evenings, this upper gallery is brilliantly lighted and affords an opportunity of studying human nature, as the visitors wander about, some intent on the art treasures and drinking in information or reviving memories of most of the subjects seen in different lands, while others evidently come to see and be seen.

On two or three occasions the gallery has been thrown open for social meetings, and, although presenting brilliant sights of beauty, intellect and patriotism, many felt a certain irreverence in allowing even so laudable an object as hospi-



POPE JULIUS II. AND HIS ARTIST FRIENDS VIEWING THE EXCAVATED APOLLO BELVEDERE.

PADDY'S MARK.



tality to make these graceful, serious halls a reception room rather than the sacred theater of art—a jealous conservator of its rights. The receptions held periodically of the school exhibitions, view of competitive work, etc., are, of course, something entirely different.

The first room to the right contains a richly colored painting by the Berlin artist, Carl Becker, painted in 1887. It is particularly interesting as preserving portraits of such historical characters as Pope Julius II., Raphael, Michel Angelo and Vittoria Colonna. In the foreground sits the venerable Pontiff surrounded by some ecclesiastics and the youthful Raphael, while in the background sits the beautiful Vittoria and at her side stands her great admirer, Michel Angelo, with his magnificent eyes fixed on the newly exhumed statue of the Apollo Belvedere, the study of which has brought the notable group together.

As if to remind one of the short distance between the sublime and the ridiculous, a close neighbor to this world-known party is a beautiful study of flowers by Oswald Achenbach, an artist of the Dusseldorf school, born in 1827. It seems out of its element; and yet, your steps are arrested by the touch of life which is always a true test of art. A vase of old Dutch pattern has been thrown down and its reflection, very well done, shows that it has stood on a mirror. A wealth of roses, from the bud to the full-blown tea, of pink-green hue, lies scattered around, and in the corner a stealthy feline is crouching in such terror that the observer is left in no doubt as to the criminal.

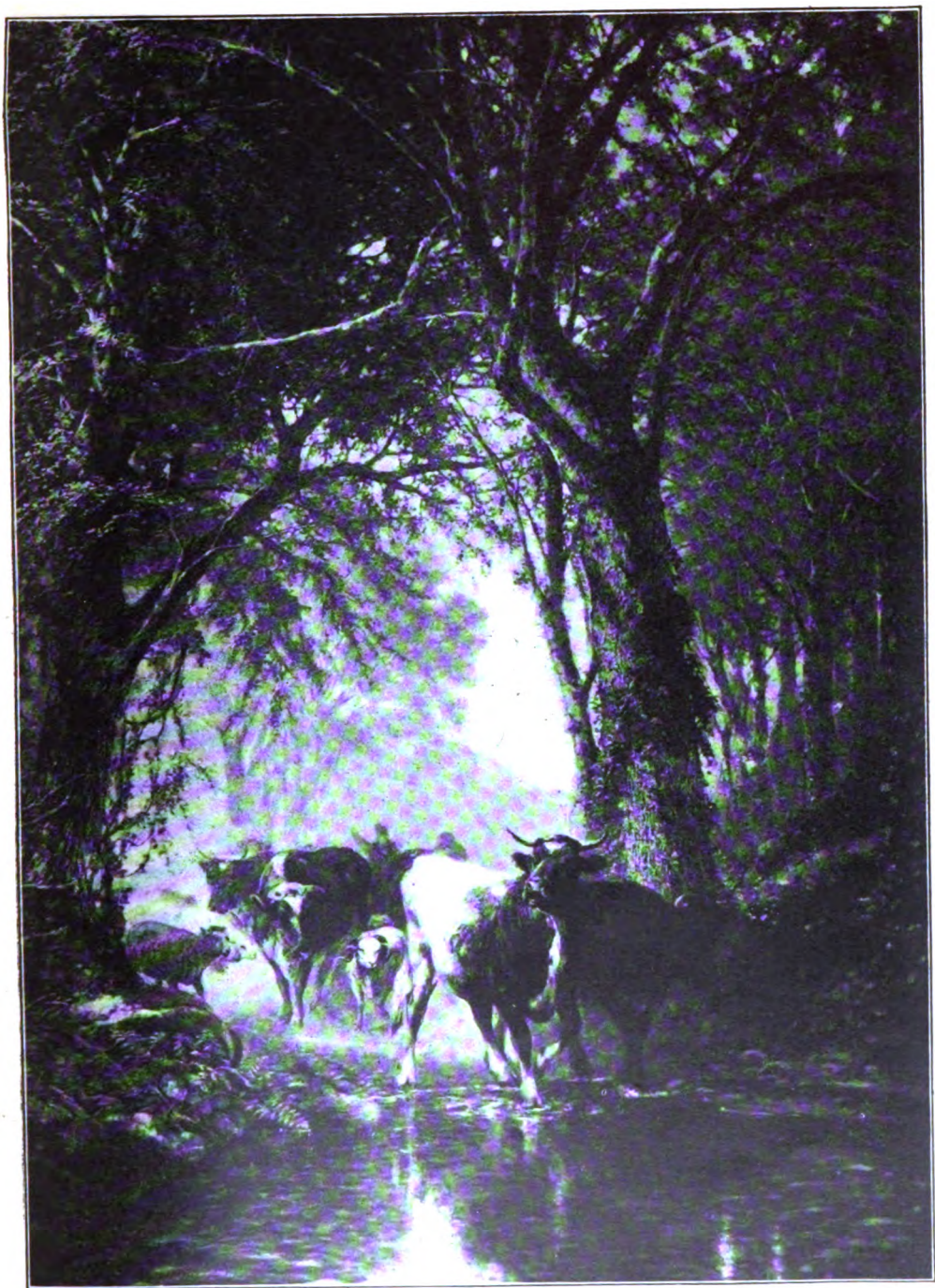
"The Drought in Egypt," by J. F. Portaels, a Belgium artist, took the special gold medal awarded at the exhibition of the Crystal Palace, London, "for the best picture, without regard to style, school or subject by a living artist." It

is a weird, distressing picture of woe, showing all stages of exhaustion; the scorching atmospheric effect putting one in touch with the subject. The high-priest stands sympathetic but powerless in the background while a frenzied woman stretches out her jewels as a votive offering. A young mother raises her child in the air to pacify heaven, while another strives to bring back to life her dead infant by offering it nature's nourishment.

Leon Gerome's "Dead Caesar" is a gruesome close to this small room's collection. If we approach this picture with dignified ideas of the great Roman drawing his imperial cloak around him we are disappointed, but, when we learn that this canvas is but a study for a more elaborate work we are fascinated by the skill of the master more noted for correct technique than sentiment. The vast empty hall is filled with horror and the over-turned chairs speaks of fate, while we are spell-bound by the bleeding victim of national necessity, personal jealousy, and base treachery. This is thought to be one of Gerome's three masterpieces—"The Gladiators," "Caesar Dead," "The Christian Martyrs"—all owned in the United States.

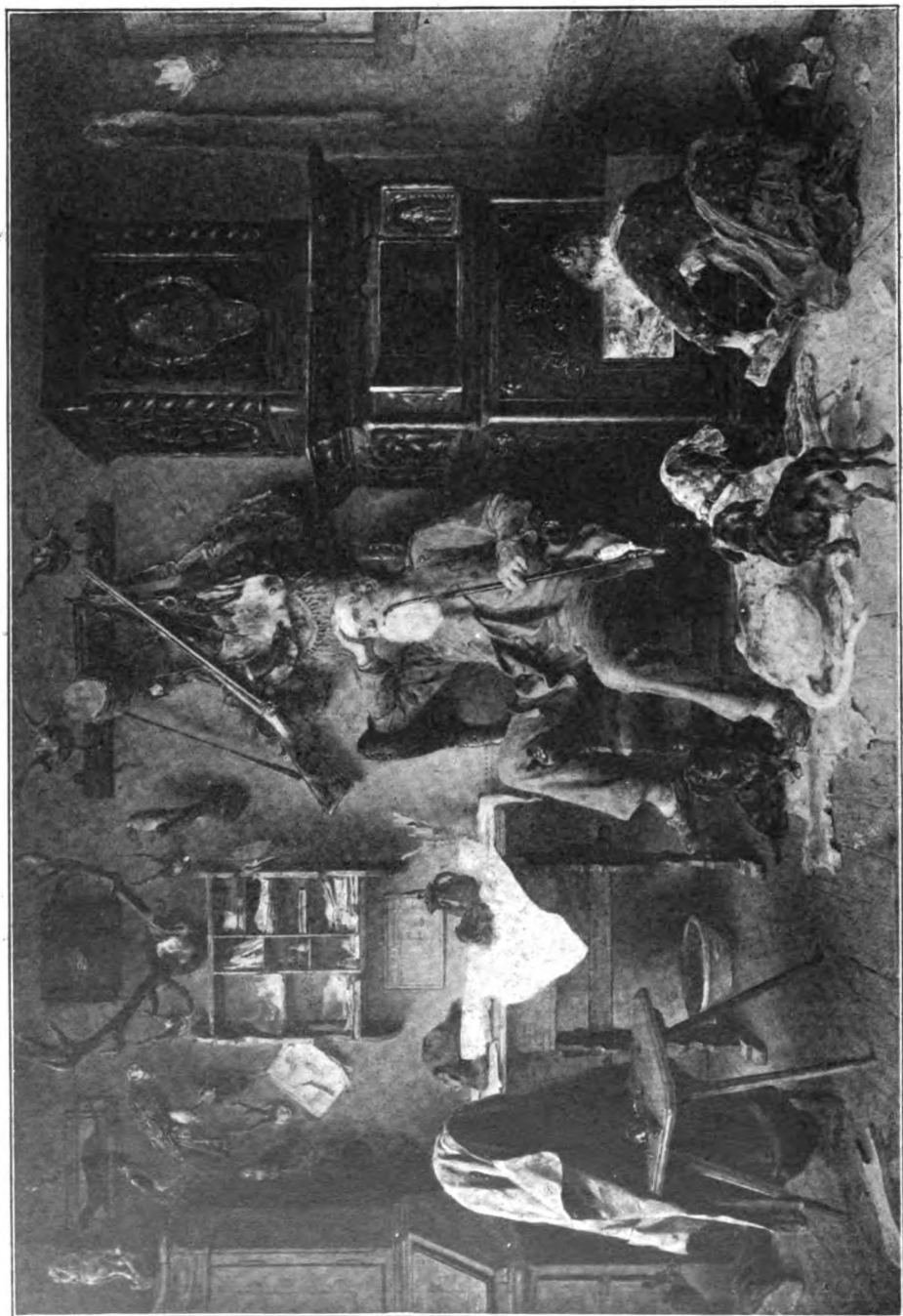
No half-tint illustration can do justice to the atmospheric effect of the after-glow coloring in the picture of "The Vestal Tuccia." It is wonderful, as she stands on the edge of the river holding aloft the sieve which is to justify or condemn her, whether we believe that she trusts most to miraculous interposition or the hinted use of chemicals to prevent the water dripping through; we all recognize the chronic gossips who are waiting on the door step in the background for the result. The combination of effects is strikingly Grecian.

In "Paddy's Mark" we wonder how the French artist could so enter into the



THE DROVE AT THE FORD.

From the original painting by JAMES McDOUGAL HART, 1874
In the Corcoran Gallery of Art



THE FORESTER AT HOME.

eminently Irish subject. It recalls the novels of Gerald Griffin and Banim. As one looks on the unsympathetic countenance of the landlord or the relentless agent, and on the half-protesting, half-trusting up-turned face of Paddy, one remembers how many, by their mark, have signed away their little all and been driven from their thatched home. Another genre piece, "The Helping Hand," by Emile Renouf, touches a sympathetic chord. The drawing and color are admirable and one readily sympathises with the old sailor as he proudly watches the mighty efforts of his baby grand-daughter, who evidently believes that she is indispensable.

The gallery has a wealth of landscapes from every clime and season. Among others, a particularly restful one, "The

Drove at the Fort," by James MacDougal Hart. No one who has ever visited Germany will fail to appreciate "The Forester's Home"—the tired hunter in his dark green dress, the instruments of chase grouped on the wall, the careful "hausfrau," whose face is lighted up by the open stove, the national "dachshund" with his distorted limbs. A lady once seeing one of these animals approaching exclaimed: "Oh, poor creature! All broken up!" She was amazed at being informed that it was the bluest blood of dogdom.

One is struck by the preponderance of foreign artists in the gallery. In our next we will enter "The Hall of Portraits," which will be more in touch with home production, in subject and artist.

(To be continued.)



THE HELPING HAND.

From the original painting by EMILE RENOUF, Paris, 1881
In the Corcoran Gallery of Art

Method of Electing a New Pope

By REV. GABRIEL HORN, O. P.

WITH every recurring rumor, sensational or otherwise, of the death or serious illness of the reigning Holy Father, Leo XIII., men's minds naturally revert to reflections and speculations on his probable successor. The Cardinals who make up the electoral college, and one of whom will in all likelihood be chosen candidate, undergo the closest scrutiny. The qualities, mental and physical, of each individual Cardinal, whether he happens to be regarded as Palpabile or not, are passed in searching review. His views on important questions connected with the government of the Church are considered, his liberal or conservative tendencies, his relations to nations, his claims to notice on the score of diplomacy—in a word, everything which in a worldly sense bears on the proper fulfillment of the exalted office of Supreme Pontiff is brought to light, and an effort is made to guess, on grounds of probability, who will be the next Pope. Not the least remarkable part of these worldly calculations is that the influence of the Holy Ghost is entirely excluded. It is like reckoning without the host. One tries to fathom the operation of the Holy Spirit by discountenancing His influence, and, generally speaking, only when the election is over and the newly-elected Pope announced are the proceedings regarded in their true and right light. We do not propose to make any predictions about the future incumbent of the chair of Peter. During the reign of the present Holy Father so many "Papabili" have died, favorite candidates of reckless prophets, that the office of predictor is a precarious one. We shall place before the reader briefly some of the details in connection with the assembly of the conclave for Papal elections.

The obsequies of the deceased Pontiff are celebrated for nine successive days in St. Peter's Basilica. Every morning a Pontifical requiem Mass, with appropriate prayers, is celebrated, the six Cardinal Bishops and three of the Cardinal priests in turn acting as celebrant. This ceremony or law of the nine days' obsequies seems to have been instituted for a twofold purpose—primarily to render due respect to the remains of one who had been enthroned in the highest position which it is given to man to occupy; that, namely, of Vicar of Christ on earth; secondarily, to afford ample time for Cardinals living at a distance to reach Rome for the election of a new Sovereign Pontiff.

On the tenth day the conclave begins. In the proper sense of the word, the first conclave that was held in 1276, in which Innocence V. was elected Pope. From very early times until the Pontificate of Nicholas II. the Popes were chosen by the united suffrages of the clergy, the people, and the Cardinals when they began to have a distinctive rank in the Church. Occasionally Emperors and Kings also took leading parts, some even going so far as to usurp to themselves the full right of appointment, and leaving to the Cardinals, clergy and people a consenting voice only. However, in the Lateran Council, celebrated under Nicholas II. in 1059, a first blow was struck at the long-standing privilege of the clergy and Roman people, and the important posts of the Cardinals, as assistants of the Holy See in the government of the Church, were elevated to their proper dignity. The decree of this Council reads: "The right to elect the Pontiff will belong in the first place to the Cardinal Bishops who enjoy the prerogatives of Metropolitans, then to the

Cardinal priests and deacons; then the clergy and people will give their consent, in such a way that the Cardinals will be the promoters, and the clergy and people their followers."

This decree, though it marks the beginning of the loss of influence in Pontifical elections on the part of the clergy and people, suffered some abuses, and in consequence did not have a lasting effect. Hence we find that in 1143 Innocent II. "had deprived the people of the right of participation in Pontifical elections, in which from very early times even to this day they had taken part."* Therefore, observes Pauvinio, Celestine II., who succeeded Innocent II., was the first Pope elected without the intervention of the people. But this long-established privilege was not relinquished without a protest from the people. They fled to arms and for a time succeeded in recovering their ancient claim. Evidence of this is gathered from the chronicles of Otto di Frisigna, who attests that Eugene III. in 1145 "was elected by the common vote of the clergy and people, and that in 1154 the clergy and people by joint proclamation enthroned Adrian IV."†

Soon after, however, the change was brought about permanently. In 1179 the third Lateran Council was held under Alexander III. Herein was promulgated a decree which says that "he should be recognized as the legitimate Pope to whom the votes of two-thirds of the electing Cardinals should fall." By this law the entire right of election was vested in the Cardinals alone, and, with but a single exception, has it been thus exercised ever since. The exception we note was in the election of Mar-

tin V., 1417. By special agreement six prelates each from Italy, Germany, France, Spain and England were admitted to join with the Cardinals in the choice of a Pope. The law of two-thirds has continued unvaried.

Although the burden and responsibility of Papal electors was now firmly placed on the shoulders of the Cardinals, the conclave, properly so called, did not yet have an existence in ecclesiastical law. Conclave means a council conducted under lock and key. It was reserved to Gregory X. to apply, by a law of the Church, the signification of this term, and, indeed, the term itself to the assembly of Cardinals in which a Sovereign Pontiff is elected. If perchance we read that, before Gregory's time, the Cardinal-electors occasionally carried on their council under lock and key, this was done either as a matter of expediency or through necessity, not by law. It was after the death of Clement IV., in 1268, that events so shaped themselves as to give rise to a code of very salutary regulations by means of which the proceedings of the conclave might be governed. This code formed the nucleus around which were gathered all succeeding rules and admonitions looking to the proper conduct of Pontifical elections.

Clement IV. died in Viterbo, where he had been sojourning with the Papal court. It was the custom to proceed to the election of a new Pope in the city where the late one had died, provided the papal court were assembled in the same city. In accordance with this custom the Cardinals met in the Episcopal Palace of Viterbo. Eighteen Cardinals made up the college for the election. At the very outset it was observed that discord would reign. It seemed impossible for them to come to any agreement, and month after month passed by without any result having been reached. The entreaties of the King of France availed not; nor did those of

* *Populum Pontificiorum jure comitiorum, cujus a primis temporibus ad eam usque diem particeps fuerat, spoliaverat.*—Sigonio de regno stel.

† Mentioned by Moroni.—*Dizionario di Erudizione Storico-ecclesiastica*, Vol. xxi, p. 212. See also Alphonsus Ciaconius, *O. P.—Vitae et Resgestae Pontificum Romanorum et S. R. E. Cardinatum*.

Charles I., King of Sicily. Both of these rulers had gone to Viterbo purposely to hasten the close of the long-delayed election. Macri relates that when sixteen months had glided by and the election still remained undecided, St. Bonaventure, then General of his Order, and stopping in Viterbo, induced the inhabitants to lock all the Cardinals in the Episcopal Palace, that thus constrained they might resolve to bring the election to a close. Discord, however, continued, and in consequence, the captain of the city of Viterbo, who held the office of custodian of the conclave, had recourse to another expedient. He ordered the roof of the Palace in which the Cardinals were enclosed to be removed, thereby exposing the inmates to the inclemency of the weather, and many other inconveniences.* This incident is confirmed by a diploma of the sacred college granting permission to one of the Cardinals to leave the council on account of sickness. The diploma is dated: "Given at Viterbo in the uncovered Palace of the Bishops of Viterbo, the sixth day before the Ides of June, 1270."†

These measures, supported by the persuasion of St. Bonaventure, were efficacious, and, at length, after a vacancy of two years, nine months and two days, till then the longest in the history of the Church, Gregory X. was elected. It was clear to everyone, and to none more so than to the newly-elected Pontiff that such a long interregnum could not but be attended by the greatest dangers to the Church. Therefore, in the fourteenth general council, celebrated at Lyons, 1274, the above mentioned code of laws was enacted to serve as a guide in all future elections of the head of the Church. The first law reads thus: "The

Pontiff being dead, the Cardinals shall await their absent brethren for ten days, after which, having for nine days celebrated the obsequies in the city where deceased resided with his curia, all shall be enclosed in the Palace where the Pope dwelt." From the enclosure provided for in this enactment, the conclave derives its distinctive significance. Though some of the laws in this code have been modified on certain points, and additions made, their spirit still prevails and has pervaded every succeeding regulation on this head. To-day the conclave is conducted on the lines of two constitutions‡ of Gregory XV., in which, however, the rules of Gregory X. are repeated. These constitutions have been formed into a ceremonial, a copy of which is handed to each Cardinal as he enters the conclave. The following ceremonies which attend the election of a Pope are gathered in the main from the above mentioned constitutions of Gregory XV., and are to be understood of an election which takes place in the Vatican Palace.

On the morning following the close of the obsequies of the late Pontiff the Cardinals assemble either in the Basilica of St. Peter or in another convenient place to assist at the Mass of the Holy Ghost celebrated by the Dean of the Sacred College. When Leo XIII. was elected this Mass was celebrated in the Sistine Chapel of the Vatican. At one time it was customary to proceed immediately to the work in hand. Now, however, after the Mass the Cardinals retire, each one to the cell prepared for him. At an appointed hour of the afternoon a signal is given and the Cardinals march in procession to the Sistine Chapel accompanied by the inspiring notes of the "Veni Creator Spiritus." At the close of this hymn, the Cardinal Dean, standing before the altar, sings the prayer, "Deus qui corda fidelium." Then the

* Macri quoted by Moroni op. cit., Vol. xv., p. 260.

† Dat. Viterbi in Palasio discooperto Episcopatus viterbiensis vi, Sdus Junii mclxx., Apostolica sede vacante. See Ciaconius, op. cit. additio Augustini Oldoini, S. J.

‡ "Aeterni Patrio Tilius," 15 Nov., 1621. "Decet Romanum Pontificem," 12 March, 1622.

voice of the master of ceremonies resounds through the chapel. "Exeunt omnes," he says, and all except the Cardinals leave. A duty now devolves upon the Cardinal Dean to make a short exhortation to the assembly. He speaks about the nature, the gravity and importance of the work for which they have been gathered together, and of each one's immense responsibilities in seeing that the work is well and conscientiously performed. He reads the Pontifical constitutions which must be observed in Papal elections, and each Cardinal in turn goes to the altar and solemnly swears to carry them out. Others also, who have offices to fill in connection with the conclave, are called in to take oath that they will be faithful in the discharge of their duties. Thus ends the first session and the Cardinals return to their respective cells. The formal enclosure follows, and all intercourse with the outer world, except in a case of the most urgent necessity, ceases.

Previous to the assembly every entrance but one which gave admittance to the apartments reserved for the conclave had been sealed up. At the formal enclosure this one is locked twice from within and twice from without. The marshal of the conclave is the custodian of the two keys with which the doors are externally locked; the Cardinal Camerlengo and the master of ceremonies take charge of the ones on the interior. Food and other necessary articles are passed in by means of what might be called turning-closets.

On the following morning the election begins. Three signals are given by the master of ceremonies, after the last of which he says in a loud voice: "In capellam, Domini,"—"To the chapel, my lords." In the chapel each Cardinal, according to his rank, arranges himself on the throne prepared for him, Mass is said, the prescribed prayers are recited, and they are ready for the election.

The election proper comprises three

periods called ante-scrutiny, scrutiny and post-scrutiny. On a table, in full view of everybody, the ballots are prepared. Cardinal scrutators are chosen; also deputies, if there be need for any, such as happens when one of the Cardinals is too ill to go through all the ceremonies in person. The Cardinal Dean casts the first vote. He goes to the ballot table, prepares his ballot, folds and seals it according to regulations. The next act is the first in the scrutiny period. Taking his ballot between the index finger and thumb, he raises it above his head and goes to the altar. There he genuflects and says a short prayer. Rising, he takes the following oath: "Testor Christum Dominum, qui me judicaturus est, me eligere, quem secundum Deum judico eligi debui, et quod idem in accessu præstabo."* He then places his ballot on the paten which covers the chalice, and from the paten drops it into the chalice. All this is done by each Cardinal in turn. In the case of illness of a Cardinal the deputies carry the chalice to him. When all have voted, one of the scrutators, after having shaken up the ballots, counts them into another chalice to see if their number corresponds to the number of Cardinal electors. If not, they are burned and another vote taken. If the numbers correspond, the publication of the names takes place, according to the following method: The first scrutator opens each ballot singly, reads the name of the candidate chosen thereon, and passes it to the second scrutator who does likewise. He in his turn hands it to the third scrutator, who reads the name aloud so that each Cardinal may mark the vote on the paper he has before him for this purpose. This done, the ballots are filed and the scrutiny period closes.

If from the publication of the names it should appear that two-thirds of the

* I call to witness Christ the Lord, who will judge me, that I elect him whom before God I judge ought to be elected, and that the same will hold good in the accession.

votes did not fall to any one candidate, the first act of the post-scrutiny is that known as "accession," by which each Cardinal may, if he wishes, yield his candidate for that of another who had been named in the balloting. The method of procedure is the same as that for the first balloting, except the taking of the oath, which was provided for in the first instance by the words: "et quod idem in accessu praestabo."

If, however, the first balloting results in the choice of a candidate by two-thirds majority, the votes are numbered, re-examined and burned.

The last act is the burning of the ballots, or the 'fumata,' as it is called. It announces to the anxiously waiting multitude in the Piazza of St. Peter that the first session has been brought to a close,

and the color of the smoke makes known further whether a new Pope has been elected or not. The ceremonial prescribes that in the event of a non-election, the ballots should be burned with wet straw, from which proceeds a black smoke; if, on the other hand, an election has resulted, the ballots alone are burned, and a white smoke curls from the chimney of the Sistine Chapel to proclaim in an indefinite way that there is a new Vicar of Christ on earth, a successor of St. Peter, a Bishop for the city of Rome, Capitol of Christendom, a Metropolitan for the Roman Province, a Primate for Italy, a Patriarch for the East, a common father for the extensive flock of the faithful and an infallible judge in matters of faith and morals for all Catholics.

TWO PORTRAITS

MARGARET A. RICHARD

*Up and down among the people,
Asking pity all the day,
Telling of his heavy burden,
And his sorrows on life's way,
Walked a man with wrinkled forehead,
And a cheek deep-lined with care,—
Up and down among the people,
Bearing sadness everywhere.*

*Up and down among the people,
Giving comfort as he went,
With the impress on his forehead
Of a sweet and true content,
Walked a man who had known sorrow,
But had put it deep away,—
Up and down among the people,
Bearing gladness all the day.*

Shakespeare and His Works

A Paper Read Before
"The Newman Reading Circle,"
Ottawa

By A. J. MacGILLIVRAY



AMONG the vast, accumulated variety of literary productions, Shakespeare's works continue to hold a place of preeminence. Each "heir of his invention" as it appeared from the mighty seat of his creative genius, must have been regarded, almost without exception, as a revelation by his contemporaries. Beginning at the foot of the ladder of fame he rapidly climbed to its topmost round with a facility that continues to win the admiration of posterity. Within the space of twenty years he earned the title of the greatest of English poets. "The Muses," said Francis Meres, "would speak with Shakespeare's fine filled phrase if they would speak English." The late Mr. John Fiske in an address on Milton said: "By common consent of educated mankind, three poets—Homer, Dante and Shakespeare—stand above all others."

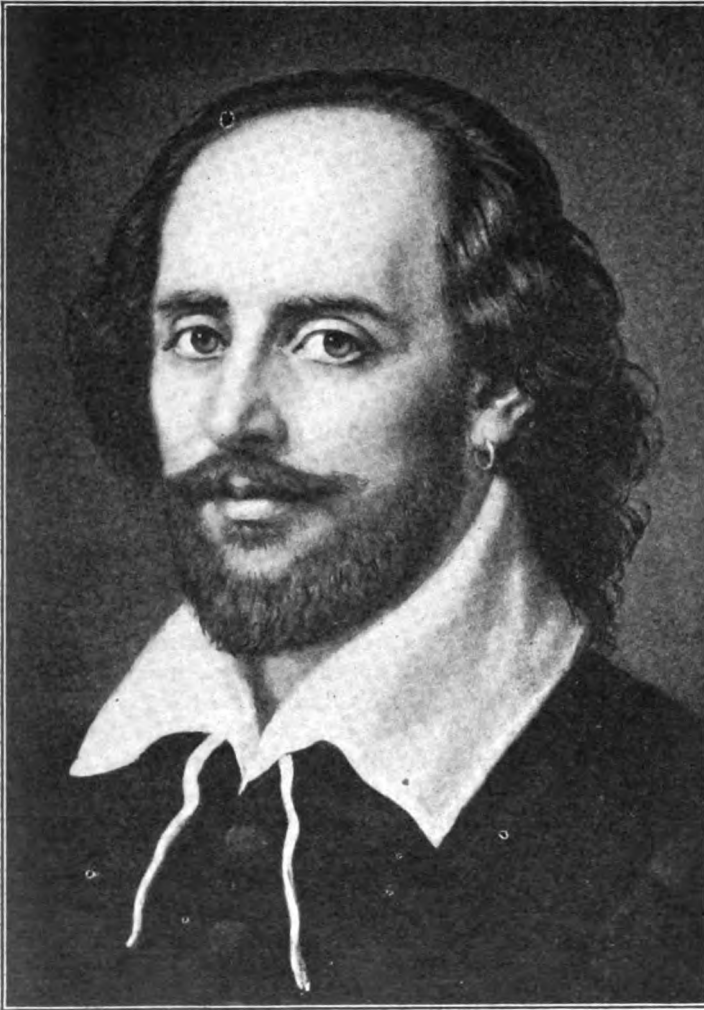
William Shakespeare was only about twenty-one years of age when he left his native place in 1585 for London, although it is difficult, if not impossible, to definitely fix the dates of most of the events in his career. While the date of his taking up his residence in London is given as 1585, the only certainty is that it could not be later than 1587. His first literary occupation in London was the revising and adapting of plays for the stage. There is a tradition indeed that he was, at the beginning of his career, not averse to earn a penny by holding the horses of gentlemen during their attendance at the theater, but this is quite unauthorized and is probably to

be accounted for by the tendency of the gaping crowd to invent exaggerations in connection with the lives of celebrated men. There is no doubt, however, that during his first few years in London he turned his time to good account in the employments which his talents found for him, while it has been said of a later period that "nothing is more characteristic of his genius than its incessant activity."

His career as a dramatist began in 1589-90, his earliest experiments including "Love's Labor Lost," "The Comedy of Errors," "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," the historical dramas of Henry VI., II. and III. parts, Richard II, Richard III, and the romantic tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet."

His first poem, "Venus and Adonis," which appeared in 1593, and to which he refers himself, as "the first heir of his invention," marks decisively the commencement of his career as a poet. The deaths of Thomas Greene and Marlowe, the two leading dramatists of the time, removed then the only rivals against which he had to contend. During the five years succeeding the publication of "Venus and Adonis," in 1593, he is said to have produced on an average two dramas a year. As to the dates of the appearance of many of these there is no certainty. As an actor and writer of plays he was connected with the new play house, the Globe Theater and Black Friars' Theater, such connection beginning in 1590.

Professor Baynes of St. Andrew's University says: "Shakespeare's active



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

dramatic career in London lasted about twenty years, and may be divided into three tolerably symmetrical periods. The first extends from the year 1587 to about 1593-94, the second from this date to the end of the century, the third from 1600 to about 1608, soon after which time Shakespeare ceased to write regularly for the stage, was less in London and more and more in Stratford. Some modern critics add to these a fourth period, including the few plays which from internal as well as external evidence must have been among the

poet's latest productions. As the exact dates of these plays are unknown this period may be taken to extend from 1608 to 1612. The three dramas produced during these years are, however, hardly entitled to be ranked as a separate period. They may rather be regarded as supplementary to the four series of dramas belonging to the third and greatest epoch of Shakespeare's productive power. To the first period belong Shakespeare's early tentative efforts in revising and partially re-writing plays produced by others that already had possession of the stage. The efforts are illustrated in the three parts of Henry VI., especially in the second and third parts, which bear decisive marks of Shakespeare's hand and were to a great extent re-

cast and re-written by him. It is clear from the internal evidence thus supplied, that Shakespeare was at first powerfully affected by "Marlowe's mighty line." This influence is so marked in the revised second and third parts of Henry VI. as to induce some critics to believe that Marlowe must have had a hand in the revision. These passages are, however, sufficiently explained by the fact of Marlowe's influence during the first period of Shakespeare's career.

Professor Baynes, further commenting

on these distinct periods says: "Whatever question may be raised with regard to the superiority of some of the plays belonging to the first period of Shakespeare's dramatic career, there can be no question at all as to any of the pieces belonging to the second period, which extends to the end of the century. During these years Shakespeare works as a master, having complete command over the materials and resources of the most mature and flexible dramatic art. To this stage, says Mr. Swineburne, 'belongs the special faculty of faultless, joyous, facile command of each faculty required of the presiding genius for service or for sport. It is in the middle period of his work that the language of Shakespeare is most limpid in its fullness, the style most pure, the thought most transparent through the close and luminous raiment of perfect expression.' This period includes the magnificent series of historical plays, Richard II., the two parts of Henry IV. and Henry V., and a double series of brilliant comedies. 'The Midsummer Night's Dream,' 'All's Well That Ends Well,' and the

'Merchant of Venice,' were produced before 1598, and during the next three years there appeared a still more complete and characteristic group, including 'Much Ado About Nothing,' 'As You Like It,' and 'Twelfth Night.'

"In the third period of Shakespeare's dramatic career, years had evidently brought enlarged vision, wider thoughts, and deeper experiences. While the old mastery of art remains, the works be-



BAPTISMAL FONT IN WHICH SHAKESPEARE WAS BAPTIZED.

longing to this period seem to bear traces of more intense moral struggles, larger and less joyous views of human life, more troubled, complex and profound conceptions and emotions. Comparatively few marks of the lightness and animation of the earlier works remain, but at the same time the dramas of this period display an unrivalled power of piercing the deepest mysteries and sounding the most tremendous and perplexing problems of human life and human destiny. To this period belong the four great tragedies: 'Hamlet,' 'Macbeth,' 'Othello,' 'Lear;' the three Roman plays, 'Coriolanus,' 'Julius Caesar,' 'Anthony and Cleopatra;' the two singular plays whose scene and personages are Greek, but whose action and meaning are wider and deeper than either Greek or Roman life—'Troilus and Cressida' and 'Timon of Athens;' and one comedy—'Measure for Measure,'—which is almost tragic in the depth and intensity of its characteristics and incidents. The four great tragedies represent the highest reach of Shakespeare's dramatic power, and they sufficiently illustrate the range and complexity of the deeper problems that now occupied his mind. 'Timon' and 'Measure for Measure,' however, exemplify the same tendency to brood with meditative intensity over the wrongs and miseries that afflict humanity. These works sufficiently prove that during this period Shakespeare gained a disturbing insight into the deeper evils of the world, arising from the darker passions such as treachery and revenge. But it is also clear that with the larger vision of a noble, well poised nature, he at the same time gained a fuller perception of the deeper springs of goodness in human nature, of the great virtues of invincible fidelity and unwearied love, and he evidently received not only consolation and calm, but new stimulus and power from the fuller realization of these virtues."

However well founded in the main these views of Professor Bayne may be, the critical reader will hesitate to agree with his assertion, speaking of the third period, that "the dramas of this period display an unrivalled power of piercing the deepest mysteries and sounding the most tremendous and perplexing problems of human life and human destiny."

"The Merchant of Venice," belonging to the third period of Professor Bayne's classification, is said by the English historian, John Richard Greene, to "mark the perfection of his development as a dramatist in the completeness of its stage effect, the ingenuity of its incidents, the ease of its movement, the poetical beauty of its higher passages, the reserve and self control with which its poetry is used, the conception and unfolding of character, and above all, the mastery with which character and event are grouped round the figure of Shylock." Continuing, Mr. Greene says: "But the poet's temper is still young. 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' is but a burst of gay laughter, and the laughter more tempered, yet full of a sweeter fascination, rings round us in 'As You Like It.' But in the melancholy and meditative 'Jacques' of the last drama we feel the touch of a new and graver mood; youth, so full and buoyant in the past till now, seems to have suddenly passed away."

Neither of these two authorities make any reference to the play of Henry VIII., and it is doubtful that it deserves any of the ardent laudations bestowed by them on some of Shakespeare's masterpieces. Spedding characterized it as weak and disappointing, the interest of the play utterly failing towards the end. In a brief criticism he concludes: "The singularity of Henry VIII., is, that while four-fifths of the play are occupied in matters which are to make us incapable of mirth—'Be sad, as we would make you,'—the remaining fifth is devoted to

joy and triumph and ends with universal festivity:

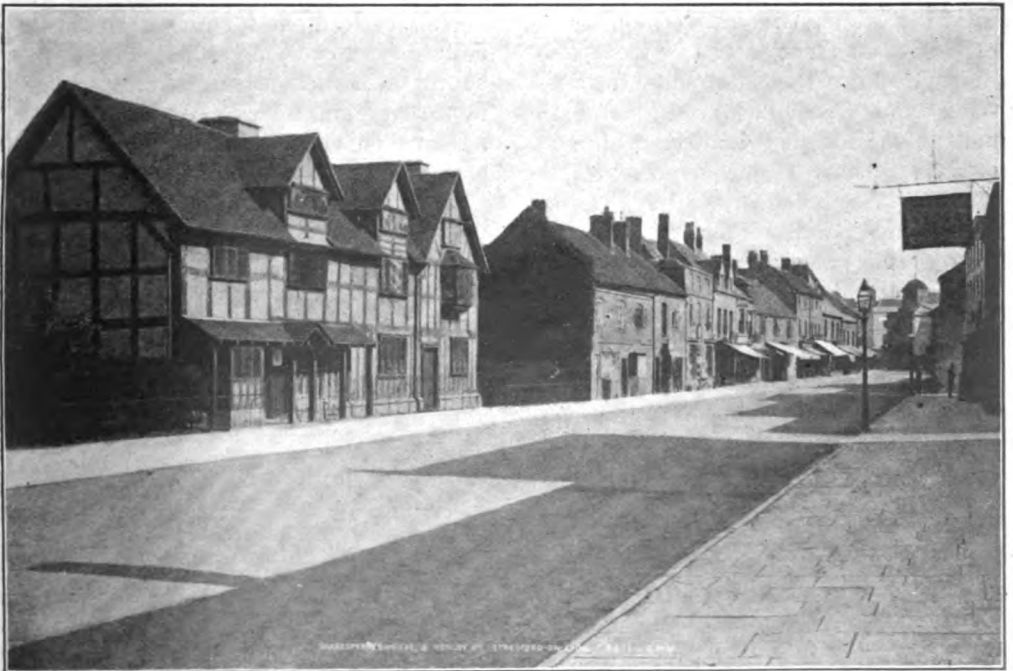
'This day no man thinks
Has business at his house; for all shall
stay:
This little one shall make it holiday.'

Mr. Spedding, in his study of the play, published in 1850, explains the weakness and want of unity or harmony in the play by reaching the conclusion that Shakespeare wrote "Act I, Sc. I, II.; Act II, Sc. III., IV.; Act. III, Sc. II. (to exit of the King); Act V, Sc. I., and Fletcher all the rest of the play (though, possibly, even a third hand can be detected.)"

An attempt has been made to prove that Massinger wrote the disputed part of the play, but Spedding's views are now generally accepted.

Hartberg describes the play of Henry VIII. as "a chronicle history with three and a half catastrophes, varied by a mar-

riage and a coronation pageant, ending abruptly with a child's baptism." It is evident from the part of the play admitted to have been written by Shakespeare, that his design was interfered with by others who had a controlling influence over the stage, and who were stimulated by entirely different purposes. Long before the play appeared, Shakespeare had not only ceased to be himself an actor, but had returned to his native Stratford. It is regarded by some as probably the "last heir" of the poet's invention, although "The Tempest" is entitled to that distinction with greater certainty. The play of Henry VIII. was acted as "a new play" on June 29, 1613, and resulted in the destruction by fire of the Globe Theater on that day. This catastrophe, which happened during the progress of the play, almost seems like an intervention of Providence against those who had evidently prevented the execution of Shakespeare's original de-



SHAKESPEARE'S HOME, AND HENLEY STREET, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.



ANN HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE, SHOTTERY.

sign for the play which would have given to the world a true conception of the profligacy of Henry VIII. The seriousness attaching to the characters of the King and Cardinal Wolsey, and the patient suffering of Catherine of Arragon, every inch a Queen, preserves the unity and sequence of the tragedy until despoiling hands interfere with its course and prevent its otherwise inevitable success.

A few facts out of the many that are usually cited by writers of Shakespeare's biography with such zealous industry, are quite relevant in considering his pre-eminence as a poet and dramatist.

Shakespeare's parents were of "gentle birth," a phrase which indicates ancestral distinction or renown. This distinction seems to have been acquired chiefly during the Wars of the Roses. Even the origin of the name Shakespeare might not unlikely be traced to warfare. Peaceful as his own life was, what other genius could better describe

the keen spirit of the combatant? The morally strong and amiable characteristics of Mary Arden, his mother, account, in some measure, for the poet's popularity and success. His attractive personality won for him hosts of friends and silenced the voice of the few envious rivals who in his early career had dared to measure their strength against him. His own words seem quite apt in describing him as a man :

"His life was gentle and the elements
So mixed in him that nature might stand
up
And say to all the world—This was a
man!"

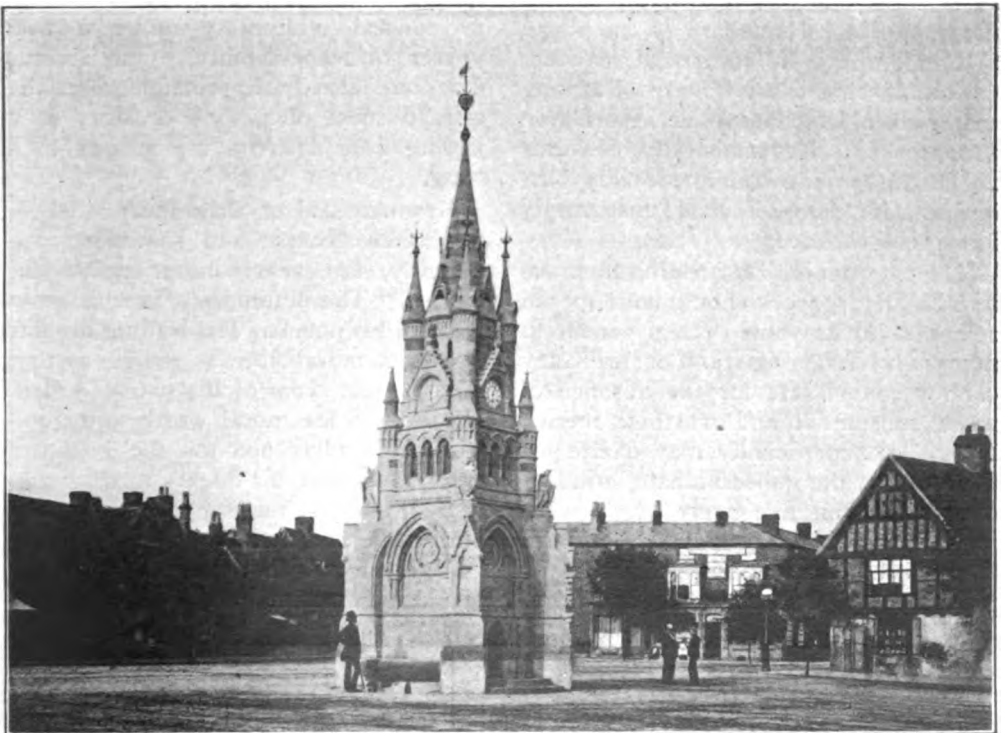
Professor Bayne in describing Shakespeare's native place says: "In Shakespeare's time Warwickshire was divided by the irregular line of the Avon into two unequal but well marked divisions, known respectively from their main characteristics as the wood land and the open country, or more technically, as the

districts of Arden and Feldon, the former including the thickly wooded region north of the Avon of which the celebrated forest of Arden was the center, and the latter the champaign country, the rich and fertile pasture lands between the Avon and the line of hills separating Warwick from the shires of Oxford and Northampton."

The Arden district stretched to the north of Stratford, as Bayne says, "in all its amplitude and variety of hill and dale, leafy covert and sunny glade, giant oaks and tangled thickets—the moor land stillness being broken at intervals not only by outcries and flutterings overhead, but by dappled herds sweeping across the open plains or twinkling in the shadowy bracken, as well as by scattered groups of timid conies feeding at matins and vespers on the tender shoots and sweet herbage of the forest side."

This will suffice to give an imaginary picture of the districts through which Shakespeare roved in his keen and intense boyhood, drinking in the natural beauties of the still and lordly forest of Arden or the flowery meads of Feldon, and thereby enriching and developing the mental pabulum that in after years distinguished him as England's greatest poet.

Warwickshire had been, before his time, the battlefield for the Wars of the Roses. From his youth his spirit must have breathed in the tales of human passions, ambition, revenge and cruelty, emphasized by the clash of arms preluding triumph and defeat. This fact may partly account for those grand masterpieces of his creative genius that, like mirrors, reveal the varying passions of mankind. It is also well known that he became familiar with the stage even



THE AMERICAN FOUNTAIN AND CLOCK TOWER, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

years before he left Stratford-upon-Avon.

It seems also well worth recalling the fact that for the first few years of his life in London he was employed in revising written plays, which labor was probably conducive to his great and rapid success as a dramatist. Such revision required thought, care, precision, a practical striving to attain the best method of expressing ideas, as well as profound study. This occupation doubtless afforded him a preliminary training that suggests his later efficiency as an original composer.

Nevertheless, the attraction of Shakespeare's works seems to be diminishing. The strenuous life of modern cities needs for the relaxation of jaded physical and mental energies, a lighter literature than Shakespeare's works. The growing preference for light, theatrical amusements of a kind that is lowering the literary and moral standard of the stage, is not flattering to the social or other conditions that cause it. An absorbing materialism, which leaves no leisure even for the rich, fosters mediocrity. It seems to be the prolific source for silly burlesques, for frivolous and unsparingly irreverent caricatures.

The true standard for testing the merits of a literary work should have special reference to its value or real benefit to mankind. Its fascination or brilliancy cannot compensate for the absence of more substantial and worthier merits. Its gilded superficiality may dazzle for the moment the indiscriminate, injudicious reader, but like many pagan writings, it may be more productive of harm than good. The world indeed, builds its pedestals to brilliant and successful

genius, however, erratic, but virtue immortalizes genius without a monument. Many writers pose as moralists, and seem to claim a monopoly of the truth. But the discriminative reader is apt to be shocked by their narrow and distorted views of man's most serious responsibilities, their grovelling and lax conceptions of duty, or their strange and offensive appreciation of matters of comparatively little or no concern. Not infrequently they make love condone, or even justify, nearly every offence, and they mix it up injudiciously with all sorts of crimes and horrors almost every time. If they are brilliant and clever what a poor account of their stewardship they give, wasting their genius in writing books and novels that should never be found in the family or any library, unless labelled poison, because of their pagan adulterations. Their brilliancy or fascination only makes them the more dangerous, although they burrow or attempt to conceal immorality under a thin veneer of respectability. One serious flaw, one false, basic principle, mars the attractiveness of a book or story as a jarring note destroys the melody of a song.

Newman said of Shakespeare that he was often "coarse and sometimes apparently, but never intentionally, immoral." The immodesty is chiefly in some of his poems. His leading dramas display a moral fibre as strong as that of the giant oaks of his native Arden. His esteem for moral worth and good name, his reverence for the beautiful and really great, his fidelity to truth and justice, and his realistic conceptions of human life and man's frailties, are crystallized in words that will live to the end of time's remotest hour.



By a Baby's Grace

By GRACE KEON

JIM PERCIVAL strode along the asphalt pavement, his hands in his pockets, and his derby hat pulled down low over his forehead—low enough to hide the scowling lines between his eyes.

It was Sunday morning. The last bell for High Mass had rung some time since, and the hush of the holy Sabbath hour rested on every inanimate thing like the benediction of a mighty power. The golden sunshine poured down its genial heat, and from the distant meadows came the faint, sweet smell of green, budding things, just realizing that winter is past, is gone, that spring is here—spring and the rejoicing time—a day to gladden the heart, the balmy air, the fresh fragrance of the morning, the glory of the blue sky, all combining to raise the soul to the Creator of the universe, to make it sing exultantly: "God lives, and is over all His people!"

It was some years since the thought of God had penetrated into the dim recesses of Jim Percival's hardened nature. Five years, at least, and five years is a long enough space of time for a human being to live without thinking, in good days or evil, of the Mighty Hand that sustains the world. Those who were acquainted with him considered him the black sheep of his family, and by his folly and recklessness he had well-earned the name. Perhaps because people did not know him really. Perhaps because the stern father did not understand the impetuous, daring, boyish nature with which he had to deal, or understanding, did not deal with it in the right way. For children, like flowers, must be

studied in the raising. And since God has decreed what way the plant shall bend and the flower bloom, what fruit it shall bear and what perfume it shall give, so, too, has He moulded its bend and bloom, its fruit and perfume, into every human soul.

There had been three brothers in the Percival family—George and Jim and William. The eldest was now a wealthy man—so wealthy and so respected and so proud of both that he would not deign to recognize the ne'er-do-well. He had married, had George Percival, as became his high position, and if he met, ever, his graceless brother—for the world is circumscribed after all, and even a city such as theirs limited as to space—he passed him with averted head and lowered eyes. It was not all out of contempt—their natures had never been in unison. And Jim Percival, too, sneered at the man who was kin to him, covertly and openly—sneered with the thorn of bitter anger rankling in his heart. For what mocks failure so inexcusably as proud success?

* * * * *

The youngest of the three, William Percival, had "gone home" long since. He had lived to carry out the purpose of his saintly life—he had lived to serve upon God's altar, to offer up the great Sacrifice with his own anointed hands ere he intoned his "Nunc Dimittis," and opened his pure eyes to the vision of a brighter land. The influence of this well-beloved one might have lifted the reckless black sheep's heart to better things. But with his death Jim Percival gave way to the dark despair that overwhelmed him, and, refusing to look be-

yond, the downward path was easy. He was no longer a young man. Not old—but old enough to follow out his own way, careless where it led. So do we fashion our middle age and its decline by the thoughts and habits of our youth!

Prosperity piling upon prosperity made the rich man harder and more captious, more strenuous in his demands upon a yielding world. He went up as Jim went down. His hold upon the interests of men increased as Jim's relaxed. Over and above the bitterness of feeling engendered in their youth by parental favor to the one and disfavor to the other, came the anger of him who has nothing against him who has everything. All evil grows by evil thinking, and the man who had learned his baby prayers beside that brother at his mother's knee, hated him now, fiercely, bitterly. Hated him for his success, for his wealth, his happiness, his good name. Hated him for his mockery of him, for the calm air of assurance that was his, for the dictatorial manner, and more than all, for the very expression on his face when he met him and passed him by.

When those who have not succeeded look into the depths of the future, seeing nothing but the long incline of a life whose pathway is darkened by the gloom of hopelessness, they are apt to seize upon the first object that presents itself and vent all blame, all spite upon it. That was Jim Percival's mood this morning. He had risen earlier than his wont, and wandered out to find, if possible, relief from the bitterness that overwhelmed him. The freshness of the air, the untouched beauty of the scenes through which he had just passed, the very reverence on the faces of the worshipers turning churchward, the sound of the bells, swinging, with musical tongues, on the perfumed air, the vivid

loveliness of the earth upon which he trod, the glory of the sky—each and all of these combined to sting him into a sort of mad reproach against his fellow-creature, against fate—yes, even against God. He would not blame himself—that is the sinner's way. And God seemed too much of an abstract power, while fate was a remote, impalpable thing—too remote and too impalpable to satisfy his direct reviling. But that living one was left—his brother. The brother who had not made a failure of his life—who had not made a failure of himself. And against him was directed now all the fierce hatred that throbbed within Jim Percival's veins.

* * * * *

"Please, 'ill oo 'ift me up?"

Jim started violently, and looked around him. Even he quailed a little when he noticed that he had paused outside the church door, and, in his absent-mindedness, stood gripping the iron balustrade that led into the vestibule. Now that he became conscious of things beyond himself he heard the organ peal and the sound of voices singing. He looked up at the gray building in a dazed way and his hands fell limply to his sides. There was an impatient tug at his coat again, however, and gazing down he saw a baby figure. She was frowning at him, as if impatient of delay, and her eyes were blue and fearless.

"Please 'ill oo 'ift me up?" she repeated, in her childish treble.

What heart can resist the appeal of infancy? Percival, looking at her with softening mood, felt a smile curving the corners of his mouth—for she presented, truly, a laughable aspect. She was dressed in a low-necked, sleeveless little silk gown, her feet were encased in soft, white slippers, and on her head was a big, flapping silk bonnet. Her own tiny

hands had attended to this last part of her toilet, evidently, for the hat was on upside down and the streamers that were intended to be tied in a graceful bow under the dimpled chin fluttered down her back. Patient fingers had twined the straight, fair hair into curl-papers, and two of these stuck out now, aggressively, above her temples. Yet so winning is the grace of babyhood that even these did not detract from the loveliness of the sweet face.

"Hello!" said Jim Percival, laughing shortly. "You're a pretty little thing! Where did you come from?"

"Me yunned away."

"Oh, you run away, did you?"

"Yes," she answered, chuckling triumphantly. "Me yunned away when Aunt Nonie went down stairs. Papa's in there and mamma, too," pointing with one little fat finger at the church door. "Me go now. P'ease 'ift me up?"

"Me must b'ess myse'f," she said, gravely. A light dawned on the man. Stooping, he took her in his arms, and her blue eyes danced. A fair, sweet baby she was, clean and wholesome, her plump little body nestled to him, and her soft, little hand curved about his neck in perfect trust. At the touch of both he felt, for the first time in his life, the pain of a heart that had never known the delight of a child's love.

He could have screamed aloud. Coming so soon upon the bitterness that had shaken his very soul, the fearlessness of the blue eyes smote him to the core. For they were so like, in purity and truth, the loving eyes long dead. Scarcely conscious of what he was doing he carried the child to the font inside the door. Gravely the baby fingers dipped into the holy water, gravely the little hand went from forehead to breast and to shoulders.

"Papa a'ways 'ifts me up," she said,

confidently. "Now, b'ess yourse'f, nice man, and come, too."

Jim Percival hesitated. A wild impulse prompted him to take to his heels. Afraid of a baby—how absurd! He put her down gently enough, but she kept her eyes upon him and he could not take his eyes away. The delicious frown of a moment since, appeared again between her brows. She took hold of his coat again and stamped her little foot.

"B'ess yourse'f, nice man, and come, too," she commanded once more, in tones that showed that she was used to being obeyed. He collapsed weakly, doing as she had bidden him and then, smiling, she reached up, clasping her little fingers around two of his, and, thus captive, led him in past the ushers at the door. The priest had finished the Kyrie, and the congregation were intent upon their prayers.

It was the first time in five years that Jim Percival had stood within a church of his faith.

What were his thoughts? Not even he could tell. A dull anger against the feeling that had prompted him to yield—a sort of reckless mockery of his good angel—an impulse of defiance: these were the principal threads running through a medley of tangled emotions.

The little child went calmly up the aisle—calmly and with steady step, the streamers of the topsy turvey bonnet floating behind her, her blue eyes fastened with baby awe upon the glittering altar. She had forgotten Jim, but Jim was following, a smile that would have been hard to read upon his face—a smile of bravado, of recklessness, not unmixed with misery. Suddenly there was a gasp of astonishment, of dismay. A slender, beautiful woman darted out of one of the pews, pounced upon the half-dressed little figure, and darted back again. Percival chuckled under his breath, and dropped into a seat just behind them. The woman's face was very

red; the man kneeling at her side bent over suddenly, with shaking shoulders. Surreptitiously the mother, for it was she, straightened the big silk cap to its rightful position, and hid the obtrusive curl-papers under its fluffy laces. Despite her surprise the corners of her mouth were quivering. The baby clasped her hands in imitation of those around her.

Jim Percival knelt, too, without much thought of what was going on. He stayed because that baby was in front of him, and because he wanted to see what became of her. He wanted her to look at him again with those brave, blue, innocent eyes—so like those eyes—those fearless eyes that had loved him.

Our brains are apt to play us many tricks, and sometimes sorry ones. True it was that Jim Percival did not follow the Mass. But his reckless gaze wandered from the baby's form to that of the priest upon the altar. His brother, who was dead, had stood there so often. Often had Jim Percival followed his movements. The priest turned—his face was young, even as Will's had been.

The pain at his heart grew more intense, and red flames seemed to dance before his sight. He had been a good man in those days, a good man, a good man! Why could he be blamed for going down—for sinking into the depths of sin—why the only creature he had ever cared for had been taken—and he left! Taken, and he left! He would have been worth something had that noble life been spared to the world and to him, who needed it so!

Well is it indeed that people cannot tell our inward thoughts by outward seeming. Those around Jim Percival perceived a somewhat good-looking man who, although his hands were not clasped, still was so absorbed in the movements of the priest as to preclude all suspicion of indevotion. He rose with the others, knelt when they did. They did not know that he was utterly

unconscious of any movement on his part—unconscious of the existence of a single human being in the church that day—unconscious of the sacrifice—unconscious of aught save that he was fighting the hardest battle of his life. There was a great preacher in the pulpit, but Jim Percival did not look at him, nor did he hear a single word. The soprano of the choir poured forth notes of liquid melody, but Jim Percival did not heed, nor was he stirred to admiration. He was calm, apathetic even—but inwardly devil and angel were struggling for his soul.

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"*Et vitam venturi saeculi.*" The priest rose and mounted the altar steps. "Amen," sang the bass; "Amen," came in like the tone of a bell from the soprano. There was silence. The priest went on with the Mass, and some of the people were kneeling, Jim Percival also. Then a low note came from the organ; another followed; a soft prelude was being played, over and over; delicately and faintly, like the breath of an exquisite flower the one beautiful motif rose and fell on the incense-perfumed air. Suddenly, but so swift and even its joining that no one detected when it united with the organ, a baritone voice took up the theme.

"*Ave Maria, gratia plena!*" it sings.

The voice smote upon Jim Percival's ears with the suddenness of an electric shock. It quivered through him. His eyes widened, with an expression very like horror. He made a wild clutch at the back of the pew, clinging to it with both shaking hands. That voice, great God in heaven, has the voice come back from the grave to him?

"*Benedicta tu, in mulieribus.*" ring out the wonderful tones, full of the awe the great words inspire, falling upon the flame in Jim Percival's straining heart, quenching that flame by the power of the glad delight that seems to fill them, starting the fountains of repentance,

bringing the salty tears to his burning eyes—

"Sancta Maria, Mater Dei, ora pro nobis!"

Oh, it is a prayer, a prayer of reverence, the singer's heart is in the hymn! And now, indeed, the tears are streaming down the prodigal's face. He puts up his hands and covers it, crying bitterly.

"Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us," he whispers in broken accents. "Pray for me—for me—for me."

As if in answer the last wonderful "Amen" floats down upon him, the eternal "so be it," and dies away on the throbbing air.

Jim Percival's angel has triumphed.

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In his emotion he had not noticed that the man before him turned quickly to look up at the organ loft when the singer's voice broke upon his listening ears. And as he did so, surprise upon his face, his gaze rested on Jim Percival's white countenance, his burning, unseeing eyes. Involuntarily he turned back to the altar—quickly that he might not be recognized.

Ah, but he could not get away from the magic of those tones—the magic that was working on Jim Percival's dead soul, and, by the power of God, bringing life—where had been naught but lifelessness. It carried him back, also, to the old, old days—to the happy days when "Father Will" had bound them all in friendlier, if not in more loving, ties. And the brother for whom he had so much contempt was kneeling now behind him! Yes, he was his brother—and Will had loved him. His worldly heart began to ache a little, for, after all, blood is strong in every one of us, and he, too, had been deeply attached to the young priest laid away under the grand monument he had been permitted to erect in memory of him. Five years! How long it seemed! He was considered a good church member, this suc-

cessful man; rather indifferent, perhaps, as some of our successful Catholics and Christians think they have a right to be, but his life came before him now almost accusingly and for one brief instant he looked back into the past, discarding the rosy-hued spectacles he donned to view his daily actions. He heard a sob behind him. A lump rose to his throat—Jim was crying. Jim was crying! He stirred restlessly. Great heavens, he wasn't going to cry, too! What was the matter with him? Jim had reason to cry, Jim, the good-for-naught, the reckless, the prodigal.

"He that is without sin, let him cast a stone."

What was it flashed these words across his brain? What was it brought that scene before his eyes? The clamoring throng, the trembling sinner, the grave, solemn eyes of the Sinless One who would not condemn. He shrank, appalled at his own audacity. Here, kneeling before the altar on which that Sinless One was present, with his gentle wife and his innocent baby so close to him, dare he arraign Jim, dare he, dare he? Was he then so blameless, so free from error?

He bent at the Elevation, and remained with hidden face, breathing his silent penitence into God's listening, pitying ears. The Mass ended; he did not stir. The congregation rose, filed out. Mrs. Percival, finishing her devotions, sat back in the pew, and drew her gloves on, slowly, waiting for him. But still he did not move, and she began to feel a little alarm. She touched him. He straightened up almost painfully, and looked at her.

"You are ill," she asked. "Oh, you are ill, dear!"

"No, not ill—just a little shaken," he returned. "Take Marion outside and wait. Nearly every one is gone now, and Jim is behind me—my brother, Alice, I want to speak to him."

A joyous expression swept across the woman's sweet face.

"Jim! And you will really speak to him—you will be—friends, perhaps? Oh, George!"

She rose quickly. There were tears in her eyes—tears of gladness. This reconciliation had been the desire of her heart, the burden of her prayers since her marriage to George Percival, for such enmity between kindred was horrible to her. Her lips moved silently as she passed on down the church, leaving her husband and his brother in God's hands.

They were almost alone now. George, rising, slipped into the seat beside the kneeling man. He stretched out his arm hesitatingly—then clasped it about his brother's shoulders. Jim Percival raised haggard eyes to his wet ones.

"Make room for me," he whispered, very humbly, for the spell of the hour was on this proud man's spirit and for the moment he stood clothed in a new flesh and a new soul. "Here, at Christ's feet, my brother Jim, make room for me in your heart. Forgive me, brother, forgive me—and for Will's sake, forget."

"You heard—"

"I heard also—his hymn, indeed, it seemed his very voice. It appealed to me as it appealed to you. It brought back the old, dead days, and by their memory I petition your forgiveness. Jim, he whom we both loved brought you and me here to-day for this. When he was with us we could refuse him nothing. Jim—"

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Mrs. Percival had administered a motherly reproof to her runaway baby, but she was too thankful that the child's guardian angel had led her into the church to be over-severe. She waited patiently, nor did her features show the anxiety that filled her. Above all things she had longed for this, for Alice Percival was a good woman, gentle of soul and tender of heart.

Her husband came out then, walking slowly, and moved toward her down the

church steps. His handsome face was paler than usual, but his eyes had lost in severity and gained in calmness. She noticed this at once—for she loved him—and was glad. Jim Percival followed rather diffidently. He had been through such an hour as the grace of God grants but rarely to a weak human being—and he would rather have been alone just then.

"My brother Jim," said the husband, gravely. "My brother Jim, Alice."

She raised her eyes to the prodigal's face, and there were tears in them. She gave him both her hands and he knew by that welcoming clasp that here was more than the greeting of a stranger. Quickly and heartily his fingers met around hers, and he smiled.

"I am so glad," she said, in her tender voice. "Oh, husband, I am so glad to know my brother Jim."

But there was a tug at his coat again and he glanced down into the blue eyes that, by the mercy of heaven, had been his saving.

"P'ease 'lift me up, nice man," she said.

"Our baby Marion," said George Percival, with a smile. "Our spoiled baby, too, Uncle Jim."

"Your baby, George?" He stooped as he spoke, and took her up to him. "Your baby?" He was surprised, indeed—but there was no room for comment or query on such a day as this. "Only for her I should not—"

He choked over the last words.

"I—I thought her eyes were so like Will's," he ended then, huskily. "I did not know—Lift you up, sweetheart? You have lifted up your Uncle Jim to something higher and nobler than he ever thought to be again. Kiss me, baby."

She put her innocent lips to his, and sealed with their pressure the new existence upon which Jim Percival was entering. He held her tightly, for his lonely heart had gone out to her. And thus they turned their faces toward home.

Cardinal Angelo Di Pietro

By GRACE V. CHRISTMAS

CARDINAL DI PIETRO," remarks a somewhat florid French writer, "reminds us of the Franciscan legend of the Holy Virgin coming to gather flowers upon the earth. She smiled at those she liked and the angels who accompanied her made them into bouquet, but she stooped herself to pluck a humble violet hiding itself beneath a tuft of grass."

Humility and a love of retirement appear to be the principal characteristics of this prince of the Church; he is by no means a conspicuous figure at functions, and is seldom, if ever, heard in the capacity of a public speaker. He hovers, as it were, in the remote background of the Sacred College, and yet, notwithstanding his talent for self-effacement, shall we say, perhaps on that very account, he is held in high esteem by one who possesses in a marked degree the gift of discrimination and discernment of spirits,—Leo XIII.

On the very rare occasions when Cardinal di Pietro pontificates at some solemn "festa," people to whom he is unknown, and who imagine him to be a stranger in the Eternal City, are invariably surprised to learn that on the contrary he is almost a Roman, having been born on the 26th of May, 1828, at Vicaro, a small village in the diocese of Tivoli. He pursued his studies for the priesthood in the seminary of his own diocese, merely going to Rome in order to take his degree in civil and canon law.

Shortly after his ordination his Bishop appointed him his Vicar General, which post he retained until 1866, when His Holiness, Pius IX. selected him as Co-adjutor to Cardinal Mattei for the diocese of Ostia and Vellebri, consecrating him for that purpose titular Bishop of



CARDINAL DI PIETRO.

Nicia. A year and a half later he was elevated to an Archbishopric and appointed Delegate to the Holy See in the Argentine Republic. In 1879 he went to Brazil, and in 1882 he was nominated Nuncio for Munich, where, in theatrical parlance, he found himself "cast" for a very difficult and delicate role. It was in

the year 1887 that Mgr. di Pietro was sent as Nuncio to Madrid as successor to Mgr. Rampolla, promoted to the Sacred College. There he remained, acquitting himself with his usual calm discretion, until he was summoned to Rome in 1893 to receive the red hat of a Cardinal, his titular church in the Eternal City being that dedicated to St. Alexis on the Arentine Hill. Very shortly afterwards His Holiness appointed him Prefect of the Congregation of Counsels, the announcement of which fact may be said to have caused a certain amount of heart-burnings and jealousy in ecclesiastical circles. It was remarked by some that the nomination of so re-

cently created a Cardinal to such a highly important office was contrary to tradition and old established customs; others, however, possessed of larger minds and a greater breadth of discrimination, were of the opinion that as usual the far-seeing Pontiff had chosen wisely and well.

Cardinal Angelo di Pietro is not amongst the number of those whose names are whispered as possible successors to the See of St. Peter; still, it is frequently the unexpected that happens, and it is not necessary to remind my readers that it is occasionally an "outsider" who arrives first at the winning post.

HOLLYHOCKS

LULU WHEDON MITCHELL

*The glory of the garden, rainbow hued,—
In gorgeous ranks they stand, high hollyhocks;
So tall, so stately, sweet Elizabeth,
Half hidden, moves along the winding walks.
Beloved of fluttering butterflies, and bees
Drowsily buzzing through the upright stalks,
Crimson, and gold, and white, with wavy streaks
Of brilliant dye the sunset scarcely mocks.*

*Silken and full, the crinkled petals frill,
Around a deep-set dew drop close enwreathed,
(As in the heart of radiant youth there dwells
Sometimes, a secret tear by love bequeathed.)
The south wind brings a message low and sweet,
They scarcely deign to bow their heads to hear—
Albeit the lady larks spur listens close,
And sweet peas, frankly curious, sway anear.*

*They seem like haughty, Orient princesses,
Aloof and strange beneath our northern skies,
Regarding even sweet Elizabeth,
With half distrustful, indolent surmise.
The chaplets of the noon they wear with pride,
But in the gathering dusk all alien stand—
Resentful of the thievish touch of night,
Upon the sun-gilt crowns that made them grand.*



TO OUR HOLY FATHER ST. DOMINIC

REV. FRANCIS A. GAFFNEY, O. P.

*Paraphrase of the antiphon sung in second Vespers of the Feast, August 14th, viz: "O
"O lumen Ecclesiae, Doctor Veritatis, Rosa Patientiae, Ebur Castitatis, Aquam Sapientiae
Propinasti Gratis, Praedicator Gratiae nos Junge Beatis."*

O mystic light of Holy Church, dispel
The dunnest clouds of envy and of hate.
'Gainst truth—to which thy soul is dedicate,
As teacher, errors rise, oh, swift repel!
The tumults of our passions dire e'er quell,
O blessed rose of patience. Consecrate
So highly is thy soul, O blessed fate!
It's iv'ry chastity ne'er aught befel.
Deep draughts didst thou from wisdom's sacred fount
Draw freely for thy weaklings. Gratitude
Profound we tender thee in earnest prayer;
Confirm our strength to scale the holy mount,
And with the saints to share beatitude,
O thou apostle blest of grace most rare!

Some Thoughts From Ozanam's Biography

By KATHERINE McANDREW

KATHLEEN O'MEARA has added an extremely interesting volume to the many readable "lives" of eminent Catholics of the past century. Agreeable hours may be spent perusing such a book, hours not wasted, because they pass leaving one's mind stored with rich thoughts of the man who did so much with the bright light of charity ever burning before him, urging him on to heroic deeds.

The book gives a clear and true portrayal of France in the middle of the nineteenth century, and the great need there was for just such saintly laymen as Ozanam and his fellow-workers. The darkest periods of history have produced noble characters who have aided in averting the wrath of the Almighty, either by their ready defence of justice and truth, or by the holiness of their lives. The author recalls to mind that despite the evil perpetrated there, it was once the home of St. Louis—yes, and though the country claimed as its own the men of genius who worked destruction to many souls by the very talents with which they were so richly endowed, bright days must come for that same country where so often God manifested His regard, where He saw fit to raise up a Joan of Arc, or in later times the saintly maid of Lourdes, the martyred Archbishop Afre, or the bands of anointed sons sent bearing the Gospel to the far east.

The great good that should have come out of the Revolution failed to make its appearance. The men at the head of public affairs were carried away by false ideas of liberty, ideas fostered by the

disciples of the atheistical schools; and when fathers and sons live without the strength of Divine teachings, it is a difficult matter to awaken them to their sense of duty—to make them work for reform in the right direction. Much is left undone, when work has a selfish aim. It was this that roused Ozanam to the sufferings of the poor of Paris. Though he disclaimed the honor of being the founder of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, preferring to have it known that it was a sort of company which originated the scheme, nevertheless all credit is due him as the organizer. What a contrast between the noble spirit of this union, and the praise loving spirit of the time!

The accounts quoted in the biography from his articles in the papers depicting the misery endured by dwellers of the tenements, would fill one with wonder, as he says, how such wretchedness "could exist in the most civilized city in the world." It did exist; not relying on what others said, he saw for himself in the abodes of the poor what suffering was crushed into their lives, and, thanks to his efforts, much distress was alleviated not only in Paris, but in other cities where conferences were established. His lament was, that he could help so little, but it was this small help that started the work accomplished by the society in all the years that have elapsed. With his little band of workers they did not escape the usual difficulties found in the pathway of all new enterprises. Though he may often have had gloomy forebodings, he never allowed his secret misgivings to depress the earnest endeavors of his coworkers.

He was honest in his beliefs, and his wish to do God's will at whatever sacrifice, may be witnessed in his constant striving to learn his vocation, when he had scarcely reached manhood. It was the cherished desire of Lacordaire to have his friend embrace the monastic life, but it was not to be, for Ozanam, after earnest prayer in seeking to know the will of Providence, found that his place was in the busy world among men. "To some who knew Frederic from his childhood, and witnessed his piety, and his enthusiasm for the silent, heroic life of the cloister, it was rather a surprise that he manifested no sign of a vocation in that direction; but this sympathy was, in truth, more ideal than practical."

His devotion to his wife and child was unsurpassed, and this devotedness was rewarded in turn by the care and affection lavished on him, particularly when stricken by the long illness which terminated his life. It was his one wish that he might be spared to complete the education of his little daughter, but towards the end, when peace and resignation filled his whole being, he committed all that dear work, without fear, to his wife.

One beautiful incident of the early Paris days is related in a letter to his mother. Processions of a religious nature were forbidden at that time in the city, so in company with a few others he set out to a small village. Here they followed the Blessed Sacrament in the procession of Corpus Christi, returning home in the morning, after a walk of many miles, dust-covered and tired. He makes light of the weariness felt, but the little incident savors somewhat of the deep piety of the early Christians.

Long letters are quoted in this delightful volume—letters written to friends still outside the Church. At the risk of losing their friendship or offending them, he says he must speak his thoughts and tell them that since darkness and doubts in his young days had

almost thrown him into despair, he must point out to them the only way they could reach happiness and peace. One who had suffered from doubt, as he did in his youth, could sympathize with others in searching for light. In one letter to Ampere he says: "Your studies have brought you into communication with many great Christians; you have seen many eminent men around you end their lives in the Christian religion; these examples invite you, but you are arrested by the difficulties of the faith. Dear and excellent friend, I have never discussed these difficulties with you, because you have infinitely more knowledge and intellect than I have. But let me tell you, nevertheless, there are but two things, religion and philosophy. Philosophy has its lights; it has known God, but it does not love Him; it has never called forth one of those tears of love that a Catholic sheds at the moment of Communion, whose incomparable sweetness is worth, in itself alone, the sacrifice of an entire life. If I, who am so weak and bad, have experienced this sweetness, what would it not be with you, whose nature is so elevated and whose heart is so good! You would find there that internal evidence before which every doubt vanishes. Faith is an act of virtue, consequently an act of the will. We must, once for all, will; we must give our soul to God, and then He gives us the fulness of light."

His last days were passed in the south of France, moving from one place to another in search of health. He was uncomplaining, leaving all in the hands of God, willing His will. Daily readings from the Scriptures, meditations on the Psalms—what a peaceful end to a busy life. Always wanting to do good, he found no fatigue too great to endure, if helping extend the St. Vincent de Paul Society, now grown beyond his fondest dreams. It was not a long life, but it was one filled with good deeds, and were he known only by the

work he began, his memory would be held in prayerful remembrance, but with this, the writings he left still further the cause of Catholicity.

We want more books like the one Miss O'Meara has given us—books that will educate the younger portion of society to the knowledge that much remains to be done in the life around them. The

great example of Catholic laymen did not go outside his own city in the beginning. We may not accomplish all he did, but no earnest efforts go unrewarded, and who will foretell the extent of the graces showered on us, as recompense for the charity towards the unbeliever, as well as towards the poor of the earth?

THE GAEL TO SAINT DOMINIC

P. J. COLEMAN

SAIN'T of the Rosary, to Ireland's heart
 With Patrick, Brigid and Columba dear,
 Though sword might pierce and persecution sear,
 Thy name, Beloved, eased its keenest smart.
 When error's hosts, inspired with fiendish art,
 Against her raged with proud, satanic spear,
 Beneath thine aegis nothing did she fear,
 But braved Hell's legions and their leader swart.

Yea, when her sons of priest and fane were reft
 And, tabernacl'd far in wood and cave,
 The Eucharistic Christ by law was bann'd,
 To Ireland still thy Rosary was left;
 For Mary's sake their lives her children gave
 And in their blood baptismal blessed the land.

The shrines our fathers builded thee of old
 Are mould'ring now in Irish mead and vale,
 Through ruined aisles the winds of Ireland wail,
 Where sleep thy sons in holy cloisters cold.
 But dearer far than sceptered power or gold,
 Is Mary still unto her loving Gael;
 And, Dominic! in their hearts thou dost prevail,
 With love of Ireland's children aureol'd!

Oh, in the last dread Judgment hour what throngs
 Of Gaelic dead shall bless thy sandaled sons
 Who brought them in their grief religion's balm!
 What tribes shall flock with proud exultant songs
 About thy feet! With jubilant orisons
 What hosts shall gather with the martyr's palm!

The Blind Musician

By MARY J. LUPTON

THE summer season at Trouville, France, was once more at its height. The formal opening of the Casino, in June, had declared to prospective visitors that the golden sands and dancing waves of Trouville awaited them. Already the beach and promenades swarmed with gay Parisians, escaped for the summer from the heat and hustle of their noisy capital. Crowds of young people walked to and fro on the pier, regardless of the scorching rays of the sun.

Yet there was one who moved among that worldly crowd who was not of it. Her face bore no signs of enjoyment, as she passed along the shore, leading her son gently by the arm. She was a widow and her son was blind.

Madame Ducroix, such was her name, passed unnoticed among the fashionable visitors at Trouville. She joined no merry house-parties in the evening where dull care was drowned in dissipation; but in the silence of her own room she prayed for grace and courage to bear patiently the cross with which Heaven had seen fit to afflict her.

After two short years of happy married life, her husband, Captain Ducroix, had fallen on the field of battle, about three weeks before the birth of his child. Heaven had spared him the affliction of finding that his son was born blind. It was on the unfortunate mother that the blow fell with almost fatal results. God had given her a double cross, but He had also given her the necessary grace to bear it, and she, good Christian that she was, corresponded with the grace. Prayer was her only consolation, and faith in the power and mercy of God, sustained her through the weary years that elapsed since her child was born.

Alfred was now fourteen years old and a boy of rare beauty. From his mother's

knee he had learned that God afflicts those whom He loves best, and never once did he murmur against the wisdom of heaven. From his infancy he had showed a wonderful love for music, and developed extraordinary talent in his very earliest years. His father's violin was his constant companion. To no master was he indebted for the compositions he so exquisitely rendered, but to the inspirations of his own soul.

One evening as he and his mother sat by the window of their humble apartment, it seemed to the poor widow that a change was coming over her boy. He was getting thoughtful and over-serious, and at times it appeared to her that he was conversing with invisible beings. Yet when she spoke to him he smiled and seemed happy.

"Come and sing to me, mother," he said. "I want to hear your voice," and he drew her chair close to his own.

From the window a glimpse could be had of the sea and strand. Echoes of merry voices reached them, but they were too rapt in one another to heed the laughing world without. She sang for him in her low, sweet voice, old melodies which she knew he liked. His beautiful sightless eyes were fixed on her. His soul drank in her every word. When at length she finished her song, he threw his arms about her neck, and wept for very joy.

"Oh, if I could but see your face, sweetest mother," he sobbed, "what would I not give? But then I have seen it in my dreams. It is the face of a Madonna, pure and beautiful, with eyes so full of tender love and lips that part in smiles. Yes, I have seen you in my dreams, sweet mother, over and over again. Only last night we met in dream-land, you and I.

"I thought I had been separated from

you. I wandered about aimlessly with no kind hand to guide my faltering steps. I sank on the roadside, and prayed. My helplessness distressed me. Suddenly sweet voices approached. A gentle hand raised me up and led me to a neighboring brook where that same hand bathed my weeping eyes, and lo! I could see. A mist seemed to have fallen from my eyes. The darkness of all these years was dispelled and I could look on God's great creation and on the face of His Blessed Mother.

"She led me then to a humble chapel where you, sweet mother, were kneeling in prayer. She gave me to you with a heavenly smile and then disappeared. I saw you, mother, I saw you! But, oh! it was only a dream.

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Professor Verdier and his little granddaughter were among the distinguished visitors at Trouville. Verdier was a well known director of one of the leading orchestras of Paris. But not for his music alone was he notorious. His open contempt for the Catholic religion had found its way into the French press, and his name was used indiscriminately by non-Catholic papers.

It was always a puzzle to his friends why Verdier tolerated his granddaughter's being educated at a Catholic convent. He did not tell the curious world that it was his daughter's dying wish that her little Madeleine should be entrusted to the Sacred Heart sisters.

In all justice to Professor Verdier, we must say he respected his daughter's last request, and Madeleine was allowed to remain at the convent as a boarder.

When the season opened at Trouville, and Madeleine had vacation, she and her grandfather took apartments in l'Hotel de France. One evening as they sat together on the beach Madeleine informed the old man that she had a great secret to impart to him.

"Is it some new story about the naughty little boy next door?"

"No, daddy, it is not about the boy next door; I don't play with him any more. He is not kind to other children, and I don't like him."

"Well, what is your secret, Mignonne?"

"It is about a poor little blind boy that I want you to come and see. He lives in the last house in Osborne Terrace. Won't you come, daddy?"

The old man's countenance fell, and he continued in a sterner tone: "Some charity you want me to practice! A blind boy, eh? Some unfortunate street urchin, I dare say, that you have picked up. It is not befitting a young lady of your rank, Madeleine, to be associating with street waifs and blind boys."

Tears gathered in the child's eyes, but she winked them away.

"He is not a waif, daddy. His mother leads him along the sands every day. He knows all the children's names who play with me. He calls me his little 'Sunshine' and makes me sing for him while he plays his music."

"His music, did you say? What music?"

"Why daddy, he plays the violin. Sometimes he makes it cry, and often tells me whole stories on his violin, and I can understand them, too, indeed I can!" she said, stroking his grey hair and looking straight into his eyes.

"You are a wonderful child, Madeleine. But tell me, where does this blind musician live? I really find myself taking an interest in him. If he has talent it must not be allowed to lie dormant. The world requires men of genius. Come, take me to the boy's home."

All trace of tears disappeared from the child's face and were replaced by the serenest of smiles.

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The visit to the widow's house was a pleasant surprise for both parties. It proved to be the beginning of a friendship which ripened as time went on. The professor was enraptured with

Alfred's playing, and offered to superintend the boy's future education.

"Such a pupil," he said, "is not found every day. And you tell, me, Madame, he has never received any musical instruction?"

"No, sir, never. It did not please Providence to place me in such a position that I could afford him an education. But God has always been good to me and I thank Him."

"You believe, then, in God?" he asked.

"Do I believe in Him, sir? He who has ever been my consolation and hope. My only Friend in this great wide world. Yes, I believe in Him; I love Him and praise Him."

"But did not He afflict you, Madame? Is not your son's misfortune an everlasting cross for you to bear? Is it thus your God shows His love?"

"Yes; the ways of God are wonderful," she answered, "and not for men to question. It was His will. Had my son been given his sight together with the wonderful talent for music which he possesses, he might have drifted away from his God. The glory and brilliancy of the world would doubtless have blinded his soul and eventually have led him astray."

"Like it has done to me," he said as though talking to himself. Then in a more interesting tone, he continued: "I have sometimes heard of miracles being wrought where all earthly skill was useless. Madeleine is a great believer in such things. Her head is turned with silly stories of wonderful cures worked by prayer. You tell me that you pray. Then why does not God work a miracle for you?"

"God has his own reasons for everything He does," she answered firmly. "If He sees that it is for my boy's good, He will yet hear my prayer. If not, then His holy will be done."

"I once was taught to pray," he said, "but that was many years ago. I con-

sidered it a great waste of valuable time and have long since discontinued the practice. It requires faith such as yours, Madame, to continue it a lifetime."

"Yes," she answered, "without my faith I would long since have succumbed to my misery. But my life has been a prayer for the realization of my hopes. I trust in the intercession of the Mother of God for my poor boy."

After this first visit, Madeleine had no difficulty in again bringing her grand father to her friend's house. He went unasked almost every day. A desire to make Alfred famous compelled him to leave nothing undone in his musical education. The boy advanced rapidly under the professor's careful instruction, and soon the effect of the master-hand, together with the child's naturally extraordinary talent, began to show itself. When the professor offered him a season's engagement with salary in his orchestra at Paris, Alfred's gratitude knew no bounds.

"I shall be of some assistance to you after all," he said to his mother; "my life shall not now be entirely useless."

He told the good news to Madeleine, who was overjoyed. She had always hated the idea of returning to Paris, as it meant a separation from her new-found friends, but now that Alfred was to get an engagement with her grandfather, they would surely meet sometimes. Alfred shared her delight and together they builded bright hopes for the future.

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The gay season at Trouville was fast drawing to a close. The southbound trains were daily filled with fashionable crowds returning once more to their busy capital ready for another year of care and toil. Professor Verdier and his little charge bade an affectionate farewell to the widow and her son, who would follow later.

They were gone. As Madame Ducroix turned to her son, she noticed that

he held something very close to his heart and that large tears fell from his sightless eyes.

"Do not weep, my son," she said sadly, "we shall meet them again."

"It is not of that, mother, that I am thinking. It is that I cannot see this parting gift which she slipped into my hand as we said good-bye. 'Take this, Alfred,' she said. 'It is the secret I told you of.' Open it mother, and tell me what it is."

As Madame Ducroix opened the envelope, two tiny slips of paper rolled on her lap. She could scarcely believe her eyes when she picked them up, and found them to be two return tickets for the pilgrimage to Lourdes, which was to leave Rouen the following day.

Drawing her son close to her, she imprinted a kiss on his handsome face and told him that the Mother of God had sent for him.

"She wants you to visit her at Lourdes, Alfred, and we shall leave tomorrow. Little Madeleine has furnished you with two return tickets."

"God bless her!" he whispered. "So that was her secret? Mother I feel that my dream is about to be realized."

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It was the last day of the pilgrimage at Lourdes. The beautiful church of the Rosary was too small to seat the thousands who flocked to early Mass, to witness the closing exercises. Alfred and his mother, never wavering in their faith, were there. They had managed to obtain a place in one of the side chapels where they knelt in prayer. Mass was over, but still they knelt on. Their souls were not satisfied. As the Blessed Sacrament passed them, carried in solemn procession, and the congregation left the church on its way to the grotto, Madame Ducroix rose to follow. But Alfred moved not. He still knelt on, bowed down in prayer. Suddenly he started up and was making his way to the sanctuary, when his mother, alarmed,

hastened to assist him; but he gently waved her aside.

Kneeling at the foot of the altar, looking straight at the tabernacle, his voice rose up in prayer—in such prayer as startled his mother's heart for she knew now that her boy could see! He was thanking heaven with raised eyes and outstretched arms, and begging that his eyes would ever lead him in the paths of right. Then turning to his mother, his strength failed him and he fell fainting upon her breast.

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News of the miracle soon spread through the country. Paris and Trouville were full of it, for of late, the blind musician had excited no small interest in both places. Professor Verdier remained no longer deaf to the cries of his own conscience. Before the return of the pilgrims to Paris, he had made public apology for his disgraceful mockeries of the Catholic faith, and received Alfred with open arms. Their joy was now complete.

A new life begun for each one of them. Madeleine finished her education with the Sacred Heart sisters and then brightened her grandfather's home with her presence.

She did not keep house for him very long however, for death claimed him when she was but seventeen. The parting was not so hard for the old man as it otherwise might have been, for he knew that she would not be alone in the world. She would have a faithful friend in good Madame Ducroix, from whom he had received many a silent lesson. And as for Alfred, he knew he was part of her life. With his blessing and a prayer for their welfare, Professor Verdier breathed his last.

Alfred and Madeleine were married the following year in the church of the Rosary at Lourdes, at the same altar where the former, as a humble pilgrim, had so miraculously received the light of day.

Our London Letter

By AUSTIN OATES, K. S. G.

The Late Cardinal Vaughan. The end came very peacefully, gently,

yet somewhat unexpectedly on the verge of midnight on Friday, June 19. He had expressed a wish that it might be so on the morning of that fateful day. It was the feast of the Sacred Heart, to which he had the truest, tenderest devotion. Those around him, including his medical attendants, did not think this wish would be realized, though His Eminence had sorely taxed his strength on the previous day in making his public profession of faith, and in speaking to the canons of his chapter and the assembled students of the college. Some few moments before his death, the Cardinal suggested to his devoted nurse, Mr. Young, that if he were not too tired he might say the Rosary for him. Barely had Mr. Young commenced, then His Eminence fell back. A priest, occupying an adjoining room, was hastily summoned, and just in time to receive the Cardinal's last breath and give him the last blessing.

His Requiem and Funeral. On the Sunday night the Cardinal's remains were conveyed by road to the new Westminster Cathedral. It was there that he wished the Requiem Mass should be sung. The lying in state began on the Monday morning and lasted until Wednesday, during the evening of which a solemn dirge was sung. Over 80,000 persons passed through the Cathedral doors to pay a last tribute of respect to the deceased prince of the Church. The requiem was sung on the Thursday morning in the presence of a vast concourse, in which the whole hierarchy, diocesan chapters, the religious orders, congregations, secular clergy and lay notabilities were represented. Prominent among the diplomatic corps

was Mr. Choate, the American Ambassador. The sermon was preached by Bishop Hedley, of the diocese of Newport, who had preached that of Cardinal Manning in 1892. In every sense it was well worthy of the momentous occasion. On the following day the body was again conveyed to St. Joseph's college and there in a spot known as Calvary the mortal remains of its founder and the much-loved, deeply respected chief representative of God's Church in this country were laid to rest in the presence of a few privileged relatives and friends.

Time Will Yet Do Justice to His Memory. The space at my disposal to-day absolutely prevents my entering into the many phases and features of the great and generous life brought to a peaceful and holy close on the night of June 19, 1903. Much has already been written of that life, of the eminent ecclesiastic who encompassed it, of those who benefited by it; but to the vast masses of those who watched and wondered over its marvellously active and fertile course it still remains an unknown life, in the true significance of its purport and influence. Time will yet do justice to the memory of Herbert Vaughan, Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

A Life of Well-nigh Fifty Years in the Priesthood. It will deal with a life of well nigh fifty years—forty-nine in the priesthood and thirty-one in the episcopate—wholly devoted and given up to the greater honor and glory of God, in the conversion of His heathen people, in the education of His children, in the rescuing from sin, sorrow and suffering His helpless and homeless little ones, in the promulgation and propagation of His word, in the chivalrous defence of His interests, in the raising of

churches, colleges, schools and institutions in His honor and service, in evoking and enlisting, fostering and spreading among all classes a love of charity, self-sacrifice, and personal service on behalf of those who stood in need of all these.

Unquenchable Apostolic Zeal. It will bring to light all these and other phases of a life of unquenchable apostolic love and zeal manifested daily during half a century in stirring, soul-lifting words, in generous and noble deeds. It will bring before us pictures of a priest and prelate whose one aim in life was to win, save and hold souls to the service of his Maker; of a priest and prelate who was ever planning, initiating, organizing fresh ways and means whereby and through which this aim could be attained. It will give a glimpse of the inner life of a prince of God's Church; of his humility, great retiring piety, strong and touching devotion to our Lady, St. Joseph, St. Peter and St. Charles Borromeo; of the warm and generous heart that beat beneath the episcopal cross, ever prompt to relieve suffering, to console the sorrowing, to cheer and encourage those who labored and were sorely burdened.

Evidences of His Zealous and Arduous Life. Of these the late Cardinal has left with us not a few. There is that of his very first work, the founding of the Society of St. Joseph's Foreign Missionaries, whose first field of labor was cast in Baltimore, U. S. A., and the building of St. Joseph's college, Mill Hill, London, N. W. Still in connection with this society there are the two colleges, one at Freshfield, near Liverpool, for young students destined for the foreign missions and another at Rosendaal in Holland. When Bishop of Salford he built the present episcopal residence and seminary, and later on the fine college of St. Bede at Alexandra Park, Manchester. His last great work in the

way of construction was the superb Westminster Cathedral, the interesting story of which has already been told to the readers of THE ROSARY MAGAZINE.

Still more fecund and fruitful were the schemes and organizations by which Cardinal Vaughan brought into prominence and activity the personal service of his laity. In his Children's Rescue Society of Salford, over two thousand men and women were actively and personally engaged in watching over and providing for the spiritual and temporal well being of the neglected, deserted and destitute children of his flock. In The Catholic Truth Society were enlisted the best writers, clerical and lay, and a membership of many hundreds keenly interested in the promulgation of the society's aims and object. He was the founder of The Church Libraries' Association, The Catholic Social Union, The Converts' Aid Society, The Catholic Prisoners' Aid Society, The Associations of Our Lady of Compassion for the Conversion of England, The Association of the Ladies of Charity, etc, etc.

His Sympathy In All Social Work. Nor were his charity, sympathy and support confined to those only of his flock. He was ever the first to take up all schemes having for their aim and object the brightening and bettering of the lives of the working and poorer classes and immeasurable were the committees and societies of which he was not only an honorary but active member, and profoundly practical too. He strenuously and ceaselessly advocated the causes of the better housing of the poor, open spaces, wholesome recreation for the masses, and other kindred objects and won from these he thus sought and succeeded in benefiting a life-long gratitude. Yes, time will yet do justice to the memory of the life of one who gave it wholly to his Maker in the cause of His Church, and those within and without the fold.

Confraternity of the Holy Rosary



EVEREND AND DEAR SIR:

I have received from the Dominican Master General faculties for imparting the Confraternity indulgences to beads. Do I also impart the Bridgetine indulgences when I use the Dominican blessing, or is that the privilege of Dominicans only? As this is a question of interest to many secular priests, I trust that you will answer it in the Magazine.

Sincerely yours in Christ,
F. A. K.

We regret our inability to give a definite answer to this query. The concession was made to the Dominicans by Pope Benedict XIII. who wished the faithful to retain the Rosary handed down by St. Dominic. When asked whether he wished this privilege to extend also to those not of the Dominican Order he is said to have answered negatively. Documents to this effect are retained among the archives of the Order. On the other hand a decree of the Sacred Congregation seems to affirm the opposite. In the Summary of Indulgences granted to the Living Rosary, 1877, the Congregation extends said concession to all priests who have received from the Dominican Master General faculties to bless beads.

THE ROSARY CONFRATERNITY IN THE NEW WORLD.

The year 1510 marked the date of establishment of probably the first Rosary Confraternity on the Western Hemisphere. At that time Spanish Dominicans were busily engaged in converting the natives of San Domingo, Hayti, Jamaica and Cuba, and in teaching them the Rosary. By 1526 the devotion of the Rosary had almost universally obtained in Mexico. Pope Gregory XIII., to reward the people of the City of Mexico for their great devotion granted them

a plenary indulgence, March 22, 1580. In Peru the devotion took growth as early as 1535, when Pizarro began at Lima the erection of a convent for the Dominicans. In the Rosary Chapel attached to this place St. Rose, first flower of the American Church, poured forth her childhood prayers to God and His Blessed Mother. Here were witnessed the many divine favors bestowed on the saint of Lima. At the death of the saint the rich Rosary statue shone with unwonted splendor and brilliancy.

At Bagota, in the chapel of the Church of the Holy Rosary, there was retained a miraculous statue of the Blessed Virgin. The people would gather here three times a day to recite the mysteries of the Rosary. Rich and poor, noble and lowly, vied in honoring Mary. The zeal and fervor of this simple people was a source of much joy to St. Louis Bertrand, who became their guide and pastor in 1586. At Chiniquira the feasts of Mary were public holidays and the civic officials led in the ecclesiastical celebration.

There was established in Santiago, in Chili, 1552, a Confraternity Church which was especially favored by God's protection. Frequent earthquakes that wrought the destruction of all else in the town left this Rosary Chapel unharmed. So signal a mark of Providence could not fail to cause a sincere and general devotion to the Rosary. Tradition tells us that every inhabitant of the town was a Rosarian and that at first approach of a storm all would fly thither for shelter and safety. Repeated persecution has failed to destroy either their deep piety or their love for the Rosary.

The history of Quito furnishes us with another proof of the antiquity and universality of the Rosary. From the inception of Dominican missionary work there in 1534 even to the present day the inhabitants have been uniformly

noted for zeal in promoting this devotion. Gracia Morena, President of the Ecuador Republic—who has been justly called “Father of his country”—was renowned no less for his labors in behalf of Catholicity and the Rosary, than for the efforts he expended to better his fatherland. It is said that he never allowed one day of a long and busy life to pass without reciting the fifteen mysteries.

Venezuela’s love for the Rosary has been set forth in a previous number.

Would that devotion to the Rosary were as common, as fervid as in those early days! It will be when we become as religious and as God-fearing as were those sturdy pioneers. Then no city or hamlet in our land shall be without its chapel to Mary and its Rosary Confraternity. When we cease to worship “Progress” and cultivate piety, then de-

votion to Mary will flourish, and the peace and happiness that was the portion of those noble Christians shall be numbered among our possessions.

INDULGENCES FOR AUGUST.

August 2—Usual indulgences for the first Sunday of the month.

August 15—Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin; plenary indulgence for assisting at a Rosary procession; plenary for visiting Rosary chapel after confession and communion and prayers for the Pope; a partial indulgence of ten years and 400 days for reciting five mysteries; for a second five mysteries, seven years and 280 days; for a second visit to the Rosary chapel and the recitation of five mysteries an indulgence of seven years and 280 days.

August 30—Usual indulgences for the last Sunday of the month.



For all the prayers which you may address to the Mother of God, the Rosary is most recommended. God made use of St. Dominic to make known and to spread this devotion. The whole Rosary is composed of one hundred and fifty Hail Marys. The saint fixed this number in order that Christians who could not say the Psalter of David, which is composed of the same number of psalms, might replace it by the recitation of the Rosary. The Holy Virgin herself revealed to him this devotion as a means of obtaining the conversion of the Albigenses. All the Catholics received it with extraordinary zeal; it became in a short time a religious mark which distinguished them from heretics, and it is for this reason that the enemies of the Church have always declaimed against it.

This hatred of the enemies of religion would of itself be a powerful motive to attach us to it; but we have still more powerful motives to bind us to it. All in the Rosary is worthy of our respect:

the Blessed Virgin is its object, and we cannot too often have recourse to her; the prayers which compose it are the Lord’s Prayer and the Angelic Salutation, the holiest and most perfect which we can address to heaven; the mysteries which it recalls are the most touching in our religion; the fruits of sanctity which it produces in souls are immense. Thus, men distinguished by their birth, their talents, and their virtues have made this pious exercise their delight, the Church has enriched it with treasures of grace, and Heaven has authorized it by numerous and striking miracles. What more can I say? The repetition of the Angelic Salutation makes it the prayer of humility; and does not humility always bring grace from heaven? The poor at the doors of the rich always repeat the same request; the Saviour, in the most touching circumstance of His mortal life, when He offered His desires and His Blood for the salvation of mankind, unceasingly renewed His prayer in the same terms, saying the self-same word. (Matt. xxvi. 44).



With the Editor



HIS HOLINESS LEO XIII. has passed to his reward. The Church is bowed with grief for she has lost a Pontiff, than whom there never was one more illustrious, more gifted or more loved. Indeed, the fact is probably without a precedent that from all quarters, irrespective of creed, there should come such glowing and sincere tributes to the genius and the virtues of Leo XIII. He was undoubtedly one of the greatest men of his time, or of any time, for that matter, and it is safe to say that the full measure of his greatness has not yet been appreciated. Over the Church of Christ he ruled in a way that was eloquent of her divine foundation and the unfailing assistance of the Holy

Spirit in the conduct of her affairs. He was truly the Vicar of Christ in all that the sublimity and dignity of the office comprehends. But apart from this, he has won for himself the plaudits of the world by the sheer power of his great intellect and the wonderful grasp of subjects that affect the entire human family. Add to this the irresistible charm of his personality, the unimpeachable purity of his life, the all-embracing charity which glorified his every act, and the wonder cannot be great that he should be enshrined in the affections of all. The world is better for his having lived in it, and to the history of the Papacy there has been added a chapter which will never be eclipsed.

It will probably not be necessary to remind the readers of THE ROSARY MAGAZINE, that on the fourth of this month we celebrate the feast of our holy father, St. Dominic. We take it that all of our readers are devout clients of Our Lady of the Rosary and surely nothing will be more pleasing to her than to find in them a tender regard for the memory of St. Dominic. It was through him that this matchless form of prayer was made known to the faithful, and by him and the members of his Order it has ever been spread and cultivated. The occasion for its revelation was the heresy of the Albigenses which was working such fearful havoc especially in France. The condition of this unhappy land today is not unlike that of the thirteenth century, when the earnest prayers of Saint Dominic were answered, and when the Rosary was given to him as the

means whereby the baneful heresy might be crushed out and the faith restored to the land which had been, at intervals at least, so conspicuous for its splendid devotion to the Church and her teaching.

Another invocation has recently been added to the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. By a decree of the Congregation of Rites, dated the 22d of April, 1903, it has been ordered that the invocation, "Mother of Good Counsel, pray for us," be inserted in the Litany immediately after the invocation, "Oh, Wonderful Mother, pray for us." By this decree the attention of the Christian world is directed to the shrine of Our Lady of Good Counsel, at Genazzano, Italy, where the well known miraculous picture of Our Lady has been exposed for veneration ever since the fifteenth century. Devotion to Our Lady of Good

Counsel has suffered no abatement; on the contrary it has been steadily growing, and doubtless, this the latest endorsement of it, will bring joy to all the

clients of Mary, and more especially to the countless thousands who when perplexed went to her for counsel and received all and more than they asked.

MAGAZINES

The July Century—the midsummer fiction number—contains besides the continuation of Richard Whiteing's "The Yellow Van," nine other stories complete. Herman Klein's fourth paper on "Modern Musical Celebrities" traces the growth in popularity and success of German opera both in England and in this country during the seasons from '89 to '96. It has to do principally with the first appearances of the de Reszkes in Wagnerian opera, and, like the previous papers, abounds in delightful anecdotes and reminiscences of the greatest recent musical artists. "Unpublished Letters, by Sir Walter Scott," edited by Horace J. Hutchinson, presents parts of an exceedingly interesting correspondence that took place between the great novelist and his friend, Mrs. Hughes of Effingham during the years 1808-1831. Introductory to this, the first paper, on "Recollections of Mrs. Hughes," by her surviving grandson, W. A. Hughes of Milton, Mass. The article is illustrated with interesting portraits and fac-similes. "Who Was Hammurati?" by Dr. Wm. H. Ward, is a study of the monarch that gives his name to the stone monument recently unearthed at Susa by De Morgan. The stele of Hammurati, says the writer, "is beyond all doubt the most important document for the history of civilization that has been discovered in many years. It carries back the history of law for a thousand years or more." Hammurati, he says, was the founder of Babylon and a contemporary of Abraham. Dr. Ward praises Pere Scheil, O. P., the great Assyriologist, for the magnificent volume in which he gave to the world the text and translation of this inscription.

Margaret Bisland contributes to the July North American a paper, "The Curse of Eve," that will be received with little favor in certain quarters. The tenor of the article is that education of woman beyond a certain point is baneful and reprehensible. The writer reviews the positions which woman has occupied at various stages in the world's history and shows the corresponding influence on society. When Rome was in its zenith woman was only moderately educated; when she was on the verge of ruin, when her society had become corrupt and dissolute, woman had become so educated as her brother. The example of the Divine Maternity was needed to recall woman to her proper and noble dignity. The writer then moralizes on the present condition of woman and predicts a gloomy future for this country if present conditions continue. Charles Johnston gives a brief resume of Servian history up to the time of the late assassination. It reads like the narrative of a Kentucky feud. J. N. Leger takes exception to the characterization of Hayti as "a byword among the nations," expressed in a recent issue, and shows that since the acquirement of its autonomy Hayti has made fair progress.

The Review of Reviews for July devotes three of its leading articles to African affairs. In "Leopold, Emperor of the Congo," W. T. Stead accuses the Belgian King of high-handed proceedings in the Congo State, not the least of which is his open violation of the principles of the Berlin treaty, a treaty in which the signatory powers agreed "to abolish slavery, suppress slave raids, put down cannibalism, defend the rights and property of the natives, develop

trade, and open the heart of Africa to the commerce of the world." According to Mr. Stead, King Leopold stands accused of conduct diametrically opposite to these principles, with having established himself the autocrat of the Congo and of having obtained an empire under false pretenses. In a second article on the same topic, entitled "Personal Observations of Congo Misgovernment," Rev. W. M. Morrison holds up to view the outrage of the native soldiery, the unrestrained slaughter that is carried on and the manner in which complaints are smothered and investigations conducted. A third paper, but of a different character, "The American Invasion of Uganda," by Joseph M. Rogers, deals with the progress of American trade in that region. In "The Progress of the World," the editor discusses at length the late Servian tragedy. Many other interesting papers are contained in this number.

The July number of the Catholic University Bulletin opens with a satisfactory treatise of the Italian Renaissance by Dr. Shahan. It is a resume of the Italian Renaissance and a consideration of the causes that led to it and of the effects which it produced. Of course in the limited space allotted to a magazine article all this had to be done succinctly, but it has been well done. The manner of it is scholarly beyond a question. An essay on "The Comparative Method in Literature," by Maurice Francis Egan, shows the Doctor at his best. We are always delighted and instructed by Dr. Egan's literary essays. He knows the matter whereof he writes, and writes with such evident enthusiasm and such flawless finish, that only the hypercritical could fail to be satisfied. Lucian Johnston's contribution on the "Historians of the Medieval Papacy," is an able, searching and fair criticism of Professor Dunning's "Political Theories, Ancient and Modern." An article on "Skepticism as a Basis of Religion,"

written over the signature of Edwin V. O'Hara of the Academy of Apologetics, of St. Paul Seminary, considers Mr. Mallock's "recent attack on the methods and arguments of our Catholic apologists for theism," but more especially his constructive attempt to establish a basis for religious belief. The paper is an able one and discovers good critical acumen in the mind of the author.

The Dolphin for July maintains its usual high standard. The opening paper is by Fr. Hughes, the Jesuit, and is interesting inasmuch as it gives an insight into the manner in which Catholic Marylanders one hundred and fifty years ago educated their children. One need not go far to find Catholics who pass by colleges of note merely because they are Catholic colleges, and send their sons to the supposedly non-partisan universities of the land. In the good old days it was otherwise. Then Catholic boys were sent abroad to college, merely because there were no Catholic colleges at home. A long and tedious voyage was no obstacle, but the young men were made to brave the sea, and knowing the reason for this, they naturally conceived a greater idea of the value of that faith, which their parents were determined at all hazards to preserve. Father Sheehan continues his observations "Under the Cedar and the Stars," precious, beautiful and flawless, as are the stars themselves. Quite in line with the general excellence of this number is Mr. Mahoney's plea, and a strong one it is, for the introduction of Catholic writers into the list of authors read in the classical courses of our colleges. We applaud this young man's enthusiasm and his courage too, for his cry is not indeed the sound of many voices. But he stands on good ground and if he but be persistent, his efforts will be productive of much good.

The July number of the Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament opens with a beauti-

ful frontispiece of the Crucifixion beneath which are some tender lines on the Precious Blood. This makes a good introduction to the many readable pages that follow. Indeed, there is not a page in this number which is not well worth being read and pondered over. The notable contribution, however, is the Conference to Young Men, on "The Value of a Good Name." There is a directness, a forcibleness in these conferences which makes their lesson doubly strong. In this commercial age of ours, it is absolutely of the first importance that our young men be taught the value of other things than money—and nothing can be more valuable than a good name. We cannot too much applaud the author of these conferences for the sane thoughts, sound advice and virile English which they contain. It is pleasing to know that they will be put in enduring form. "The Priest and the Respect that we Owe Him," contributed by T. A. D., is another paper, every line of which deserves to be underscored. God will certainly bless him for the earnest, dignified appeal he makes to all, to have a care, lest their respect for God's Minister be allowed to decline.

In the Messenger for July an article entitled "The Religious Conflict in France," by Rev. D. Lynch, S. J., shows the real purpose of the Associations Law, by which an atheistical government, disregarding all justice and truth, is expelling the religious communities, and so aiming a deadly blow at the Catholic Church. Catholics are now beginning to see that the real purpose of the Associations Law was not to place the religious communities under the direct jurisdiction of the Ordinaries of each diocese, as the hypocritical Waldeck-Rousseau said, but to destroy them and confiscate their goods; and this is only the first step towards eliminating from France all that pertains to God—what the others will be God only knows.

Other articles in this number are "The Real St. Francis of Assisi," by Rev. Paschal Robinson, O. F. M.; "The Anglican Crisis," by F. W. Grey, and "The Transitionist," by Gabriel Francis Powers.

"Germany and Russia at the Vatican," the opening article of the Catholic World for July, is one of the many accounts of some of the happenings in Rome during the past year, that have called to our minds the super-eminent position occupied by Leo XIII. among the powers of the world. In the course of this article, the author most aptly calls attention to the limited foresight and poverty of sound judgment evinced thirty years ago by the Cabours, Bismarcks, and others regarding the Papacy. "The Rattlesnake," by Wm. Seton, LL. D., affords a very interesting and instructive talk on this venomous monster. Kate Gertrude Prindiville, in an article entitled "Italy in Chicago," portrays in pleasing and attractive language the daily round of one of God's faithful laborers.

Donahoe's July number contains a goodly number of articles, neatly illustrated. We will call its readers' attention to the following articles, because they bear upon questions of the day: "Parliamentary and Extra Parliamentary Agitation in Ireland," "Phases of Charitable Work Among Children," "Comatose France." Under the title of "Our True Position," the Rev. John F. Mullaney, LL. D., has completed a thorough explanation of the ceremonial of the Mass.

The Cosmopolitan for July abounds in beautiful cuts, most of which serve to illustrate the display at the coming world's fair at St. Louis. Accompanying the latter are a short history of the Louisiana Purchase, its development and future prospects, and also a brief description of the several buildings as they will appear. Of much present interest is the article, "Suburban Life in

America." The over-crowded condition of our cities gradually necessitates the removal of residences to the suburbs. The one real objection to this plan is the want of easy communication between the home and the place of daily work. The motorcycle gives promise of remedying this deficiency. This number also contains some good stories and biography.

Lippincott's chief feature for July is the opening story, "The Pretenders," a

short novel, the plot of which is skilfully developed but unravelled, it may appear, in a rather forced and improbable manner. It may, however, be read with much pleasure and profit. Attractive as are most of its novelettes the July number is not so fortunate in its poetry. With the exception of the two sonnets and "The Purple Voices," there is neither beauty of thought nor of expression, nor smoothness of versification in its so-called poems.

BOOKS

"Love Thrives in War," by Mary Catherine Crowley. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Upon reading this thrilling love story of the war of 1812, no one will hesitate to assign Miss Crowley a field of labor on the literary map of the United States for already have "The Heroine of the Strait," and a "Daughter of New France" given her a claim upon Old Detroit and the Maumee Valley. As a picture of frontier life at the beginning of the nineteenth century, the book shows careful historical research, and is full of dramatic effect, as well as of romantic adventure. Fact and fiction are skillfully interwoven until, on meeting old-time acquaintances, such as the Whipples, the Warans and the Desnoyers, of Detroit, one unhesitatingly accords the authoress no small meed of praise for the artistic originality, strength and delicacy with which she has handled her material. "Love rules the camp, the court, the grove," was long since sung by the "Wizard of the North," and, with something of this ubiquitous energy, the Scottish Maiden, Laurente McIntosh, holds sway over the three heroes, who sue for her hand, and, defying all difficulties, at last, marries her "Ain true love," for Laurente has the power "To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield." "Essa! for them," she cries, when the death-dance of savages had already begun around her.



Mary Catherine Crowley

"So many warriors fight one little squaw," and her daring defiance puts her captors to shame, and meets with a shout of applause. The sympathy of American girls and boys cannot fail to be enlisted by the brave girl who, approving of American achievement, leaves home and friends, inside the British lines, to follow the fortunes of her American lover. Yet is Laurente as modest as she is brave, and domestic and helpful, at home, with an unflinching trust in Providence that sustains her in all her trials. See her in her garden, a few words of description, and our her-

oine is before us. "Very pretty, she looked, as she bent over the mass of living color that glowed pink and golden, flame-tinted and purple, like a forest fire. Her blue sunbonnet had fallen back, and as, disturbed by a slight sound, among these summer blossoms, the sweetest flower of all." Indian symbolism has been cleverly employed, throughout to heighten artistic effect, as: "The morning sun, the fabled Red Swan of the Ottawas, having preened his gleaming pinions behind the white mists of the Lake of St. Claire, soared above them, and on wings of gold, began his course through the cloudless skies that looked down upon the waters of the Strait and on the black-roofed town of Detroit, already more than a century old." But in nothing is Miss Crowley more to be congratulated than on the purity and truth of the love-episode of her book, so strikingly in contrast to the mawkish sentimentality common in current literature. The events of the story are the burning of Old Detroit, the surrender of General Howe and the Indian allies under Tecumseh, with the victory of Commodore Perry, on Lake Erie. In fine, Miss Crowley's latest book gives a new note of promise for the much-abused historical novel. May it yet become the worthy handmaid of history.

"Ne Obliviscaris—a Daily Reminder of Our Dead," compiled by Florence Ratcliff. B. Herder & Co. 75 cents.

In this neat little volume bound in vellum and stamped in gold are gems of thought for each day of the year, reminding the reader of the suffering souls in purgatory. We need reminders of this kind, for too often in the whirl and rush of our swift life do we forget the anguish of the souls in purgatory and the mighty power of relief which the Church has placed in our hands. Buy this book; lay it somewhere close to

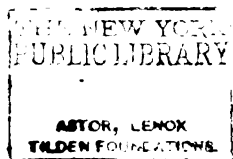
your hand and read every day the little reminder so happily put and you will be all the better for it.

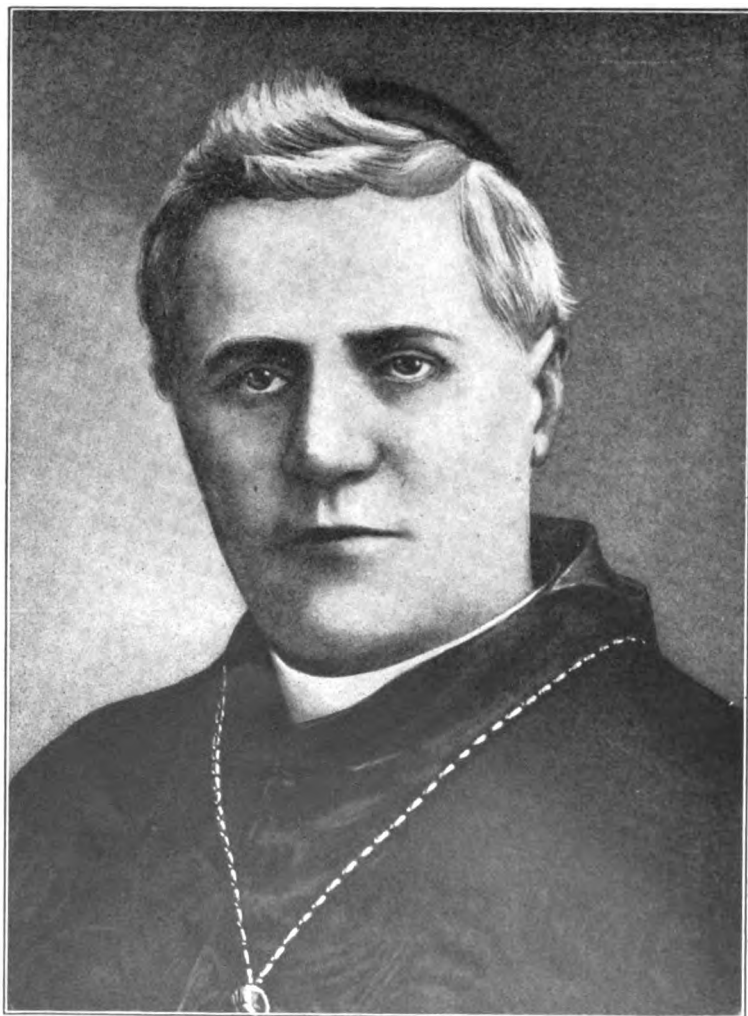
"Christianity and Modern Civilization," by W. S. Lilly. B. Herder, St. Louis.

This is, in the main, a republication of certain well known and excellent historical papers by the distinguished scholar, W. S. Lilly. Essays on the Nascent Church, The Inquisition and Holy Matrimony have been added to the collection. The introduction is made in a novel manner, namely by a dialogue in which the question is discussed, "What can history teach us?" Altogether, the work is most satisfactory and makes a splendid tribute to the civilizing effect of Christianity.

"Ridingdale Stories," by David Bearne, S. J. Benziger Bros. \$1.50.

This volume is full of fun and interest for both boys and girls. It tells of the doings of the children of a very pious Catholic family in England, which, though of royal blood, is very poor. Lance Ridingdale is a model for all to imitate. His frankness, his love for the members of his family, his fondness for giving information upon everything that concerns the family, are sure to win the favor of the most careless reader. The author, like Father Finn, has a thorough knowledge of the little boy; he also knows how to win the little boy's confidence and love, though in a different way from that of our much-beloved American writer. We are sure that he who reads this book will read it again, and then he will regret that it is so short. It makes a pretty birthday present and a fitting gift as a reward for merit. We wish success to Father Bearne, and hope to hear of another volume just as good, in the near future.





HIS HOLINESS, POPE PIUS X

Who, on the Feast of the Holy Patriarch St. Dominic, was elected to succeed the lamented Leo XIII. He is a man of strong piety, of ripe scholarship and remarkable judgment. It is predicted, however, by those who know him best, that he will achieve most by the irresistible charm of his character and the tender sympathy which has made him the idol of the Venetians.

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✠ THE SUNSET ✠

By WILLIAM J. D. CROKE, LL. D.

KNOWLEDGE travels slowly over the world from Rome, through a mirage of fiction and a fog of skepticism. But by the time when, years ago, Leo XIII. began to expect to be a centenarian, the public everywhere had put aside its old anticipations of hearing at any moment of his sudden demise. Then, while the conviction of his wonderful vitality was settling, came his illness and operation in 1899. I remember to have met in St. Peter's on the occasion of the Te Deum in thanksgiving for his recovery, a lady who told me with enthusiasm of an article that had just appeared in The Lancet, and in which Leo XIII. was set before the last generation of men born into the nineteenth century as a lesson and example of "Plain Living and High Thinking."

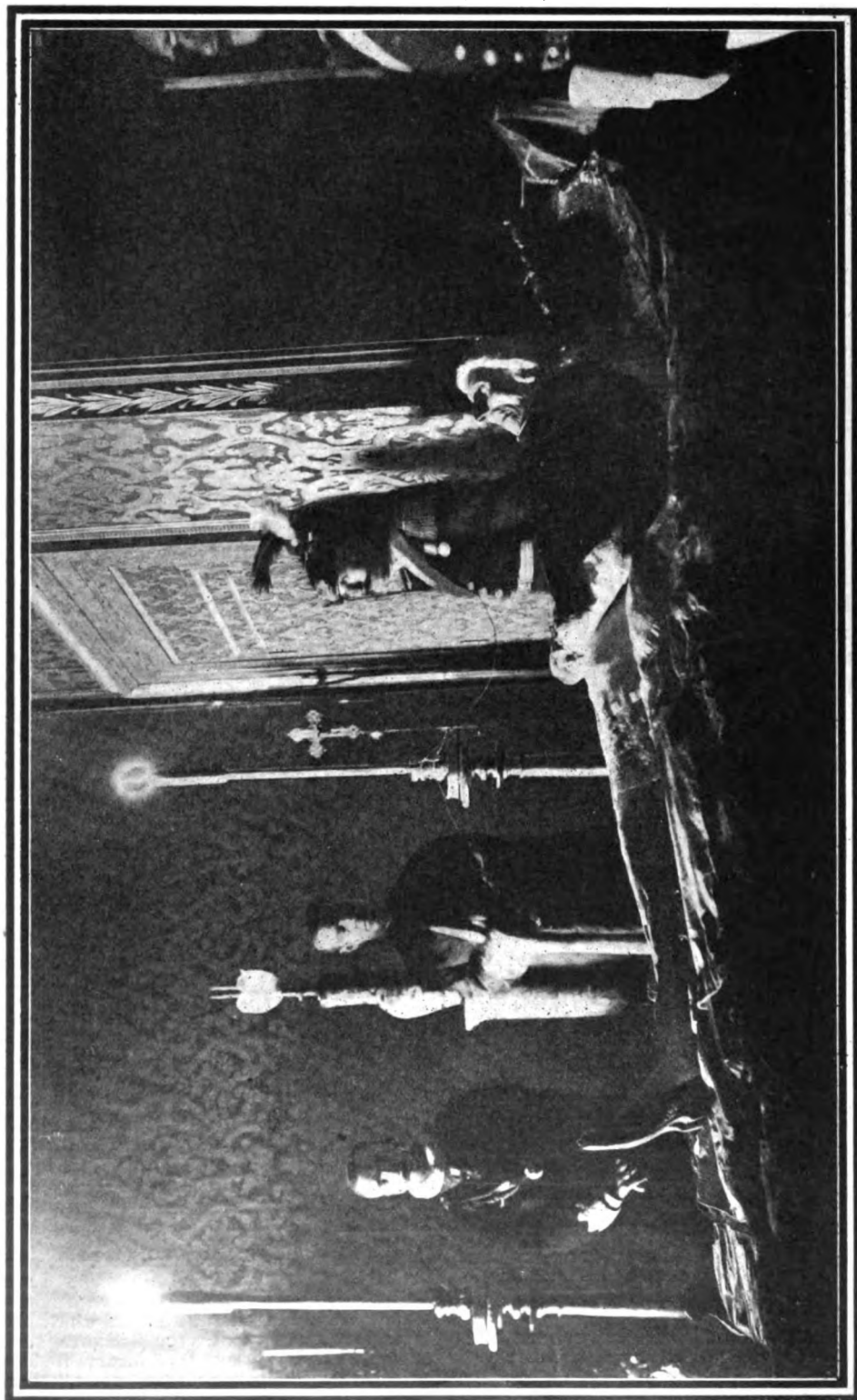
This medical verdict expressed in an apothegm the wonder of his life, and became the persuasion of all, and the thinking public ceased to marvel at the survival of Leo XIII., whom Madame Séverine had described as "very pale, very upright, very thin, his person hardly visible, a little earthly clay in a covering of white cloth." Custom replaced the fresh sensation of surprise. And the new and greater Cornars taught by verse as well as by inexpress facts.

When, therefore, the climax in the tragedy in the historic Catholicism of France coincided with the closing, and with that which should have been the most triumphal stage of his silver jubilee, and Leo XIII. was known to be ail-

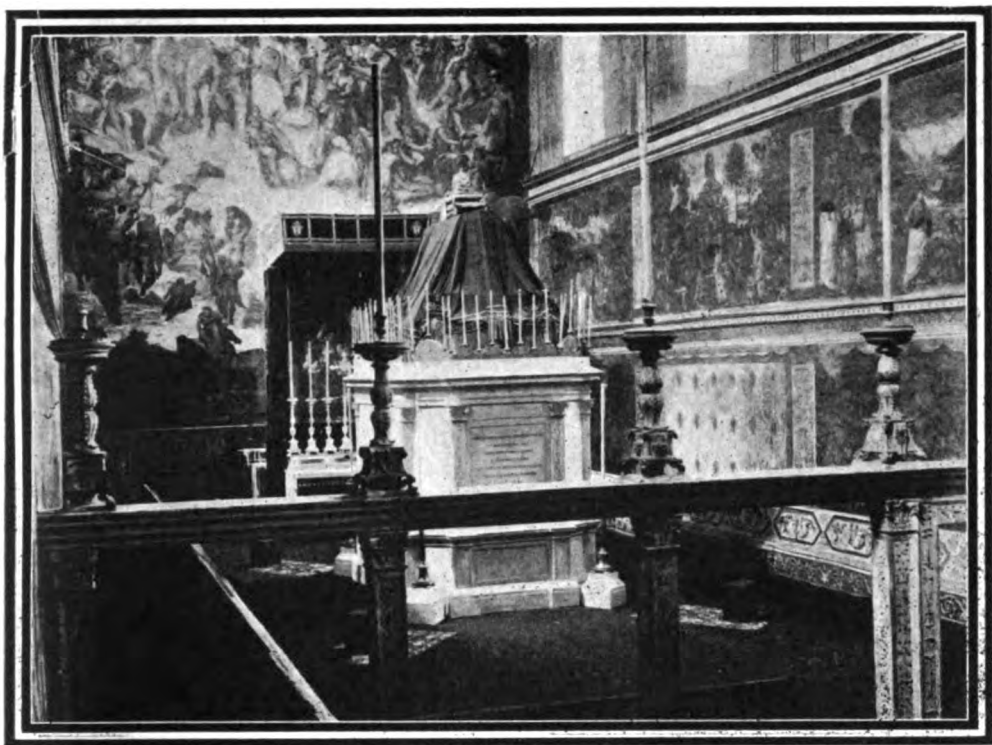
ing, men felt hope that he would conquer this illness as he had overcome that of 1899. One thought often between March and July of Leo XII. whom he so much resembled in body and spirit, in fragility and vigor, and whose name he had taken in admiration and love, for one remembered how the summer of 1824 had brought life again to the body which that Pope himself had described in conclave as a corpse, and accorded five more years of pontificate after a sweet and strengthening crisis.*

From the vigor of the Pope, who had, during the springtime of the present year, practically ceased to take solid food, we expected every wonder, because to such surprises we had become accustomed, but when the summer outings in the gardens proved a danger instead of a benefit, no one looked for a new miracle. A Cardinal who had strong probabilities of being called to succeed him, said to me many years ago on the occasion of one of the periodical alarms raised about the Pontiff's health: "I do not think that the Holy Father's death illness, whenever it comes, will be long. So aged and spent a frame will not give much resistance. The lamp of life will be extinguished at a gust." And so it would have been, but that even his

* Une crise adoucit les maux du Pape, says Artand de Mentor, Hist. du Pape Leon XII., I, p. 163. Chateaubriand, the Ambassador of the French mission, to which the other writer acted as charge d'affaires, said, "Leon XII. est grand travailleur; il dont peu et ne mange presque point," rem d'Outre-tombe, V., p. 116.



"VERE, PAPA MORTUUS EST!" (TRULY, THE POPE IS DEAD!)



CATAFALQUE IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL WHERE THE MOST SOLEMN OBSEQUIES OF THE LAST THREE DAYS WERE CELEBRATED.

Cardinals had not known the treasures of strength which that brave spirit could find.* It seemed as if never had existence been so long. When the fatal hour had rung,—the “fatalis ruit hora” of his death-song—the resistance befitting only a younger and stronger existence was given. So that it seemed as if never had there been a longer existence and so proportioned a termination. Never at least was such a dual death accepted by a man.

* Since this article was written, Dr. Lapponi has confirmed my observation in an interview published in *Il Giornale d'Italia*, August 1, 1903. “Little by little, studying him better, and speaking to him, he says of the first years of his contact with Leo XIII., I noticed that he became easily animated, and that by becoming animated, he acquired an energy and vivacity uncommon at such an age. I guessed at once that his strong spirit often supplied from mysterious sources aliment to his physical organism.”

To look at it is to uplift our consciousness as men; to learn the things of the spirit, and the superiority of this over its earthly tenement. When the news of the diagnosis spread on Saturday, July 4, there was no need of a prognosis. All felt that the mere approach of a crisis must mean that the end was at hand, and that it would be sudden. But the crisis, if ever, came on Sunday, July 5, when the Viaticum was administered, yet the trepidation of Rome was converted into a new wonder by the rally of Monday, July 6. The helpful crisis of his prototype, Leo XII., had been repeated, but too late.

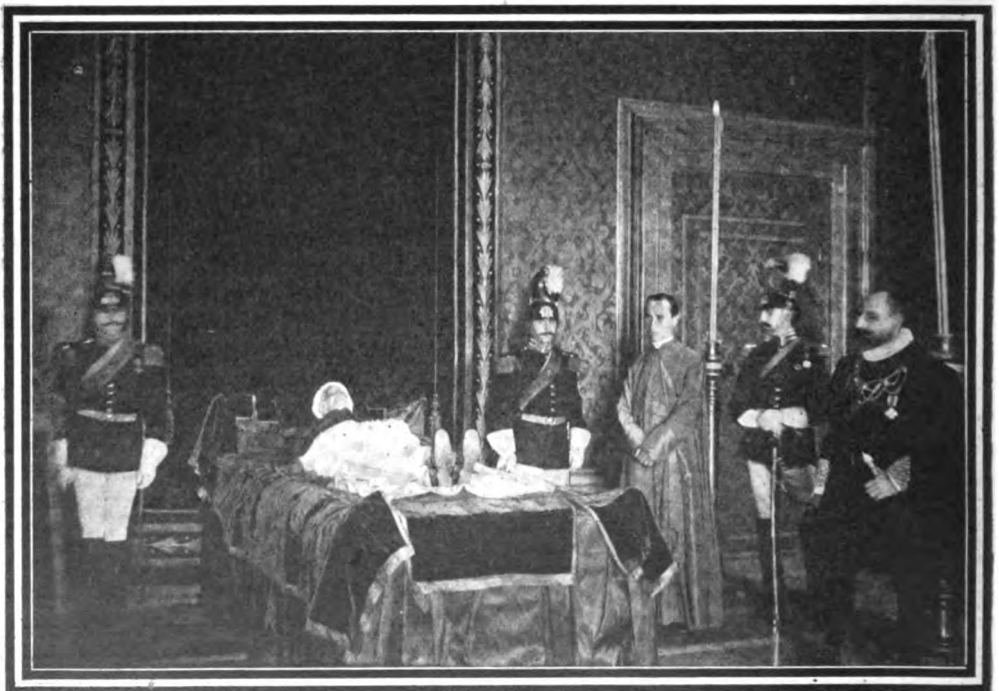
Then from this day onwards a series of rallyings and retreatings, advances, partial or relative, but complete and hopeful never; varying loss and gain, which, without ever opening hearts to hope, lifted them to wonder and the

praise of God at the natural prodigy which a long life of asceticism had made possible. Every member of the Sacred College present in Rome was received in audience; some more than once; the devoted Cardinal Secretary of State repeatedly, and with him Leo XIII. transacted business, discussed situations and despatched current affairs. It was part of the Pope's thoughtfulness to make provision for the Conclave among other things, so he expressed to the Secretary a wish that the more remote Cardinals should be advised of his condition, and invited to come. Hence the telegrams sent to the American and Australian Cardinals, and the departure of these for Rome before the demise of the Holy Father.

But, as though in order that by the nature of his illness, by the operations which were necessitated, and by the exercise of his mind, the deathbed of Leo XIII. should be different from any

other, he called for the verses which he had composed before July 3, because during a night of watchfulness and suffering, some improvements had occurred to him. This was an old habit of his unsleepfulness, and for years accustomed to sleep out for a few hours by night, he had devoted—almost assigned—the time to prayer, work and this recreation.

The marvel was thus complete. If never had career so lengthened been followed by a malady so protracted, if never in one so aged and attenuated had death been so wrestled with, then assuredly never so gracefully, that is resignedly, not violently, yet courageously; never in struggle so prolonged could weakness so utter have been allied to power so amazing. The Christian death made furious—histrionic by contrast the pagan manner of dying, where courage was sustained by exertion. No more perfect occasion could be found



HIS HOLINESS LEO XIII. LYING IN STATE IN THE MORTUARY ROOM OF THE VATICAN.



HIS HOLINESS LEO XIII. LYING IN STATE IN THE MORTUARY ROOM OF THE VATICAN.

for the discipline of the Christian virtue of patience and passivity. Leo XIII. assisted, conscious, undismayed, like a Pontiff at the dissolution of his body.

Only thus was made possible the repetition on July 18, 19, and 20, of the feelings and scenes of July 4, 5, and 6. It was again Saturday, Sunday and Monday. The gigantic struggle of a fortnight had either left or created a condition in which the crisis was to be gone through again. On this other Monday, July 20, after a night in which he had but rare snatches of rest, he was evidently to pass away. At eleven o'clock his breast was filled as if to choking, but though the onset of the evil was sudden as well as sharp, the noontide brought relief. At half-past one, another onset; the breathing became more difficult, and the catarrh again crowded his breast. Cardinals Oreglia di Santo Stefano, the Dean and Camerlengo; Rampolla del Tindaro, the Secretary of State; Della Valpse, and Pierotti, O. P., were in the room. Cardinal Rampolla had just been received, before this new attack. It was his last audience; in all he had had some four or five during his master's illness. The dying Pope took the hand of the Cardinal Camerlengo, who was so soon to assume the temporary government and, pressing it tenderly, recommended with warmth the welfare of the Church, which, he said, was in troubled times, and assailed by many enemies. And Cardinal Pierotti spoke to the Pope of the Rosary, about the Virgin of the Rosary, her devotion, and her sweet and powerful succor.

Mgr. Cagianio de Azevedo, Major-domo, then besought the Papal benediction for all the members of the antechamber. These knelt to receive it. Leo XIII., the last of four generations of men; who had studied at Viterbo during the episcopate of Cardinal Severoli, and governed Benevento for Gregory XVI., spoke with a voice and a lan-

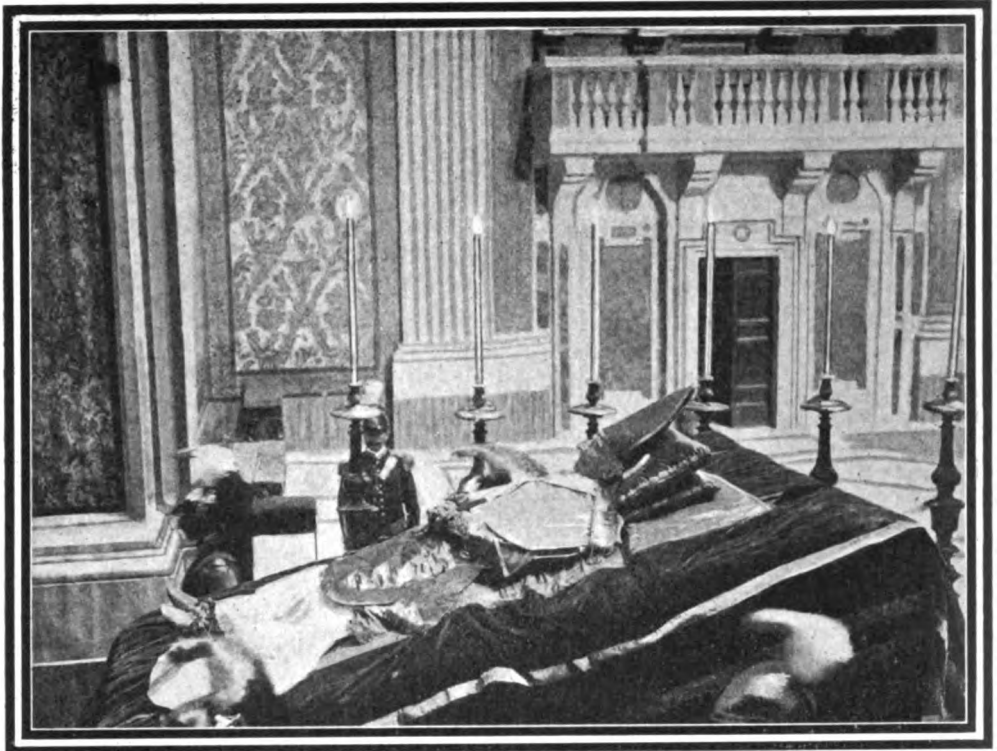
guage such as one will never hear from others now. His voice was what is called nasal, and there are many such in Italy, but none so harmonious, so full of cadences, and wedded to so measured a delivery. This was as composed as his manner, and it seemed native with his voice. Both have been described by an American writer:

"His deliberate but unhesitating speech makes one think of Goethe's 'without haste, without rest.' Yet his formality is not of the slow and circumlocutory sort; on the contrary, it is energetically precise, and helps rather than mars the sound casting of each idea. The Pope's voice is as distinctly individual as his manner of speaking. It is not deep nor very full, but, considering his great age, it is wonderfully clear and ringing and it has a certain incisiveness of sound which gives it great carrying power. There is strength still in every movement, there is deliberate decision in every tone, there is lofty independence in every look. Behind these there may be kindness, charity and all the milder gifts of virtue; but what is apparent is a sort of energetic, manly trenchancy which forces admiration rather than awakens sympathy."

But you must have heard the voice, with the sob (*singlozzo*) which broke the movement of its delivery rather than marked the punctuation in order to have any true conception of its solemnity. His language was a rich, sonorous, majestic, almost Latin tongue, and the four words of valediction which he pronounced hark back if not entirely to Latin then to the Italian of Dante, while the order of words has a Virgilian music: "Sia questo l'ultimo vale!" "Let this be (or, 'this must be,') the last farewell!" And he moved his right hand in benediction. Well might the poet call him

* * * il sereno

Spirito che osó gittar contro la Morte
Nell'eloquio d'Orazio ancora un ritmo.



HIS HOLINESS LEO XIII. LYING IN STATE IN THE CHAPEL OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT IN ST. PETER'S.

Several ecclesiastical, lay, and military dignitaries of the Court were then admitted to kiss his hand. By the bedside was Cardinal Vives y Tuto, O. S. T. C., who all during the illness of His Holiness had acted as a pious chaplain, and when the Pontiff did not hear well what the cardinal was saying, he put his hand to his ear—just as one had so often seen him do in audience.

Of Mgr. Angeli, his Private Secretary, also constantly at the bedside, the Pope had enquired about Mgr. Volpini, the Secretary of the Consistarial Congregation, who had been so tragically stricken in the ante-chamber a few days before. Leo XIII. had committed to him a certain matter, and he now enquired about it, and finding that it had seemingly not been done, he insistently commanded that Mgr. Volpini be begged to make haste.

This was to be the last exercise of power, but not of reason. Professor Mazzoni, the consulting physician, had been summoned in haste. He reached the room at about two p. m. "*Si avvicina la catastrofe!*" "The catastrophe is drawing night!" said the Pope with perfect calm, when the professor had approached him. The physician used a few words of encouragement, withdrew from the room, and announced to the Cardinals and others that science had exhausted all her resources. Their Eminences had been summoned at about noon by letters which had been kept in readiness for weeks, and which were hurriedly despatched in the care of Papal Carbineers. Thus all the Cardinals were present at the beginning of the agony, namely, besides the Penitentiary, Cardinals Oreglia di Santo Stefano, Rampolla, Satolli, Ferrata, Pierotti,

Martinelli, Agliardi, Mocenni, Steinhuber, Segna, Gotti, Mathieu, Vives y Tuto, Di Pietro, Respighi, Cavagnis, Sanminiatielli, Macchi, Casali de Drago, Gennari, Della Volpe, and Triepi. This was at three o'clock. Cardinal Vives y Tuto, at the express desire of His Holiness, invited the three nephews of the Pope to enter the room. They were Counts Ludivico, Camillo, and Riccardo Pecci. Each knelt at the bedside, kissed the wan hand, and received with a benediction a last souvenir of good advice. Then the grandnephews were received in the same way. Giovannn Battista and Gioacchino Pecci, sons of Count Ludovico; Stanislao, son of Count Riccardo, and Frederico, son of Count Moroni.

This family farewell over, each of the Cardinals advanced to the bedside. They were all recognized by the Pope, as were also several dignitaries of the antechamber who were privileged to do the same.

The ties with earth were sundered. Henceforth his moments were for heaven. The pious Pifferi, O. S. A., Sacristan of the Palace, and also for many years confessor to His Holiness, was at one side of the bed, reciting from time to time prayers and ejaculations, which the Pope repeated as best he could. Mgr. Angeli stood on the other side, holding a lighted candle.

Until a quarter of an hour before death, Leo XIII. did not lose consciousness, and during the considerable time elapsing between the farewells which have been described, and the end, he prayed visibly and often audibly. Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli, the Grand Penitentiary, recited the prayers for the agonizing, and then the Profisciscere, whereupon Cardinal Vives y Tuto began slowly to pronounce ejaculatory prayers proper to the moment, and especially some of those added by His Holiness to the Litany of the Sacred Heart, such as: "Jesus, Hope of the Dying;" "Jesus,

Crown of all Saints," etc. Finally, this pious Cardinal called down upon the expiring Pontiff the aid of all those saints and blessed, to whom in so great numbers, honors had been rendered during the devotional reign of Leo XIII.

THE END HAD COME.

Professor Lapponi placed a lighted candle before the open lips of the Pontiff. The flame was slightly moved—so slow was the victory of death over its great antagonist. A little more and the same was done again. The flame stood motionless. Leo XIII. lay dead after ninety-three years of life, sixty-five of priesthood, more than sixty of episcopate, and twenty-five of the supreme pontificate. His placid figure lay with the head inclined on one side, and the arms rigid at length by the body.

The immediate recital of prayers was followed by the rendering of a first series of military and court honors in the death-room, and by the laying-in-state in the Throne Hall. Then took place the touching transfer of the remains to the Basilica of St. Peter, where the public lying-in-state was held.

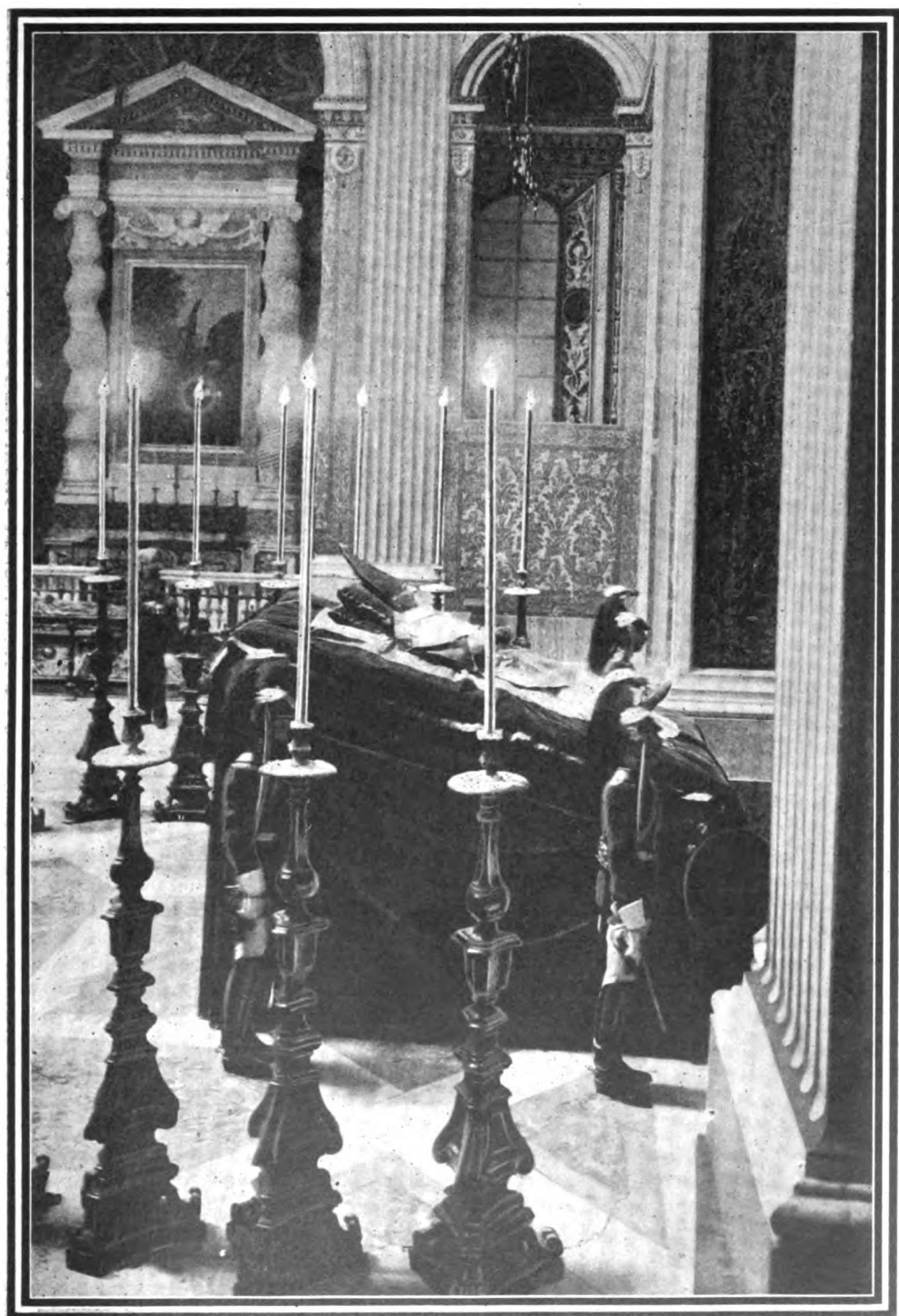
O ardente figlio

Del Lazio, aspro signor di Benevento,
Perugino arcivescovo, riposa
Nella pontifical serenit,

a poet has sung in these days.

Yes, "in pontifical calm he lay stretched," would have said all who saw him in those days, but Leo XIII. had always been the solemn, hardly the "ardent son of Latuem;" the "rigid lord of Benevento," he indeed was, but the sweetness and moderation of his character gave its type and very nature to his reign.

Yet beholding the figure of the Pope after death, lying aloft on a vast inclined plane, in proud pontificals but with the humble rosary in his hands, one was pained by something of smallness.



HIS HOLINESS LEO XIII. LYING IN STATE IN THE CHAPEL OF THE
BLESSED SACRAMENT IN ST. PETER'S.

There was such contrast between the short and shrivelled form and the grandeur of its pontificalia and surroundings, that one felt anger at the cruelty of death in having so tortured first, and then so wrecked that small, emaciated, sensitive frame. But in the face was another meaning, a new aspect of the battle with death, but assuredly a new triumph over mortality. The king of terrors had undermined by insidious weakening, and at last vanquished as if by mere siege, the delicate physique of the spiritual Pontiff, but the face and head seemed unreduced; nay greater, just as the soul had outshone the body. The features had been hardly recognizable after death, but the likeness returned and went

on deepening as the days of lying-in-state passed, until on that last night, Saturday, when, as the remains were set on the floor of the Canons' Chapel before being enclosed in the neighboring tomb, all saw Leo XIII. again and near for a moment. He was thrillingly more the loved high priest clad in the vesture of holiness than when seen in the royal state of the Blessed Sacrament Chapel, where he had been at least by symbol "a dean above the vast multitudes—surely no living man,—but thought, history, faith, taking shape, the passion of many hearts revealed.
* * * Spirit and spectre;—embodying the past, bearing a clue to the future."

Friar O'Dowd's Victory

A TRUE STORY OF THE SEAL INVIOULATE

By P. G. SMYTH



ONE day in the reign of Queen Elizabeth of England—it was the 9th of June, 1579—in the full heat of the persecution of the Catholic Church in Ireland, a small party of horsemen rode towards the monastery of Moyne, in the far west of that racked and war-wasted island.

The pleasant landscape was bathed in sunshine, save where over mead and woodland flitted the shadows of the white clouds sailing aloft in the blue. Solemn and venerable, even in its pathetic semi-dilapidation, lay the stately old Franciscan house, with all its picturesque grey gables and gothic windows, and the tall square campanile, or bell tower, soaring over all. To the right, as the party rode onward, shone the bright estuary of the river Moy, with beyond it the yellow sand dunes of Bartra, and beyond them the dark blue

ocean, flecked with foam. To the left lay billowy green upland and sweeping woods, with stretches of pasture and tillage. The wholesome breath of the brine came mingling with the sweet fragrance of the clover blossoms. There was a winsome summer smile on the face of nature.

But there was an oppressive sense of dread in the air, a panic of terror on the land. People were abandoning their homes and fleeing into the woods for safety. Men and boys with loud shouts were driving off their cattle—the black, shaggy, long-horned Irish cattle that ran like buffaloes. White-capped mothers hurried along with infants clasped in their trembling arms. Girls with the snood or ribbon of maidenhood binding their tresses dragged along their little brothers and sisters. It was a general frantic run for shelter and safety—a

stampede which was of but too frequent occurrence in most parts of Ireland in these unhappy days—for from the south was rolling a terrible dark cloud charged with the lightning of rapine, ruin and death.

Straight to the monastery the horse-men galloped, and at the church door, which was round-headed and surmounted by a winged angel carved in stone, the leader dismounted, his armor and weapons clanging as he leaped on the sward. He was a stalwart man, with a huge commel or mustache, and his hair fell in masses, native Irish fashion, on his shoulders. He entered the church, reverently doffed his helmet and genuflected.

"Ho, Father John, Father John," he called.

As his voice rolled and echoed through the spacious interior he felt abashed at his boldness in breaking the pervading solemn hush of sanctity. The place was deserted, a vast stony solitude. To the left a sheer wall hung with sacred pictures that showed the marks and tears of malicious usage. To the right three hugh round arches joining the nave with a still wider space provided for lay worshippers. In front of the arch under the bell tower, crossed with a screen of metal trellis work, through which were seen the chancel, with the oaken stalls of the friars, the high altar and the noble orient window. The metal screen was bent and twisted in places, many of the windows were broken, the wooden stalls were chopped and gashed, and there were other marring tokens of visits of the Reformers.

"The wanton, sinful ruffians!" commented the visitor. "I wonder what mischief they'll do the grand old place this turn." And again he called: "Ho, Father John, are you here?"

Receiving no reply he walked with jingling spurs up the nave and entered the chancel through a low archway in the thickness of the tower wall. Then

he opened the door leading to the cloisters. Some years previously no Catholic layman would have attempted or even dreamed of such an intrusion, but the confusion of the times, the stress of danger, the great passing away of the friars made havoc of strict monastic rules. The visitor found himself in a covered walk extending around a perfect square of handsomely carved small arches, enclosing a sun-lighted open space where now rank weeds and grass covered where once lay flower beds and beds of medicinal herbs used by the monks in their province as physicians. Upon this walk opened the doors of many arched cells, and around it the dark-robed sons of St. Francis had paced, read and meditated for more than one hundred years.

A famous place, by the way, was in its heyday this fine old monastery of Moyne. Founded in 1460 by Thomas Age (or the young) Bourke, high chief of this western territory, at the instance of Provincial General Nehemias O'Donohoe (sent by Pope Nicholas V. to introduce into Ireland the reformed Franciscan rule known as the "strict observance"), it took two years in the building, and was consecrated by Bishop Donat O'Connor of Killala exactly thirty years before Columbus sailed with his caravels into the mysterious West. The consecrating prelate was a member of the Order of St. Dominic, whose sons had established themselves in this district two centuries previously. Five provincial chapters were held here, and here was the place of novitiate for the Franciscan Order in the western province of Ireland. The fame of the monastery traveled to foreign lands; the sweet-toned bell that swung in the lofty campanile was a present from the Queen of Spain. Among the novices that in later years paced the cloister walk was a tall, red-haired one, namely Florence Conroy, afterwards Archbishop of Tuam, and founder of the celebrated Franciscan monastery of Louvain, where the flowers

of Irish religion and learning, trampled upon with iron bigot heel at home, were triumphantly preserved and propagated abroad.

Sad, yet sublime, telling of the struggles of an oppressed, indomitable race for light, liberty and freedom of worship; are the memories that breathe around that cloister square of Moyne.

"Ho, Father John, Father Cathal," again called the visitor.

In response the tall figure of a friar issued from one of the cells. He was in stature over six feet and a half and built in proportion, noble, kindly and benevolent of mien. For Father John O'Dowd was a typical member of his race, the ancient native family that once gave kings and princes to this western territory that extended long league upon league from the green banks of the river Robe to the grey round tower of Drumcliff.

"Well, Tibbot Bourke, my son, God bless you," he said cheerily.

"Make haste, father, there is no time to lose," said the cavalier. "The English Queen's soldiers have crossed the Moy at Ballina and are coming this way. They have taken us by surprise and they are too strong for us, so we can do nothing but alarm the country. Come—we have horses at the door for yourself and Father Cathal."

"Father Cathal has been called to a sick bed two miles hence," said Father O'Dowd, "and for me, surely I am not going to run away and abandon this holy place to desecration. 'You know,' he said, with a sad smile, 'of the whole community there are now but two of us left, but we must not be false to our trust.'"

"But what good can you do by remaining?" protested Tibbot Bourke. "To stay here means outrage or death at the hands of these fiends. Remember their last raid and the fate of poor Brother Felix."

He alluded to a tragedy of the previous year. On the approach of a party of English raiders the monks then in the monastery took to their fishing boats and rowed for safety out into the bay—all but one, the venerable lay brother Felix O'Hara, brother of the lord of Leyney, who insisted on staying behind, urging that the soldiers would not harm one so aged as he and that his presence might induce them to respect the sacred place. On their return, after the departure of the plundering troopers, the friars found the old lay brother lying in his gore on the steps of the grand altar, where the marauders had wantonly murdered him.

"Brother Felix nobly won a martyr's crown," said Father John. "An O'Hara would not shrink his duty in the hour of peril; neither shall an O'Dowd. I have no fear of the Sassenach, so try not further to persuade me, Tibbot, my son. Go now, and Dominus vobiscum."

In vain the cavalier sought to break the friar's determination. He had to depart reluctant and despondent. There was a sound of horses' hoofs and jingling of bridle chains as he and his party rode away, and then the silence of brooding death settled over Moyne.

Father O'Dowd hastily removed the sacred vessels of the altar and concealed them in a secret recess. Missals and documents he similarly disposed of, and then, entering his broken stall, he knelt before the high altar in the silence of the chancel and drew over his spirit the strengthening armor of prayer.

The last, lone monk in the great deserted monastery! To him a solemn, bitter, Gethsemane-like hour was that in the church of Moyne. The old race crushed and humbled, the old creed banned, the alien powers of persecution and death turned loose. There, beneath his sculptured slab on the gospel side of the altar, showing the De Burgo lion and hand, with the crescent which symbolized a second son, lay the dust of

the founder of the monastery, the pious young Lord Thomas Bourke, head of the tribe, recalling the prosperous old days when he and his warriors, bards and brehons assembled to lay the foundation stone of the sacred edifice. And there, opening off the epistle side, extended the Lady chapel, where in rows along the opposite walls lay the remains of generations of the Bourkes and their kinsmen by marriage the O'Dowds. There was buried Owen O'Dowd, thirty years chief of his tribe, who died in the Franciscan habit in Moyne in 1538, and there also lay his son and successor Owen, lord of Fireragh, and his wife, the lady Sabia Bourke. Great and appalling the change, all in a few years, from the days when the chant of psalmody rose from a full choir of monks, and the altar, bright with flowers, blazed with lights and the bell tinkled, and the incense floated over the devout thronged congregation of farmer clansmen and their wives and children.

"Poor old abbey!" thought the lonely friar, "your halcyon days are indeed gone."

"Many a bitter storm and tempest
Has your roof-tree turned away
Since you first were formed a temple
To the Lord of night and day.

"Holy house of ivied gables
That were once the country's pride,
Houseless now in weary wandering
Roam your inmates far and wide.

"Refectory cold and empty,
Dormitory bleak and bare,
Where are now your pious uses,
Simple bed and frugal fare?"

The church door was dashed rudely open and a number of armed men came pouring in. Some of them rushed upon the friar and seized him with shouts and curses. Others hurried away through the building in quest of plunder. Others commenced their usual iconoclastic work

of slashing pictures, hacking statues and discharging bullets at the altar. Father John was roughly hauled before the English commander, who regarded him with a frown, which soon turned into a laugh of derision.

"You are the very man we need, sir friar," he said. "Ho, there, bring hither the prisoner."

A bound captive was thrust forward. His attire was disheveled, his face and clothing streaked with blood. The friar recognized in him a chief man of the Bourkes.

"Shrive this arch traitor and rebel," commanded the officer. "No doubt he has some very interesting secrets for your ear, and he may like to unload himself of them before he makes reparation on the gallows tree for having dared to bear arms against her highness."

Father O'Dowd and the condemned man were allowed to retire apart, and the latter, pale but manful in that terrible hour, murmured his confession and gave the friar some last messages for his wife and children. The soldiery, their steel morions and breastplates shining in the rays that streamed through the broken windows, looked on with scowling contempt and impatience, at intervals uttering a profane command to make haste. At length, hardly giving time for the words of absolution, they seized the doomed captive and dragged him away. With anguish in his heart and tears in his eyes the friar knelt at the altar to pray for the parting soul. After a time a hand shook him rudely by the shoulder and a finger pointed to the window. Swaying beneath the masses of shimmering light and shade made by the foliage of a large ash was the body of the unfortunate Bourke.

"Now, friar, for your turn," said the English commander. "That must have been a very interesting story yon swinging rebel told you. Its secrets will suit the service of her highness. Tell it to me."

Friar John arose and gazed down with calm surprise and scorn on the insolent face of his interlocutor, who was a full foot beneath him in stature.

"Mean you," he inquired with dignity, "that I shall break the seal of the confessional?"

"I mean," said the officer, nervously twitching his ruff and fingering his sword hilt, "that for the service of our gracious Queen you shall reveal to me the secrets which the traitor confided to you or else share his fate. Come, sirrah, give me at once a clear account of all he told you."

"That I may not and shall not do."

"No trifling, shaveling!" thundered the officer. "Refuse to reveal all and this minute you shall hang."

"Sir, I refuse," said the intrepid friar, with quiet dignity and resolution.

"Take him out and hang him," commanded the Queen's man with a volley of oaths. Then, reconsidering, he said: "Hold, he shall tell in spite of himself; I know a sure way of loosening the tongues of such as he."

Then in the sacred precincts of Moyne, before the altar of God, occurred a dread scene of excruciating human torture. The friar was seized, his hands were tied behind his back, the cord of St. Francis was taken from his waist and bound around his temples, with a turning lever behind by which it could be tightened at will. A torturer seized the lever and gave it a sudden wrench. The victim's face quivered with agony.

"The confession?"

"Never."

The Divine Spirit that strengthened St. John Nepomucene in his hour of trial

also strengthened John O'Dowd. Before him was the altar, which, although now its broken and desecrated tabernacle no longer contained the Holy of Holies, its crucifix was torn down and the sanctuary lamp extinguished, served to raise his mind to the glorious crown of martyrdom so near his grasp. And there lay the tombs of his kindred, noble saints and warriors whose memories would be sullied did he dare to violate his sacred duty or be false to the grand old faith that his ancestors received from Saint Patrick. Undismayed by the crowd of pitiless faces and steel-clad forms that surrounded them he resolutely ignored them and turned his thoughts to heaven.

"Another turn or two. Come, the confession."

The sweat of agony covered his compressed temples. His eyes protruded as if in horror from their sockets, but his lips moved in prayer.

"The obstinate fool!" cried the chief of the miscreants, fuming with baffled rage. "Turn harder and harder."

The victim slipped through the hands of the torturers and lay motionless on the floor.

"Take off that cord and pick him up. He is only in a faint or shamming. We shall soon make him speak."

But no; the saintly John O'Dowd, constant to the death, had in mercy been taken out of the cruel hands of his persecutors, wreak what ignominy they might on the lifeless remains of the brave martyr. Triumphant in death he had passed away, bearing the palm of victory, to join the white-robed host that follows the Lamb.



THE SONG OF THE BUGLE

By D. A. McCARTHY

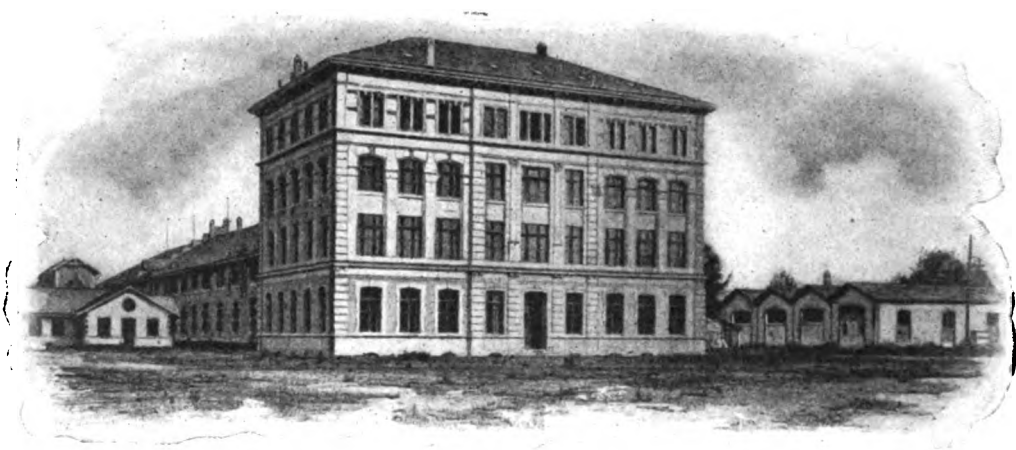
The bugle sang in the night, and rang,
It startled the sleepers all,
"Come forth," it said, "from berth and bed,
The foemen storm the wall!
Come forth! Come forth! For out of the north
They pour like a river of men—
Up slug! Up sot! Or else God wot,
Ye never may wake again!"

The bugle sang in the night, and rang,
The cresset flared in the gloom,
What hurrying then of half-clad men,
Of lordling, yeoman, groom!
What furious clang as the war-bell rang,
And the warrior weapons clashed,
As forth to the fight in the dead of the night
The soldiers of Ormond dashed!

The bugle sang in the night, and rang,
It startled the silent street—
"Come, burghers brave, from your beds, and save
Your town from the foeman's feet!
See knight and squire with spirits afire,
They rush to the leaguered walls—
Nay, hold not back, when your foes attack,
And the honor of Ormond calls!"

The bugle sang as the weapons rang,
As the enemy charged and slew,
Through storm and stress of the battle's press
Its song rose steady and true.
New strength it lent to hearts forespent,
New hope when hope was gone—
Oh, ever the brave command it gave,
"Fight on! Fight on! Fight on!"

In dust and blood the garrison stood,
The fight was over and past,
With many a blow they had chased the foe
From their ancient walls at last.
The day-dawn glowed in the east, and showed
Like a banner of vict'ry red—
But the bugle rang no more, nor sang,
For the trumpeter lad lay dead!



THE UNIVERSITY OF FRIBOURG.

Fribourg, Switzerland

ITS PEOPLE AND ITS INSTITUTIONS

By THOMAS O'HAGAN, M. A., Ph. D.

THERE are few cities in Switzerland more replete with historical interest than that of Fribourg, which dates in its foundation from the twelfth century. Its founder was Berthold IV., Duke of Zähringen. It shared in the fortunes and vicissitudes now of the Hapsburgs, now of the Savoyes through the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The history of Fribourg during the close of the eighteenth century and the early part of the nineteenth century is practically that of the Swiss Cantons.

But it is as a center of Catholic thought, life and action that Fribourg to-day commands our attention. When Luther and Calvin erected their standards in the East and West of Middle Europe and political princes played with religion as with a billiard ball, ever keeping in view their own personal count Switzerland sadly shared in the defection from truth. Fribourg, however,

ever remained faithful to the ancient faith and is to-day the center of Catholic life in Switzerland.

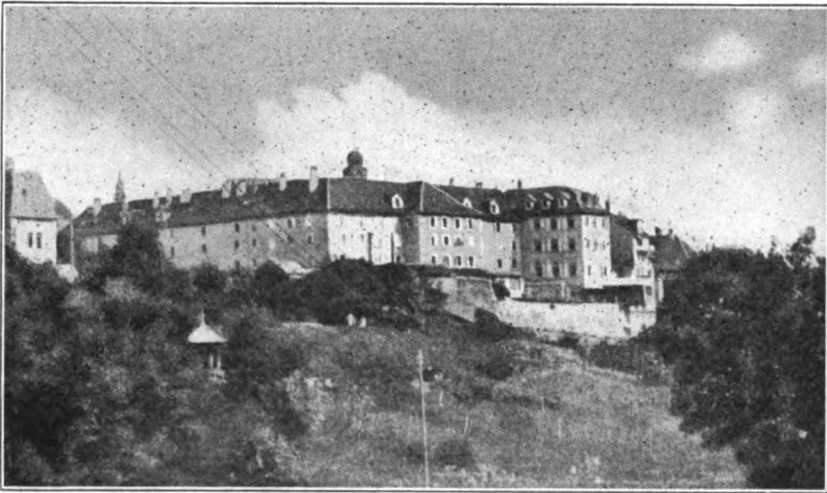
It is a very picturesque city and while the spirit of modern progress and activity is not absent from its life, yet you feel about you as you tread its narrow and zigzag streets, something of the medievalism that formed and fashioned the European towns and cities of the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

The people of Fribourg are a mixed race—French and German. If you accost a Fribourger and say: "Ah, you are French!" he will most likely reply: "Yes, I am French, but Swiss." I must say that I cannot find in Switzerland a Swiss type. They at once resolve themselves in my mind into Teutons and Franks. Of course, I here use the words Teutons and Franks in their broadest sense. Probably nearly four-fifths of the Cantons of Switzerland are German but

nearly all the Swiss people, especially those of the cities and towns, speak French, and, by the way, speak it much better than they speak German.

I should say that Fribourg is essentially French though a Teutonic face greets you at many a corner. The urbanity and politeness of the people impress you at once. This charm of manners belongs to all classes, rich and poor; even the little children who are able to toddle around with their nurses on the public parts have ever on their lisping tongues: "Bon jour Monsieur!" "Adieu Monsieur!" "Merci Monsieur!" or if they know you are about to take

Sunday Mass from St. Nicholas' Cathedral in Fribourg as from any of the churches in New York. Of course, as in all European cities, there is an aristocracy here which holds in memory the glory of other days when Duke So-and-so and Count So-and-so were of the household or body guard of a French or German King. But to my mind while conceding a place in the economy of time and place to a well escutcheoned aristocracy the delusion of royal blood and its attendant rivulets, works havoc in the realm of honest manhood, true worth and the genius of independence which alone should be the



THE INSTITUTE OF ST. URSULA.

lunch they will greet you with: "Bon appetel Monsieur!"

Of course, the business demands in Europe permit the people to be very polite. It is very beautiful and adds sunshine to the day and this is very necessary in Switzerland where it sometimes rains without cessation a week at a time.

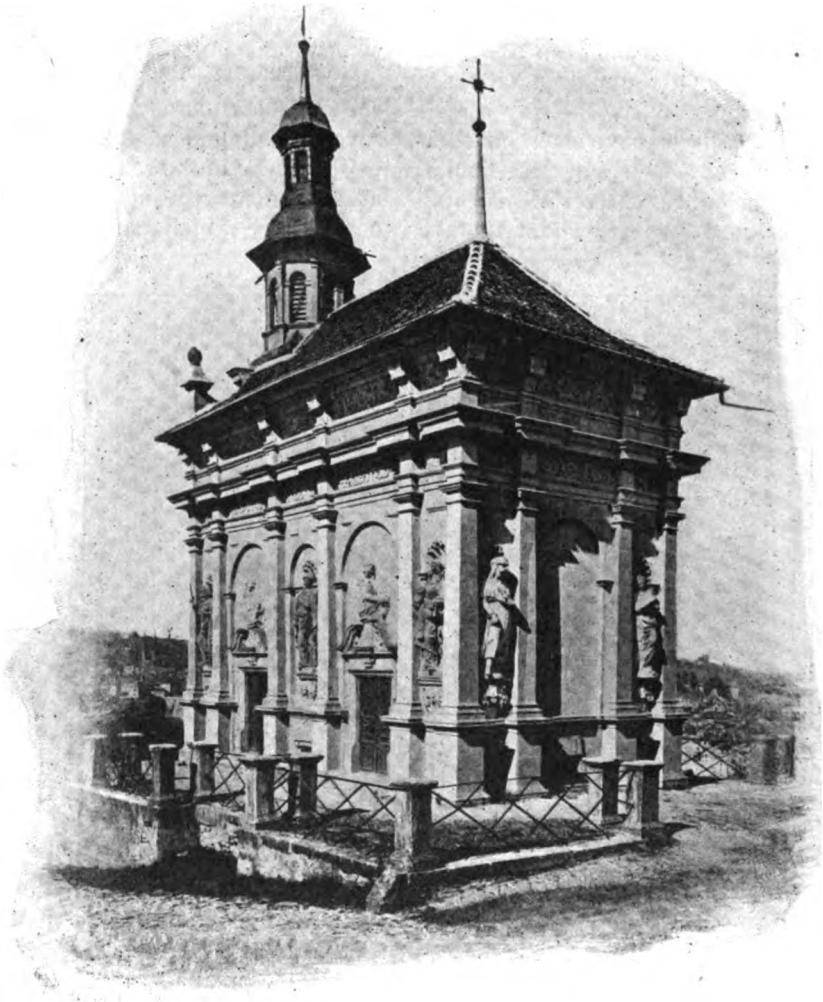
There is also a good deal of French elegance in Fribourg and you will see as well dressed men and women—notably well gowned women, issue after a

test and touchstone of true greatness. But there is danger also in the poison of democracy whose body politic must be purged at times to fit it for the divine spirit of sovereignty. Perhaps that wise old Greek philosopher, Plato, was after all, right when he held that a model government was neither democratic nor aristocratic, but a blending of each where the power is distributed between the people and a chosen few.

Fortunately, through all the vicissitudes of its history Fribourg has not lost

its religious foundation. It is this which makes it historic. For instance the Cathedral of St. Nicholas which is in the Gothic style of architecture dates from the thirteenth century coeval with the epic movement of religious life in

years 1824 and 1834, is one of the musical marvels of Europe. It contains seventy-four registers, and together with that of Harlem in Holland is considered one of the most powerful in the world. The present talented organist, Mr. Vogt,



THE CHAPEL OF LORETTO.

Europe which found expression in the "Summa" of St. Thomas Aquinas the "Divina Commedia" of Dante and the rise of the Crusades.

The grand organ of the Cathedral, which was constructed between the

gives every day from June to October two organ recitals.

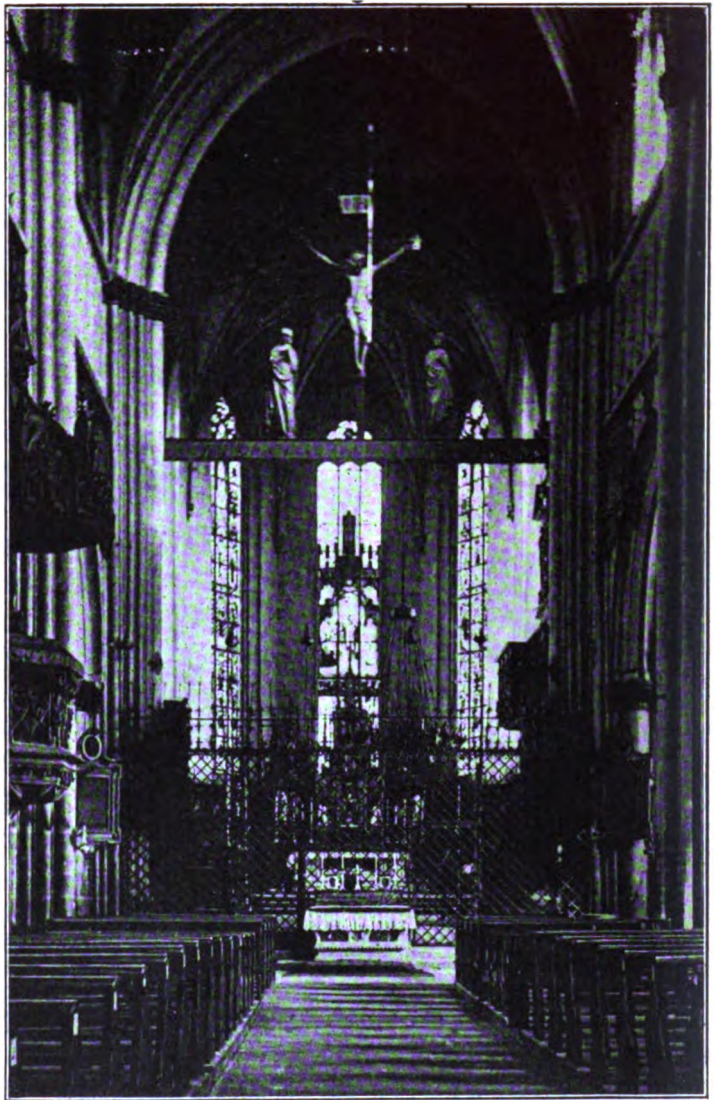
Hard by the Cathedral is Notre Dame Church, which dates from the year 1201, and a few steps further will bring you to the Convent "Des Cordeliers" or the

Franciscan Fathers of the black habit with the white cord, in which convent lived for many years the distinguished scholar, Father Gregory Girard, a member of the Order.

In the "Place de Notre Dame" stands a statue of this learned and humble priest, who as author, teacher, priest and patriot filled his life with the good deeds of a religious, the humility of a monk and the scholarly labors of a savant.

The life work of this good priest may be read in the following inscription upon his statue: "Gregory Girard, of the Order 'Des Cordeliers,' born at Fribourg, the 17th September, 1765. First Rector of Berne since the Reformation, Prefect of the schools of Fribourg from 1804 to 1823, Founder of the Economic Society, Professor of Philosophy at Lucerne, Provincial of his Order, President of the Helvetian Society of Natural Sciences, Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and honored by the 'Grand Prex Monthyn' for his works on Education, and Member of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences (France.) Died at Fribourg, the 6th of March, 1850."

Fribourg is the center, too, of Catholic educational life. From the primary



THE INTERIOR OF ST. NICHOLAS' CATHEDRAL.

school to the university there is an admirable gradation. All the children are taught the two languages, French and German, and in the Colleges and Lycees good courses are given in languages, mathematics and sciences. Chief among these colleges is that of St. Michael's, which was founded by the Jesuits in 1585, and in which they continued to teach till the suppression of the Order

in 1773. The visitor is to-day shown the room converted into an oratory, once occupied by Father Canisius of Nimegue who was beatified in 1864. At present the college possesses a staff of thirty-one professors and more than four hundred students. The college church, built in 1604, has a very beautiful altar, the gift of Henry IV. and Louis XIII., Kings of France.

The chief religious Orders of women in Fribourg are: The Ursulines, the Visitandines, the Bernardines, the Dominicans, the Capuchins, the Missionaries and the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul. The Institute of St. Ursula, founded in 1634, has the largest attendance of any academy in the city. The building itself is large and spacious and possesses a particularly beautiful chapel. It has an attendance of two hundred and twenty pupils, one-half of these being boarders and the others day scholars. I have its curriculum of studies before me as I write, and there are two or three features in the course which especially commend themselves to me. One of these is the broad and liberal course given in history—a course which runs through nine classes. I know nothing of the thoroughness of the work done in this department, but certainly as set forth in the curriculum of the institute of St. Ursula, Fribourg, Switzerland, the history of civilization in its successive ages is pretty well alluded to.

There is a further feature in the work done at the Institute of St. Ursula which

might commend itself to the Catholic academies of Canada and the United States. Many of the young ladies who pursue their studies at the Institute of St. Ursula intend to embrace the profession of teaching. It is, perhaps, because of this that a very extensive and thorough course in the history of pedagogy is given in the graduation year. Here is the syllabus in the prospectus: General character of Jewish, Greek and Roman education; A study of the methods of Socrates, Plato and Quintillian; the schools of Charlemagne; scholasticism and the thirteenth century; a study of the educational ideas of Rabelais, Montaigne and Comenius; Pedagogy of the Jesuits and the Port Royal School; Locke, Fenelon, Madame de Maintenon, Rollin, Saint John Baptist de la Salle and the Brothers of the Christian Schools; Rousseau and Basedow. Under the head of Modern Pedagogy the pupils study the work and method of Pestalozzi, Overbury, Bell, Lancaster, Froebel, Herbert, Father Girard, Mgr. Dupanloup, Spencer and Mesdames Necker de Saussure and Pape-Carpentier.



STATUE OF FATHER GIRARD.

The Visitation Sisters, the Dominicans, the Capuchins and the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul also conduct successful academies.

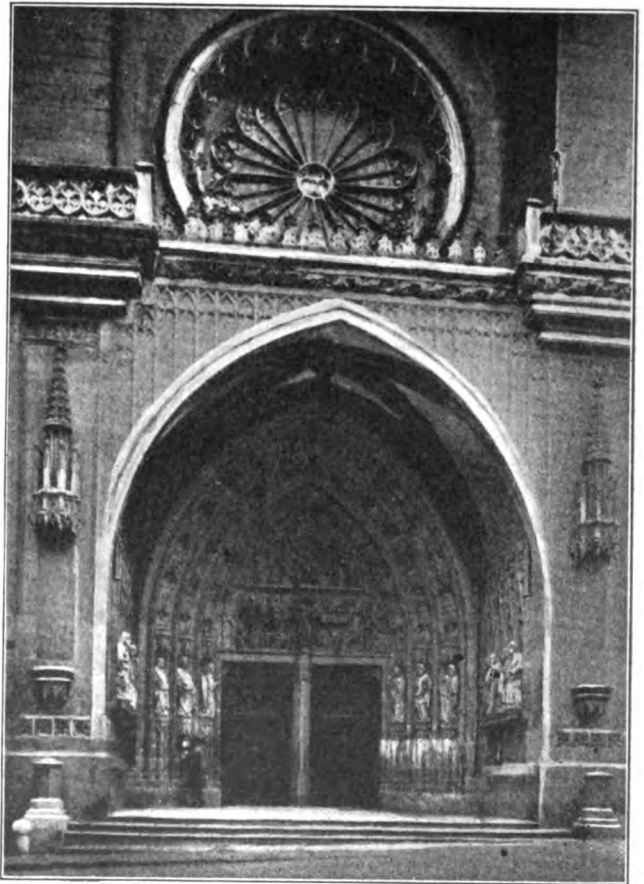
The crowning educational institution of Fribourg is, however, the Catholic University, which was opened in 1889, with the two faculties of law and letters.

In 1890 the faculty of theology was added, and in 1896 the faculty of the sciences. The Dominican Fathers or Order of Preachers have, to a great extent, charge of the University, though the faculty is most varied, including a large number of distinguished laymen. As you look upon the professors and students pouring in and out of the University—now a white robed Dominican, now a sandaled Capuchin, now a brown hooded Franciscan, you think you are once more standing under the shadow of the thirteenth century, when Benedictine, Franciscan and Dominican sat side by side in the class rooms of Paris and Oxford and scholasticism found in the genius of the "Angel of the schools" a loom wherein to weave a seamless garment of philosophy which your modern Descartes and your Hegels and your Kants cannot rend.

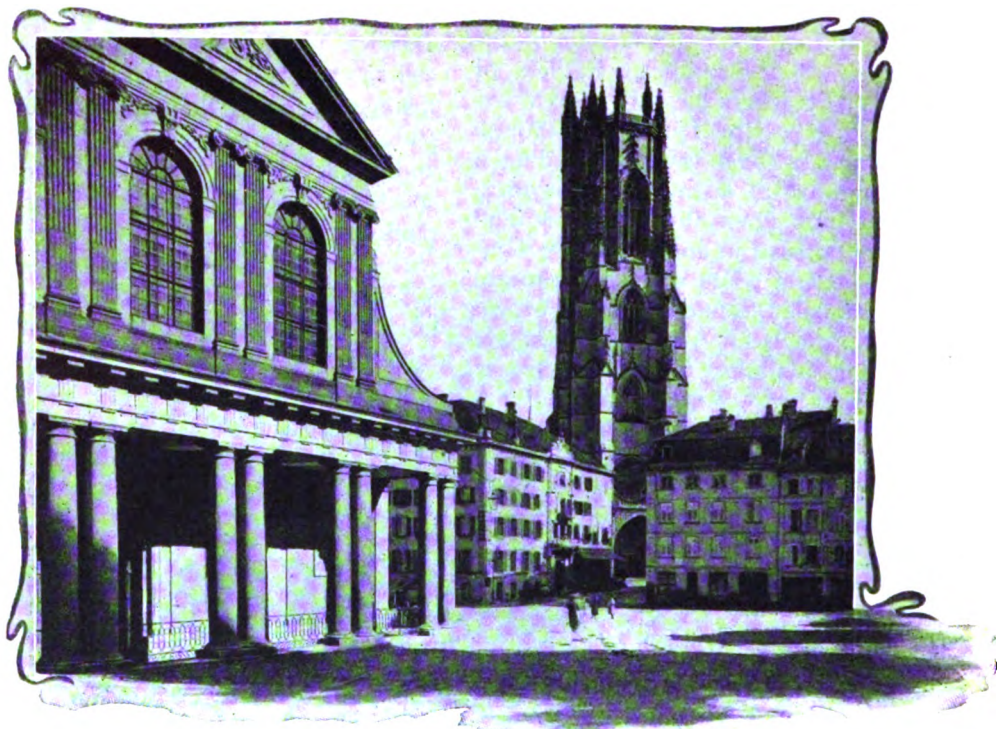
From a brief study of the work done at the University of Fribourg I have no hesitation in saying that this is a Catholic University in fact. The work is both thorough and profound. The lectures are chiefly given in Latin, French or German. The staff is made up of sixty-four professors, many of them scholars of great distinction. I will just here instance a few of the professors whose names and fame are not confined to any one country, but are as wide as the realms of true scholarship: Fathers Berthier, Kirsch, Weiss, Kennedy and Professors Brukes and Michant. Prof. Michant's recent work dealing with the spirit and critical method of Sainte-Benoë has attracted wide attention among the French critics.

Fribourg university is especially an excellent place to study languages. You can at will and in the most thorough manner take up the study of Polish, Bulgarian, French, German and Italian and many of the students write and speak with equal facility three or four modern languages. Indeed it is only when you mingle with the students of a European University that you realize how low in the scale of linguistic attainments the Canadian or American student stands.

In speaking of the Catholic character of Fribourg University it will be remembered, too, that the late Pope Leo XIII., of blessed memory, always regarded it



THE DOOR OF THE CATHEDRAL.



TOWER OF THE CATHEDRAL SHOWING THE CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME ON THE LEFT.

as his University. The Catholic University of Fribourg is young and has not about it the glamour of past centuries, but it is full of the blood of youth,

the wisdom of divine truth, and the hope and energy which ever kindle the fires of greatness and arch all labor with triumphant success.

EVOLUTION

JOHN A. FOOTE

*It must be that their eyes are weak
 From viewing little cells,
 From phagocyte to fur and beak—
 It must be that their eyes are weak:
 While others see, they blindly seek
 The Cause that reason tells—
 It must be that their eyes are weak
 From viewing little sells.*

Christian Education

By REV. J. B. O'CONNOR, O. P.



IN these days of advanced enlightenment when education is deified and revered in countless shrines of learning, when it is held up as the panacea for all existing evils of the moral, social and economic orders, when it is reduced to as many theories and formulae as there are writers on the subject, it is not assuring to know that outside the Catholic Church, and a few sincere men of the different sects, there is no true and adequate conception of the meaning, subject and purpose of education. There are those who will say that it consists in developing and training the mind for the purpose of original research. Others will say that education consists in imparting to children the facts that constitute the sum of the world's knowledge. Some again will restrict these facts to those that pertain to the material universe. Others still will contract its meaning to the diffusion of only that knowledge which has a utilitarian value. In the matter of education there are as many theories and systems as there are minds to give it consideration; and all are contradictory, save in one thing, to wit, that there is not and cannot be a place in modern education for the great truths and guiding principles of religion and morality.

To these instructors of youth the child is only a thinking animal—nothing more. He is subject only to the laws of nature. His destiny is bounded by the number of his years on earth. His actions are only in some respects amenable to the few and flexible canons of society. It matters not to them that he breaks the moral law; this is merely the indiscretion of youth, and only indicates an imperfectly developed esthetic sense. That he denies the existence of God and of a future state is of little consequence.

They are willing to expand his mind to the utmost by means of mathematics, languages and natural science. They will present for his consideration a conglomeration of theories, conjectures and verbiage and dignify it with the name of psychology. They impart these things to our children and dismiss them as liberally educated. But as for the heart, will, dispositions and inclinations of the child they have no place in modern educational systems.

Our children are left to indulge at will the evil propensities which heredity or environment may have imparted to them, and no warning, restraining or guiding influence is brought to bear upon them by those to whom the State has intrusted the sacred office of education. The obvious conclusion, therefore, is that in the estimation of the State their souls don't count.

These men teach our children to read the inconceivable age of the world in the strata of the earth, but never a word is spoken of its divine Author. With their telescopes they enable them to pierce the empyrean heavens, measure the distance from star to star, and compute the speed of the planets; but nothing is said of the divine Architect whose wisdom devised, whose power executed the beauty, the order and the variety of the universe, and who guides in perfect harmony the heavenly bodies as they rush through inconceivable space. They familiarize our children with the subtleties of logic, and discourse learnedly of cause and effect; but He who is the source and fountain-head of all truth, who is the First Cause of all things, and of all modes of all things, and their last end, receives no recognition from those whom the State has intrusted with the education of our children. Taking the

child by the hand they stride down the corridors of time, tracing with masterful touch the achievements of individuals and of nations, and deduce therefrom the philosophy of history; but that Divine Providence, which is the true secret of the rise, and fall, and the vicissitudes of nations and of men, is not even mentioned during the twelve or more years of the public school careers of those little ones whom God has given to us in order that we may teach them to know, love and serve Him, their Creator.

What if these little ones cry out for knowledge of their God, the Creator of the universe? Such things are sectarian and therefore silence is enjoined; or else the child is told that all things have their origin in nature; and thus nature is placed upon an altar that belongs to God and to Him alone. In this manner materialism is taught in the public schools of America in the opening years of the twentieth century. And to this pagan system of education we are asked to submit our children that their characters may be formed under its baneful influence.

What if they seek instruction concerning the great enlightening, uplifting and saving principles of Christianity, for which a God-Man suffered and died? They are met with a sneer or a pitying glance and told that such things are medieval, unscientific and therefore unworthy of our times.

Catholic parents cannot discharge acceptably their duty to God, to society or the State when they permit the characters of their children to be formed under a system of instruction, which so persistently keeps before their minds the false premises of materialism that they are unconsciously forced to accept its debasing conclusions, and to ignore the spiritual and religious elements of their nature.

A system of instruction that makes no effort to instil moral and religious

principles, to form character according to Christian ideals, to encourage, develop and direct what is morally good, to repress and eradicate what is morally bad, may by no latitude of expression be called education.

Education, if it means anything, means the symmetrical development of the individual in all the faculties of his rational soul and in all the relations of his social nature, to the end that he may attain in time and eternity the purpose for which he was created. "The great object of education," as Emerson puts it, "should be commensurate with the object of life."* We must never lose sight of the fact that man has a twofold destiny to achieve—one to be realized in this life, the other to be attained in the life to come; the one is subject to the other. When the hour comes, and indeed it seems to be approaching, in which men become indifferent to the obligations of their supernatural vocation, from that hour will date the passing of our modern civilization, and the brutalizing of the human race.

It is necessary, therefore, to regard the child as made up of different faculties, instincts and inclinations, requiring education in order that each may contribute its share to the attainment of the end for which the individual was created. Body, soul, will, inclination, disposition—all require education in order that they may work in harmony, and enable the individual to produce the best results; for it is not any single human element, but a man that is the object of education. No intelligent person will say that it is sufficient to develop the body alone; that would be to regard man merely as an animal. Neither will it suffice to educate only the mind; that would be to regard him merely in the order of pure nature, and to lose sight of his supernatural destiny. No, we must regard that child as a rational being, upon whose immortal soul its Creator has

* *Essay on Education*, p. 133, vol. 10, Riverside Edition.

stamped a supernatural destiny, and in the light of that destiny we must educate the child, not only in secular science, but also in its moral obligations, and this through the medium of religion. It matters not to what degree of culture we may develop the mind, unless the child's heart be trained to morality and religion, by no stretch of meaning can that child be said to be educated. The trainer might as well develop the muscles of the right arm or right leg of an athlete and say that he is fitted for the struggles of the arena. "Education should be as broad as man."*

What shall be said, then, of a system of instruction which totally ignores the moral conscience of children, suggesting to them no high ideals of living, giving them nothing to guide them safely through the temptations and snares of life? What shall be said of a system of instruction that can find neither time nor place for training the hearts of our children, which are the seat of the affections and passions, from which must come moral and righteous living, or vicious and ungodly conduct; and yet claims to be capable of fitting our youth for the duties of life? Is it not a burlesque of truth and a sacrilegious abuse of a sacred trust?

If it be the purpose of education to impart merely facts and theories, and by these means to sharpen and expand the mind, then the instruction in our public schools is adequate and effective. But if it be the purpose of education, and all right minded men hold that it is, to create character, to mould dispositions, to guide the temper inclinations, as well as to develop mentality—in a word, to draw out, to educate whatever is good in man, then the instruction imparted in our public schools is not only inadequate, it is an absolute failure for the purpose of education.

Education has for its single purpose

* Essay on Education, p. 188, vol. 10, Riverside Edition.

the betterment of the human race, the uplifting of men by the knowledge of truth. But how is this uplifting to be realized when the State rigidly excludes from the training of its children the remotest suggestion of religious truth—the highest order of truth, without which all other truth can be seen only as "through a glass in a dark manner." Morality cannot exist without religion; and without morality the nation must relapse into savagery.

It is of necessity repugnant to the idea of education that it should be confined to the material interests of mankind. It must recognize and impart that higher order of truths contained in the Divine Law, or else fail of its purpose. Education to be effective must fit a man for the proper discharge of his spiritual obligations as well as for the care of his temporal interests. It must coordinate religious and secular knowledge, for it is from God that secular knowledge obtains its objective value.

In order, therefore, that the child may be trained to be useful to society and the State there must be a rounded development of all that goes to make him a man. There is an axiom of philosophy to the effect that "actus sunt personarum;" which is to say that acts are imputable not to the faculty which conceives them nor to the organ that executes them, but to the person of whom the faculty or organ is a component part. The officers of the law do not amputate or scourge the hand of the iniquitous citizen who murders his fellow-man. The entire person of the criminal is apprehended and punished; for it is the individual (persona) as such and not any one of his faculties or members, that is held responsible. In order, therefore, that each person may become a truly good and useful member of society he must be educated in all his faculties, and trained and guided in all his impulses, instincts and inclinations; otherwise some unruly passion, some violent impulse, some

vicious inclination will discount all the other virtues and make him a positive menace to society. This is a phenomenon of almost daily occurrence. Men and women of the highest "education" and "refinement" in the vulgar sense of these words, are convicted with alarming frequency, of crimes that are commonly associated with the most ignorant and vicious members of society. "*Bonum ex integra causa, malum ex quocunque defectu.*" A thing may be vitiated by a single defect, but nothing must be wanting in order that it may be good. A single neglected source of influence in thought or action may vitiate the entire individual and destroy his usefulness to society.

That this is the view of the matter taken by President Roosevelt we gather from the following passage in a letter from him, recently appearing in the public press: "Of course no one quality makes a good citizen, and no one quality will save a nation. But there are certain great qualities for the lack of which no amount of intellectual brilliancy, or of material prosperity, or of easiness of life can atone, and which show decadence and corruption in the nation just as much as if they were produced by selfishness and coldness and ease-loving laziness among comparatively poor people as if they are produced by vicious or frivolous luxury in the rich."

From this it is possible to see how fatuous and abortive must be a system of instruction which totally disregards the religious instinct in man and leaves him the victim of his blind and unbridled passions, violent impulses, and thus turns him loose to prey upon society.

Religion is an integral part of education and cannot be dispensed with. Upon it is based the highest degree of civic virtue and usefulness. There is nothing to take its place. The study of mathematics does not in itself possess anything calculated to restrain men's evil inclinations, or to incite in them a love of

virtue and morality, which constitute the very foundation of the family, of society and of government. And so it is with the other studies that constitute the curricula of our public schools. Consequently this system of instruction is not education, for it does not educate the entire individual, but merely a part of him, and for the most part leaves him stunted in the first stages of his growth, the victim of low appetites and sensuous pleasures. Such a system of instruction would be in any age an insult to the human soul. With greater truth may it be said in our time what Emerson said of the education of his day: "Our culture has truckled to the times—to the senses. it is not manworthy."*

From all this it is quite clear that there can be no such thing as "secular education." It is a contradiction of terms. The weight of the best authority is in support of this contention.

Guizot, the French historian and a Protestant says: "But while the action of the Church and State is indispensable for the diffusion and solid establishment of public education, it becomes equally important, to render such education really good and socially profitable, that this action should be profoundly religious. Popular education ought to be given and received in the midst of a religious atmosphere, in order that corresponding impressions and habits may penetrate from every side. Religion is not a study or an exercise to which a particular place or hour can be assigned. It is a faith, a law which ought to make itself felt everywhere and at all times; and on no other condition can it exercise the full extent of its salutary influence on the minds and actions of men."†

Daniel Webster says: "In what age, by what sect, when, where and by whom has religious truth been excluded from

* "*Memoirs to Illustrate the History of My Life,*" *American Journal of Education*, vol. 2, page 270.

† *Essay on Education*, vol. 10, p. 185, Riverside Edition.

the education of youth? Nowhere; never. Everywhere and in all times it has been regarded as essential. It is of the essence, the vitality of useful instruction."[‡]

Mr. Gladstone says that every system of education that places religion in the background is pernicious. How would he characterize a system that ignores it entirely?

Chief Justice Fuller, in his address at the centennial of Bowdoin College says: "Those were the days when all alike regarded virtue and piety as essential elements of education, and religion as the chief corner-stone of educational institutions."*

But, unfortunately, it is not such as these that constitute our schoolboards and legislative bodies, but unprincipled politicians who cannot even grasp the meaning and purpose of education.

Having excluded the spirit of religion, even the name of God, from the child's mind, this system of instruction indoctrines him by subtle means with the principles of materialism—that degrading system of philosophy which would reduce the human race to the level of inanimate creation. But this is not the worst. The drift of modern instruction has reached the point where utilitarianism is regarded as the most perfect form of education. This is the system of dollars and cents. It is little wonder that Emerson says that our system of education is a system of despair.[†]

It need scarcely be argued that religious instruction is necessary for the welfare of government. George Washington, in his "Farewell Address," gives unqualified expression to this fact: "Religion and morality," he says "are the pillars of human happiness. Let us with caution indulge the supposition that

morality can be maintained without religion. Reason and experience forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail to the exclusion of religious principle."

In pursuing the remunerative business of politics our office-holders have lost sight of these large and luminous principles of statecraft, which make the fathers of American independence loom large against the background of American history for all time.

Bishop Spalding has well said that "The deeper and purer one's religion, the higher and richer his moral life," (*Thoughts and Theories*, p. 9.); and it may be added that "The higher and richer his moral life," the more active, steadfast and practical will be his civic virtue. It is not penal laws that inspire the best and most abiding kind of civic virtue, but rather a thoroughly awakened moral sense based upon the eternal and immutable truths of religion. This awakened moral sense must be based upon religion that is personal, vital and dogmatic. Exclude religion from our schools and morality will disappear, and with morality will pass away your popular form of government, and even civilization itself.

I am fully aware that this is saying a great deal, but the history of the French Revolution offers demonstrative evidence of the validity of this conclusion. Therefore in supplementing secular instruction with a knowledge of the great truths of the Christian religion we lay the foundation of a highly intelligent and moral life; and in producing such a life we produce the worthiest and most efficient kind of citizenship, which is the best type of patriotism. Destroy religion and you destroy moral responsibility; destroy moral responsibility and you let loose the Cerberus of anarchy, revolution and licentiousness. Chief Justice Fuller, whom I have already quoted, says that "The people's happiness and good order and the preservation of civil

[‡] *Argument Against the Girard Will*, vol. 6, p. 152, Little, Brown & Co.

* *Addresses and Poem, the Occasion of the Centennial of Bowdoin College*, p. 44.

[†] *Essay on Education*, Riverside Edition, vol. 10, p. 134.

government essentially depend upon piety, religion and morality." (Addresses and Poem on the Occasion of the Centennial of Bowdoin College, pp. 44 and 45).

The stereotyped defence of the public school is that it is necessary for the diffusion of patriotism among the children of the land, and especially among those of foreign birth or parentage. And by inference we are told that our Catholic schools are incapable of performing this duty.

In divorcing religious from secular instruction, which is the foundation of civic virtue, the State undermined morality, and in so doing rendered herself incapable of inspiring the highest, purest and most useful kind of patriotism. Education is the source of enlightened patriotism. We have seen, however, that some of the clearest thinkers of modern times, have proclaimed our system of instruction abortive, unworthy of the name or honor of education, because it has made no provision for religion and morality. How, then, can it be the source of that enlightened patriotism which is the only guarantee of the perpetuity of republics. We may command children to cheer and sing national anthems while the flag is being unfurled, but this is not necessarily a manifestation of patriotism. Yet this is generally the fullest extent to which patriotism is taught in our public schools.

How do our parochial schools measure up to this requirement? Upon the heart of every child of our parochial schools is "writ large" in letters of fire the most sublime expression of patriotism that the world has ever received: "Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's. (Luke 20-25). Render to your country loyalty, to her laws your enlightened support, to her fame the prestige of high thinking, to her defence life itself if need be. And to your God ren-

der the homage of religion. This is the daily lesson of our parochial schools, a lesson which inspires in the hearts of our children the highest, purest and holiest ideals of patriotism. When the patriotism of our Catholic schools obtains throughout the land the nation may then rest in peaceful security from dangers from within and without, and in the assurance that American institutions and ideals are built upon an enduring foundation.

Our republican form of government is not founded on anything similar to the "divine right of kings." It has no large standing army with which to overawe the people and to enforce its laws. It is founded upon a respect for authority. It is by the authority of our Supreme Court that the Constitution is interpreted. It is by the authority of Congress and State Legislatures that laws are enacted for the common good. It is by the authority vested in our judiciary that our differences are adjudicated. Again the authority of magistrates is the force behind the law to insure its respect and observance. Let the respect for this authority be weakened and our form of popular government will soon be added to the ruins of the other republics, that are strewn along the highroad of time. Whatever, therefore, inculcates respect for authority tends directly to strengthen and perpetuate American institutions.

The children of our parochial schools are taught that all rightly constituted authority comes from God, and must, therefore, be revered and obeyed, whether it be found in the parent or priest or in the public magistrate. Respect for authority permeates every fibre of Catholic teaching. As faith is the soul of Catholic teaching, in like manner respect for authority is its heart.

At an early age the child learns that it is the infallible authority of the Church which definitely interprets Divine Rev-

elation, numbers the articles of faith and decides all questions of morals. After this manner the mind of the Catholic child is trained from earliest youth to respect all lawfully constituted authority. Could there be a surer way of promoting civic virtue and practical patriotism? It contains no hurrah, it is not set to music, but silently, yet potently, it works to advance our country to unrivalled honor in the senate of the nations.

Again in our parochial schools the children are trained to realize in their lives the beautiful ideals of Christianity by cultivating the virtues expounded and practiced by the Master during His sojourn upon earth. Unconsciously they drink in the love of virtue from the example of the beautiful lives of their religious teachers. Surely such a system must of necessity produce the best type of manhood and womanhood.

On the other hand the system in vogue in our public schools saps the very foundation of an effective code of morality, and of high and pure motives by ignoring the only reasonable incentive to the acquisition of these things, namely, God. Its influence may be hidden, but its subtle force is none the less certain and pernicious. It is at present preparing the minds of our children to reject all religious truth, and to cast off all moral obligations when they may do so without the fear of parental correction.

The enemies of law are fully cognizant of the power of religion to uphold authority and government, and to purify and elevate the national conscience. When, therefore, the political adventurers of Italy wished to accomplish their nefarious ends, they paved the way by banishing all religious instruction from the public schools. France, too, when she would prepare the way for the horrors of the Revolution, closed her Catholic schools, crushed religion, destroyed her priesthood and enthroned a harlot

upon the high altar of Notre Dame to be worshiped as the goddess of reason. Within the present year her apostate premier gloated over the fact that he succeeded in closing 2,500 Catholic schools. But in so doing he prostituted the martial spirit born on the fire-swept planes of Marengo, Austerlitz and Jena, by making it auxiliary to his infamous work. The army of chivalrous France now finds employment in charging cordons of God-fearing women banded together in defence of their children, their schools and their religion. Reviewing such conduct in the light of Gallic history, we ask ourselves what new barbarities France is planning for the scandal of civilization?

We may say that the better stuff of which the American people are made—their common sense and shrewd foresight—will not suffer our godless system of instruction to carry the nation to such extremes. But is such confidence well founded? Have we not already fallen upon these evil times? Consider the acute stage of peril at which the capital and labor interests have even now arrived. Such a state of affairs were inconceivable had the Christian principles of brotherly love, justice, eternal reward and punishment been instilled into the minds of American children.

Consider again the vast army of the unchurched, hourly growing larger to the despair of our separated brethren. Having cast off the Divine Law, and consequently all religious restraint, what is to hold them to the observance of the civil law?

Consider, finally, the large number of unspeakable crimes which have been committed in recent years in our large cities; consider the profanities and impurities which are hourly vomitted out of the mouths of sucklings; considering these signs of the times we surely cannot say with truth that there is no need of infusing the vitalizing principle of religion

into the system of instruction now in vogue in our public schools. These things are but the logical outcome of our godless system of instruction.

The years of school life constitute the formative age of children. It is the time when character is formed and lasting impressions are received. The work of

these years cannot be undone in after life. If, then, during these years our Catholic children are deprived of the spiritual instruction which should have been imparted in the school room as well as at home, the years to come will in all probability be unable to supply the deficiency.

A Strange Conversion

By MARY E. MANNIX



HAD a friend who had been afflicted with many sorrows. To her religion was an unknown quantity; she knew not what it was to pray; she had no consolation for her griefs. At length she decided to travel, in order to seek in change of scene some diversion from her numerous troubles. A woman of considerable wealth, which she used judiciously, the poor and suffering always found in her a friend. She was a person of great natural virtues, but the supernatural element was, or seemed to be, entirely wanting in her character. She was absent two years; at the expiration of that time she returned to America a Catholic. Never have I seen so great a change in any one. Life had taken on a new aspect for her—God had become her hope, her refuge, her comfort and stay. One day I said to her:

“How did you become a Catholic?”

“It is a very simple story,” she replied, “though when you have heard it you will say that it was very much out of the ordinary. I was residing for a time in a small French town—one of those old-fashioned places off the line of travel, so welcome to the heart of the unconventional tourist. From this point I was in the habit of making short excursions through the beautiful mountainous

country. One morning, having risen very early, I was passing the village church, and seeing the door open, I entered. The priest was at the altar. I saw a young girl leave her place, and as she passed me, her beautiful, pure face in profile, I thought I had never seen anything more lovely. She approached the communion rail and knelt there. The priest turned from the altar; while his locks fell over his shoulders, his eyes were half closed. His countenance reminded me of that of the Abbe Lizt, but a thousand times spiritualized. He came down from the altar and placed the Host between the lips of the young girl. Profoundly impressed and inwardly disturbed by an emotion I could not comprehend, I awaited with impatience the moment when I should once more gaze upon that lovely face. When the girl turned at last, her hands reverently joined, her eyes downcast, her cheeks faintly roseate as with the joy of the treasure she had just received, an angel from heaven could not have appeared more pure, more beautiful, more radiant with holiness.

“I had often assisted, as a spectator, at the communion service in Protestant churches. How unlike it had been to this—a form—it was not meant to represent anything more. After a time I left the church and continued on my

way, but all that day the sweet girlish figure, the white Host hovered before my eyes; wherever I went my thoughts were still in that poor little church.

"Three days later I found myself once more in the village; I arose very early the morning after my return and again betook myself to the church. The young girl knelt in the same place, the old priest stood at the altar. When the bell rang for the Communion the girl rose as before and approached the railing; I followed her. The priest placed the Blessed Sacrament on my tongue, and as he did so something pervaded my whole being, it was as though I saw and felt an illumination which penetrated my interior, extended to everything around me. I returned to my seat, lost in a kind of ecstasy. When I came to myself I was alone in the church. Suddenly I felt afraid; I realized what I had done. Without waiting a moment longer I went to the presbytery. The cure met me at the door.

"*'M. le Cure,'* I cried, *'I am a Protestant, and this morning I received the Sacrament from your hands. Have I done wrong?'*

"He lifted his hands: *'My child, my child!'* he exclaimed. *'But why did you do that?'* *'I can hardly explain it even*

to myself,' I replied. *'I have suffered much. I have had few consolations—no faith, as you understand it.'* Then I told him of the impression the actions of the young girl had made upon me, the motive which had guided me to approach the altar. The old man was very gentle, very kind.

"*'And what was the result?'* he inquired.

"*'I have never felt so happy,'* I said. *'My poor heart feels lighter than it has for a long time.'*

"*'My child,'* he continued, *'under ordinary circumstances you would have committed a grave fault, but you have erred through ignorance, and it seems to me our dear Lord must wish to show you the truth. I would not dare to say that you have profaned the Blessed Sacrament.'*

"*'After that how could I help becoming a Catholic? It is seldom that God gives so direct a call to such an unworthy soul. The more I reflect upon it, the more it awes me; I cannot call it anything else than a special Providence.'*

What do you think? I agreed with her, and I felt convinced, moreover, that the countless charities she had been exercising had been stepping-stones leading her to the heights of God.

QUATRAINS—MUSIC

ALICE S. DELETOMBE

*When the great Spirit Invisible spoke,
Grandly the planets rolled on and light broke
O'er the deep—while of chaos sweet music had birth,
And echoes of melody swept o'er the earth.*

*Not since the heavenly host glad tidings brought
Of love and life that morn the wise men sought,
Has music in its fullest power been heard,
Or greater depths of human heart been stirred!*

What Uncivilized Nations Drink

By LAWRENCE IRWELL

MAN has apparently never been altogether satisfied with the simple beverage that nature has provided to quench his thirst. Throughout the history of the world there seems to have existed a certain dissatisfaction with cold water as a drink; and a tendency to obtain, if possible, a more generous substitute. It is true that nothing actually quenches thirst better than cold water; but it is also true that in thirst, as in all his appetites, the simple appeasing of the desire is too little for man. He demands—and has always demanded—pleasure in the appeasing as well as mere satisfaction. This fact explains the infinite variety of alcoholic and non-alcoholic drinks at present in existence. Some men consume a single glass of water at each meal, but never allow a drop to pass their lips at any other time, although they may not venture to echo the bold assertion of the Mongolians that "plain water has a malignant influence, and ought on no account to be drunk." With the modern beverages of civilization—tea, coffee, cocoa, charged waters, wines, spirits, and beer—everybody is familiar, at least in name, but the question naturally arises, what do men drink who are not able to get these beverages; what substitutes have they found for water pure and simple? A glance into the more unfrequented byways of our planet reveals many curious and interesting drinks, some of which are worthy of a detailed description.

The Hindus make a highly esteemed beverage from the milky fluid contained in the climbing bindweed (*convolvulus*.) Their method is to carefully squeeze out the latex (milky juice) of the plant, and then induce a process of fermentation by allowing it to stand. This beverage is

claimed as the original intoxicant of the human race, and the predecessor of the vine, so great an ancestry has it. Under the name of Soma, songs to its praise occupy a considerable part of the writings of the Brahmins, and they exalt it into a mighty power who can give strength and vigor to his devotees, a claim resting on the exhilarating effect it produces on mankind. It is still regarded as sacred, and at a great annual festival, libations are poured out to Soma, whose boundless powers extend even to the granting of immortality. The ancient Persians also revered this drink under the name of haoma.

In some parts of the world we find the sap of trees pressed into requisition as a satisfier of thirst. Pulque, the favorite drink of the Mexicans, is the sap of the maguey, or false aloe. When the plant is on the point of flowering, and all its energy is directed to flower production, the Mexican cuts and hollows out the flower-stalk, so that the sweet sap, on its way to feed the bud, is arrested and caught in the hollow. By standing it ferments slightly, and thus is formed an agreeable beverage. A somewhat different drink, known as tepache, is made by mixing sugar and water with the maguey sap, and allowing the mixture to ferment for a few hours. Those natives of Mexico whose tastes demand something rather stronger and more pungent, allow the fermentation of the sap to go on for a longer time until it becomes acid and almost putrid. Another Mexican drink is orange-leaf tea, made by pouring boiling water on orange leaves.

The cider tree of Tasmania (*Eucalyptus gumi*) derives its name from furnishing the bushmen with a drink similar to pulque. Here again in the spring, as the

sap rises, the trunk is tapped by incisions made in its bark, and a cool refreshing liquor flows out of the wounds, and can either be drunk in a natural state, or, as is more usual, be set on one side to ferment into what is considered a pleasant beverage.

The sap of trees, flowing in a steady current from roots to leaves and flowers, and bearing with it the nourishment the plant has elaborated for its own consumption, has been recognized all the world over as a drink of some value, although the trees or plants supplying the delicacy vary in different climates. In Kamchatka, where neither eucalyptus nor maguey could live, the natives have called into requisition the more sturdy birch. Its sap, which is procured, as in eucalyptus, by boring holes in the trunk, is converted, with the addition of hops and sugar, into beer, or by a little different process, into wine. We are told that birch wine has an agreeable flavor and is very wholesome, and that the Russian variety of birch wine effervesces like champagne. It is recorded that during the siege of Hamburg by the Russians, in 1814, almost all the birch trees in the neighborhood were destroyed by the semi-barbarians in the Russian service by being tapped for their sap.

In South American countries, a drink is prepared from the pulp of the mucilaginous astringent fruit of the quazuma, a near relative of the cocoa tree. This pulp undergoes various processes of fermentation, and so furnishes a kind of beer. Chica is a maize beer made by some of the Indians of the Andes. Chichi is a name given by the Patagonian natives to a rude sort of cider which they brew in the autumn, when the wild apples are ripe. Their method of making it is simple in the extreme. Pits are dug in the earth and are carefully lined with the hides of horses to prevent any juice soaking into the ground. Then the apples are gathered and thrown into the pits. They decay and ferment, and

their juice provides the material for the grand annual drinking bout of the Patagonian men. The women have learned by experience what the results of this bout frequently are, so when the time for the orgy approaches they go round carefully collecting knives and other dangerous weapons from the men. With these and with their children they then steal away and hide in the woods until their lords and masters shall have drunk themselves crazy and slept themselves sober again. It is a sad reflection that these wild apples are the only legacy left by a few devoted Jesuits, who set out to convert the Patagonian savages. The Jesuits took with them various implements of husbandry, and European grains and seeds for cultivation; but these brave men were all soon murdered, and only the apple trees flourished, propagated and produced fruit, in a climate more congenial to plants and trees than to missionaries.

Dowra is a primitive beer, brewed in many parts of Africa—in Abyssinia, in Washonaland and among the Kaffirs. The method of brewing is much the same in all countries. Grain is soaked in water and left until it sprouts a little; then it is spread in the sun to dry and is mixed with unsprouted grains; after that the women pound it with wooden mortars, and the malt obtained from this is boiled and left to stand in a jar for two days, and overnight a little malt that has been kept for the purpose is thrown over the liquid to excite fermentation. In Washonaland the women are the chief brewers; in fact, to be a good wife one must also be a good brewer. The beer is always made in the fields and it is very intoxicating. It must be drunk as soon as it is brewed, otherwise it quickly becomes disagreeable and worthless. A similar "barley beer" was formerly used by the Egyptians both as a beverage and in libations to their gods. Xenophon speaks of "bowls of barley beer in which the grains were floating."

Of quite a different class of beverages is that known as kephir, drunk by the people of the Caucasus. This is effervescing milk, the effervescence being caused by the introduction into the milk of horny yellowish-brown masses known as "kephir-grains." When these grains are moistened they swell up into lumps of a gelatinous consistency. The character of these grains has been carefully studied, and they are found to be made up of a rod-like bacterium and a yeast living together on terms of mutual advantage. On their introduction into the milk, a number of fermentative changes immediately take place, and the milk is broken up into its constituent parts. Lactic acid and a little alcohol are produced, together with a considerable quantity of carbon dioxide, the presence of the last-named being, of course, the cause of the effervescence.

Koumiss is a similar beverage of effervescing milk. On the Asiatic steppes, the milk usually employed is that of the mares, although the milk of goats and asses is also used. To Americans, koumiss made from the milk of mares or goats has a very unpleasant smell, but when made from cows' milk it is much more palatable. When first introduced into this country, about 1874, it was claimed that it would some day occupy a position superior to that of cod-liver oil and beef-extract. That time does not seem to have yet arrived.

Lovers of the fragrant cup of tea would scarcely recognize their favorite beverage were they invited to partake of it with their brethren of Tibet, who are no less devoted to tea, made according to their ideas. Brick tea, made at best of the dust of tea leaves and stems of tea plants (although more often of any worthless plant dust), is usually used by them, instead of the crisp, curly tea leaves which we employ. The name "brick tea" is derived from the dust being pressed into hard, solid, brick-

shaped lumps, from which pieces are chipped when tea is to be made. The infusion obtained from brick tea is harsh, very strong and stimulating, and instead of being served with milk and sugar, it is generally flavored with mutton fat and salt. However nauseous the resultant liquid might seem to us, the Tartars themselves drink large quantities with great relish; and after they have finished their cups of the liquid they end by eating the residue of tea dust as a dainty. Substitutes for tea have been found at different times by settlers in out-of-the-way places. In Tasmania, for example, the leaves of certain myrtles have been used to make "tea" and from this fact the shrubs have received the name of "tea trees." The leaves are too aromatic to produce a really satisfactory infusion. The "tea tree" of the Falkland Islands (South Atlantic Ocean) has less aromatic leaves, which therefore give a more palatable beverage. The leaves of other varieties have been used for a similar purpose by sailors, who have reported that this tea was fairly good, but if made too "strong" it had an emetic tendency, as has what we call green tea. These leaves, if added to spruce leaves in equal quantity, modify the astringency of the beer brewed from the spruce leaves and much improve its flavor.

Kava is a Polynesian intoxicating drink made from macerating in water part of the root and stem of one of the piperaceae—the pepper family. Formerly it was prepared by women who carefully chewed the plant.

Saké is the national beverage of Japan, and until recent years was the only fermented liquor known in that empire. It was obtained by the distillation of the best kinds of rice. In appearance it resembles a very pale sherry, although in taste it is somewhat acid. The best saké is white, but there are many varieties, and the poorer people in Japan have to content themselves with a turbid kind. A glass of saké is drunk at every func-

tion of daily life and at all ceremonies; even offerings to the gods at religious festivals, whether great or small, include a cup of saké.

The nations of the Orient, generally, either follow the usage of the Turks, who drink their coffee thick with sediment, or they adopt the custom of the nomadic Arabs who make it from dried pulp in much the same way as tea is pre-

pared in Occidental countries. The Somali tribes of East Africa boil the coffee beans in oil, and soak corn (maize) in the mixture.

For most, if not all of the drinks mentioned in the above brief summary, a taste would have to be acquired with considerable diligence before they could be drunk with any real pleasure by the more civilized inhabitants of the world.

TO THE GODHEAD

C. D.

*Omnipotent God! from Thy celestial throne
On high, deign to look down on earth;
Thou, Ruler of the Universe,
From Whom all Good must have its birth,
Eternal and Divine!*

*Transcendent Light!
With Thy all-seeing eye,
More radiant than the sun,
O glorious One,
Search Thou this soul of mine.*

*O mighty God, shalt Thou not find
Inscribed on my poor soul
My love for Thee—
The ever Blessed Trinity:
O wondrous mystery.*

*Dear Saviour, by the sacred rood
Whereon you bleeding died—
And by your Resurrection from the dead—
Raise me from sin
O Jesus, crucified.*

*O Holy Spirit, let Thy streams of love
Revive my fainting soul;
Give strength—for I am weak, give grace—
That I may reach the Holy Place
And see the Master—face to face.*

*O Holy One, my soul cries thus, to Thee,
O beauteous One, my spirit yearns for Thee,
O Love, I thirst, I perish wanting Thee,
O God! I burst my bonds, and fly to Thee,
O gentle Saviour, draw me, close to Thee.*

The Old World

Seen Through American Eyes

By **REV. JOHN F. MULLANY, LL. D.**

ROME ONCE MORE.

WE are in Rome once more. It seems like home. There is something about the place that causes the pilgrim to experience a peace and happiness that is not found elsewhere. On entering the Eternal City the very soul overflows with joy. You may ask why? Simply because Rome is the very center of christendom, the cradle of the papacy, the home of God's representative on earth. There are other attractions and very great ones, but they cannot compare with this great central fact. The ancient ruins of Rome are very interesting and instructive and should be studied by every student of history, but they do not constitute its greatness. They are magnificent fragments of a past civilization that was conquered by Christianity. Rome is eternal because it is the home of the religion established by Jesus Christ, who promised that His Church should continue till the end of time. This is why Christians love to visit Rome.

We arrived just in time to witness the greatest enthusiasm Rome has seen in many years. The whole population caught the spirit and participated in the grandest demonstration that has been witnessed in the Eternal City since the usurpation of the temporal power by the Italian government. The event was the solemn services held in St. Peter's in thanksgiving for the recovery of the Holy Father. The great basilica was

packed to the very doors. Nearly 100,000 were admitted by tickets and outside were double that number. The entrance of the Holy Father was the signal for the waving of handkerchiefs, banners, hats and everything available. As he was borne aloft on the shoulders of the Roman nobles he lifted his emaciated hand in blessing and his pale, thin lips moved in prayer. His bright, black eyes sparkled with a luster that drew every heart in that great audience to him, and his marble countenance beamed with a sort of supernatural expression that made him look more like an angel than a human being. All could see the signs of the sufferings he went through during his recent illness, in his outward appearance, but in that very weakness there was strength. The vast audience soon caught the inspiration and in one great voice they shouted: "Long live Pope Leo XIII." This cry was taken up by the crowd outside the basilica and passed on to the more remote spectators till it reached the streets and was echoed throughout the whole city.

Men and women, old and young, were thrilled with love and sympathy for the grand old man of ninety and many were moved to tears. All joined with him in his prayer of thanksgiving, Protestant and Catholic, Jew and Gentile, for Pope Leo XIII. is beloved by all. The holy sacrifice being offered, he was tenderly borne back to his apartments. As he passed he smiled upon the great gathering and like the gentle Jesus, he blessed the people, and though weak and

faint, his sweet, musical voice was heard in all parts of the great church as he intoned the apostolic benediction. Before he disappeared from view he was again and again cheered. An Anglican bishop who was in the audience was so carried away with the scene that he found himself, before he knew it, shouting for the Pope. Might this not be an omen of what may happen some day in the near future? England was once the defender of the papacy. May she not resume her position once more? Her brightest intellects are moving Romeward. Not a day passes but numbers are received into the fold. We met this very day two English priests, once Anglican clergymen. They told us that when they entered, upwards of 300 of their parishioners followed them. This is a sample of what is taking place daily in the great stronghold of Protestantism.

The celebration of last Sunday furnished a magnificent testimony to the faith and religion of the Romans, and of their deep devotion to the sovereign pontiff. The indifferent, if there were any such present, were roused to enthusiasm in the presence of the venerable representative of Jesus Christ, crowned with great victories and many years of faithful stewardship, scarcely recovered from his late severe illness, coming from his bed of sickness in order to see and bless his beloved children once more. It was also an evidence that the Catholic religion can sway the intellect and heart as no other religion can. That great multitude was moved and animated by one sole sentiment, that of honoring and rendering homage to Pope Leo XIII. Why? Not on account of his rare intellectual attainments, but because that singular personality, our beloved Holy Father, is the vicar of Jesus Christ on earth. In fact if a prebiscite were taken

in St. Peter's on that long to be remembered day it would require no prophet to tell what the result would be. The signs of the times point out a great change in the sentiments and feelings of the Roman people. While they love and desire Italian unity, still they are good Catholics and consequently they earnestly wish the question of the temporal power of the Pope to be settled in a manner that will secure to him and his successors the fullest liberty in the ruling of the Church. This he can never have while a subject of any earthly potentate.

I must tell you another pleasing event in connection with this great thanksgiving service. In order that the poor might rejoice with their more opulent brethren the Holy Father provided for upwards of 10,000 dinners which were served in the grand circle in front of St. Peter's. The sweet thoughtfulness of the grand old man rejoiced the hearts of many a poor family. When the financial condition of the Holy See is taken into account this act will be better appreciated. This worthy class, the poor, have little sympathy from the present rulers of Italy.

We had an opportunity for contrasting the affection of the people for their temporal and spiritual rulers. The royal couple returned from an extended trip through Sardinia the following day. At the appointed hour Dr. Lynch and I were lined up with a small crowd to witness the reception. The train arrived and the king and queen entered their carriage and drove off and there were no signs of greeting or enthusiasm of any kind. A few boys shouted, "Long live the queen," and that was all. It seemed more like a funeral procession than an ovation. The people of Italy apparently have little love

for their present rulers, while for the Holy Father they have the greatest affection. The contrast is great and beneath all this is the spirit of unrest. There would be an uprising to-morrow but for the armed forces stationed all over Italy. When a people are taxed one-half of their earnings for the support of the government, a change must come. Not alone are they taxed, but they are robbed. We are weary of the story of robbery and oppression that has been related to us by the clergy and religious communities of Italy. It is all so out of keeping with our ideas of justice and right in America that we cannot comprehend it. There is but one explanation to my mind, and that is Italy's love of unity. She bears these shameful wrongs rather than overthrow the present government, for fear of even worse results; for in Europe it needs but a match to start a fearful conflagration. The anarchists and all their kind are simply waiting for the opportunity to destroy law and order. This is why the present state of things is so patiently endured by God-fearing men.

We intend to spend a few days in the Eternal City in visiting the ancient ruins of the Roman Forum and the Palatine Hill. They are so full of interest. The churches, too, must have another visit, especially the great basilicas and those churches dedicated to the memory of the early propagators of our holy religion who sealed their faith with their blood. This we find a very charming occupation and were it possible we would like to continue it for some time; but we will soon say good-bye, as we are homeward bound. Our plan is to offer the holy sacrifice every morning in some one of these sacred shrines and then to examine the treasures of art and architecture to be found therein. For instance, this morning we visited the church of St. John and St. Paul, two Roman princes who were martyred during the reign of St. Julian the apostate. Their

bodies are under the high altar. Pope Adrian IV., the English Pope, built the present church in 1158. Dr. Lynch said Mass over these holy remains and I said Mass over the remains of another great servant of God, St. Paul of the Cross, who died and was buried in this church in 1776. He was the founder of the Passionists, an order of priests well known in all parts of the world. The body of this saint is in a perfect state of preservation. The aged face bears a beautiful expression of repose; the body is dressed in the robe which clothed it when living. In honor of this saint a splendid chapel has been built on the right of the nave, covered with precious alabasters and jaspers.

Beneath the garden, which is very large and beautiful, are the ruins of the temple of Claudius, built by his wife, Agrippina, after she had sent him to Olympus by feeding him with poisonous mushrooms. Nero, under the pretext that it interfered with his golden house, pulled it down, but it was rebuilt by Vespasian. Here the house of the Roman princes, St. John and St. Paul, was recently discovered. The garden overlooks the Coliseum and the Roman Forum. The day we visited this venerable church and monastery was the saints' day of the order. Grand church services took place during the day, at which Cardinals, Archbishops, and numbers of clergy and people assisted. We were among the invited and here I might say that we have been welcomed everywhere in the same whole-souled hospitable manner. We met a delightful gathering of Americans, most of whom were called to Rome to partake in the election of a superior general. After dinner we adjourned to a remote part of the monastery, where we spent the siesta time in a most charming manner. In that memorable gathering we had Right Rev. Bishop Donahoe of Virginia, a magnetic entertainer; Very Rev. Fr. John, provincial of the

order, a charming personality who has been elected to reside in Rome as consultant (I fancy he would prefer U. S. A.); Rev. Fr. Fidelis (James Kent Stone), author and preacher, one of the most fascinating characters in the Church and a man who is brimfull of wit and humor; Rev. Fr. Edmund, poet and preacher, and great scholar, and a man who loves to see others happy; Rev. Fr. Joseph, the gentle, refined Aloysius of the order; Rev. Fr. Alphonsus, the big-hearted, whole-souled missionary who is loved wherever he is known; and finally Rev. Fr. Robert, a man who needs no introduction to the State of New York. He is high up in his order, a magnetic preacher, a true friend and most enjoyable companion. Such were the friends we met on this memorable occasion. We spent two hours in the most delightful American style, something unknown in this part of the world. In Italy there is no business transacted from twelve to three. These are sacred hours and even after dinner stories are not indulged. This will explain why we were all Americans in our little gathering.

THE HOME OF ST. FRANCIS.

In my last letter I promised to send you a few notes on our rambles in Rome. This I must postpone, at least for the present. If I can give you short glimpses of our visits to the more important places on our route I will do well, as we spend all our time in sight-seeing and there is no leisure for letter-writing.

No one should visit Assisi who goes there with a prejudice against a religion that is not his own, for it is impossible to have any just impression of this wonderful shrine which is not interwoven with the memory of St. Francis and his works. Indeed it would seem strange to find any one unwilling to draw a beautiful, sweet lesson from what he sees and hears when he remembers the

great influence which the saintly life of St. Francis has had on the whole Christian world. One of his biographers, in speaking of this influence, uses these sympathetic words: "Saint Francis and his companions, having been called by God to carry the cross of Christ in their hearts, to practice it in their lives, and to preach it in their words, were truly crucified men both in their actions and in their works. They sought shame and contempt out of love for Christ, rather than the honors of the world and the respect and praise of men. Thus they went about the world as pilgrims and strangers carrying with them nothing but Christ crucified; and because they were of the true vine, which is Christ, they produced great and good fruits in the many souls which they gained to God."

As we approached Assisi the interest of the journey became more pronounced. There was a thrill of unspeakable expectation in every curve the train made as we came within view of this sacred spot. Round about us we saw the fertile plains laden with their wealth of vines, olives, fruits, etc., stretched out to the mountain slopes till they met the steep terraced arches which support the great church and monastery of St. Francis. On beyond the town spreads out till the eye rests on the tower of the convent of St. Clara, which rises above the grave of the most devoted and romantic disciple of the great founder. Beside the station itself is the vast pile of buildings of the Sancti Angeli, enclosing the holy cell of the Porziuncula. Here St. Francis worshipped, and here his emaciated body was first committed to the dust. Here pilgrims from all parts of the world flock to take part in the solemn processions of the first of August. This little chapel, which is a gem of its kind, is enclosed in the interior of the great church of St. Mary of the Angels. Over the entrance is a beautiful fresco by Overbeck, of the Saviour and the

Blessed Virgin throned in glory, surrounded by floating angels, being a vision of St. Francis when he heard a voice saying: "They shall take neither gold nor silver, nor money in their purses, nor shoes, nor staff; this is that which I seek." This fresco is a key to the study of Assisi. It reveals the motive power which pervades the whole history of the place and the wonderful character to whom it owes all its importance, for it was in this little house, the Porziuncula in Italian, that the first seven disciples of St. Francis gathered around him, having hardly room to lie down. Here he first gave them a name, not Franciscans, as they were afterwards called, but *Fratres Minor*, the humblest of God's servants. Here he had his first vision of the future greatness of the order and waking from sleep he said to his companions: "Be not sad because we are few, for God has shown me that ye shall increase to a great multitude and shall go on increasing to the end of the world." Here standing at the door he sent forth his first disciples, saying: "Go, proclaim peace to men, and preach repentance, for the remission of sins. Be patient in tribulation, watchful in prayer, strong in labor, moderate in speech, grave in conversation and thankful for benefits." And as each one went forth he bade him farewell in these sweet words: "Go forth and cast all thy care upon the Lord and He will sustain thee." And hereafter establishing his great order of monks, he received the first subject for the formation of that great female community which to-day bears her name, the beautiful St. Clara. One of her biographers has said: "*Clara nomine, vita clarior, clarissima moribus.*" It is scarcely necessary to say that Utica and Syracuse have been blessed for many years by the zealous labors of the children of the great St. Francis, in the Franciscan fathers who are in charge of two of the largest parishes in the diocese, and in the faithful,

hard working sisters of the same name who have charge of many of our schools and charitable institutions.

The ancient chapel has been left as it was when St. Francis died. The old, curious carved doors are there. The interior is black with age. It is almost entirely covered with votive offerings and is lighted by votive lamps. There are frescoes on the outer gable wall representing St. Francis embracing the cross. At the other end is an altar where Dr. Lynch and I had the privilege of offering holy Mass. Close to the chapel of the Porziuncula is another small chapel erected by St. Bonaventura over the cell in which St. Francis laid and where he died in 1226. His heart is preserved here. Over the little altar is a figure of the saint made from a mask which his companions had taken from his dead face so full of life and expression. Around are several beautiful frescoes, the work of La Spagna.

Passing through the sacristy where there is a fine picture of St. Francis on a wooden plank which once formed part of his bed, we were taken into a little garden which is filled with rose bushes. Once they were bushes filled with thorns, but when St. Francis rolled his naked body upon them to mortify the flesh, they blossomed and ever since the old roots have put forth fresh leaves and blossoms without thorns. We were presented with a memento of this strange and wonderful garden. Nearby we looked into the little room where he performed his terrible penances. In it are preserved two pieces of wood which formed part of his pulpit. The green space in front of the church and convent has been built upon because it was here that St. Clara was permitted to dine with St. Francis. A most beautiful legend has grown up with this incident, which is told by Mrs. Jameson in her sympathetic style. Here also in later years was held the first general chapter of the order, at which St. Francis presided.

The great St. Dominic was also present. I might continue for pages a description of this holy shrine, but I have not the time. Besides I must take you in spirit up the path which St. Francis so often walked with his companions. The town is entered beneath the shadow of the vast convent of St. Francis which is supported by a series of lofty arches. The streets are well paved and clean. There are fountains everywhere, and many of the buildings are handsome and attractive. The street we entered by was St. Francis' favorite walk. On it when a young man he met a soldier of honor and courage poorly clad; he took off his own fine clothes and gave them to him. Here in later years he begged from door to door for the maintenance of his order. Here he preached in such a wonderful way on penance that all who heard him, both men and women, were moved to devotion and compunction. On this very street we saw the site of his old homestead. The church of St. Clara is built over it and as the church and convent belong to Spaniards, they have escaped suppression. (The visitor all through Italy, and in fact in other countries, has beautiful object lessons of this kind constantly brought before him, of the Catholicity and generosity of Spain.) The high altar occupies the site of the chamber of St. Francis in which he had his vision of angels. To the left is a small room where an angel appeared to the mother of St. Francis before his birth in 1128 to announce that her child, like the Saviour of the world, should be born in a stable. In a narrow alley a little behind the church is the stable where he was born. It is now a little chapel. It was here that St. Francis irritated his father because he gave money without permission for the restoration of the church of St. Damiano. Giotto has made this scene the subject of one of his beautiful studies. In the picture a bishop covers the child with his episcopal mantle. The

church of St. Clara close by is of great interest. It has a crypt wherein are the remains of the dear saint. The body is in a perfect state of preservation, clad in the habit she wore when living. It is visited by all visitors, Protestants and Catholics alike, with the greatest devotion. Nearby are many relics and her breviary. It is a charmed spot to linger and meditate on what can be accomplished by a delicate lady when inspired by the Holy Spirit.

The great sight of Assisi is the convent of St. Francis himself, one of the most remarkable buildings in Italy, beloved by the great artists of the bygone ages and of the present time. Here to-day we celebrated High Mass over the remains of St. Francis. Dr. Lynch was celebrant, I was deacon and an English priest subdeacon. The choir was made up of the Franciscan community, assisted by some excellent talent. The music was grand and the experience was one we shall always cherish. The good fathers, the same as in Utica and Syracuse, left nothing undone to make us feel at home. They are few now in comparison with what they were before the suppression of their glorious convent, but they are doing what they can to continue the spirit of St. Francis in the hearts of the people. I find it impossible to do justice to this subject in one letter. I shall try and find a leisure hour to complete the subject to-morrow.

THE GRAND TEMPLE OF ST. FRANCIS.

This grand temple of St. Francis was erected by the offerings of pilgrims from every part of the world. It became a mecca for all painters of Christian feeling who thus displayed their gratitude to God for the gift of genius and left upon these walls tokens of their love of religion and magnificent proofs of their great powers. Cimabue here painted the most beautiful of his Madonnas. Giotto here drew in colors those beautiful stories that have immortalized

his name. Hither flocked the artists of Italy to get fresh stores of inspiration and to contribute a mite of their talent to this new shrine of religion. Thus was formed in the shadow of the Umbrian mountains a truly Christian school of art which sought its types of beauty in the heavens, or which when the scene of its subjects lay below, chose the saints of earth as its models. It loved to represent, now the Blessed Virgin Mary kneeling before her Divine Son, or seated, caressing and holding Him up to the veneration of the saints or patriarchs; now the life of Christ, His teachings, His sufferings, His triumphs, or again to portray the touching stories of the early martyrs laying down their sweet, pure lives rather than stain their souls with the slightest sin; or the devotion of the hermits in their lonely caves, a soul borne on the wings of seraphs, a religious procession, the wonders of a great preacher like St. Francis, the love and homage rendered our blessed Lord in the Blessed Sacrament; always images of comfort, of hope, of reward, cherubs singing and producing wonderful melody; maidens smiling at the bright visions of heaven; all scenes which have their beginning on earth and their end in the world beyond the clouds, where the Saviour and the Blessed Virgin and the angels and joyful bliss, watching from above the glorious victories of the faithful suppliants in the world below. I will give you one illustration.

The groined roof which is above the high altar and directly over the shrine of St. Francis is divided into four triangles. They contain the masterpieces of Giotto, taken from the story of the vision of St. Francis, in which he saw three maidens, interpreted as chastity, obedience and poverty. Chastity is represented as a maiden praying in a tower, to whom one angel presents a palm branch and the other a book. Two warriors are prepared to defend the fortress.

Between them the knight receives the baptismal emblematical of the vow of purity. In the angle on the left St. Francis welcomes three disciples; in that on the right, penance puts to flight the world, the devil and the flesh. Obedience is represented as a maiden robed in black and supported by prudence and humility, putting the yoke over the head of a kneeling monk. On the roof beneath is St. Francis attended by angels. Holy poverty represents St. Francis in a rocky wilderness wedded by the Saviour to poverty. She stands among thorns, attended by faith and charity as bridesmaids. In the foreground are two boys mocking her; on either side groups of angels are witnesses. To the left St. Francis is seen giving his robe to a poor soldier; to the right are benefactors of the convent. The last picture is very beautiful. It represents St. Francis seated in glory, surrounded by angels. Above his head is a banner bearing a cross, surrounded by seven stars. The whole subject is full of life and action. So are the hundreds of other frescoes in the middle and upper churches. They are moving, living, talking, acting groups of people, all teaching by their exalted virtues the love of God and of our neighbor.

You must remember that these wonderful pictures are upwards of 600 years old, exposed to dampness and sudden climatic changes, and yet they are in a splendid state of preservation. They cover the walls of both churches and also the ceilings, and represent the entire life of St. Francis. Every event in that wonderful and most eventful life is brought out in the most exquisite manner. Besides St. Francis and his companions there are other scenes depicted, the old and new testament, the great events in the lives of many chosen servants of God, and the religious history of the age. Many of the best pictures are of no value as they are entirely ruined by the dampness of the great church. They

were painted on walls and hence the sad results. To-day pictures are first painted on canvas and afterwards placed on the walls. Thirty of Cimabue's grand studies are lost owing to this great defect. But the world is grateful for what has survived the ravages of time and the elements.

Beneath the high altar is the crypt. It is in the form of a Greek cross and is reached by a flight of stone steps. Sixteen columns of jasper and marble support the rock on which the sarcophagus containing the body of our saint rests. It is surrounded by a beautiful iron grille and from the marble canopy are suspended silver lamps which are always kept burning. Pilgrims from every quarter of the globe may be seen here at all hours from one end of the year to the other.

Outside are the monastic buildings, surrounded by double arcades and decorated with frescoes of some of the most celebrated Franciscan artists. The choir has some fine paintings and excellent carved work. Here the monks to the number of 200 went daily to recite their divine office. Since the suppression of the religious orders most of them have departed for other fields of labor, leaving behind a few to take care of the property. There are many places outside the convents and churches of Assisi connected with lives of St. Francis and his companions.

In my last letter I said something of these sacred spots. This I will supplement by describing our visit to the ruins of what was once the retreat of our saint. It is called the Hermitage of St. Francis. It stands in a cliff filled with luxuriant wood in the midst of a scorched and arid limestone rock of Monte Subasio. A low gateway with a fresco of the Virgin and Child between St. Francis and St. Clara is the entrance to the wood, which abounds in wild flowers and sweet singing birds. The old buildings are in ruins, but they occupy a most

picturesque position in the gorge. Hither St. Francis retired to pray and combat with his passions. His stone bed is still to be seen and his wooden pillow and the fountain which burst forth in answer to his prayer, also the miraculous crucifix, the chapel and the cells occupied by himself and companions. Here he addressed most beautiful thoughts to the sun and stars and the birds and flowers. Here he was once attacked by robbers, who were so disappointed by his absolute poverty, for he possessed nothing but a hair shirt and a peasant's tunic which he wore over it, that they threw him into a ravine filled with snow.

On our return we visited the convent of St. Damiano, one of the best preserved historical shrines in Italy. St. Clara received it as a gift from St. Francis, to whom it had been made over by the Benedictines. Here she founded her order of Poor Clares and here she breathed her last, August 12, 1253. The convent is well preserved and is full of interesting relics of this great woman. The frescoes are descriptive of her wonderful deeds and those of her saintly companions. Like most religious institutions in this country it has been suppressed by the Sardinian government and its monks most harshly treated. We returned to the hotel filled with the strange impressions made by the scenes we visited, and as we hastened to the station to take the train for Florence, we felt that we were leaving behind a little medieval world. We drove over the dusty road that was so often trod by St. Francis and his companions. He was heard to admonish the people that went out to see him in these sweet words: "O, love and serve God and repent perfectly of your sins." His beloved companion, Brother Anthony, would add with childlike simplicity: "Do what my spiritual adviser says, for he always says what is best." It was on this road that as he was carried home in a litter in his last illness he

had his bearers stop and he said to his brethren: "Never give up this place. Wherever you go always return here as to your home, for this is the holy house of God." As we passed the convent of the Angeli, which is beside the station, we recalled the scene of his last moments on earth, when surrounded by the brethren he touchingly repeated his welcome to "Sister Death" which he added to his "Song of all Creatures." Then he ordered the beginning of the 13th chapter of St. John to be read to him and in broken accents he himself repeated the 142d psalm. His last words were: "Farewell, my children, for now I go to God to whom I commend you all,"

and as one of his biographers says, "he was absorbed in the abyss of the light of God."

"O, Francis, never may thy sainted name,
Be thought or written save with soul
aflame,
Nor spoken openly nor breathed apart
Without a stir and swelling of the heart;
O mate of poverty! O pearl unpriced!
O co-espoused, co-transfornate with
Christ."

I shall write you from Florence if I
can find a moment to spare.

(To be continued.)

THE PHILOSOPHERS

THOMAS WALSH

*"To bed," says sleepy-head, the sybarite;
"Let's stay awhile—a fatalist is slow;
"Put on the pot, let's sup before we go,"
Says greedy-sot, falstaffian polite.
So on the bed the first enjoys the night,
The second tarries in the chimney glow,
While glutton fills the pot to overflow
And eats until his jaws refuse to bite.*

*But see—between the crannies of the door
The sunrise glinting on the tavern floor
Ere yet the hillside cocks have ceased to crow;
And hark! the knocker beats a dread tattoo;
"Who's there without?" "Death!" "Death!—and who are you?"
—"Unbar the door and each of you shall know."*

INTENSITY

ALICE S. DELETOMBE

*There is no silence; he, who comprehends
All life as motion—death, but life renewed,
Knows power when fullest a strange stillness lends
And silence is deep sound, by might subdued!*

Twenty Years After

By WILLIAM J. FISCHER

I.



It was nine in the evening. The busy winds were whistling through the streets of Vienna and the people were moving quickly in the direction of their homes. In the banqueting room of the renowned hotel, "Jaegerhorn," there sat an extraordinary merry company grouped about a large dining table that stood in the center of the room. They were a crowd of jolly singers and, whenever they had an off evening, they spent it at the "Jaegerhorn," which at that time was the leading hotel of old Vienna.

The group was composed of four gentlemen and two ladies, light and frivolous, such as one often meets in the large cities. Their ringing speech and merry peals of laughter filled every corner of that magnificent room and the eyes of the artists danced and sparkled visibly. All had already, no doubt, partaken freely of the rich, red, fiery wine, that stood on the table before them.

And now a small boy entered the room through the large glass door and approached the table, around which they were sitting. On his arm there hung a small basket in which he carried his little wares.

"Collar buttons! braces! matches! toothpicks! garters! Pray, kind people, buy something," pleaded the little one in trembling voice.

"See what beautiful things the boy has," said a blonde, slender fellow, in comical earnestness, who grabbed a gold-capped collar button and asked the price of it, and then grabbed for the next best thing with the same impertinent question. The others soon followed and did likewise and ere long busy fingers were throwing about and

mixing up everything in the poor boy's basket. At first a smile stole over the pale face of the boy but, when he saw that the arrogant company were making fun of him, the tears came to his eyes.

"Surely you can use a packet of Swiss matches. Good sir, please buy it!" Again he asked in vain and the words nearly stuck in his throat.

"Yes, youngster, if you want to sell me your matches, you will have to get up early in the morning," said the blonde and haggard looking singer sneeringly. "Look here, what I use for matches," and he pulled out a dollar bill from his pocket and held it under the little one's nose. "When you handle matches like these then you can do business with me," muttered he, and, folding the bill lengthwise, he held it in the flame of a gas light overhead and one or two applauded heartily.

Just then a woman's hand fell heavily upon his arm and, in angry tone, she exclaimed: "Tony! O, I am so surprised. Have you no heart within you? Shame should pierce your very soul! Such insolence! it pains me deeply."

She snatched the burning dollar bill from his hand and extinguished it and, bending over, she pressed it kindly into the cold, little hands, that a few minutes before had been thrown forth so beseechingly.

"See that you go home now, little one. You are tired and need rest." Having said this she led the poor boy away from the table.

"Ah, Pepi! my ruffled goodness!" declaimed the haggard looking man, with the pathos of a melodramatic actress. "How did you dare to do it?" and half angrily, though with a great deal of mockery, he stared into the face of his neighbor, who turned her eyes into

another direction and did not deign to notice him.

Just then the eyes of both women met and one could tell at first glance that they were sisters. The little peddler left the room in all possible haste. When he entered the open street he breathed more easily, yet he was somewhat dizzy and he seemed to be turning round and round and everything was turning with him. How rich he was now that the paper dollar lay safely in his pocket! A hundred thoughts ran through his little brain and he thought of everything he was able to buy now. On his way he passed many stores and long he stood before the brilliant and lighted windows wondering whether he should or should not go in and buy something that his little heart was longing for. But no, it would be better to carry home the money to his mother. She would know best what they needed most. He only wished to buy a little something for his younger sister, Marie. Ah, yes, he must—but he himself wanted nothing—no, nothing at all. And now he came upon a restaurant that faced the principal street of old Vienna. Long he stood there and gazed into the delicately lighted windows. He saw long rows of tables and there hundreds were sitting, chattering and laughing pleasantly. Then his eyes fell upon a delicious case of sweet-meats near by. Surely some of these would please little Marie, but how many bonbons could he get for five cents?

While he was still standing there, restless and undecided, a gentleman in a light, summer overcoat crossed the street and, opening the door of the café, rapidly walked in. Our little peddler also entered the place and when the door had closed again on its hinges, he stood there motionless and his eyes drank in the beauty of the scene around him. And a fairyland it really was, with its many colored lights, its floral decorations and its marble pillars

and floors. An orchestra was stationed in one of the uppermost galleries of that richly draped room. Just now they were playing that delightful heart-song of Thome's—"Simple Aveu." The tender melody caught the little one's ears and he stood there listening, like one suddenly transported to another sphere.

"Hustle on, there! hustle on! You cannot sell your petty wares here!" shouted forth the proprietor as he pointed the young peddler to the door.

"But, kind sir, I did not come to sell my wares. I merely want five cents worth of bonbons for my little sister Marie."

"Yes; five cents worth? Ha, ha! My, you have done a good day's business," and the middle-aged man, with dark black hair, took a bag and filled it with sweetmeats. Trembling, the boy laid his dollar bill on the counter. The proprietor noticed that the corners of the bill were all burned off and, throwing a glance upon the pale face before him, he asked:

"Where did you get this bill?"

The boy turned red. Then the color left his cheeks again; his legs and arms trembled for he thought nothing else but that the money which had been given him by that seeming kind woman was indeed false.

"What?" questioned the man in searching, earnest tones, "Can you not tell me where you got this dollar bill?"

The boy was silent. His lips were paralyzed with fear. He could not utter a single word. Just then the stranger who had entered the restaurant ahead of him turned around, when he had finished turning the leaves of a large book on a desk near by. He had a kind face and his eyes were so full of sympathy when he took the peddler's little hands into his own and said:

"Come! sit down. So, now tell me what your name is?"

"Hugo Brinkman," said the boy in a faint, trembling voice.

"Good; and where are your parents?"

"My father is dead and my mother takes in sewing and—and—O we are so poor and miserable!"

"Have you any sisters?"

"Yes, one—little Marie."

"How old are you?"

"Nine years."

"And don't you go to school?"

"Yes, but after school hours I have to try and sell these things I carry in my basket, because—because—we are poor."

"And who gave you this dollar bill to-day?"

Now that the boy was able to speak he told, without interruption, what had happened a few hours before in the hotel.

"In what hotel did all this happen?"

"In the Jaegerhorn," came the childish answer.

"Ah, yes, it was the singing society, 'Arion,' no doubt," exclaimed the proprietor of the café. "You can expect almost any insult from them. Here, little one, take back your money and keep the bonbons for I was the cause of all the fear that stung your childish heart."

"Is it, then, after all a real paper dollar bill?" asked the boy, as he anxiously extended his hand for it.

"Why, certainly, lad," laughed the stranger. "Here take this one also. Now you have two real dollars. Take both home to your mother and to-morrow after school I want you to come back here again. Do you hear? It will not be your loss."

The little peddler left with large tears of thanks shining in his deep blue eyes. The stranger's eyes followed the little shivering form until it was lost in the darkness and then he turned and said in sorrowful tone—and there was a note of pity in it—"Poor, poor boy!"

"Yes, interrupted the proprietor, sighing deeply, "Vienna laughs and dances to-night, while in her dark and lonely streets want and misery are sending forth to heaven their blood-curdling wailings of despair."

"That little one has found his way straight to my heart," replied the stranger after a short pause. "What if I were to take Hugo back with me?"

"I don't know whether you would get any thanks for it, dear Millar. The germ of worthlessness often finds a nidus as early as cradle life in this people and it is no wonder when we consider what life is in this Hungarian capital."

"Well, I will try him anyway, that is if his mother is willing to part with him. I am anxious to make a man out of this poor and fatherless boy."

What a feeling of surprise and joy must have taken possession of that starving mother-heart when Hugo brought home the two dollars and told his experiences of that eventful evening. Two dollars for the poor widow! Ah, such a sum she herself had never earned with two weeks' hard sewing!

Hugo laid the bag of bonbons upon the pillow of the sleeping Marie—a dear little child with light golden curls and cheeks that were red as the roses of morning—and then sought his own humble bed of straw upon the floor. Before undressing he knelt down before of picture of the Blessed Virgin, tacked to the bare wall, which Sister Felicitas had given him at school, and then and there breathed forth a prayer of thanks to heaven. And then he tried to go to sleep. To sleep? Ah, no—Hugo could not sleep that night. His little, throbbing brain was too occupied. Something wonderful had entered into his little life and he was happy and it seemed to him as if all Vienna had suddenly been transformed into fairyland.

The next day, after school hours, the poor mother paid special attention to Hugo's clothes. He was dressed in a plain, woolen, black suit and his shoes had a glossy appearance that day. When he kissed his mother good-bye, she softly said to him: "Now, darling, be very polite when you meet the

strange gentleman, who has treated us so kindly."

Hugo nodded dreamily and with basket in hand, turned the corner and soon found himself in the long, busy street on which the café stood. Having reached his destination he gazed searchingly into the large, plate glass windows in front of him. He was undecided and did not venture to go in. An hour and a quarter had now passed; people came and went and still he stood there, not knowing what to do. And now he turned in the direction of his home and suddenly the gentleman with the light overcoat rose up before him like one risen from the earth. Hugo was frightened and every muscle in his little body twitched with fear.

"Ah! little one; it is you," the stranger began. "Now tell me, how would you like to travel with me into a foreign land, where you will live in a fine house and where you will be able to learn something?"

Astonished, almost terrified, Hugo gazed into the kind face of the stranger. "Yes, but what will become of mother and Marie?" he asked sorrowfully.

"Everything will be all right. Come, we will see your mother now. Come, Hugo!" And through the thick, surging crowd of humanity that filled the "Koenigstrasse," the two made their way and before long they entered the lonely back street where poverty reigned supreme. It did not take many words to move the poor widow and, with a little persuasion, she consented, and Hugo was to accompany the stranger, who for years had been the leading electrical engineer of all England.

Within that mother-breast, however, a wild storm was raging and, as those thoughts shot through her throbbing brain, the tears ran hotly down her pale and sunken cheeks. For years she had faced poverty in its direst shapes and her daily battle for the bitter crust of bread had been the cross whereon her

heart was crucified. Her two children were all in all to her. How could she ever part with one of them? And then, who knows, she might never meet Hugo in this life again.

The stranger, whose name, by the way, was Francis Millar, spoke kindly to the mother and his words went far in soothing the heart-wound within that tender breast. He promised also that he would never forget them and added: "Every month, dear woman, I shall send ten dollars for yourself and child. I will send it to the proprietor of the café, from whom you can get it. He is a dear friend of mine and you can trust him."

The woman tenderly kissed the hand of her benefactor and pressing Hugo to her throbbing bosom she kissed his rosy cheeks while the tears were falling fast. Then with a calm look of resolution she raised her pale face slowly and breathed a prayer to that sweet Mother in heaven, whose merciful arms are ready to embrace God's holy poor. Another moment—and Francis Millar and little Hugo Brinkman were lost again in the crowds, that filled the Koenigstrasse. A few hours later they were on their way to England.

II.

The inventive genius of man strides rapidly onwards, ever producing something new—something more wonderful. The nineteenth century has justly been called the century of scientific progress; the steamer and steam engine have been a boon to humanity. Steam has had its past; it now enjoys its present but it will not have a very distinguished future. The future alone belongs to that brilliant child of human inventive genius—electricity.

It is the year of the World's Fair and Vienna is busy in its preparation to make it a success. The most noted electricians of the whole world have taken up space in the electrical building

and they are now at work arranging their exhibits. In 1883 the doors of the exposition grounds were thrown open and thousands and thousands of people from all parts of the inhabited globe were swarming into Vienna to see the wonderful sights that were awaiting them.

The electricity building is just receiving its finishing touches. A young man is seen hustling around in one of its principal halls, giving his orders here, there, everywhere to the workmen. His favorites—the many beautiful machines, standing there in all their splendor, mostly all of his own invention and construction are first to be tested before the doors are swung open to the public. A large sign, emblazoned in letters of red and gold crown the entrance to this hall—the largest and grandest in the building. The name of the firm, “Millar & Brinkman,” stands out boldly from the dark background, and the young man who is so busy arranging the details of this magnificent exhibition is no other than Hugo Brinkman, the little begger-lad who had left Vienna just twenty years ago. He is now a life partner of the firm of “Millar & Brinkman, England,” and he is known far and wide as one of the greatest exponents of electrical science. Wonderful, indeed, are the ways of Providence!

Hugo's benefactor early recognized the extraordinary talents of his young protege and consequently gave him a thorough university course at Oxford. During all these years Hugo had never returned to Vienna. Three years after he had left home a cholera plague visited Vienna and his mother and sister fell a prey to the ravishes of this contagious and deadly disease. Poor Hugo was almost beyond all consolation. A dark cloud, black and impenetrable had risen on the horizon of his future. His heart was broken and he almost cried his eyes out. Time, however, soon dimmed the sorrow lines in his young

face and now he began to look upon England as his home and Mr. Millar was to him father, mother and brother at the same time.

And now he had returned to Vienna, after a lapse of twenty years, a stranger almost. The proprietor of the old café was no more and everything was so changed.

Often in his quiet hours Hugo lingered fondly in the aisles of the sacred past and thoughts of the by gone years would run through his mind. A strange reminiscence was being continually wafted to him on the wings of memory and he was determined to follow it to the last. The first free afternoon he had he set out on a searching expedition and soon found himself wandering along the streets of western Vienna. He passed many of the old buildings and they seemed to throw a smile of remembrance down upon him. He had often passed them long ago, by day and by night, on his little errands of begging. At last he turned into a narrow lane and in a minute he stood facing the “Jaegerhorn.” It had changed little and the afternoon sun threw its warm smiles over that magnificent pile as he stood there and thought and wondered—and again that strange feeling took possession of his manly heart. A few butlers, standing near, bowed profusely and asked what he wanted.

“I would like to speak,” he answered, “to the proprietor of the hotel.”

An old, kind-hearted gentleman soon appeared and when he saw by the card which the butler had given him, that he was in the presence of the great Brinkman, he bowed until his nose nearly touched the ground and then asked how he might serve the distinguished visitor.

“You have been in this hotel many years, have you not?” questioned Hugo anxiously.

“Thirty years, sir!”

Thrilled with joy, Hugo continued:

"Then you will remember the singers—the Arion Club—who twenty years ago spent many a pleasant evening here. There, I think is the room in which their banqueting table stood."

"Ah, yes, the Arion Club! They came to me for many years."

"At that time a handsome young woman with blonde hair accompanied them. The face of one of the other singers resembled hers very much. She also had blonde hair, a shade darker perhaps. Do you not remember?"

"Ah, yes, that was the blonde Pepi, the renowned prima donna, whose charming voice had tuned the harp of music-loving Vienna for many years."

"Yes, I believe that is what the young man called her. Tell me, dear sir, if this woman is still living. What has become of her?"

"Yes, sir," cried the old proprietor, as he clapped his hands together, "yes, she still lives—but how! O so miserable! O she is so poor, sir!"

"But she still lives; I am satisfied. Kind man, can you give me her address?" asked Hugo somewhat nervously.

"Yes, yes, my wife knows where she lives. And, may I ask, are you a relative of this once famous opera singer?" and a searching look was thrown into the face of the stately man before him.

"No," came the reply.

"Pray, pardon me; but if you have come to extend a helping hand to poor, old Pepi, you are doing a good deed."

Hugo Brinkman listened eagerly to every word that passed the old man's lips and a feeling of irrepressible sadness took possession of his marly heart. In a moment he began:

"No, I am not a relative of the desolate woman, but long ago she showed me a kindness, the memory of which the twenty years that followed have not obliterated and even here in this very neighborhood, in that very room, that kind face first met mine."

And in as few words as possible Brinkman told the story of the burning dollar bill and of how that same bill had brought him that very evening to the café where he won his way into the heart of a golden future through a stranger and a friend. The landlord listened with deep interest to the story and the tears started in his little lively eyes.

"Wonderful, wonderful!" he muttered to himself, as he stretched his arms into his long, linen duster and begged Hugo to follow him.

"Come, and I will accompany you and lead you to the home of Pepi. You know," he went on, "my wife often sends her a dish of warm soup."

Home—did he say? Well, hardly that. It was nothing but a hole, gloomy and bare, and upon a bed of rags lay the emaciated form of the singer, who for years had thrilled the hearts of her countrymen with her trills and ringing notes of song. When the two men entered she raised herself slowly on her bed and stared at them with her large, sparkling eyes. Just then she fell into a coughing spell and a hectic flush was beginning to form on her pale, thin cheeks. When the paroxysm was over, she sank back, exhausted, and closed her eyes. Hugo was deeply moved. His own former misery and poverty was still fresh in his memory—but the picture that met his gaze now was horrible. At last Pepi opened her eyes. Just then one of the girls from the "Jaegerhorn" entered with the daily bowl of soup and immediately the pale face grew more and more cheerful. How her cheeks reddened and how her sunless eyes brightened.

"Bring over a few chairs, Louise, please," whispered the old man to the servant, as she passed out of the door. An old, torn, leather trunk and a two legged chair near the bed of rags was all the room contained.

"Eat your soup first, friend," Hugo kindly said to the sick woman. "We

will leave the room for a few minutes so as not to disturb you."

"Horrible! horrible!" whispered Hugo to himself, as the door closed slowly behind the two men. The landlord did not even look up; his face turned red, then pale, and he seemed troubled. O, why had he not entertained the stranger for another fifteen minutes, and in the meantime sent the women ahead with a little furniture and bed clothes? O, why had he not thought of this? No, he could never forgive himself for his thoughtlessness. But then he had never before been in Pepi's room. This was his first visit and little did he dream that everything was in such a desperate condition. Louise soon returned with the chairs and a blanket which the landlord's wife had hurriedly given her.

And now the two men entered again. The expression on Pepi's face had changed almost magically. She sat up in her bed—the soup had strengthened her. Her hair, too, had been pinned up cheerfully, and a smile was playing around her hectic cheeks. She raised herself slightly and nodding, addressed both men with due politeness.

"Do you not remember, dear woman, do you not remember that evening in the 'Jaegerhorn,' long years ago," Hugo began, as he seated himself upon a chair, "when you pressed a dollar bill into the hands of a little street peddler, the evening one of your companions attempted to light his cigar with it?"

"Ah, yes, I remember. Toni, the poor knave! He is dead now, and I—I have no one in the whole world—no one!"

"That little street peddler you treated so kindly that evening now stands before you, and the dollar bill you pressed into my hands was the foundation of all my future success."

Pepi was perplexed and looked steadily at the strange gentleman at her side.

"That I do not understand," she said

at last, as she shook her head slightly from side to side. "A dollar is a small amount. O, how the bills came flying in those delightful evenings when I sang Marguerite's role in Gounod's immortal masterpiece. Innocent, truthful girl! And the jewel song—that musical gem from Gounod's harp—dear old song! Never will I sing thee again!"

Just then she heaved a heavy sigh and a tear fell down upon her cheek. "O God! I am so wretched!" she exclaimed as she folded her hands. "My voice has left me, and I can sing no more. My heart is so heavy and sad and I would have been in my grave years ago, had it not been for that womanly heart that throbs for me within the walls of the 'Jaegerhorn.'"

"All this shall soon be at an end, my poor woman. I am rich and will protect you for the remainder of your earthly days. I have already rented the best furnished apartments in the 'Jaegerhorn' where good nursing, I trust, will soon bring you new vitality and many days of glorious sunshine."

"And all this kindness, dear friend, on account of that burnt one dollar bill? Surely it cannot be! You are jesting with a poor woman," and with wide open eyes she stared at Hugo, almost wildly, her thin arms trembling with fear.

"No; I am in earnest," answered Hugo, "and I trust that you may be spared many long years to enjoy the pleasures of your new home."

The tears now fell rapidly from Pepi's eyes but they were tears of joy and, raising her eyes gladly, she kissed the little silver crucifix which lay on her breast, and stretching her thin, white hands towards Hugo, she sobbed bitterly.

"O, I have been such a frivolous thing, my whole life long; O, so reckless and so careless. O, how many dollars I have thrown away to the winds—and now this one dollar with which I

have done good, this single paltry dollar is to bring me such good fruit when my life's sun is just about sinking. O God! merciful God! I can hardly believe it. Wonderful indeed are Thy ways!"

The landlord was despatched for the doctor, who soon arrived on the scene and in a short time Pepi was in the enjoyment of her new home, and I am sure the silent walls of that magnificently furnished room, heard the prayer she sent to heaven that evening for her friend and benefactor.

But she did not live long to enjoy the kindness of her newly found friend. She knew she had not many more days to live and the priest was her constant visitor and he prepared her soul for the long journey heavenward. Long before the doors of the electrical exposition were closed she had a relapse and sank rapidly. Hugo Brinkman was at her bedside all that day and I am sure the angels in heaven heard his prayer for mercy, when the eyes of Pepi had suddenly closed upon the world—its triumphs and disappointments—forever.

Good English



NO power is more generally acknowledged than that of fluent, forcible and discriminating speech; therefore it would seem that the acquisition of this power should form one of the aims of even an elementary education. But the correct use of language is an art rather than a science; the result not so much of effort and endeavor as of gradual growth and development. Through all the centuries our English tongue has retained something of the rugged strength that characterized the old Saxon conqueror; so beneath the varnish of later attainments a man's speech shows the grain of early association. Hence the importance of that gracious home training which while welcoming every lisping, faltering word through which the little child seeks to establish relations with the great world; still recognizes the importance of giving to the pure soul in speech as in all else only that which is pure.

It may be urged that some parents lack the ability to speak correct English, but granting every possible limitation, the fact remains that the majority err not so much through ignorance as

through carelessness. Before the principle that it is worth while to speak correctly details sink into insignificance. The parent who makes an honest effort to speak correctly himself and who encourages every advancement made by his child in the use of language cannot fail to implant this vital principle.

Leaving home, our happy modern child enters the kindergarten where opportunity is given for the expansion of every awakening faculty. Here he should find not only the respect for good English that he has known at home, but also a more nearly infallible example. There may be valid excuses for incorrect verbal expression in the home; but in the school this cannot be the case. The duty of the kindergarten and of the primary school is to supplement and continue the good the home has begun. It would be a pity that a faulty expression should be heard in the school room for the first time and through association with a teacher's dignity should become a model for unconscious imitation.

Undoubtedly mistakes must be often corrected, but the corrections should be so wisely made as to preclude any un-

fortunate results of self-consciousness or hesitancy of speech. The teacher, following the child's thought, supplies at need its true and more adequate expression. The child gratefully accepts the correction as a sign of sympathy and interest, while the correct expression is stored in his memory for future use.

The correct form of speech should always receive the emphasis, while the faulty should be ignored, and thus condemned to oblivion. As indicating that correction in language is possible without interruption to the train of thought, a school might be cited in which the slightest error in English is rectified almost as an unconscious habit. It is somewhat amusing to the visitor to hear in the midst of an interesting story some slip in language breathlessly corrected, a hurried "Thank you," and the tale rapidly continued; but the purity of the English employed by the pupils of this school would seem to warrant the adoption of the custom elsewhere.

Probably many of these pupils would be unable to assign the grammatical principle governing the usage to which the ear has become so sensitively attuned, still, since correctness of language is only the usage of the best writers and speakers the imitative faculties must always play a large part in its attainment. But, while an art always precedes its allied science it also speedily

leads to the establishment of the science. We feel that the accepted usage is not the result of idle chance, but some clear hidden logic whose source we would discover. Hence, although the true reason for many an accepted form must be left to conjecture, yet for the more evident constructions we formulate rules which we endeavor to trace to principles of logic.

As soon as the child shows an inclination to enquire as to the reasons of the corrections that are made, we may be sure that the time has arrived for scientific training in the study of language. Modern educators seem to believe that this technical training may be best imparted by calling the attention of the pupil to the use of words and expressions as employed by our best authors. From this analytical examination a grammatical rule is deduced and in accordance with the rule the pupil is finally required to build up a series of new sentences. Thus synthesis always follows analysis. This method may properly be contrasted with the older and less natural method that pointed to the correction of faulty sentences as the means of illustrating a grammatical principle—a method that signally failed in practical results since the emphasis given to the faulty seems often to have determined a tendency toward grotesque and unusual expression.

FRIENDSHIP

FRANCIS D. NEW

From the French of Eugene de Lamoignon.

*On this earth everything
Has its shadow and light;
Amid thorns roses spring,
Dawn follows the night.*

*For the field the grass fair,
For the mead the harvest,
The eagle for the air,
The bush for the nest.*

*Its green has each tree,
A voice every wave;
Its sweets has each bee,
A heaven every grave.*

*In this world where all things
Towards a fair center tend,
To the branch the bud clings,
For the heart is the friend.*

Our Lady of Los Remidos

THE LITTLE LADY WHO SENDS THE RAIN

By LELA FISHER WOODWARD



IF you should ask a "peon" who the Lady of Los Remidos was he would give you the following account: The history of this saint dates back to the time of the Montezumas when the conquering Cortez asked permission of the ruling Montezuma to erect upon the top of the pyramid and within the teocalli (God's house) an altar to the Virgin of Los Remidos (Our Lady of Help). The weak Montezuma complied with this request, and a room in the temple of the Aztec god of war, Huitzilopochtli, was donated for the God of the Christians. Captain Juan Villafuente, a soldier of Cortez, had brought with him from the mother country (Spain) a small image of the Virgin of Los Remidos, and this remained side by side with the altar of the pagans in the greatest stronghold of the Montezumas until the memorable "noche triste" (night of sorrow), June 30, 1500, when the Spaniards were driven from the city.

Captain Villafuente, so the legend says, seized the precious image and secreting it in his bosom, carried it with him all during the terrible night and the following attack upon the fortress of Totoltepec when he, thinking he was fatally wounded, hid the image under a stately maguey plant.

Here the image safely reposed until nearly a quarter of a century afterwards when it was discovered by a famous chief of the Othomi nation, Cequahutzin, a Christian. He had been requested

by the Virgin herself to look under the maguey plant, and upon finding the image, he secreted it about his person, and carried it to his home. But the next morn when he awoke, he searched high and low, but the image could not be found. Further search revealed that it had that night returned to its old hiding place under the maguey plant. Again he took it to his home and sought to ingratiate himself in its favor by setting the most palatable food before it. But again the image returned to the faithful maguey plant, and again he found it and took it to his home. And, thinking to secure it this time, he placed it in a strong box, which he locked, then placed the key under his head, and slept upon the box. But his precautions were futile, for the image in the morning could not be found, and search revealed that it was again under the maguey plant.

The holy fathers of San Gabriel, upon hearing Cequahutzin's miraculous story, knew that the Virgin had worked a miracle so that a temple might be erected to her honor in the place where the maguey plant stood. And today a handsome church stands upon this sacred spot. It was erected in 1575, so that it is now quite dilapidated.

The fame of the Virgin of Los Remidos grew until soon her shrine on the summit of the Hill of Totoltepec became the most famous in the land, and the jewels and ornaments donated to her reached the million dollar mark. And the church was one brilliant mass



THE CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF LOS REMIDOS.

of gold and silver ornaments scattered in rich profusion here and there, while a solid silver maguey plant stood conspicuously before the altar.

And for many years the sanctuary of Tepaltepec was the most famed in Mexico, and yearly it was visited by hundreds of thousands of people. But as there is a change in all temporal affairs, there came a change in Mexico, and with her change the fortunes of the Virgin of Los Remedios suffered reverses. These began with the wars of independence which devastated the country, and naturally she defended the cause of her aboriginal adherents, the Spaniards. But hers was the losing side. So great a change did her former admirers undergo because of her loyalty to Spain, that the Mexican government, after her rival, Our Lady of Guadalupe, the champion of the winning part, the patriots under Hidalgo, had dethroned her, passed a solemn order expelling her—a seditious person and an aider and abetter of tyrants—from the country. But this order was never executed, and Our Lady of Remedios still remains, though she has lost much of her former prestige and popularity.

But she is not entirely deserted as she still has many adherents among the old imperialists who ascribe to her the power of making rain and filling the rivers, and it is but natural that her followers appeal to her in time of drouth. Perhaps, in all the centuries of her history, she has never better displayed this power than on June 28, 1896.

During that year it had not rained for seven months and the drouth sent sorrow and famine upon the land, to such an extent that the Archbishop ordered Mass to be said in the almost deserted shrine of Our Lady of Los Remedios. Sunday, June 28, was the day the Archbishop designated, and accordingly many pilgrims, mostly peasants, picturesque in their blankets and sandals, and foreigners curious to test the virtue of

this saint, usurped from the old Aztec god of the flood and storms, set forth for the shrine of Our Lady of Los Remedios, now half in ruin, although the church is still in a fair state of preservation, considering its age. But the decaying, dwarfed out-houses, the rambling stone fences and the dilapidated sheds are a pathetic reminder of a glorious past. The vaults are hoary with the moss that covers them and the beautiful Corinthian pillars that formerly lined the court lie in profusion in the neglected yard, grown over with moss and weeds.

But the ruins on every hand did not draw the attention of the pilgrims—different tribes and classes, for Mexico is essentially a land of pilgrims, and as the ponderous tongue of the old bell called the faithful inside the church, the congregation assembled with an alacrity that is seldom observed in slow-going, lethargic Mexico. The whole house was filled, even to the doors and windows. Mass was said and the image, so long neglected, was carried around the churchyard; for the “laws of reform” do not allow public processions of any religious character whatsoever. The faithful with lighted tapers in their hands comprised a lengthy heterogeneous procession at the head of which was the image of the “little lady” who stood arrayed in a dress of cloth of gold covered with conspicuous silver-work. The image, about nine inches in height, stood upon a half moon under a blue and silver canopy, and in its arms reclined a figure of the Child, which, as well as the image, had long, flowing hair. After the motley procession had passed around the churchyard several times, the image was taken back into the church again, and as the image was carried to its old resting place, the faithful, with their tapers still lighted and petitions for rain falling from their lips, followed.

Although the sun, hot and angry, looked as pitilessly down as ever upon the gray valley, the pallor of whose

ashen maguey plants testified to the extreme drouth, and there were no indications of rain whatever, still the faith of the petitioners was unshaken. There was little or no indication of rain at sunset, but before morning a heavy rain had fallen, and the streams were full to overflowing, and the greedy, thirsty earth was thoroughly satiated and the smiling peons, who had never doubted the efficacy of the "Little Lady" said, "I told

you so." Now, this occurrence is not a mere myth, but an actual fact to which not only the priests of Mexico, but thousands of people, many of them unbelievers, can testify. Is it any wonder that, with this evidence, not only the "peons" and the faithful, but the republicans who long ago espoused the cause of Our Lady of Guadalupe, ascribe a miraculous power over the clouds to the Virgin of Los Remedios?

A Viterbo "Festa"

By G. V. C.

IN its normal condition Viterbo is perhaps one of the most melancholy looking cities in Italy.

Picturesque, yes, and artistically beautiful, but distinctly dull. Its past, in those middle ages when everyone was quarreling with his neighbor, was of a lively character, but its present—with the liveliness omitted from the program—still remains strictly medieval. In Perugia, and Siena, and many other ancient Italian towns, the necessities and even a few of the superfluities of a modern existence are usually obtainable, but in Viterbo, "the city of fountains and beautiful women," the latter, and occasionally some of the former, are conspicuous by their absence. Once a year, however, when it celebrates the feast of its youthful patron, St. Rose, it rouses itself, after the fashion of the sleeping beauty at the prince's kiss, and appears in quite a new and lively aspect. The hotels, such as they are, are filled to overflowing, pilgrims and visitors arrive from far and near, every one who possesses a spare room promptly lets it and the narrow streets are crowded with a gay and bustling throng. The "festa" itself takes place on the 4th of September, but the procession of the "mac-

china," one of the most quaintly picturesque sights to be seen in Italy comes off on the eve. After the solemn Vespers have been sung in the Church of Santa Rosa, where the saint's body lies in its gorgeous silver sarcophagus, every one turns out to witness the procession and presently a burst of martial music announces its approach.

The streets are lined with soldiers and "Carabinieri" and the "macchina"—borne on the shoulders of sixty-four men in medieval costumes of white and crimson, such as one sees in some of Pinturecchia's frescoes, gleams through the dusk like a tower of living flame. It is an imposing looking structure measuring sixteen metres in height, composed of carved wood and painted cardboard, and each tier is illuminated with hundreds of candles. The statue of St. Rose in her tertiary habit with a wreath of her namesake blossoms on her head crowns the summit; carved figures of the twelve apostles stand below and pictures representing various episodes in the saint's brief but eventful career are painted on each one of the revolving sides. The whole scene is eminently quaint and picturesque and one not easily to be forgotten. Windows and balconies are

draped with gorgeously tinted tapestries and vivid crimson hangings and twinkle with colored lanterns, and the southern moon shines down upon a somewhat motley crowd of spectators.

All sorts and conditions of men and nationalities are assembled together in this old world city. There are English and American sight-seers and German tourists, dignified Monsignori from Rome, smartly gowned Italian women from Florence and Milan. Officers in grey and scarlet, "Bersaglieri" in their heavily plumed hats, seminarists in sable hued cassocks, Viterbese peasants in gaily colored costumes and here and there the brown habit of the Carmelite and the black and white of the Dominican friar. Slow and stately the "macchina" proceeds through the principal streets and squares of Viterbo, the town of many memories, until it arrives at the little Piazza di Santa Rosa, and there, after a momentary pause, its bearers rapidly ascend the steep incline leading to the Poor Clare convent. Here, just outside the church, they relinquish their heavy burden which remains "on view" during the next two days.

On the feast itself Pontifical High Mass is celebrated in the Church of St. Rose, adorned for the occasion with

silken hangings of crimson, white and gold, and the religious ceremonies at an end the remainder of the day is devoted to merrymaking. A race meeting is held a little way outside the town, and at its conclusion one of the winners ridden by a jockey in yellow satin who carries an emblazoned banner as a sign of victory makes a triumphal progress through the streets of Viterbo. As a race meeting the performance can hardly be taken seriously but it is a pretty and amusing spectacle and somewhat recalls the "playing at horses" of one's nursery days.

The evening is devoted to a brilliant display of fireworks when the famous "macchina" gleams out conspicuously amongst the set pieces and is greeted with shouts of applause. The day after the "festa" a "Tombola" takes place for the amusement and possible profit of all and sundry, and by the 6th or 7th the influx of visitors have departed and the residents of Viterbo resume the even tenor of their way in a spot where it may most appropriately be said that it is "always afternoon."

The custom of this quaint procession dates from the year 1664 and originated in a vow made by the Viterbese to their patron, St. Rose, in thanksgiving for the cessation of the plague.

DISCOVERY

EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY

*I placed a hollow sea-shell to my ear;
It chanted but a dirge of Death and Fear.*

*I listened where the world's mad pulses beat,
And found myself far from God's mercy-seat.*

*Made calm with prayer, I looked up to the sky,
And Faith and Courage came, and stood near by!*

A Chicago Day Nursery

By CECILIA M. YOUNG

HOW to keep the children of the poorer classes off the streets, and thus lessen crime, has long been a question. The mothers, being in so many cases the sole support of the family, slave day in and day out, away from home. What is to become of the children who are receiving no training but that of gamins and who are growing up amid evil associations and degrading surroundings?

Philanthropy, in the guise of the Catholic Women's National League, recognizing the gravity of this problem, established three day nurseries where they were most needed, in the poorer districts of the city. In these nurseries the children of the humbler classes, irrespective of denomination or race, are cared for at a cost of from five to ten cents a day, and in cases of actual poverty the children are received gratuitously. Larger families are taken at wholesale rates, two for fifteen cents and in the same ratio.

As the day nursery is a charitable institution it depends upon charity for maintenance. The ladies of the league support this work by an annual charity ball, though of late years much material assistance has come from outside sources. Saint Elizabeth's nursery on the North Side received during the past year the proceeds of a ball game given

by the Knights of Columbus and a special performance by the Stock Company at the Bush Temple of Music.

Visitors are apprised of the proximity of the home long before coming in sight of it, by the unmistakable sounds that issue therefrom—a grand medley of joy and grief.

Saint Elizabeth's, now in its eighth



"He would not pose in a group with the rest of the children."

year, occupies four rooms in a brick flat building on Wendall and Orleans Streets. The attendance averages twenty-five children a day.

As early in the morning as half-past six, the mothers arrive with their offspring and install them in the nursery, "to be kept till called for." Some of the babies cry dismally as they watch the forms of their mothers vanishing down the street; others of a more cheerful disposition, make the best of it and set out from the beginning to have a jolly day.



"To be kept till called for."

A little man, about two years old, with beautiful, flaxen curls, made great love to the lady with the camera, thinking that because she had on her jacket and hat she was some one who had come to take him home. The little chap was a new-comer and strange and lonesome, and wore the same look of depression that one sees on the faces of students during their first days at boarding school. Despite his sex, even the flattery of the photographer had no joys for him, and he would not look pleasant for his picture, nor pose in a group with the rest of the children.

"Where do you put the money in?" asked one keen little lad of five or six, when he heard the click of the shutter in the camera—such things being associated in his youthful mind with that familiar, diabolical device of the day, the slot-machine.

The older children go to the public school: near by and after school hours are cared for until their parents return from work. The younger ones have kindergarten work, play games, and twice a day the matron takes them out

for an airing. A room, containing half a dozen cradles, is reserved for infants.

Good, nourishing food twice a day, builds up the muscles and tissues of the frail little bodies, born without the "silver spoon." A housewifely, competent cook and the gentle matron comprise the household staff besides the kindergarten teacher, engaged especially by the league. A kitchen garden is another branch of this institution, where girls from twelve to fifteen years are taught the essentials of good house-keeping, in order to prepare them for future usefulness.

On Saturday mornings a sewing school is conducted. A nursery library, in which the public school system is used, has a very good circulation in the neighborhood, and another important feature is the free dispensary.

Two years ago a penny saving station was opened, which is one of the prides of Saint Elizabeth's, ranking next to the public school in the number of depositors; last year there were two hundred and fifty depositors. This plan has taught the children the virtue of economy, besides giving them a taste of personal independence. They are said to show great zeal and enthusiasm in saving their money.

During the past year the nursery has received \$116.50 from donations, and from the care of the children \$443.85. The total number cared for there has been 1078. Sixteen families have been assisted, and to thirty-six Christmas dinners have been given. Clothes have been given to 102, and 403 have been cared for free of



"Trying to be good"

charge. The kindergarten box donations have amounted to \$43.

During the holiday season there is a party for the little tots, and every summer they receive an outing.

One family has been attending the nursery for three years, and one tidy, mild looking little lady of eight summers has been cared for since she was eight months old, being one of the first to receive the protection of Saint Elizabeth's.

They are a happy, alert, mischievous band, all healthy looking youngsters for the greater part. The nurslings appear very congenial and merry and seem to take pride in looking after one another and seeing that no one gets into mischief. They play together like one big, happy family. Meanwhile their mothers work contentedly all day, knowing that their little ones are in safe keeping, are "gittin' a bringin' up" and receiving better nourishment and care than they



"Where do you put the money in?" asked one lad.

would have in the squalid tenement called "home."

In the arid districts of a great city day nurseries are green, refreshing spots, moistened by the dew of a well directed philanthropy.

❧ A SAINT ❧

Adapted from the French of Paul Bourget

By GRACE TAMAGNO



ONE autumn, having decided to spend my vacation visiting those Italian masterpieces which I prefer, I stopped for several weeks at Pisa. I especially wished to see again the frescoes of Benozzo, Gozzoli and Orcagna, so I was often in the Campo Santo, where I made the acquaintance of two Englishwomen of similar tastes. They told me of some marvellous frescoes by my favorite painters which had recently been discovered at Monte Chiaro.

This had formerly been a powerful

Benedictine abbey, but since the secularization of the convents in 1867, it was in charge of one old monk, Dom Griffi, who rather than leave his beloved convent, had consented to remain as caretaker for the government. He also boarded all visitors who wished to remain overnight at Monte Chiaro.

He had discovered the frescoes in cleaning one of the whitewashed walls, since which time he had spent months in liberating Gozzoli's "Christ and St. Thomas" and "St. Thomas Being Received by King Gondoforus."

Returning to my hotel, I foolishly invited Philip Dubois, a young compatriot whom I scarcely knew, to accompany me on my visit to the old abbey.

Instead of admiring the beautiful Tuscan landscape, my companion drew for me, in distemper, the history of his life, which was that of the fourth son of a professor of high position but low salary. Having taken two degrees with high honor, Philip had been sent to Italy to do some archaeological research work. But his heart was elsewhere. He was an excessively embittered and disappointed aspirant to literary honors and remunerations. For he seemed to place the material above the intellectual side of my esteemed profession.

"Oh, I've had enough of Etruscan vases and Greek inscriptions," he assured me. "As soon as I can I shall take a holiday and begin my literary career. But the meanest part of it is, that although I have a series of articles all thought out, I have to keep grinding away at this pedantic work, so as to make enough money to live."

During several hours of this style of conversation we were passing through vineyards and olive groves, but now we arrived at a rough, bare region. Here, for the first time, we saw the abbey, half way up the mountain and surrounded with cypress woods. As we drove through these woods later, we saw that the road was lined with little chapels where the white-robed monks were wont to pray. (The Benedictines of Monte Chiaro, being dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, wore white.)

The sound of the wheels had evidently warned Dom Griffi of our approach, for as we looked up the avenue of trees, we saw him standing upon the convent steps.

"By Jove, he looks like old Hyacinthe, the comedian," exclaimed Philip.

And truly as he stood at the convent doorway, dressed in a cassock whose black had long ago become green, the

old monk made a very poor appearance. I later learned from his own lips that the government only permitted him to be administrator of the confiscated convent upon the condition of his renouncing the beautiful white habit of his order. His long, slim body, slightly bent with age, was resting upon a staff. His smooth shaven face did slightly resemble a comedian's, and from it protruded the long thin nose of a snuff-taker. The length of the nose was accentuated by the thinness of the cheeks and by the wrinkle of the mouth which lacked its front teeth. But the old man's expression would have at once stopped all jesting on the part of my companion, if he had any ability in reading character. Philip's impertinence had especially shocked me from the loudness of the voice in which he had proclaimed it, and now I could only hope that Dom Griffi did not understand French.

"Why did you not warn me of your arrival?" he asked us in the purest Italian.

When we apologized for our omission he smiled and said:

"Now you must eat whatever we have in the house." Pointing upward with a graceful gesture he said: "When affairs go badly, close your eyes, and recommend yourself to heaven."

Then, as we entered the convent he told us he would atone for the poor fare which he would be obliged to offer us, by making us abbots-general. A little pleasantry which I later appreciated. We followed him into the house where everything showed the former power of its owners, from the huge lavabo decorated with lions' heads at the refectory entrance, to the architecture of the three successive cloisters which were all decorated with frescoes.

After climbing a huge staircase to the first floor, we entered a corridor upon which opened the monks' cells. Over the doors were the inscriptions: "Visitator primus," "Visitator secundus,"

and so on down to the last doorway over which was carved a mitre and a crozier. Dom Gabrielle Griffi, who had not spoken since we had crossed his threshold, now said in French, with a very slight Italian accent:

"This is one of the apartments which I give to visitors. The superiors have occupied it for over five hundred years."

I looked at Philip out of the corner of my eyes and was pleased to see he appeared to be rather crestfallen that our host had so perfect a command of our mother tongue. While walking through the building he had indulged in several jokes in the worst possible taste. Whether the priest had heard them, and took this opportunity of showing us he understood French, or whether he wished to save us the effort of trying to speak Italian, I was at a loss to determine.

The room into which our host showed us, was a meagerly furnished sitting room from which a door communicated with two small bed rooms. Through a half opened door I saw an altar at which the Abbot doubtless made his devotions. Time had streaked the woodwork of doors and windows but it had only enhanced the beauty of the view.

A little hamlet lay higher up the mountain than the abbey, and the space between them was filled with luxuriant vegetation, not dreary cypresses but oaks and olive trees. Here had apparently been spent all the monks' agricultural efforts, for beyond this oasis the mountain rose bare and arid to its summit which was crowned with a lordly castle falling to ruins.

Even my companion forgot his note of cynical levity as he looked at this beautiful scene which had been viewed by the eyes of so many monks who had passed away. And the successor of so many of these princes of the Church was this simple monk in his faded cassock, who shortly broke the silence with:

"Isn't it a beautiful view? I've been here forty years, but I'm never tired of looking at it."

"But you surely have gone away on visits?" I asked.

"Twice. When my sister died I went back to Milan to give her the Last Sacraments. And I went to Rome when my old master, Peloro, received his Cardinal's hat."

"If you could have seen the old abbey as it was when I came here in 1845 and if you could have heard the glorious chanted Masses! To have seen it then, and to look at it now, is to find a lifeless body where all has been youth and life. But, patience, patience. 'One must close one's eyes and commend one's self to God.'" And with his favorite quotation, the father left.

He was no sooner gone than Philip dropped into a chair and went off into a fit of mirthless laughter.

"That queer old fellow was alone worth the journey."

"I fail to see anything queer in the old priest's sayings or doings," I replied with asperity. "He has given you a simple history of the glory and decay of his convent which must be a deep grief to him, yet he bears it with the hopefulness of a true believer. I'm fifteen years older than you, and I've travelled the world in pursuit of many a chimera and I have learned that there's nothing wiser nor more beautiful here below, than a man who labors at the same work, with the same ideal in the same corner of the earth."

"Amen," said Dubois with mock gravity. "I see you admire the angel soul of his sister, his old master, the Cardinal, his beautiful chanted Masses and varnished over all his function of a hotel keeper."

But finding this language displeasing to me he changed the subject and was soon giving me interesting details about Italian architecture and inscriptions which showed me the extent of his

learning and explained his high standing in college. But his intelligence seemed to belong to him as if it were a machine, and external to himself. He possessed it, but it was not part of him. It helped him neither to believe nor to love.

Involuntarily I compared him to Dom Griffi whom he had ridiculed. The old monk was not brilliant, but I felt him to be so true and so sincerely devoted to his mission of conserving his beloved abbey until the expected return of his brethren! Of the two which was the old man, and which the young, if youth consists in embracing one's ideal with an invincible force?

At seven o'clock we were all three seated at the very frugal meal which Dom Griffi had had prepared for us in a large room which had formerly been used as the novices' refectory. An ancient brass lamp of four beaks, illumined with smoky light the corner of the enormous table at which we sat.

"When you have no guests do you eat here alone?" I asked.

"No, there are two more brothers besides Luigi, who is serving us. There were seven of us left, but four died of grief shortly after the suppression. We have all been ill but we take care of one another to the best of our ability."

"How do you ever keep employed?" I then asked with a tourist's curiosity.

Oh, I haven't a moment to spare," I have peasants who farm the convent lands—fifteen families in all. There's a perfect procession always going in to my cell. Then there are accounts to be kept, confessions to be heard or remedies to be prescribed. I'm doctor, apothecary, judge and teacher."

And with such innocent talk the good priest entertained us during supper after which we asked to see the frescoes. Though he did not wish us to get a poor opinion of his treasures, Dom Griffi said he would show us as much as we could see by candle light.

Then after climbing up and down several flights of stairs the old man opened a door and ran his candle up and down the walls of the room into which it opened. Even by that will-o'-the-wisp light we could tell the beauty of the painting. We noticed that the picture of King Gondoforus, an Oriental monarch, had as a background the same view which we had from our window in the Abbot's room.

"Yes, and the gold ear-rings that he wears are old Etruscan in pattern. I have some which one of our fathers, Dom Pio Schedone, collected in this neighborhood. If you'll come to my cell I'll show them to you. Poor Dom Pio was always hunting around to get coins to add to his collection."

I gladly accepted Father Griffi's invitation to visit his cell where the disorder that met our eyes at once proclaimed the carelessness of Brother Luigi. A box of household and farming tools in the corner showed that the father probably added mechanical ingenuity to his other accomplishments. Turning to a table covered with carefully written sheets of paper he said:

"These are the sermons of my master, which I'm copying. The dear Cardinal is blind, and he wishes his works to be printed before his death. But his writing is so illegible, and I have so little time! Fortunately I only sleep four hours, so I am progressing. Ah, here is Dom Pio's collection of coins." And he lifted from under a pile of books a leather case with a lock such as we could scarcely design now-a-days. Opening the casket to find the gold ear-rings like those of King Gondoforus, he showed us that it was filled with carefully labelled envelopes.

One of my dearest friends is a famous numismatist, and from him I have learned the value of many an old bit of money. Much to my surprise I found in the collection of Dom Pio a gold piece of Julius Caesar with Mark An-

thony's head on the reverse side. Passing the piece to Philip I asked him if he did not think it authentic, and when he could find no flaw in it, we told Dom Griffi of its great value.

"And here is one of Brutus which I happen to know is worth six hundred dollars," I exclaimed.

"And here is a gold piece of Domitian," said Philip. "Dom Pio appears to have left you a very valuable collection."

"So he used to tell me. But when he died I felt so sad that I never examined the collection which I had quite forgotten until the ear-rings of King Gondoforus reminded me of a pair I had seen in the hands of Dom Pio.

"But I'm so glad, for there's a terrace where our sick brethren used to sit when they were convalescent. It is falling to ruin and although I've asked the government for money to repair it, they have refused it. Now I can afford to have it done myself. It shows the truth of the proverb, 'God never sends a mouth without also sending food.'"

"Have you anybody who could appraise the coins?" I asked him.

"Yes, I'm sure Professor Marchetti would come here from Milan. I'll write him to-night," and bidding us sleep well, Father Griffi escorted us to our room.

"Do you know," I said to Philip later, "such an incident as this proves that things which we call coincidences are really providential. This poor monk needs money for his convent. He prays fervently to God, and behold two strangers arrive and show him that he possesses the equivalent of that money."

"It's dumb luck," growled Philip. "Did you ever hear of a young man of talent who needed money, finding it? There, that old imbecile of a monk will suddenly have several thousand dollars, and what will he do with them? He'll build a terrace for monks who will never be here to use it."

I was awakened in the morning by Luigi, who brought me a cup of coffee, and at almost the same moment Father Griffi appeared in the doorway.

"Well you have slept and disproved the proverb that 'He who sleeps catches no fish,' for a peasant has just brought some fine trout for your breakfast. As for Signor Filippo he is already half way up the mountain. I saw him starting up the road to the hamlet when I came from my Mass. When he comes back we'll go look at the frescoes by daylight."

One hour later, finding time hanging heavily on my hands, owing to the continued absence of Philip, and a business visit from one of his farmers which occupied Father Griffi's attention, I thought I would examine at my leisure Dom Pio's collection of coins. I went to our host's cell and returned to my room with the casket.

Upon one coin I admired a laurel wreathed emperor's head, on another a winged victory, until I thought I should like to examine the gold piece of Julius Caesar. I looked and looked for it, but could not find it. Thinking it had been put in the wrong envelope, I emptied them all, but could not find it, nor the Brutus coin. In great excitement I rushed in to Dom Griffi who was still busy with his farmer.

"Did you take out of Dom Pio's casket the coins which we told you were the most valuable?" I asked breathlessly.

"No. The case stands just where we left it."

"Well, they are missing," I said and only then realized the full import of my words.

Until our arrival nobody had suspected the value of Dom Pio's collection. The Caesar and Brutus coins were the two which we had most highly appraised, and now they had disappeared! Luigi would not have stolen, nor would he have known one piece from another. I had been in bed while Father Griffi

said Mass—the only time his cell had been unoccupied. The wish to combat a sudden suspicion caused me to say aloud:

"Oh, no, it's impossible!"

But I remembered how long after I had gone to bed, I had heard Philip pacing up and down his room—meditating this robbery of our host. I could see him tempted, especially after our morning's literary conversation. This small treasure, sufficient to give him leisure to begin his literary career, had been too near. He had slid into Dom Griffi's room while the latter was saying Mass, and then as an excuse for early rising he had taken a walk up the mountain. Doubtless he was remaining away now through unwillingness to meet our eyes. While I was indulging in these painful thoughts, the old monk said to the peasant:

"Peppo, go out into the corridor, and wait until I call you."

Then when we were quite alone he said to me:

"Look at me, my son. You realize that I know it was not you, do you not? Now, don't try to explain; just promise me—"

"To force that coward to restore those coins? Certainly."

"You misunderstand me. I desire, on the contrary, that you promise upon your honor, to say not one word which will show that you ever suspect who took them. I have a right to demand it, have I not?"

"But I don't understand."

"Never mind; promise and leave me to finish with Peppo."

So I promised and brought him the casket as he had asked me to do. Despite my given word, I had the greatest difficulty in talking naturally to Philip Dubois when he returned, and I thought I detected constrain in his manner too. Still he could have no idea we had missed the coins, for it had been by the

merest chance I had happened to look them over that morning.

I realized it was shame and remorse which I read in his face. Despite his mask of cynicism he was young in wrong-doing and he had been brought up to be honest.

"I took a long walk and got lost so I couldn't get back in time to look over the convent," he announced. "Now I suppose I shall just have time enough to pack my grip."

I heard him moving about his room, and wondered how he would act when we three sat at the breakfast table in the novices' refectory. In demanding absolute silence of me, Father Griffi had doubtless had his little plan. Would he try to get the young man alone and force a confession, or with the forgiveness of a true believer would he pardon in silence? But finally the breakfast hour, like all hours, arrived.

"Ah, Signor Filippo, your morning walk has given you a fine appetite?"

"No, Father," replied Philip, whom our host's cordiality seemed to embarrass; "I fear I've caught cold."

"Then you shall drink some of my 'vino santo.' We call it that because the grapes are hung to dry until Easter. There's a Tuscan proverb which says 'Every grape has three seeds: one of health, one of mirth, and one of inebriety,' but my wine has only the first two."

Thus the good father chatted on. Not an allusion to his loss. No difference in his treatment of us, unless it were a little extra kindness for my companion. After he had said the Benedicite, Philip and I returned to our room. Then I saw what idea had been suggested to him by a knowledge of the human heart, such as only a confessor possesses. Entering our room with Dom Pio's casket in his hand he said to us:

"You have taught me the value of these coins, and there are more here than I shall need for my repairing. May I ask you each to take two or three pieces

in remembrance of the old monk who prayed for you this morning?"

He gave me a look which warned me of my promise and left the room. I trembled lest Philip would suspect that I knew his secret and that I would mar the effect of Father Griffi's work.

"Isn't he a good priest!" I exclaimed as I seized a coin at random and passed into my bedroom leaving Philip in a brown study.

I heard him rush out of the room and hasten down the corridor to the old monk's cell. His pride had succumbed. He had gone to return the coins and ac-

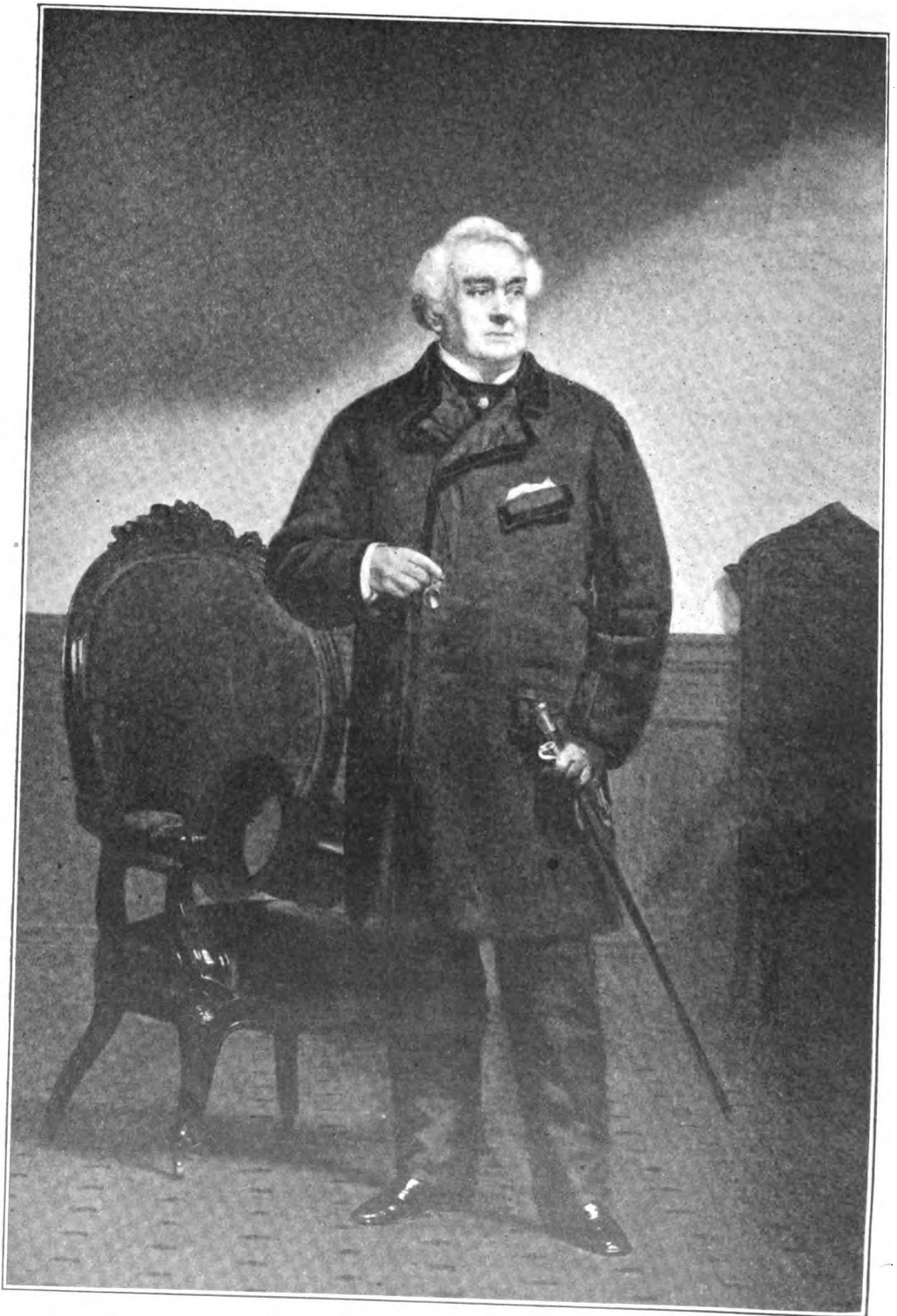
knowledge his fault. In what terms did he speak to the priest whom upon his arrival at Monte Chicaro he had insolently compared to Hyacinthe the actor? And what had been said to him? These things I shall never know. But as we were entering the carriage, I turned to take a last look at the convent and to say farewell to the father who had accompanied us to the steps, and I observed in the look which my companion cast at the simple monk, the dawn of a new soul.

No, the era of miracles is not yet closed, but it requires saints, and they are too rare.

**"THAT VERY GENTLE AND COURTEOUS KNIGHT,
JESUS OF NAZARETH"**

F. de S.

*All for this universal world of men,
And one loved heart!
He fought the weary days and nights,
And sought there all the land, that some
Might go with Him—but no—
One last fierce strife,
And lone bare hill,
And one sole Knight!
He gave his body to the utmost pain;
He gave his spirit to supreme woe
He bade his Life lie down to Death—
All for this universal world of men
And one loved one! And that loved heart,
The maiden in her prison-world
Sits spinning there the days and nights,
Sits weaving there the years and years,
The tale from Birth to Death, in cloth of gold:
The darker threads are dark from woe,
The crimson ones are red from blood,
The gold is from a heart of love!
She waits the coming of her loyal knight
Who died to save his countrymen
And one loved heart!*



PORTRAIT OF MR. CORCORAN.

From the original painting by CHARLES L. ELLIOTT, 1867
In the Corcoran Gallery of Art

The Corcoran Gallery of Art

By MARY LALOR MITCHELL

III.



VERY striking picture entirely fills one small room—"The Trial of Queen Katharine." The coloring is excessively vivid and the gathering of notables make it an interesting study to the student of history. Indeed, "we think that we see the very presence of the noble story." On a raised dais sits King Henry VIII., he of many wives, sits in a graceful, easy position, apparently listening with interest to the arguments in a case already decided. At his feet sit the two Cardinals, Wolsey and Campeius in their scarlet robes; the vast hall is filled with the lords of the council and others of the court, but our eye is fascinated by the queen who kneels on a platform; her magnificent robe falling in graceful folds around her. She raises her head with the pride of conscious innocence, her arms are raised in the wildest supplication, and, following her gaze fixed on the king, we fancy that we hear the words placed in her mouth by the immortal Shakespeare:

"Sir, I desire you to do me justice,
And to bestow your pity on me; for
I am a poor woman, and a stranger
Born out of your dominions—"

Another picture—"Charlotte Corday at the cutler's shop testing the knife she had bought to murder Marat," was on exhibition here and is the property of a lady in New York City. Asked why she had committed the murder she answered: "Seeing civil war about to break out all over France and feeling that

Marat was the principal cause of these misfortunes, I determined to sacrifice my own life in order to save my country.

Indeed, no thoughtful student of the history of France can fail to be struck by the prominent part women of all classes played in the destiny of their country. At times it would seem as if the very life of France had lain in the hollow of a woman's hand, dependent on the whim or caprice of a moment. This influence was born in the Salons fed upon Voltaire and Rousseau.

The face behind the grating—"Charlotte Corday in Prison," always has sympathetic admirers before it. It is most probably taken from her portrait taken for her father at her request when she was found guilty of the assassination of Marat, by Jaques Hauer. There is nothing of the virago, nothing of the woman of unbridled passion in it—only the end of a life of sorrow, disappointment and mistaken patriotism that had distorted her fair girlhood by throwing off childhood's religion—all is expressed in a depth only found in the large liquid, long-lashed grey eye.

We now enter the "hall of portraits" and find ourselves at home in the well known names of those who appeal to all our national pride and love.

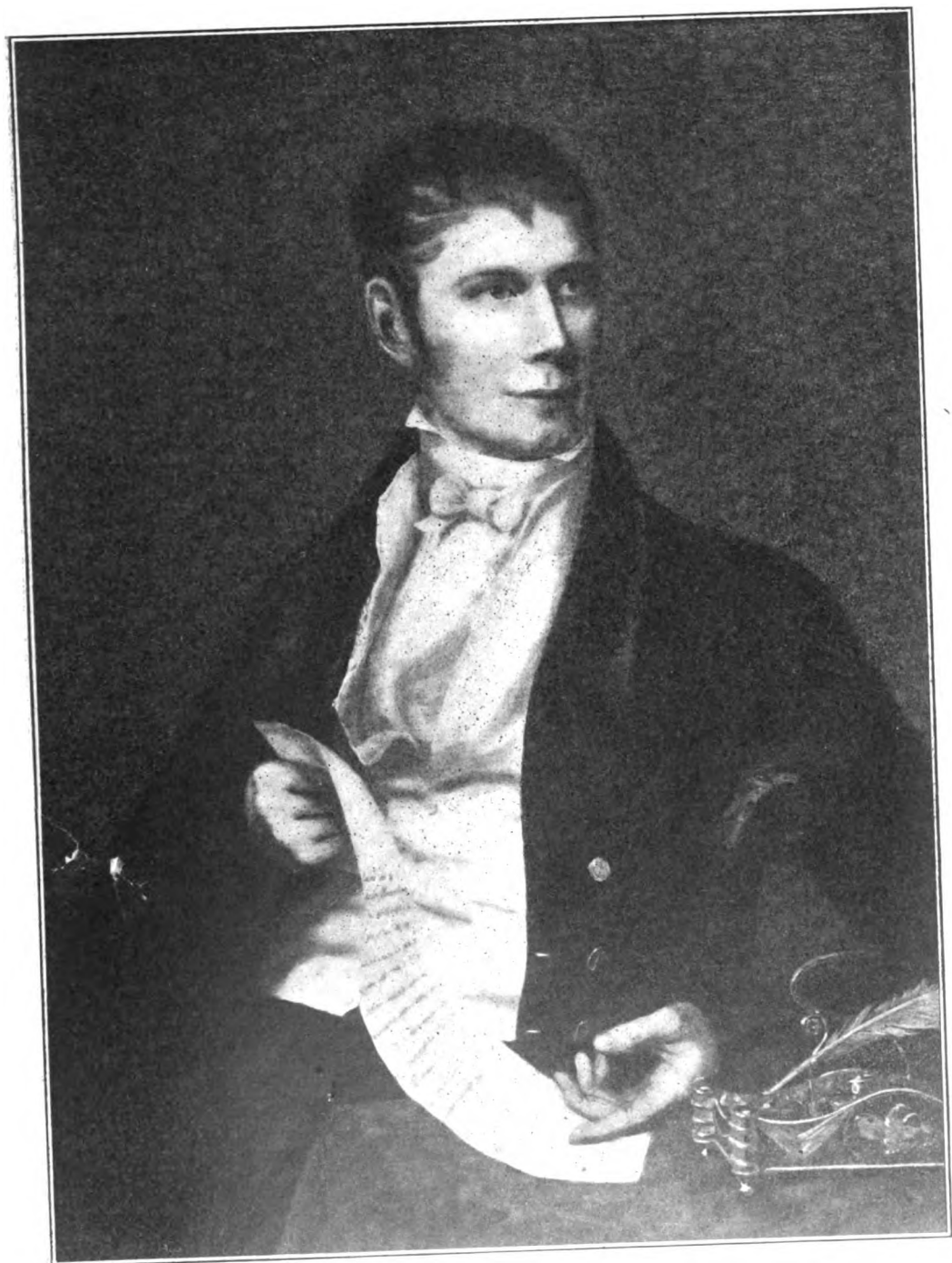
As if introducing us to them, stands the generous founder of the gallery, W. W. Corcoran, by Elliott, a graceful, full-length portrait.

As a kind of frieze around the upper ledge of the ceiling are medium sized portraits of our presidents, from Washington to William McKinley.



SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE.

From a photograph of painting
in the Corcoran Gallery of Art



HENRY CLAY.

From a photograph of painting
in the Corcoran Gallery of Art

There is a group of portraits—Charles Loring, Wm. Cullen Bryant, Joseph Henry—presented by the Late Jas. E. McGuire, father of the present gracious director, F. B. McGuire.

The well known portraits of Washington and his wife, by Stuart, hold a conspicuous place. Stuart brought a copy of the portrait of Washington with him to this city as a specimen of his skill when he came to paint President Jefferson and his cabinet. It was purchased by Col. John Tayloe of Mount Airy and presented to the gallery by Mrs. Ogle Tayloe.

Opposite the door is a wonderful portrait of Andrew Jackson, painted by G. P. A. Healy at the Hermitage, a short time before the death of Andrew Jackson. He is not represented as the conqueror of New Orleans in his colonial military dress, but a full length figure in a long cloak, standing a fearless, thoughtful defender of simple Democracy.

Opposite stands out the well poised head, sparkling eye and firm mouth of Henry Clay, painted by Chas. B. King. As a work of art the neighboring portrait of Amerigo Vespucci is very beautiful. Its artistic draping throws out to advantage the clear cut, poetic countenance of the astronomer and discoverer, contemporary of Columbus.

Just now, when our best instincts are excited over the horrors of Kichenief, the portrait of the Jewish Humanitarian, Sir Moses Montefiore of England, painted at the advanced age of a hundred years, must be of interest. His kind face looks out with a calm benevolence that seems to shame the prejudices of the enemies of his race, the once favored people of God.

This inadequate sketch of the Corcoran Gallery of Art would be incomplete without a few words on the present, practical workings which are so

pregnant of a brilliant future of its numerous beneficiaries.

The birth of what is now the "Art School" sprung from the trustees in 1873, considering a plan for admitting persons to copy the pictures and casts under certain conditions. It was shortly after this time that Mr. E. F. Andrews first began coming to the gallery on certain days of each week and of giving gratuitous instruction and criticisms to the students who had secured the privilege of copying.

In 1883 the trustees decided to award a gold medal to the pupil who had made most progress during the year. This state of things continued until 1887, when the increasing number of applications convinced the trustees of the necessity of engaging a competent teacher, when Mr. Andrews was unanimously selected to fill the position.

In 1890 a new art school building was completed on the adjoining lot and an assistant teacher was engaged. Still it grew, and again more extensive quarters and better equipments became necessary, so, in 1897, the "Art School" was established in its present quarters.

In 1892 Mr. Andrews resigned his position, much to the regret of the trustees, and the present principal, Mr. M. E. Musser, with the following able assistants, was appointed: Woman's life class, M. E. Mussess; draped and still life, R. N. Brooks; portrait class, M. E. Musser; water colors, J. H. Moser; composition class, E. C. Musser; antique class, Mathilde Mueden; perspective class, E. C. Musser.

The school furnishes free instruction in drawing, painting, composition and perspective under the most broad-minded arrangements and there is every reason to believe that Washington will become one of great national art centers. The spring annual exhibitions of work in the school forms one of the many intellectual pleasures of the city.



From a photograph of painting
in the Corecoran Gallery of Art

GENERAL JACKSON.

Tempus Fugit

By JOHN A. FOOTE

I heard the patter of the summer rain
Upon the eaves, and from the drowsy town
Resounded, faint, the noises of the night.
'Twas thus I fell asleep, and whilst I dreamed
Came a white angel, clear-eyed, starry-souled,
And led my spirit into mystic space.
And there me seemed that I was all alone
Speeding through boundless heavens till at last
I felt the angel's hand clasp mine again
And heard his soft and tuneful voice: "Look!"
Far, far below me lay our firmament—
So far that had primeval man conceived
Each moment of his life the greatest sum
Which finite minds can grasp, and every one
Of those who followed him had done naught else,
The total leagues conceived would scarcely show,
So awful the immensity of space.

Great suns,
Dimmed by the distance, shone as tiny sparks
In the eternal night; motion and sound
And light, and dark, and cold, and all,
Were deeply gulfed in universal void.
A little while I gazed, and then my guide
Bade me to close my eyes: "Lest you behold"—
Thus spoke the spirit fair—"that which no man
May look upon and be mortal still."
Darkness succeeded darkness, and I heard
Out of the depths, the rustle of great wings,
Vague ghostly murmurs, and a voice cried: "See!"
I saw, and shrieked in agony; the light
So blinded me me seemed mine eyes were seared;
Fit punishment when mortal orbs would gaze
Too near upon the light of Paradise.
When now I dared to look, I noticed far
The same bright splendor sending shafts of light,

The glory of Benevolence divine,
 Which filled the countless worlds that roll in space;
 Swiftly we moved toward one great shining beam,
 Falling from heaven to our Mother earth
 To tell us of the providence of God.
 Bathed in the glory, all amazed, I stood
 And saw enacted there a marvellous scene
 The which I wisted not, nor understood.
 From the far earth fluttered a winged band
 With blossoms in their hands, which as they cast
 Toward heaven seemed renewed within their grasp,
 As lilies in a garden draped with snow.
 Beyond this light I noticed as I looked
 A band of horrid creatures lurking, dark,
 And clutching at the robes of those who passed,
 And halting them upon their heavenly course.
 Whilst yet my lips would frame the words to ask
 The meaning of this too perplexing scene
 The angel answered and thus spake to me:
 "The light you see is from Almighty God
 Being His mercy which pervadeth space,
 And these fair creatures are the worthy acts
 Which worthy men have done."

And then I asked:

"What are those spirits prowling in the dark
 And dragging back the happier ones from heaven?"
 "They," said my guide, "are cursed of God and man,
 They are the wasted moments of men's lives,
 Moments which He had given to become
 Radiant and bright as His own mercy is;
 They are the Thoughts unborn, the Acts undone,
 The Prayers left unsaid—they hinder men
 Even as Vice itself, from that great boon
 Communion with his Maker and his God"—
 But suddenly was stilled the angel's voice,
 A brazen clangor filled the vault celestial,
 And then I woke and found the church-bells ringing
 And heard the voices of the hurrying throng
 And all the clamor of the waking town,
 And then I knew that I had dreamed a dream
 And pondered on the lesson that it taught.

Miss Caxton of Yorkville

By WARFIELD WEBB

UST when Miss Caxton had come to the little Kentucky town no one seemed to remember. She was there and that was all they knew. No one knew her very intimately; she had said little of herself or family, and none had the courage, or boldness, to ask her anything regarding her history. Aside from teaching in one of the district schools, her life seemed singularly devoid of any incidents worthy of note. Those who had inquired of Mrs. Rawlston, with whom she had boarded for some years, any particulars relative to her identity, were simply informed that she was a "very respectable young woman" who kept her affairs strictly to herself. In all these years she had learned nothing more.

Doubtless Miss Caxton was aware that she was the subject of considerable gossip for the inhabitants of Yorkville, but none were ever the wiser by her conduct. She went and came in the same unobtrusive manner, quietly attending to her own affairs. Unfortunately the same could not be said of others.

One afternoon in early June she returned from her school with an unusually happy countenance.

"I have good news for you, Mrs. Rawlston," she said, as she neared the door; "I'm sure you'll be pleased to hear it."

"Of course I shall, Miss Caxton," returned that lady opening her large eyes in surprise at this unlooked for announcement.

"We are to get our church at last. I

heard so this morning," she went on joyfully, exhibiting a letter, as she said these words: "It's from the Bishop, you see, and he tells me that he has appointed Father Hargrave to make collections. He hopes to have it dedicated by Easter anyhow."

Mrs. Rawlston opened her eyes wider on hearing this, but only stared harder and made no answer.

"You don't seem pleased like I thought you would," resumed her informer, disappointedly. "It seems almost too good to be true."

"That's what I was thinking," said Mrs. Rawlston, slowly. "After so many years of waiting, I had given up hope of ever seeing it built. Even now it seems only talk."

"But here is the Bishop's letter," persisted Miss Caxton, in a tone of simplicity, "and that's assurance enough, I'm sure."

"Maybe you're right," said the elder woman, dubiously.

"I intend to do all I can to see it realized," continued Miss Caxton, unmindful of her discouragement. "If all of us only do as much, we need fear no failure."

With this unexpected burst of enthusiasm Miss Caxton entered the house. Mrs. Rawlston followed her with a look of undisguised astonishment. In all the years of their acquaintance she had never before displayed so much energy. She was a very simple little woman of perhaps forty, with a small voice, in which were unmistakable evidences of refinement. Unless one saw her they

would most likely be unaware of her presence, as she walked with that quiet air, common among those who make nursing a profession. In her earlier life she might have done so, for it seemed that she would have been more successful in such acts of gentleness, than as a teacher in a district school.

These had recently been Mrs. Rawlston's meditations upon her single boarder, but she had hesitated to question her or offer any suggestions. Now, however, she was tempted to change her opinion.

"One could hardly believe one's ears at her words and looks," said Mrs. Rawlston to her daughter that evening after supper, as the two sat talking over the prospect of a church.

"I always said as much, Ma," returned Amy; "that's her one hobby, if one might call it such: having a church in Yorkville."

"It's a very noble one," observed her mother, thoughtfully. "But I'm not so sure of her seeing it realized. To my knowledge it's been the same promise year after year for Lord know's how long. I say again, as I've always said, when I see it going up with my own eyes I'll believe it, but not before. I was tempted to tell Miss Caxton as much," she said, lowering her voice a little, "but I feared to hurt her feelings. She's so gentle a creature; looks like it would be a shame to spoil her pleasure."

A quiet knock at the door made the inmates look at each other in surprise. "Come in, Miss Caxton," called Mrs. Rawlston.

"I'm not an intruder, I hope," she said, seating herself quietly. This was her customary salutation.

"Not in the least, Miss Caxton," returned Mrs. Rawlston cordially. "You are always welcome here. Come in without knocking. We're just home

folks, you know. We've been speaking, Amy and I, about the new church," she continued, "it'll be such a pleasure to all of us to have one so near."

"It's been my daily prayer," said Miss Caxton, in her usual gentle way, "and now that I am confident of having it realized, I feel that I have a great work before me."

Amy cast a significant glance at her mother, and said, with apparent concern: "I'd advise you to take things easy, Miss Caxton. You're not very strong, you see, and it might unfit you for your school duties. All of us are going to take a hand and of course that will relieve you of much responsibility."

At these words Miss Caxton smiled gratefully. It did not lessen the arduous duty, in her own mind, however, for after a few moments meditation she said: "You know I have assured the Bishop of my personal efforts, and consequently will be compelled to devote all my spare time to the undertaking. I expect to begin to-morrow, as it is Saturday."

Her listeners saw that further argument opposing her efforts would be futile. Perhaps she believed herself a kind of "Joan of Arc," having been especially appointed by heaven to perform her labor. Be this as it may, the people of Yorkville were not a little surprised at her efforts, and Father Hargrave found in her an earnest assistant. How she found time to canvass the surrounding country; point out probable helpers to the priest; make numberless visits to the same homes; write letters and numerous other duties, mystified the people. It was all done in her quiet way, and without the show that some of her neighbors endeavored to create. In time they grew jealous of her success, but she was doubtless unconscious of it, for her efforts did not diminish in the

least. Seeing such would not suffice to deter her, some gossip started the report that she was using a portion of the funds collected for her own use. It did not take many days for it to spread abroad, and then for the first time she became aware of certain sneering looks and felt that she was the subject of envy. Those who had formerly appeared friendly now took the other side of the street, or purposely avoided her. At first she endeavored to ignore them; perhaps it was only her imagination. But after a time the truth forced itself upon her. She was on the verge of asking Mrs. Rawlston the cause, at various times, but hesitated. At length these reports reached the ears of Father Hargrave.

"Impossible, utterly impossible," he said, when he heard it. "I would trust Miss Caxton implicitly. These reports must cease at once."

Fearing to impose the duty on any one else, he himself set about to dispel the gloom. What was his surprise, instead, to find that impossible. The darkness thickened, and despair for the lone little woman filled his soul. Despite his most sanguine hopes, the evidence seemed against her. Still he hesitated to act. He wanted further proof. He could not summon her to answer the grave charge; he prayed for light and justice.

It was at this time that the report came to Miss Caxton herself. At first she grew indignant, then realizing the seriousness of the affair she burst into tears. She too, prayed for light, for charity for those who sought to rob her of her character. She arose from her knees with a new determination. She would see Father Hargrave at once, for he must have heard it also, and explain, or rather deny the outrageous charges.

"O, Father Hargrave, you surely don't believe it, do you?" was her appeal as he admitted her to his house.

"I have hesitated," he said, gravely, "the charge is a serious one."

"But I am innocent of it. Before God in heaven, I declare to you that it is false."

He looked at her in surprise. He had never believed her capable of so much vehemence. If there were any lurking fears that the accusation was true, this denial dispelled them.

"Go in peace, my child," he said, a smile illumining his good face. "Trust to me; I will see that you are righted in the minds of the people. I see now, I see through it all. So must they," he added with determination. "I'll see to that; only have faith. God sees the heart, and judges accordingly."

Tears stood in her eyes as she heard his words of peace. She had been soothed, but still she felt that she must hasten away from here. Even if she was set right in the minds of the people of Yorkville, she felt as if she could never be the same in remaining.

"I've made up my mind to leave, anyhow, Father. I shall always feel now that I'll be looked down upon by these people. I hope my efforts have—"

"Wait, my child," interrupted the priest. "Let me protest, that is if you desire to be justified in the minds of your accusers. To leave now would only incur a suspicion, not altogether unjust, even though I said all to the contrary, that you were hastening away through guilt and shame."

"But how am I to live here without being forever conscious of it?"

"I will admit that it takes a brave heart to live down calumny," said Father Hargrave seriously, as he gazed into her face, "but it is the most positive proof of one's innocence. People come at last to see their error, and those whose friendship is worth having will acknowledge their mistake. Leave all to me. You have done your duty."

The bright sunshine of the October day may have had something to do with it, for the birds were singing and the earth seemed full of gladness, as she

walked along the street after leaving the priest's house, she was conscious of a certain happiness. She had determined to live down the charge, and remain at Yorkville; realizing how hard it would be at first, but in the end so much was to be gained that it seemed worth the effort. The days sped on and winter came and went; even spring was fading into the warm days of June before the church was completed. At last, however, one fine day in July, the announcement came that on the following Sunday it was to be dedicated. Even Mrs. Rawlston was surprised on learning this.

"I never thought I'd live to see it, though," she remarked to Miss Caxton that day, "I guess you'll take your share of the credit for it, won't you? I don't believe we'd ever have had it if it hadn't been for your work."

"Think of your own part," returned Miss Caxton, smiling, "you are entitled to much more credit than you have received."

"I don't mind that, Miss Caxton; let those young folks have that," said Mrs. Rawlston, good naturedly. "And that reminds me," she went on, "Amy tells me you've joined the choir."

"Yes," said Miss Caxton, with a certain joy illumining her face. "Father Hargrave called for volunteers for the choir, and as I used to sing, I felt that I could help a little, maybe."

Mrs. Rawlston smiled inwardly, at this, but only said that it was quite thoughtful of her. There was a doubt in her mind whether Miss Caxton had not made a mistake.

Miss Caxton had been surprised to find how quickly all evidences of her former trouble disappeared. Old friends renewed their acquaintance, and some,

as Father Hargrave had predicted, came to her with heartfelt apologies. She seemed more than ever beloved by those who had wronged her by word or deed.

On the morning of the dedication they greeted her most cordially, as she appeared in the organ loft and took her place beside the singers. No one had ever accused her of being a singer, but her presence there was welcome just the same.

"Did you hear Miss Caxton singing this evening?" asked one of the girls, with a sly glance at her companion, as they left the church.

All of them denied being conscious of it, but they only laughed the more. It was a pleasure to have her there, and no one ever appeared to notice her defect. She was always the same gentle, ladylike little person, and those who had ever had an evil thought about her hastened to relieve their minds of it. One day there came a sudden message that called her away. Not even Mrs. Rawlston knew its purport, for in all her trials she had still kept her councils. Everybody wondered. She seemed more mysterious now, than ever, and yet they had never before realized how much they had loved her. There arose before their minds all the years of her residence there, and with the single exception of the false charge, which she had so nobly borne, her life had been without seeming interest. And now that she was gone they wondered and somehow were saddened by her absence.

Some years afterwards Mrs. Rawlston received a letter which stated briefly that her lover, whom she had believed was dead, had unexpectedly returned well and rich. She had been married and removed to far away Australia. Her husband was a mine owner there.



George Eliot

From a Catholic Point of View

By GRACE V. CHRISTMAS

THERE are very few questions which a Catholic and a Protestant are able to regard from the same standpoint. It is true that occasionally their opinions concerning some debatable subject are one and the same but, in these cases it sometimes follows that the Catholic is—shall we say—a little oblivious to his or her high calling and the responsibilities which it entails.

George Eliot, regarded as a writer of extraordinary talent, is eminently worthy of admiration. Judged as an individual, as a woman, the greater part of whose life was spent in direct defiance of the laws of God and the code of morality, she merits nothing but condemnation. And yet, the majority of her readers, the majority, in fact, of the English speaking races, are so carried away by their enthusiasm for the sinner that they are ready to pardon, or at any rate, make excuses for the sin. There are some indeed who do not acknowledge it as such but look upon it as an incident adding fresh lustre to the glory of her genius.

A notable example of this is to be found in the "Life of George Eliot," by Oscar Browning. "The union of George Eliot," he writes, "with George Henry Lewes was the most important event in her life. It was a true marriage undertaken with all the deliberation and solemnity with which such a step should be contemplated. She had already written in her translation of Feuerback (p. 268), "a marriage, the bond of which is merely an external restriction not the voluntary contented self-restriction of

love; in short a marriage which is not spontaneously concluded, spontaneously willed, self-sufficing, is not a true marriage and therefore not a truly, moral marriage." "This union," adds her biographer, "was a source of strength and happiness to both the parties who contracted it." A little later on he remarks airily, "Marriage in the ordinary sense was impossible, as Lewes' wife was still alive, and circumstances which need not be here related had made a divorce impracticable."

It will be clearly seen that the above is eminently a non-Catholic view and one which could not under any circumstances be shared by one professing the doctrines of the Church. In the eyes of Catholics the connection between George Eliot and Henry Lewes must always be considered as a dark page disfiguring the history of one of the greatest writers who has ever existed, but in the case of Professor Browning, and others of his ilk, it is regarded as a blameless, not to say praiseworthy, episode in her career. Another of her biographers, Mathilde Blind, refers to it as follows: "In thus defying public opinion and forming a connection in opposition to the laws of society, George Eliot must have undergone some trials and sufferings peculiarly painful to one so strikingly sensitive as herself. Conscientious of no wrong doing, enjoying the rare happiness of completest intellectual fellowship in the man she loved, the step she had taken made a gap between her kindred and herself which could not but gall her clinging womanly nature. To

some of her early companions indeed who had always felt a certain awe at the imposing gravity of her manners, this dereliction from what appeared to them the path of duty was almost as startling and unexpected as if they had seen the heavens falling down."

Here we can also read approval of a grievous sin committed against God and man. The writer indeed goes further than this in her generosity, for she implies that George Eliot in linking her life with the husband of another woman was lacking in the knowledge which makes sin, inasmuch as she was "conscious of no wrong doing." From the novelist's own words, however, we gather that in forming this connection she was fully cognizant of its significance. That it was considered wrong according to the moral standard of her country, she was perfectly aware, but in the light of her own opinions it seemed to her a good and fitting thing to do. And so she did it, making her private judgment a law unto herself. "It is," she says, "undeniable that unions formed in the maturity of thought and feeling and grounded only on inherent fitness and mutual affection tended to bring women into more intelligent sympathy with men and to heighten and complicate their share in the political drama. The quiescence and security of the conjugal relation are doubtless favorable to the manifestation of the highest qualities by persons who have already attained a high standard of culture, but rarely foster a passion sufficient to rouse all the faculties to aid in winning or retaining its beloved object, to convert indolence into activity, indifference into ardent partisanship, dullness into perspicuity."

"Such a union," exclaims Mathilde Blind in a fervor of enthusiastic admiration, "formed in the full maturity of thought and feeling was now contracted by Marion Evans and George Henry Lewes." And again she remarks,

"Many marriages solemnized in a church and ushered in with all the ostentation of trousseau, bridesmaids, and wedding breakfast are indeed less essentially such in all the deeper human aspects which this relation implies than the one contracted in this informal manner."

"The evil that men do," most emphatically, "lives after them." George Eliot was a woman of undeniable talents, gifted with profound powers of observation and a knowledge of human nature which has rarely, if ever, been surpassed. Yet the one great sin of her life, the yielding to an unlawful passion, for call it "intellectual friendship" or by what high sounding name you will, that is what it comes to, has never been forgotten, and heaven alone can rightly estimate the full extent of its pernicious effect on others. And her biographers, by raising her on a pedestal and exalting her fall into an act of virtue, are answerable in the sight of God for much irradicable mischief worked in innocent and over susceptible minds. "Nature is our guide, our mother," exclaims the heretic and the unbeliever. "Follow her instincts and all will be well." "Renounce nature," says the Catholic, "fight against her corrupt inclinations and render her subservient to grace."

The literature which works such havoc in the present day is not that appertaining to the frankly realistic school which depicts vice in glaringly coarse colors. That, as a rule, disgusts rather than attracts the minds of impressionable youth. The real danger lies where vice masquerades as virtue, where by a subtle process of arguing wrong shines out as right, and darkness, black, pitchy darkness, poses as the pearly dawn. And this danger is very perceptible in the various biographies of George Eliot which have recently been published. Judged, therefore, from a Catholic standpoint, this brilliant author, who was once the ideal of the British public is mor-

ally nothing more nor less than an erring woman, one who administered opiates to her conscience and lulled it to rest with sophistries and false ideas. Self-deluded, possibly, let us give her the benefit of the doubt, but nevertheless immoral.

Now we will turn to her views regarding religion and the eternal truths. We are told that in her early girlhood she entertained strong religious connections and, passing through many phases, she was first Church of England, then Low Church, then Anti-Supernatural. At the age of seventeen she was endeavoring, as she herself describes it, "to shape this anomalous English Christian life of ours into some consistency with the spirit and simple verbal tenor of the New Testament," and her disposition and aspirations were eminently ascetic. Some years afterwards, however, her views underwent a complete transformation. "Her expanding mind," says one of her biographers, "nourished on the best literature, ancient and modern, began to feel cramped by dogmas that had not lost their vitality, yet to break with an inherited form of belief to which a thousand tender associations bound her was a catastrophe she shrank from with dread." Nevertheless she did "break with" it and very soon became an avowed free thinker.

It will be seen by the above that a Catholic must necessarily find much to condemn in George Eliot's religious connections as well as in her peculiar code of morality. It would, however, be worse than folly to deny her genius or to fail in admiration of her vivid word painting and her almost miraculous insight into the inner forces which set the human machinery in motion. But as Catholics it is impossible for us to render unstinted homage not only on account of the open immorality of her life, but

also because of the spirit of atheism unbelief which permeates her writing. It has been said of her, and truly, that "taking as her text the three words which have been so often used as the inspiring trumpet calls of men, the words God, Immortality, Duty, she pronounced with terrible earnestness. How inconceivable was the first, how unbelievable the second, and yet how peremptory and absolute the third. Never, perhaps, have sterner accents affirmed the sovereignty of impersonal and unrecompensing law."

In our criticisms on literature, both ancient and modern, we Catholics of the twentieth century are a little too apt to forget that, as the French express it, we are on "another carpet." It is possible that we do not invariably act up to our own standard of right and wrong, but in any case we cannot plead ignorance as an excuse and for a member of the "household of the faith" to wax wildly enthusiastic over infidelity and sin would be indeed giving "the enemy cause to blaspheme." This is an age of liberalism. It is a quality which good in itself is often abused, and the middle path of security with no divergence either to the right or to the left, is apparently a little difficult for us to follow. Society and the world in general have advanced in many ways since the time when "men worked and women wept," carefully concealed behind the window blinds—and progress is always a thing to be welcomed, but let us see to it that liberty does not degenerate into license. "Woe to you that call evil good and good evil, that put darkness for light and light for darkness, that put bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter."

So said Isaiah a good many centuries ago, but there is a touch of modernity in those old Prophets which is very appropriate to our own latter day Christianity, and their teaching is of all ages.



SANTA MARIA, TRASTEVERE, TITULAR CHURCH OF CARDINAL GIBBONS.

Oldest Church of Our Lady in Rome

"Our Cardinal's" Titular Church

By MARIE DONEGAN WALSH

AFTER the recent visit of Cardinal Gibbons to the Eternal City to assist at the obsequies of Leo XIII. and to take part in the election of his successor, a short account of the church from which His Eminence takes his title as Cardinal-Priest of the Holy Roman Church may prove interesting at the present time. For from it his children at home can have some idea of the Roman shrine where as well as in his own Cathedral of Baltimore, "our Cardinal" officiates by right of his office as Cardinal-Titular, exercising within its limits a jurisdiction similar to that possessed in his archdiocese of Baltimore.

Grand and imposing in its architecture

and decorations, but interesting above all for its great antiquity is the church of "Santa Maria in Trastevere" (St. Mary beyond the Tiber)—a venerable pile that makes Rome's medieval sanctuaries seem but things of yesterday. The first church erected to Our Lady in Rome! Is not that a distinction indeed for the church in America, so immediately under the protection of Mary Immaculate; that in the person of her chief pastor she is represented in Rome by the first church erected there in Mary's honor. More than singular; nay, providential, is the coincidence, that one of the newest lands on earth can claim (we might almost say as her territory), one of the oldest shrines of

the Eternal City! Long before those far-off days when Columbus planted his standard on the shores of the new world of promise, the thrice-called "Angelus" rang out from the "Campanile" of Santa Maria in Trastevere, to call on all men to honor the sweet Lady whose name it bore. Passing strange if there could have come a prophetic vision to the pontifical founder of Our Lady's first church, of the great new nation which was to arise centuries after in all the might of strength and power, and send one of its children—himself a Cardinal of Holy Church—back over the seas to represent his people at Peter's See.

It only forms another visible token of the universality and continuity of the Church, another tribute laid at the feet of the Mother-Maid, whom all generations shall call blessed. Santa Maria in Trastevere lies in the most ancient part of Rome, close under the shadow of the Janiculum hill—most beautiful, perhaps, of all the Seven Hills of Rome. In Trastevere (literally translated "beyond the Tiber") the old city lives yet; less spoilt than in the other districts, and here we find still the winding narrow streets, the byways and the archways, where sudden touches of picturesque color and architecture catch the eye in passing. Roman of the Romans are the inhabitants of this quarter; a race of strong hates and loves and passions, but also of strong faith, which the many shrines in their midst testify. Many saints, too, have lived in this old Trastevere. Here lies sweet St. Cecilia's home and place of martyrdom, St. Benedict's early dwelling, the two martyrshrines of St. Dorothea and St. Crisogono side by side, the Franciscan church where the Seraph of Assisi prayed and labored and the old Pouziano Palace—the birthplace of St. Frances of Rome. More memorable, however, than all these churches of many memories is the goal of our pilgrimage to-day—Santa Maria in Trastevere. At the broad new

bridge which spans the Tiber and the broad new thoroughfare leading from it, we escape for a while from the ever-widening shadow of modern Rome; to gladly wend our way through the narrow, weather-beaten streets which seemed so essential a part of the Eternal City of old. If Trastevere is a district of crowded byways it boasts none the less of several fine "Piazze" or squares. When one suddenly emerges from a high, dark street upon a broad piazza with a softly-falling fountain in its midst, the contrast is more than grateful and the old world calm of the spot thoroughly in keeping with the grand basilica which stands out majestically against the blue sky. There is a sombre note in its architecture as befits so venerable a shrine; but the grey stone columns and the brick of the 12th century "campanile" serve but to enhance the splendor of the mosaics which cover the facade of the church. The architecture is that of a basilica, with an "atrium" supported by columns and a high square "campanile" or bell-tower, near whose lofty summit a mosaic picture of the Mother and Divine Child, old, yet tenderly beautiful in its devotion, looks out over the city with protecting care.

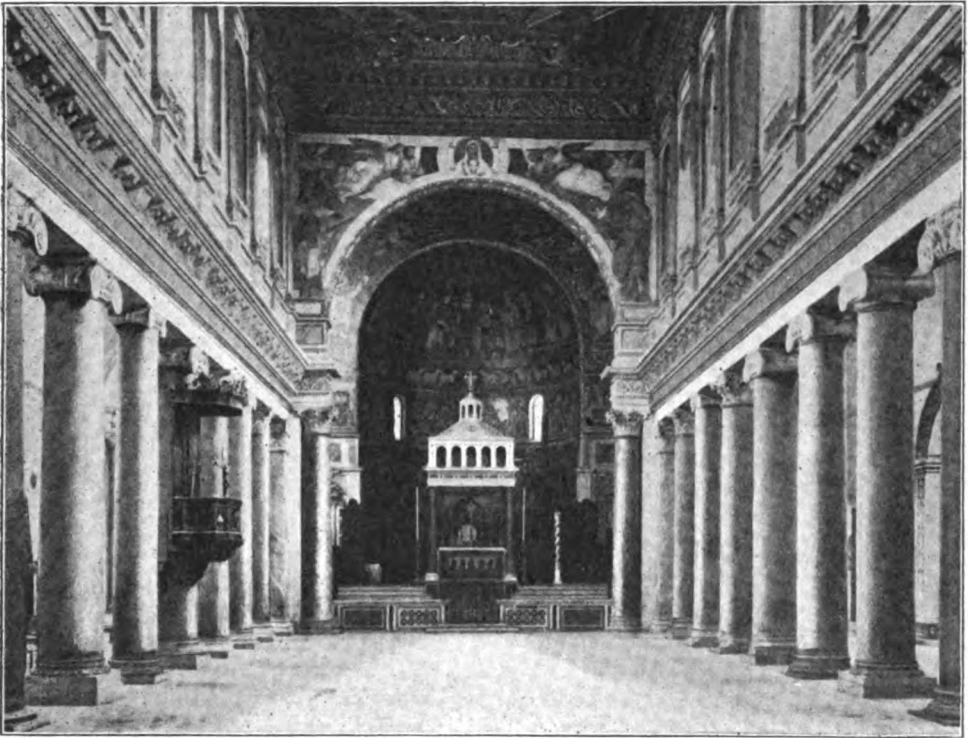
The other mosaics which render the front of the church so striking, are on a background of purest gold, giving the effect of a burst of sunshine even when the sun's rays are not flooding the scene with brightness. For eight long centuries these "paintings for eternity" have stood to make the old church beautiful throughout the ages; and even the nineteenth century additions to their number (executed under the pontificate of Pope Pius IX.) cannot surpass the splendor of those of the early ages. Mystic, symbolic and scriptural are the pictures and full of the devotion which made Our Lady's oldest Roman church so purely beautiful. There is the figure of Our Saviour surrounded by martyrs and saints and the kneeling figures of the

Popes who have had a share in the erection of this shrine; there a group of white-clad figures of virgins and holy women advancing to the throne of the Mother of God, while behind the figures like a background are depicted the palm trees of the Garden of Paradise and a glimpse of the distant cities of Bethlehem and Jerusalem.

After the sunlit glory of these mosaics the old stone portico seems grey and sombre as we enter it, but remember it

doorways one can take it all in at once, for the long vista of the nave, (divided into aisles by splendid antique columns,) stretches in a straight line to the "Confession" (Martyr's tomb) under the papal altar, and the apse, raised by a number of steps from the level of the church.

Old as is the sacred edifice its grand old stone columns are still older, for before the early Christians raised this oratory here to the living God, these columns were standing in a pagan tem-



INTERIOR OF SANTA MARIA, TRASTEVERE, BUILT IN 12TH CENTURY;
RESTORED BY PIUS IX.

is only the "atrium" or "approach" to one of the noblest buildings of Christian Rome. The first view of the church's interior is strikingly beautiful, for the restorations which have been necessary to preserve it, which were executed also under Pope Pius IX. are largely in keeping with the basilica form of architecture. Standing inside the central of the three

ple dedicated to Isis and Serapis. I think what strikes one most even at the first glimpse of Santa Maria in Trastevere is the glorious blending of harmonious color in the richness of the decorations. If the mosaics outside appeared rich and glowing even in the light of day how much more so those of the interior, for from the apse—a

nucleus of brilliancy—they seem to radiate their burnished gold all through the dimly lighted interior, mellowing even the tint of the grey stone columns and the marble decorations of the “Confession” and papal altar. This effect is heightened by the high stained-glass windows which are placed all around the walls, with full length majestic figures of Roman saints, popes, virgins and martyrs, in which the predominant color of draperies and garments is a clear golden yellow. There is absolutely nothing cold in the church, from vaulting to pavement, to strike a jarring note with all this splendid, yet severe, magnificence of mosaic. Instead of the cold, dull white of marble, the broad pavement is inlaid with colored marbles and rare stones, in the exquisite and intricate designs of the mosaic work called in Rome “Opus Alexandrinum.” The papal altar (which as in all old basilicas is placed so that the celebrating priest faces the people) is covered by a canopy and columns of marble work, inlaid in gold and mosaics, and to separate the “Confession” and apse from the rest of the church a beautiful lattice work or screen of old Roman open marble work is placed.

On looking around the edifice more closely one eventually sees the modern side chapels, which are naturally decorated with a modern style of decoration. Some beautiful tombs of the middle ages with exquisite carved decorations and figures in high relief, occupy the walls near the apse. The modern parts look out of place, but the medieval sculptures seem wholly in keeping with the ancient shrine, and all that first impression of perfect harmony and lovely color never passes away from one’s recollection of the church.

But now to turn to its associations, for without them, even though hallowed for ever by being consecrated to the service of God and in honor of His Virgin Mother, the old stones would fail

to tell the story which we long to learn; of the hopes and aspirations of the human hearts, which are embodied like their faith, in this first Madonna shrine. Kneeling at the steps leading up to the papal altar, an inscription on the marble screen at its base at once arrests the attention. “Fons olei” (Fountain of oil), so the lettering runs, and these two words explain the earliest tradition and interest attaching to this church, a tradition which renders the choice of its site strikingly suitable for the erection of a church in honor of the Blessed Virgin. For here on this spot, at the time of the birth of Our Saviour a miraculous fountain of oil arose and flowed miraculously away—a symbol of the living fountain of healing and saving which was to arise on earth in the person of the Redeemer of the world. This tradition—well known from the earliest ages—comes down to posterity on the authority of no less a personage than Dion Cassius. The early Christians erected an oratory here, on the site of the miraculous occurrence, and the tiny shrine formed the foundation of the church we see to-day. Few sacred edifices can claim such antiquity as to date back their foundation to the year 220, for it was in the third century Pope St. Calistus (the martyr pontiff who received his crown by being thrown into a well in the vicinity of this spot) erected the first church of Our Lady in Rome. Again and again throughout the ages it was rebuilt and restored; first by Pope St. Julius I. a century after its foundation, then by Pope Gregory IV. in the ninth century, Pope Eugenius III. completed it, and finally Pope Innocent III. consecrated the edifice in peerless magnificence in the thirteenth century.

Under the papal altar, just near the site of the miraculous spring of oil, lie the relics of the church’s founder, St. Calistus, together with those of two other pontiffs of the Church of the Catacombs, who reigned in Peter’s Chair

at times when the primacy meant almost certain martyrdom. With them rest the martyred remains of St. Calepodious, priest. From the altar with its precious relics we raise our eyes to the vaulting of the Tribune, where a presentment of these same martyr-saints forms part of a great colossal mosaic picture, representing the crowning of Our Lady in heaven. It is a subject most appropriate for the Virgin Mother's shrine, together with its companion-pictures, the smaller mosaics which fill the rest of the apse and illustrate the events of Mary's life on earth. These mosaics are of the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and by their symbolism the Church of the middle ages brought before the minds of her children, besides the Gospel story, the truths of eternity and the goal and crown of all the endeavor of a Christian's life—the Lamb of God, with the prophets, saints and martyrs who have followed Him to glory; also the city where His earthly life began, the heavenly Jerusalem where He reigns, and the Garden of Paradise watered by the River of Life.

Ever a familiar feature in the venerable basilicas of Rome, these solemn mosaics of the early Church, so thoroughly ecclesiastical in character, grow upon one as they become better known; conveying an effect of richest splendor which no painting can ever give. More especially beautiful are these mosaics of Santa Maria, where the Virgin Mother, who was first honored here by one of the Vicars of Christ is seen pictured gloriously crowned by her Son in heaven. This grand old church of Our Lady is visited by almost every pilgrim who comes to Rome, for even those who care but little for its art, lovingly venerate it for its hallowed memories and its restful atmosphere of centuries of peace. What a retrospect of events the imagination embraces; standing here in this church of the ages, gazing, first on the ancient, carved-marble, episcopal throne,

occupied by many a medieval pontiff and bishop, then on the portrait of Cardinal Gibbons, its present-day occupant. For it is a custom in every church in Rome which bestows a cardinalatial title, to display somewhere in the interior, a portrait of the church's Titular-Cardinal, together with one of Our Holy Father Leo XIII. In the same manner the papal coat-of-arms, and the coat-of-arms of the Cardinal-Titular are placed outside the church at the entrance. In this case the portrait represents the binding together of the old country and the new through the continuity of the Church.

The sacristans and everyone connected with Santa Maria in Trastevere are justly proud of their grand basilica, and if one of them happen to encounter an American stranger exploring the art treasures of the shrine, he will mysteriously beckon you to point out the portrait of Cardinal Gibbons "*Il Cardinale Americano*." If you are able to express yourself at all in Italian you will probably tell him with a certain sense of proud proprietorship that this is, "*il nostro cardinale*" (our Cardinal.) "*Auche il nostro*" (and ours also,) the sacristan replies with a beaming smile, not to be outdone in appreciation of and proprietorship in the Cardinal. For as they take a personal interest in the Church so they do likewise in its Cardinal-Titular, who on his visits to Rome is a well known and beloved figure at Santa Maria in Trastevere.

One turns reluctantly from these portals when an all too brief pilgrimage is ended, for the venerable pile seems the home and abiding place of a brooding peace where no echoes of the outer world can penetrate. Nevertheless it is crowded with worshippers at the many daily Masses and services and it possesses an important Chapter of Canons. But only once have I chanced to see the church under a different aspect to

that of its every-day calm; thronged with a dense throng, red brocades decorating the walls, the organ pealing forth sonorously and a splendid procession winding its way down the long aisles. It was the festival of "Corpus Domini" this year of grace. Under a richly embroidered canopy, surrounded by canons, priests and dignitaries in glittering vestments, His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons carried the Blessed Sacrament in a golden monstrance; his earnest, clear-cut face with its crown of silver-grey was full of reverent devotion as he bore his precious burden, followed by the ranks of the faithful singing the "Pange Lingua," while tiny, white-robed chil-

dren made a flower mosaic of the inlaid pavement, as they strewed it with fragrant blossoms.

It was a fitting time to see the basilica at its best, with its pastor officiating in all the solemn dignity of his office. With this last glimpse in our minds, let us take leave of the church which all American Catholics should love and appreciate as America's link with Rome, breathing the sincere prayer that "Our Lady beyond the Tiber" may protect the eminent churchman, honored not only by the Catholic Church in America as its beloved Cardinal but as pastor of the oldest church of the Blessed Virgin in eternal Rome.

AT EVENTIDE

MINNIE A. GREINER EDINGTON

*A woman, sorrowful, old and gray,
Sat softly singing at the close of day:
"Abide with me, fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide."
Life's little day for her was almost o'er,
Earth and earthly things could fill her soul no more,
Her longing eyes saw—the distant west,
The shining towers of the City of the Blest
Rise high and glorious 'gainst the sunset sky;
Her eager soul fain, fain to it would fly.
In life's fresh morn her loved ones all had grown
Weary of earth, and to those mansions gone.
But she, until the night's deep shadows fall,
Must here abide, waiting the Master's call;
Lonely, lonely and desolate, her only plea:
"Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!"
The sunset glow fades from the western sky,
The shadows lengthen, for the night is nigh.
"Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies."
But, lo, across the night a gleam of day,
And earth's dark shadows flee away.
Softly from aged lips fall their last plea:
"In life, in death, dear Lord, abide with me."*

Our London Letter

By AUSTIN OATES, K. S. G.

The British Press on Our Late Holy Father Leo XIII. That the news of our late Holy Father's death was received with general and genuine regret by the whole of the British Press is a comforting and consoling fact that cannot be challenged. From the London Times to the least important of provincial papers memorial notices and biographical articles have sought to do justice to his marvellously eventful career and the motives which guided and built it up. From non-Catholic pulpits, from leading men in science, arts and politics references most sympathetic and respectful have been heard. The whole British Empire is one in admitting that Leo XIII. was a "holy" Pope, and a very large section of it gladly admit that he was a "great" one. One thing, too, in connection with his death has been brought clearly before the Catholic mind of this country, and it is that his long and ever-memorable pontificate has helped to clear away much of the prejudice and bigotry that were heretofore wrapped up around matters appertaining to the Holy See. A broader, clearer, more generous view prevails and that it does so is due in no little measure to the almost supernatural personality of the late Pontiff, and to his ceaseless labors in the cause of peace and the noble, lofty ideals of life and its duties which he sought to impress upon the whole world.

Our Catholic Sailors and the Royal Navy. In some considerable time past continuous pressure has been brought to bear upon the admiralty with a view to their making more adequate provision for the spiritual needs of Catholic sailors of the Royal Navy. The late Cardinal Vaughan personally interested

himself in the matter as did and still does Count Moore. Cardinal Logue, too, Primate of all Ireland, has spoken and written strongly on the subject. At last it would seem that all these efforts are about to have some result. The admiralty have decided that during the forthcoming naval maneuvers the men of the "B" fleet, which will consist of the Home and Channel Squadrons, the Rev. Hamilton Macdonald of Archbishop's House, Westminster, is to be specially attached to this fleet. The Catholic sailors on board the "X" fleet are already well provided for, as one of the battleships will have on board the permanent chaplain of the Mediterranean station, the Rev. Peter Grobel.

The Threatened Closing of St. Charles' College, Bayswater. At the recent distribution of prizes held at St. Charles' College, Bayswater, London, W., the Very Rev. Father Francis Wyndham, the superior of the Oblates of St. Charles, in whose hands are vested the whole direction and responsibility of that college, announced that he and his Community had resolved upon the closing of it and that owing to financial reasons. The announcement has been received with deep regret among the Catholics of London. The college was founded by Cardinal Manning, who at the wish of Cardinal Wiseman was instrumental in establishing the Congregation of the Oblates of St. Charles in London. Cardinal Manning took a deep interest in the college, and after his death it sorely felt the need of it. Catholic schools and educational establishments have multiplied greatly since then in London, though one would scarcely be prepared to say in excess of the actual need. St. Charles' College, however, is not yet closed. A committee of

old students and friends of the institution has been formed for the purpose of carefully considering the situation and if it be at all possible, of improving it.

Douai Benedictines and the House of Commons. Mr. J. Redmond, the leader of the Irish party in the House

of Commons, brought before the House during the debate on Committee of Supply on the Foreign Office vote, the case of the English Benedictines expelled from Douai. Mr. Redmond remarked that he considered the whole business to be very little less than a public scandal, for which the Foreign Office was directly responsible. The property in question had been looked upon as British property since 1818 when it was restored to the fathers, and from that day to this nobody suggested that it was anything else than British property, and the government themselves did not, and do not, deny that it was and is essentially British property. The question was one of protection of British property held by British subjects for British purposes. Lord Cranborne, replying on the part of the Foreign Office, made an interesting and significant admission. It was to the effect that he could not profess not to agree with him in deploring what had taken place. Such an act as the associations law would not have been passed in this country, and he could not but be surprised, if he could say so with respect to a great neighboring nation, that the French government should have thought it necessary to introduce such a law.

An Unsatisfactory Reply from Lord Cranborne. Turning to the question before the committee, Lord Cran-

borne was not so satisfactory in his utterances. The Foreign Office had intervened both on the question of the status of the English Benedictines, and on the question of this property. The F. O. had put forward our treaty rights

and the treaty of Paris. The reply from the French government was that these establishments had been so long in France and under French law that they must be considered as under French establishments. Lord Cranborne, finally, rendered the advice that the Foreign Office thought that the Abbot and his Order would be well advised if they tried to exhaust their legal remedy in the French courts in order to ascertain how far the expelling law really carried the power of sequestration. If it was found that the law did not involve the sequestration of the whole of their property, let them come to the British government and say that their property was still in France, that all of it had not been sequestered under the law, and that they asked for the intervention of the government in order to secure them their rights. The government would then do everything in their power to assist them.

The Catholic Peers and the Royal Declaration. The Catholic Union of Great Britain, the president of which is

the Duke of Norfolk, discussed at their last meeting the position of affairs as regards the Royal Declaration since Earl Grey's attempt in the House of Lords to obtain its abolition, an attempt that was frustrated by 109 votes to 62. The chief feature of interest of the debate in question was the statement made by the Archbishop of Canterbury, that he believed it might be possible to draw up a form of declaration which would not contain any condemnation of specific articles of the Catholic religion. Since the ecclesiastical head of the Protestant Church of England made this very satisfactory statement from his place in the House of Lords, Lord Herries, one of our foremost Catholic Peers, has had an informal conference with His Grace of Canterbury and hopes are entertained that we are coming within a measurable distance of the much needed change in the text of a very offensive declaration.

Confraternity of the Holy Rosary



EVEREND AND DEAR SIR:

Kindly let me know whether a Rosarian may gain a plenary indulgence by receiving Communion and visiting a church on the feast day of a canonized Dominican saint? Are there any partial indulgences granted for visits on such a day.

Sincerely yours,

A ROSARIAN.

No indulgence is granted to a Rosarian as such on the feast day of a Dominican saint. The faithful may gain a plenary indulgence by going to Communion and afterwards visiting a Dominican church. But the visit must be made to a Dominican church. Formerly several partial indulgences were granted to Rosarians for performing pious works but they have been revoked.

THE ROSARY IN ASIA.

Before the year 1706 there existed at Goa three branches of the Rosary Confraternity in churches entrusted to the care of the Dominicans; the one in the city of Goa being of great repute for the number and sanctity of its members. Moreover every parish on the island was blessed with a branch of the Confraternity. The city of Tschaul on whose walls the people built a large shrine for the statue of the Blessed Virgin, was also famed for its Confraternity of the Most Holy Rosary. The register of the Confraternity church at Port of Doman contains over five thousand faithful and active members. Ceylon, too, has its churches dedicated to Mary and her Rosary.

IN AFRICA.

Mozambique was the starting point for missionary work in Africa. The

Dominicans from Spain began their labors on its coast and soon the piety of the natives had reared a magnificent temple for the worship of God. The Rosary Confraternity established there is still in a flourishing condition. Christianity there established, the missionaries pushed on to the inland and founded churches at Senna and Tete, at which latter place the early love of the negroes greatly pleased their preceptors. The Caffrs have been called to Christianity and many of their principal settlements now boast of Confraternity churches.

The King of Zimboac embraced the faith and placed his house at the disposal of the Dominicans. They had a chapel built there and here the people were summoned by the King that they also might hear the saving doctrine of Christ. At Banae, Sofala, and Amiza the devotion has been preached and eagerly accepted by the people.

No slight influence was caused on the minds of the people by a prodigious victory granted to the Christians. The report of it spread far and wide and greatly aided the efforts of the missionaries. On the coast of Africa in the territory of Angola some two hundred Spaniards were gathered in an old fort. They were awaiting the arrival of about five thousand converted negroes who were to start a settlement along the coast. The inhabitants of Angolia viewed these proceedings with little favor and determined to route and, if possible, destroy the Christian negroes. An opportunity was afforded them when the negroes encamped for the night within striking distance of the Angolians. A sudden attack was made on the negroes, and terrified, they fled to the Spaniards for protection, leaving their possessions in the hands of the

enemy. Among the articles thus abandoned was a costly statue of the Blessed Virgin which had been an object of deep veneration to one of the leaders. It alone was not touched by the enemy.

The Angolian King, reinforced by a multitude of his allies, carried the war to the Spanish fortifications and offered battle. Hardly had the conflict begun when the Angolians became paralyzed with fear and, notwithstanding their superiority in number and equipment, were easily captured. The Spaniards and negroes regarded it as a divine intervention and latterly their pious belief was verified by the testimony of the enemy. When the Spanish leader expressed his surprise that the Angolians should suffer themselves to be taken captive by so small a force, the Angolian King replied: "We had no fear of the Spanish arms; but in the van of your forces there appeared a woman of exceeding beauty, accompanied by a man of giant stature and majestic mien who was continually brandishing a burning sword. So startling a spectacle appalled my men and they were easily captured."

THE ROSARY IS THE MARK BY WHICH CATHOLICS ARE KNOWN.

The Rosary, like the sign of the Cross, is the sign of the Christian; it is the sign of the Catholic. It is in fact the Catholic devotion by excellence; it is the most universal devotion; blest and approved by sovereign Pontiffs, encouraged by bishops, beautifully explained by doctors, it has been carried by apostles to the uttermost parts of the earth.

The monks made the Rosary the charm of their solitude; virgins have no greater joy than when presenting this crown to the Queen of Virgins; penitents recite this psalter of Mary with the same sentiments which inspired David in composing his most beautiful psalms;

when grace touches sinners they love to recite their Ave Marias, which are as the cry by which they demand mercy and forgiveness. In the Rosary the child finds the virtues of infancy, and it is from this same source the mature man learns to support adversity; and the aged draws from it hope to sustain him in his last hours. Whether man weeps or rejoices, whether he is visited by trials or prosperity, whether he has to obey or command, whether he lives in the world or in the cloister, whether he lives among the faithful or the infidel, whether he wields the sceptre, or sways the shepherd's crook—he will find in the Rosary a lesson suitable to his vocation, a grace which will answer his present need, a virtue which seems to have been placed there for him, and for him alone.

INDULGENCES FOR SEPTEMBER.

September 5—Plenary indulgence for assisting at Office of the Dead in a Dominican church. Confession and Communion with the accustomed prayers necessary.

September 6—Usual indulgences for the first Sunday of the month.

September 8—Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin; a plenary indulgence for a visit to a Rosary chapel and the usual prayers; another for assisting at the Rosary procession in honor of the feast. Confession and Communion necessary. For reciting five mysteries there is granted a partial indulgence of ten years and 400 days; for a second five mysteries, seven years and 280 days; for a third, 100 days. For a second visit to a Rosary chapel there is granted an indulgence of seven years and 280 days.

September 27—Usual indulgences for the last Sunday of the month.



With the Editor



Pius X. has occupied the chair of Peter but a month and already he has won for himself a place in the hearts of all Catholics. His election was so manifestly due to the direction of the Holy Ghost that at once a halo seemed to envelop him. From among all the Cardinals—and a distinguished and worthy body they are—he was selected by God, to be the Vicar of Christ. This fact alone is enough to bring him the homage of the Catholic world, and swift indeed, and generous was the tender of fealty and affection. No wonder the world stands speechless. Leo XIII., the master mind of modern times, scarcely dead, with the violet trappings of mourning still undisturbed, and lo, Pius X. stands in his place and every Catholic heart lays at his feet the tribute of filial affection and unconditional obedience. Nor is this the evidence of fickleness or of a fleeting kind of attachment, but rather does it testify overwhelmingly to the fact that the Catholic mind looks through the person of the Pontiff and beholds clearly and undeniably the person of Christ, the Head of the Church, to whom redound all the devotion and love which His Vicar awakens in the breasts of the faithful.

Catholic schools are everywhere making great strides to perfection. This is largely due to the untiring efforts of the hierarchy and to the priests in charge of the various parishes. It is the duty of the laity to cooperate in these efforts and to bring about the results aimed at—results that are of the first importance to all the faithful without exception. Parents should be generous in the financial sup-

port of these schools and, moreover, should in every way aim to secure the faithful attendance of their children and a conscientious discharge of those duties which the teachers impose upon them. Without this cooperation even the best efforts of principals and teachers will be fruitless and without avail.

The feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin falls on the 8th of this month. This is Our Lady's birthday, and we, who are her children, must not allow it to go by unhonored. So then, let us on that day bring to her the tribute of our love and consecrate ourselves anew to her service, as a token of that filial devotion which we should ever cherish for her. The world was gladdened by Mary's coming. Her birth was the aurora that came to bathe it all in roseate hues and to announce the rising of the mystic Sun, the Expected of Nations, the Messiah. It was, therefore, an event of supreme importance and one that well deserves to be commemorated. Her birth was the harbinger of the birth of the Redeemer who was to break the shackles of original bondage, and make us all free once again and heirs to the kingdom of heaven. In recognition of all this, there is due to her a grateful acknowledgment best made by the cultivation of those virtues which adorned her chaste soul and made her so like unto her Divine Son.

The corner-stone of the Dominican Monastery of the Immaculate Conception was blessed on the 16th of August, by His Excellency, the Most Reverend Diomede Falconio, Apostolic Delegate.

The building will be used as the House of Studies of our Order and in erecting it in the neighborhood of the Catholic University a tradition is being followed, which goes back to the days of St. Dominic. Scarcely had his Order been founded when he sent his men to Paris, Bologna, and Oxford, there to establish Houses of Studies, for his desire was that his sons should everywhere be in touch with the centers of intellectual life.

The sermon which was preached by the Right Reverend William H. O'Connell, Bishop of Portland, Maine, was able, eloquent and orthodox in the splendid ring of truth which sounds through it all. We append a brief extract from it:

"The religious life itself is nothing new—it is as old as Christianity—and the wonderful flowering of divers institutes under the inspiration and genius of the saints who have become founders of religious orders has not depleted its energy and fruitfulness which ever flourished in the bosom of God's Church while men love and keep His counsels.

"In our own day we see Leo XIII. proclaiming as patron of the schools of the world St. Thomas Aquinas, that wonder of sanctity and learning, who brought order into medieval erudition and laid the lines of modern theological method. Thomas Aquinas lived and died a simple friar-preacher.

"The world to-day is as the world of that wonderful thirteenth century, instinct with energy, fiery with enthusiasm, eager for the word of God, if it is preached to them as St. Dominic preached to the Albigenses.

"And especially in this great land, whose future is but beginning to unfold—a land which is as Europe was in opportunity when the saint sent forth his sons, a little band of apostles, to conquer it. And we can say, in the words of the Council of Lateran, that among all the means of promoting the salvation of

Christian people the bread of the Divine Word is above all things necessary."

In the next number of THE ROSARY MAGAZINE we shall present to our readers an article giving a brief history of the Dominican Order in this country, and a description of the House of Studies now in process of erection and of the ceremonies which were followed in the blessing of the corner-stone.

The American Federation of Catholic Societies in convention assembled at Atlantic City, Aug. 1-5, adopted a series of resolutions, which bear witness to the fact that the Federation has its eagle eye upon all current events and is quick to discern in them anything that may be a menace to the rights or interests of the Church. All the resolutions are well drawn, and, while they are fearless in laying deserved blame even at the feet of those who stand in high places, there is a commendable absence of anything like defiance in their tone. The great questions of socialism and labor, of Christian education, marriage, lynching, France, Indian schools, Truth Society, public libraries, and the press are considered. We append in full the resolution on Christian education:

Resolved, That we observe with deep satisfaction the gradual growth among our non-Catholic fellow-citizens of the conviction that religious instruction of some sort in the school is absolutely necessary for the welfare of our country. Witness the discussions of the National Educational Association and of the Religious Educational Association, both of which fully justify the position maintained by us Catholics for the past half century. We note with pleasure that while the pupils in our parish schools receive a thorough religious training, their proficiency in secular studies is not inferior, but, in many cases, superior to that of the public school children. Convinced that we are not called upon to suggest plans for the

various non-Catholic denominations, we propose this solution of the educational problem, so far as we are concerned: First, let no public moneys be paid out for religious instruction in any school; second, let the educational per capita tax be disbursed for results in purely secular studies only in our parish

schools; our teachers receiving their salaries as other teachers receive theirs; third, to ascertain these results let our schools be submitted to state or city examinations. Thus will the great principle of our government, "No public moneys for sectarian purposes," be preserved intact.

MAGAZINES

Of the many scholarly articles in the *Dolphin* for August, the first by the Reverend P. St. John, S. J., treats of the much debated subject of St. Cyprian's strained relations with Rome. The writer states the question in clear concise terms. Did Pope Stephen's condemnation of Cyprian's doctrine on the invalidity of baptism by heretics reach Carthage before or after the third synod of that city? The Anglican theory is that it arrived before. The writer, on the other hand, shows to a certainty, that no such theory can reasonably be maintained. No explicit mention is made in the acts of the synod of the Pope's letter, despite the fact that, if we believe the Anglicans, the synod was called for the very purpose of considering it. Nor is there any implicit reference. For the use of underhand means would be out of harmony with the well known characteristics of the African bishops, and, above all, of the fearless Cyprian, who afterwards publicly denounced Stephen's action in most unqualified terms. From ancient we are brought down to modern times in an article under the heading, "Present Day Jacobin France," in which a strong plea is made by a writer from Canada for prompt action against the present infamous tyranny of the French Free Masons. Then follows a collection of St. Teresa's letters bearing upon her care of two child-nuns who grew up in her convents. Throughout these epistles we see in the character of the great saint traits manifesting a capacity for

tender human affection unsuspected in a woman so thoroughly spiritualized. Besides these, other timely articles appear, among them, "Cardinal Vaughan and Americans."

Very interesting and up-to-date is "The Green Dragon," a complete novel by Elizabeth Duer, in the August number of Lippincott's. It would in itself be ample reward for the price invested in the purchase of the magazine, but with the addition of seven short stories by some of the best known authors, an article by Maud Howe on the "Kneipp Cure," and a number of poems, the periodical becomes a source of much pleasure to all lovers of good literature.

Everybody's Magazine for August was a refreshing number. Its pages wafted the cool, delightful breezes of healthy summer reading. "Pope Leo's Successor" was the leading article. It was written by F. Marion Crawford, the distinguished Catholic author. He briefly outlined the eminent Cardinals and their possible chances. Years of intimacy with Rome and the Pontiff gave weight to the author's able article. "Gunfire," the fleet-footed turf queen, was interestingly pictured by Charles E. Trevathan. He splendidly noted the fleetness and beauty of this turf idol. The article was a luxury for horsemen. "The Verdict of the Gallery," by James S. Ford, was tastefully written and illustrated. He presented prominent actors and actresses. "Don Goyo's Holy Rem-

edy, "The Conversion of Mr. Speck Mulligan," "Masters of Art," two poems and other stories of merit made the number delightfully interesting.

Mr. Frank Moss contributes to the August number of the *Cosmopolitan* a very well written article entitled "A Great Public Service." The author exposes and shows in its true light the evil of policy-dealing, that branch of gambling which has, in a very large measure, reduced so many to abject poverty. A careful perusal of this article will cause many of our citizens to open their eyes. "A Pound of Meat," by Joseph D. Grabfield, will find favor with those interested in the progress of the country. Captains of Industry are, for this month, Meyer Guggenheim and Sons and Charles Steele. Another interesting article is "Romances of the World's Great Mines," by Samuel E. Moffatt. Admirers of Shakespeare will delight in reading "Shakespeare in Modern Settings," by Frank C. Drake. "Mankind in the Making," and "Making a Choice of a Profession," are still continued. Besides the above articles, the number contains some very good fiction.

The midsummer number of the *Book-Lover* presents, as usual, a copious variety of entertaining and useful reading. There are really so many articles of varied description and particular worth, that one cannot, in a brief review, examine and comment upon them singly. While, then, this issue has some short pieces of no striking import, one cannot be charged with poor taste or peremptory judgment when recommending it as a whole worthy to engage the attention of any lover of good reading.

The August *Chautauquan* is an interesting number and insures an intelligent and comprehensive understanding of a few topics of immediate and vital interest to the people. Other subjects of

a kindred nature are grouped around these, with current happenings in the department entitled, "Highways and Byways."

For one who looks for amusement and information, the *Century Magazine* for August is especially useful and entertaining. Besides "Wesley's Days of Triumph" and "The Later Years of Sir Walter Scott," the reader is sure to be charmed with the highly colored pictures of scenes in the Antarctic, which are so true to nature that one almost imagines them to be real. The contents of this magazine are ever of such a kind as to compel one who reads the first page to go on to the last, and when finished to look forward with eager expectation to the forthcoming number.

The *Messenger* for August opens with a poem by P. J. Coleman, dedicated to our late venerable Pontiff, Leo XIII. The paper of Thos. F. Meehan, "The Mothers of Future Congregations," treats of the necessity of establishing clubs for the working girl. Her lot, especially in New York City, is not an enviable one. Hours of labor are long; pay is small. It is necessary, then, to afford her opportunity for recreation which can but seldom be had at home. Non-Catholics have been very active in this social philanthropy. Aided by vast wealth, they have established a large number of clubs. Although professing to welcome all without interference in matters of religion, nevertheless it is easy to see that such is not the case. Prayers are said, Bible recitations are given. The tone of the religious tenets follows that of the chief patrons of the club. The necessity of caring for our Catholic girls is clearly pointed out. The work must not be left to volunteers alone. It requires skill and special training. Professional management is necessary. Archbishop Farley, recognizing this great need, made an earnest appeal

to the Catholic laity. Already there has been a generous response on the part of some. But it should be more universal. The good work should be extended throughout the length and breadth of the land. It deserves the hearty cooperation of every zealous Catholic. "Is the Best Indian a Dead Indian," by Rev. H. G. Ganss, gives an interesting account of the conversion of a goodly portion of the Sioux Indians and of their Twelfth Annual Congress recently held at Standing Rock, N. D. Other articles are "Canterbury," by Francis Goldie, S. J.; "The Real St. Francis of Assisi," by Fr. Paschal Robinson, O. F. M.

The World's Work for August is a number of uncommon interest. A splendid half-tone of the late Leo XIII. is the frontispiece and is one of many excellent reproductions illustrating an ap-

preciation of this illustrious Pontiff, by Henry Sedgwick, Jr. Booker T. Washington writes interestingly on the "Successful Training of the Negro," and is most generous in the illustrations made to accompany his text. We cannot too much applaud this remarkable man for the excellent work he is doing. Any one who labors as successfully and untiringly as he is doing, to elevate a race that contributes no small per centage to our population, is a benefactor to our country in the broadest sense. We feel assured that this paper will be read with interest and will create considerable enthusiasm for the cause to which Mr. Washington is pledged. Other contributions that are noteworthy are "The Education of Women," and on "Teaching Soldiers how to Shoot." The make-up of the magazine is as excellent as always.

BOOKS

"The Truth of the Papal Claims," by Raphael Merry Del Val, D. D., Archbishop of Nicaea. B. Herder. Price, \$1.00.

It is a "Reply to 'The Validity of Papal Claims,' by F. Nutcombe Oxenham, D. D., English Chaplain in Rome." From a literary point of view this book can scarcely be pronounced a great success. The style is argumentative; the language, common; hardly above the conversational. Nor are there wanting certain grammatical inaccuracies. The only literary feature in the book is its sarcasm; and this is not altogether a pleasing one. True it is that Monsignor Del Val does no wrong to his opponent, whose ungentlemanly and apparently untruthful mode of procedure justly deserves censure. But one feels that the cultured Catholic Archbishop has allowed himself to stoop to the level of a narrow two-by-four intellect, such as Doctor Oxenham's evidently is. The

book, however, considered from a doctrinal standpoint is worthy of much commendation. The Catholic Doctrine of the Papal Supremacy and Infallibility is lucidly stated. Proofs establishing it are produced from Scripture, from the Fathers and from reason. Objections are disposed of with clearness and precision. The faulty reasoning and falsehoods of Dr. Oxenham are exposed and refuted. For those who desire to become informed concerning the Supremacy and Infallibility of the Pope, "The Truth of the Papal Claims" will be a treasure-house of useful knowledge.

"The Ecclesiastical Year for Catholic Schools and Institutions," translated from the German of Rev. Andreas Petz, by a member of the Dominican Order. Wiltzius & Co., Milwaukee.

In the German this work has long since won for itself an honorable place. We are delighted, therefore, to welcome it in its English dress. The translation

is well made and very wisely has the translator omitted certain things that bear solely upon Europe, and added others that are peculiar to America. The little book is intended primarily for the use of children in schools, but it should be read and studied by all the faithful. Not one but will find it interesting and beneficial. It contains many things which every practical Catholic must know, and many more which he should know, that the full meaning of ceremonies may be brought home to him and that he may be able to enlighten those not of the faith, who may enquire concerning them.

"Christian Apologetics," by Rev. W. Devivier, S. J., edited by Bishop Messmer. Benziger Bros. \$1.75 net.

To say anything in praise of Devivier's Apologetics is like carrying "owls to Athens." From the first appearance of the work in the original French, it has received the encomiums of prominent churchmen and Cardinals the world over. Bishop Messmer has therefore done a good thing in bringing this work within the reach of readers of English. In his preface he gives his opinion of the excellence of the work and his reasons for securing its translation. But there is one chapter which is especially noteworthy and which, therefore, we give to our readers in full. It is as follows:

"Devivier's Manual sets for both the truth and the goodness of the Catholic religion. Although very compendious in size and treatment, it is sufficiently complete for popular use. It is especially suitable for our Catholic Reading Circles. We are under the impression (if wrongly, so much the better) that in many Reading Circles and many other Catholic literary clubs too much time is spent upon secular literature and history; time and labor that would be applied with far greater profit, intellectual, moral and religious, to the study of the

Catholic religion, its dogmas, and laws, its liturgy and pious practices, its history and literature. In our opinion a systematic course of short essays in the form of plain exposition or of apologetic discussion upon the fundamental doctrines of Christianity and the special claims of the Catholic Church, her achievements on every field of civilization (universal charity, individual and social morality, education and science, etc.), will of itself furnish an almost endless programme at once thoroughly instructive and truly delightful. There is no reason why societies of intelligent and loyal Catholic men and women should be afraid to take up in their own meetings the study and discussion of the Catholic Faith, provided it is done under proper guidance. This does not imply the continual presence of an official censor in the person of an ecclesiastic. The Catholic English literature of to-day, whether in works of a general character or in special treatises, tracts, and articles, offers many excellent helps to earnest seekers after a fuller knowledge of heavenly truth. Where these Catholic "Guide-books in Religion" are conscientiously and properly followed there will be no danger of going astray on the byways of religious error. Moreover, some clear and intelligent reading, properly selected, of a paragraph or an article from a sound Catholic book or magazine will often afford more instruction and pleasure than a dozen 'original essays by club members.'"

"Jesuit Education, its History and Principles, Viewed in the Light of Modern Educational Problems," by Robert Schweckerath, S. J. B. Herder, St. Louis. \$1.75.

This work will be heartily welcomed. Education is a subject of constant and almost universal discussion at the present time. Much has been said and more has been written upon it by persons of all classes and creeds. To have, there-

fore, a volume which deals satisfactorily with one of the great educational systems of modern times, a system which has held its own amid very changing conditions and in spite of stubborn opposition, is certainly a desirable thing. To English readers there is but little accessible concerning the educational system of the Jesuits. Almost every one who makes an utterance on the matter of education has something to say concerning this system, and doubtless many a reader has wished to know more of it and to know it through an informant who is himself up in what he professes to tell. In the present volume all the information is given which one could desire. Doubtless no fuller exposition of the "Ratio Studiorum" has ever been given; certainly not to the English reader.

"All on the Irish Shore," by E. OE. Somerville and Martin Ross. Longmans, Green & Co.

We have here a collection of delightful Irish stories. They have all the brightness and wit so characteristic of the Irish race and none of the coarseness which is sometimes so unjustly associated with Irish humor. There are eleven stories in all, each as good as any other. The illustrations are made from pen and ink sketches done by E. Somerville.

"A Manual of Mystical Theology," by the Rev. Arthur Devine, Passionist. R. & T. Washbourne, Benziger Bros., American Agents. \$2.50 net.

This volume completes the series which Father Devine proposed to himself, and immediately succeeds his Manual on Ascetical Theology, which has been so favorably received. The volume under present consideration deals with a subject matter which is not of interest to the multitude for not many are called to the higher life of mysticism,

or even concern themselves about it. Still there are certain chapters which every one would find attractive and by no means abstruse. The very first one, on "Contemplation in General," is of this kind, and the author is to be congratulated on the happy manner in which he keeps the matter within reach of even the ordinary reader. It is an able exposition of the Theology of Mysticism, and will, therefore, be a safe guide to all contemplatives.

"Back to Rome," by Scrutator. B. Herder, St. Louis. \$1.00.

In this volume we find a series of letters addressed to an Anglican clergyman who was in search of the truth. We find that in leaving the city of confusion and the house of bondage, this clergyman passed over the same way, groping for a while in darkness as did many who went before him. But the recital of this search for truth and its final attainment, receives a flavor of novelty from its being given in epistolary form. The last paragraph of the last letter is particularly strong and is given here in full:

"If you have a lingering belief in your heart that, in spite of all that has been said to the contrary, Christ is divine, and that He holds the true key to the mystery of human life; if you still believe that it is He alone who can control the wayward hearts and wills of men, and kindle in the human soul that true life of God which can alone enable it to rise superior to, and to triumph over all the pains and ills of life and the slow agonies of death; if you still believe that His doctrines are authoritative, and that it is upon them that the highest and noblest life has been built up in the past and can alone be built up in the future; that it is in and through them that mankind has in every age found joy and happiness and hope, and the great unchanging peace of God; if you want to find that peace for your own weary and tired

soul: then away at once from the vain fancies and imaginations of men; away from sects and parties, and human and fallible and perverse presentations of Truth; and back to the One Great Divine Teacher, instituted by God Himself; back to the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church of Christ—back to Rome!

"Wilfred Sweet, or All for the Best," a story for boys, by Rev. Walter T. Leahy. H. L. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia.

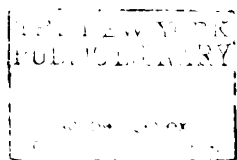
This is a beautiful story, and one that will please the boys, and surely teach them many salutary lessons. It is not overdrawn, but in every detail true to nature. The vocations of Wilfred and Basil are very naturally developed, and one need not go far to find those who have had very similar experiences if they would but admit as much. There is a simplicity, a purity and tenderness in the little story which give it an undeniable charm.

"J. McNeill Whistler and His Work" will be one of the important art books of the autumn. This study and appreciation of one of the world's unique artists was completed by its authors, Alfred G. and Nancy Bell, a few weeks before Mr. Whistler's death. It is not the authorized biography of Whistler, the man, though the man enters into it more or less. It is, rather, a careful and detailed study of his work, his genius, and his aims. The Macmillan Company will publish the book with forty reproductions in half-tone of Whistler's best pictures.

From the press of Benziger Brothers there will shortly issue a volume of interest to all Catholics. It is the Encyclicals of the late Leo XIII. There will be a preface by Father Wynne, the editor of

the Messenger. There is not a single great question of the age which has not been ably treated by Leo XIII., the master mind of his time, and therefore a volume containing his encyclicals will be of surpassing value and interest. The book will be substantially bound in cloth and will sell for \$2.00 net.

"The Newest Teacher-Saint"—For the benefit of boys and young men who desire to become acquainted with the life of St. John Baptist de La Salle—"The Newest Teacher-Saint"—the Christian Brothers have prepared an illustrated life of their saintly founder, which will be sent free, on application to the Rev. Bro. Secretary, Ammendale, Md. The booklet is dedicated to the Catholic young men of America, and embraces in a series of twenty-eight one-page chapters, the following topics: "Message of Pope Leo XIII. to the Christian Brothers," "Religious Heroes and Heroines," "Sublimity of the Vocation of the Christian Educator," "A Glorious Vocation for Young Men," "The Model Christian Educator," "St. La Salle as a Priest," "The Christian Brothers Founded," "The First Normal School," "St. La Salle's School for Irish Exiles," "St. La Salle's School for Artisans, Tradesmen and Sailors," "St. La Salle's School for Prisoners," "De La Salle's Work for Higher Education," "Fertility of La Salle's Genius as an Organizer," "De La Salle and Other Educational Reformers," "Debt of Modern Education to St. La Salle," "De La Salle as a Saint," "Trials, Death and Canonization," "An Invitation to Our Young Men," "A Word to Our Boys," "Christian Parents and Religious Vocations," "A Word to the Reverend Clergy," "Requirements for Admission to the Brothers' Society." The booklet closes with tributes from Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ryan and Archbishop Keane.

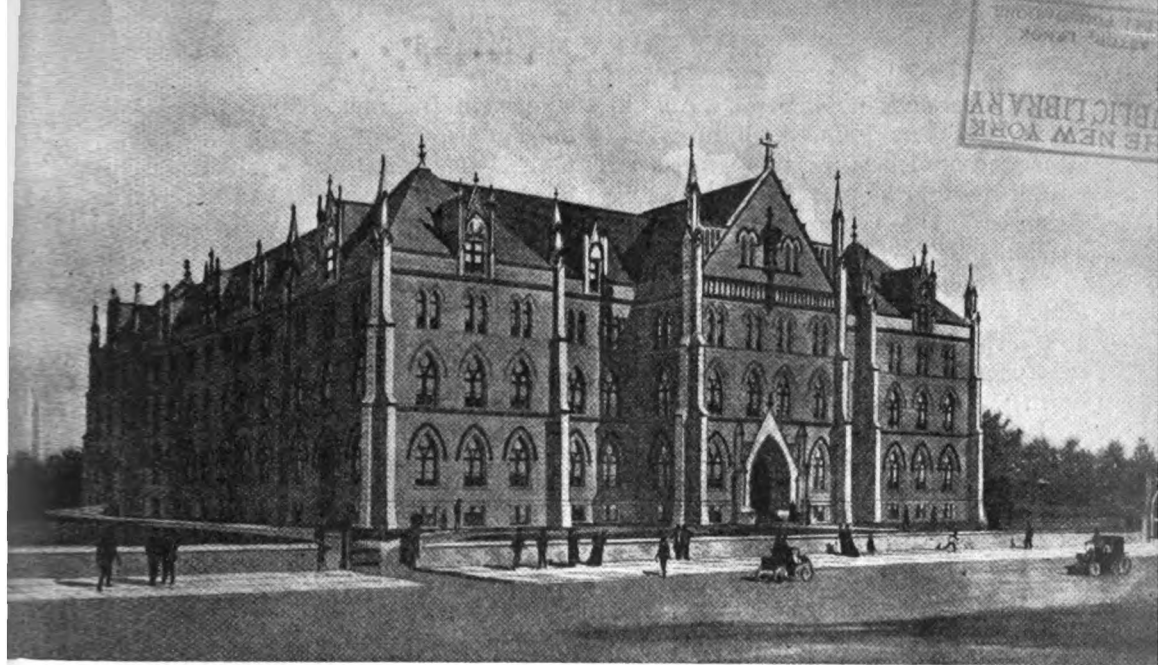




HIS HOLINESS PIUS X

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The Dominicans in America

By REV. JOHN R. VOLZ, O. P., S. T. L.

THE new Dominican Convent and College of the Immaculate Conception, the corner-stone of which was laid at Washington, D. C., with impressive ceremony, on August 16, can hardly fail to awaken interest both for what it is to commemorate in the way of past American achievement, and for what, in the designs of Providence, it is undoubtedly destined to be in future years. Apart from its significance, moreover, as a new-world creation, the life and activities which it will shelter are inalienably associated with and dependent upon an idea which has survived through

some seven centuries of the world's history.

Perhaps but few people are aware that in its first aspect, the establishment carries the mind back to three sterling prelates of just a century ago—Bishop John Carroll of Baltimore, Father Luke Concanen, O. P., afterwards first Bishop of New York, and Father Edward Dominic Fenwick, O. P., founder of St. Joseph's Province of the Dominican Order in the United States, and afterwards first Bishop of Cincinnati.

Father Fenwick, born Aug. 17, 1768, was a native of Maryland and a descendant of an old family of Fenwicks of

Northumberland in England. An ancestor, Cuthbert Fenwick, head of the American branch of the stock, had been one of the first legislators of Maryland. At an early age, Edward is said to have exhibited signs of the traits and virtues that characterized all his matured life. Quick of mind, and of a pleasing, amiable disposition, he was rather inclined to shyness for a boy of that period and much given to exercises of piety.

Deeply devoted to their religion and feeling the lack of near schools of their faith—these were still interdicted at the time in which the Catholic founders of religious toleration were not suffered to reap the fruits of their own sowing—his parents, being well to do, resolved to send their son abroad. They chose the English Dominican College of Bornhem, near Antwerp, Belgium, as a fit place, long recognized as an institution of established prestige and, especially in the eighteenth century, rendering conspicuous service in the then difficult cause of education for English Catholics. This choice, moreover, was probably the more readily determined because one of the Fenwicks, an uncle of Edward, had entered the Order there and had so far gone on his way to holy priesthood, that one of the first joys of the young American abroad was to assist at his relative's first Mass.*

Father Fenwick was a mere stripling of sixteen when he began his collegiate

studies in Belgium. Four years later, having also spent a short time at St. Omer's on account of weak health, he finished his humanities. With his fortune at his command, he might then in his young manhood have aspired to almost any career the world could offer. But Providence had a work in store for him. He was to be prepared for it under the more or less soul-trying conditions. It is perhaps not improbable, as subsequent developments would indicate, that the youth had had his mind and heart opened somewhat to a foreglow of the life he was destined to live and at length to lay down in a true spirit of apostolic self-sacrifice. His dreams and aspirations in the study hall were certainly not given to forecasting professional successes or social triumphs, for no sooner had he achieved his classical studies than he disclosed his intention to his family of abandoning the world to seek the white wool of St. Dominic in the religious life. On his people's recommendation, however, he first undertook several months of travel on the continent. They wished to make sure of his mind and to be satisfied that it was not a mere youthful vagary leading him to the momentous step of giving himself wholly to the service of God. It is an edifying token surely of the cordial relations maintained between the young man and his family that he dutifully yielded to their prudential solicitude in his behalf and that they on their part did not urge tests meant, as they often are, to break a young enthusiast's spirit.

Having taken the usual steps of reception to the habit and of profession, he was ordained priest in June, 1792, and thereupon assigned to a professorship in the college. At this period the political atmosphere of France was surcharged with energies of conflicting sentiment and passions, with dark portents of social upheavals and with menace to the Church. Among other events, the invasion of Belgium by the republi-

*Father John Ceslas Fenwick, O.P., S.T.L., born in Maryland about 1759, received his classical education at Bornhem College, which he entered Nov. 13, 1773. He was received to the Dominican habit Oct. 14, 1777, but in consequence of the tyrannical edict of the Emperor, Joseph II., his profession was delayed till December, 1783. In the meantime he studied at Louvain, and defended his philosophical theses there Aug. 2, 1780. After his ordination, Pentecost, 1785, he taught in his College till 1794, when he was compelled to take flight to London on the French invasion of Belgium. He stayed for a time at Carshalton, but soon returned to his native Maryland, where he died, 1816, about fifty-eight years of age, in the thirty-third year of his profession and in the thirty-first of his priesthood. R. I. P.



RT. REV. EDWARD DOMINIC FENWICK, O. P., FIRST BISHOP OF
CINCINNATI.

can troops took place in June, 1794, and, directed as the movement was by a satanic spirit of antichristian fury, it could not but result in the dispersion of religious communities, the profanation and closing of churches, and the confiscation of convents and monasteries.

At Bornhem it was thought that in virtue of his American citizenship, Father Fenwick could protect the interests of the college and hold the place until the storm blew over. Whilst the rest of the brethren fled to England, therefore, the young American priest

was left alone to meet the critical situation. But his efforts proved unavailing. He was seized and thrown into prison. Speedily realizing that he could do nothing to save the property of the Order, he bethought himself of his personal safety and by establishing his claims as an American citizen, secured a reluctant release from the French officers and soon after made his way to England.

It was at Carshalton that the brethren had settled to recoup their forces and to begin anew the work so disastrously interrupted. Acting as procur-

ator of the new establishment and also occupied with professorial duties, Father Fenwick displayed the same activity, zeal, and devotion that had made him so valued an associate abroad.

Amid such distracting conditions and whilst his native land was brisking up with accumulating energies, Father Fenwick's heart must often have yearned for the comparatively more free and peaceful environment of his early boyhood. Humanly speaking, however, any project of return he might have entertained gave but scanty hopes of fulfillment. It was beset with too many



RT. REV. LUCAS CONCANEN, O. P., FIRST
BISHOP OF NEW YORK.

perils and difficulties. The thoughts of his brethren could not have been favorable to it. "I had long encouraged their emigration from England," wrote Bishop Carroll to Father Concanen, O. P., at Rome, "and so long ago as the year 1802, I had urged Mr. Short, then the provincial in England, to embrace a fine opportunity which offered of obtaining a most advantageous settlement in the United States."

Bishop Carroll had undoubtedly known of the two Fenwicks abroad and most likely the straits to which they had

been reduced by those troublous ^{times} ^{as} had made him hope to enlist their ^{services} ⁱⁿ in behalf of the struggling American Church. The idea had evidently been a matter of correspondence between himself and Father Concanen, who for some years had been his trusted intermediary at the papal court in matters pertaining to his Episcopal jurisdiction.

Father Concanen, zealous Dominican that he was, became interested. He wrote encouragingly to the younger Fenwick, and indeed through his friendly offices succeeded gradually in removing every obstacle that obstructed the plans of the young American friar. To the latter with his sensitive temperament and acute consciousness of the trying circumstances of the period, Father Concanen's sympathetic intervention, with wise counsel and practical aid, must have appeared as a great light suddenly shed upon utter darkness. "I am gratefully sensible * * *" he wrote, March 15, 1803, "of your zealous attention to my vague proposal of an establishment of our Order in my native country, where the cries of religion and the repeated solicitations of my friends pressingly call for me and all who feel for their spiritual wants." In less than a year, affairs had so far progressed that Father Fenwick wrote again: "Though sensible of my own incapacity and insufficiency for so arduous an undertaking, I shall now regard it as the order of heaven and direct the most of my thoughts and endeavors towards the execution of my long conceived plan. * * * I trust to the support and assistance of Almighty God * * * but I moreover rely on your Reverence's zealous cooperation."

On the eve of his departure from England, Father Fenwick, under the advice of an old friend, Bishop Douglass, then Vicar Apostolic of London, addressed a general petition for aid to the English Catholic nobility and gentry. Two pass-

ages of it are most aptly quotable to our present purpose: "A native of Maryland, I entered the holy Order of St. Dominic at Bornhem, with the view of endeavoring, as soon as I should be duly qualified for so arduous an undertaking, to establish in my native country a sem-

more, promises his warmest support to the undertaking, and in a letter he has honored me with, urges the imperious claims my native country has to my exertions and labors, presses the execution of the plan, and adds that it is only from such establishments he can hope for a



ARCHBISHOP CARROLL.

inary of religious men of the same holy Institute, who, actuated by an apostolic spirit, might effectually labor to plant religion and virtue in the widely extended continent of America. * * * The Rt. Rev. Dr. Carroll, Bishop of Balti-

more, promises his warmest support to the undertaking, and in a letter he has honored me with, urges the imperious claims my native country has to my exertions and labors, presses the execution of the plan, and adds that it is only from such establishments he can hope for a

sufficient supply of zealous and exemplary laborers in the vineyard of the Lord." Space will not presently permit a more detailed account of the development of the friendship between these three zeal-

ous and God-fearing religious, and its ultimate outcome in the founding of the Order in the United States. One incident may yet be mentioned, however, in which that holy bond found expression on the part of the Dominican body as pleasant as it was characteristic and edifying. When the Master General gave letters for the opening of the first novitiate at St. Rose, Springfield, Ky., he beautifully and appropriately closed the document with a clause admitting as a token of gratitude "our so devout and illustrious benefactor, the Most Rev. John Carroll, Archbishop of Baltimore, to perpetual participation in all the suffrages of the entire Order."

It is, therefore, a matter of historical record that the new convent of the Immaculate Conception owes its remote origin, as has been indicated, to three remarkable prelates, and it seems peculiarly fitting that on the eve of the province's centenary, Father Fenwick's successor should give to the American Church, within the shadow, as it were, of the old See of Baltimore, and under the kindly auspices of its present distinguished incumbent, His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, the fairest flower yet of the seed so rarely planted.

Beginning with his "little school by way of a nursery to raise young plants in, for the Vineyard of the Lord"—of which the new Washington house is the logical sequel—Father Fenwick revealed himself as a true type of St. Dominic's Order. The untoward circumstances of his early religious life, as has been seen, made it impossible for him, to his lasting regret, to reap the full benefit of studies which are usually the peculiar advantage of every member of the Order; but his perception of the necessity of higher training was none the less keen. Whilst maturing and executing his plan, his one great dread was the lack of associates competent to sustain the scholastic dignity of the new foundation. His choice of confreres and his unremitting

efforts to secure their cooperation alone would almost prove him the providential agent that he was in inaugurating the work of the Friars Preachers in America.

It was his good fortune as it was his joy, that he was enabled to enlist the services of such men as Fathers Raymund Tuite and Antoninus Angier, both Lectors of Sacred Theology, and especially of Father Thomas Wilson, whose long years of Theological professorship won for him the highest degrees of the Order. All of these Bishop Carroll viewed "as choice auxiliaries conveyed hither by special appointment of Providence." Of Father Wilson, (Archbishop) M. J. Spalding wrote in his "Sketches of Kentucky," that "on his arrival he was about forty-five years of age. Of refined and highly polished manners, as well as amiable, modest and learned, he was universally admired and beloved. He was of retiring habits and much devoted to prayer and study. He was one of the most learned divines who ever emigrated to America. * * * He had written much—probably an entire course of theology adapted to the wants of England and America—but shortly before his death, his large collection of manuscripts suddenly disappeared. It was believed that through a motive of exaggerated humility, he had himself committed them to the flames on the eve of his death," which occurred May 23, 1824. His rare worth had endeared him to Bishops Carroll, Flaget, and David, and as the above quoted passage continues, "the Catholics of Kentucky will long and reverently remember his virtues, which are still freshly embalmed in the recollection of his brethren. He was a bright ornament of an illustrious Order and its early history in the United States is identified with his biography."

With the help of such collaborators, Father Fenwick left the definite impress of his personality upon the work so auspiciously begun. It is not within the scope of this paper, however, to give a

detailed narrative of the soul-searching difficulties and trials, the self-denial and sacrifice of life itself, with which these men of heroic mould watched and nurtured the effects of their labors, even though these have never been adequately recounted by any historian of the American Church. It will be enough here to learn something of the spirit that actuated them, and to recognize it as a heritage to be housed and treasured in the newest home and outgrowth of Dominican energy in the Western world.

The fruits of the saintly founders' zeal include three colleges, apart from the novitiate at St. Rose's in Kentucky and the house of studies, established in 1812, at Somerset, Ohio, both of which have been maintained to the present day. The former were the St. Thomas Aquinas College, opened in connection with the mother house in Kentucky, Sinsinawa Mound College, in Wisconsin, and St. Joseph's College in Ohio. Though none of these institutions survived through more than a score or so of years, they flourished in their day, numbering amongst their students many who afterwards distinguished themselves in public life. It is significant that the principal cause of their suspension in each

case was the too great pressure brought to bear on the priestly and missionary services of the Fathers who had them in charge.

The efficiency of these seats of learning is perhaps best borne out by the fact that from amongst the members of the Order associated with them, four, like their venerable founder, were raised to the Episcopal dignity. The Rt. Rev. Richard P. Miles, O. P., D. D., first Bishop of Nashville, was one of the first-



JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS.

lings of the mother establishment, and his fine scholarly character and lovable qualities bore testimony to Father Wilson's special tutorship. He was succeeded by Bishop James Whelan, O. P., who was at one time president of St. Joseph's College and a man of recognized literary and scientific genius. One of his productions on papal infallibility was commended by Brownson as a most masterly presentation of the subject. St. Joseph's also gave to the Church, the Most Rev. Sadoc Alemany, O. P., D. D., first as Bishop of Monterey and then as the first Archbishop of San Francisco. The Most Rev. Thomas L. Grace, O. P., D. D., who, after his resignation of the See of St. Paul, became titular Archbishop of Siunia, was an alumnus of St. Rose. On account of his youthful talent and piety, he had been sent to Rome for his higher studies and the success he made undoubtedly drew the attention upon him which resulted in his loss to the Province and to the gain of the Church in the growing Northwest.

It is known, too, that Father Thomas Wilson, both on account of his ability and of his services, would have been clothed with the purple, had not death all too soon brought his beautiful and inspiring life to its close. Father Joseph Kelly, once Provincial and still of revered memory in the South, particularly in Memphis for his heroic service in the harrowing days of yellow fever, twice refused the honor of the miter. So, also, Father Samuel Mazzuchelli, one of the rarest priests, scholars and scientists that ever labored in the Northwest and founder, in pioneer days, of the Dominican sisterhood which is ennobling the cause of Catholic education for young women by the lofty ideals maintained at St. Clara College, Sinsinawa, Wis., was fain to keep the crozier from his priestly hands that he might the better realize his vocation as a son of St. Dominic. Yet others seemed destined at one time for Episcopal honors, as the late Father

Bokel for the early see of Chicago, and Father C. P. Montgomery, (died April 15, 1860, at Zanesville, O.) for the diocese of Monterey, but Providence ordained otherwise. If such men did not leave the religious ranks for the onerous condition of the episcopate, it is none the less true that their virtues and learning shed lustre on the institute of which they were members and recalled the precious memory of the founder in whose footsteps they might worthily have followed.

It may not be out of place here, indeed it seems rather fitting now to cite other works too worthy of mention to be omitted, as redounding to the merits of Father Wilson and Bishop Fenwick and therefore, in a way, likewise commemorated in the new house of studies. The crowning glory of Father Mazzuchelli's life, a sisterhood of true Dominican zeal for education, has just been mentioned. A like service to the Church was rendered by Father Wilson with the cooperation of the then Father Miles in founding the proto-community of Dominican Sisters in the United States in what was first called St. Magdalen's, but is now known as St. Catherine's Convent, at Springfield, Ky. East and West these devoted daughters of St. Dominic still pursue their sacred calling. From their ranks, Bishop Fenwick drew the nucleus of a new community which now has its beautiful home and the center of its educational beneficence in St. Mary's of the Springs, near Columbus, Ohio.

Other branches were likewise derived from these mother houses, notably the congregations with headquarters at Nashville, Tenn., and Springfield, Ill., and at Galveston, Texas, and the part they have borne in cooperating with their brethren in the spread and maintenance of gospel teaching is accounted to the credit of their worthy founders wherever Christian virtue is loved and historic justice prevails.

The higher scholastic discipline, imbued with the same spirit which led to

the momentous enterprises just recorded and which singled out so many for higher ecclesiastical honors, has been worthily upheld these later years at "old St. Joseph's" by the line of priors, the Rev. H. F. Lilly, P. G., the Very Rev. Dr. Higgins, the Very Rev. F. A. Spencer, the Rev. C. H. McKenna, P. G., Very Rev. L. F. Kearney, S. T. M., and Very Rev. D. J. Kennedy, S. T. M.

For the most part of almost exclusively Dominican training, these prelates were made to feel directly or indirectly, in their younger days in religion, the wholesome influence of such men as Father Alemany, Pozzo, Villarassa, Chocarne, Rose, Reveille and some others, whom the violence of revolutions in their native lands had driven to seek hospitable shelter in the new world. The advent of these brethren, habituated as they were to the full external observance of religious usages in Catholic lands, was not unattended by some difficulties and misgivings because of American conditions; but their coming had a broadening influence and served as a means of closer and directer knowledge of convents and colleges in remoter parts of the Dominican world. The "invaders" were generally men of distinguished attainments and they gave invaluable aid at a time in which the resources of the province were taxed to the utmost. Their manner alone of exercising the scholastic functions in which they were invited to participate, if it was not needed to hold the students of the province to the time honored traditions of the Order, was still valuable as attesting the genuineness of the ideals held up before them.

It is noteworthy that St. Joseph's Province, mindful of the splendid organization of which it is a part, has ever kept its eyes on those lands in which the Order from its beginning has most flourished and prospered to the greater good of sacred science and zeal for the things of God. Students from time to time

have been sent abroad to enter into more immediate relationship with older and more experienced schools.

Archbishop Grace, as has been intimated, worthily sustained the good name of his American professors at the renowned Minerva College of the Order in the Eternal City. Later two novice-clerics were sent to the same place, Brother Hyacinth Doherty and Brother James Joyce, but to the great loss of the Province, both died before completing the higher curriculum. Their memory is still cherished as that of young men of singular piety and extraordinary talent. Had God spared them, they would undoubtedly have distinguished themselves on their return to their province in the line of work it would have been theirs to undertake.

Still later, three others were selected to enter the Dominican College at Louvain, the present Very Rev. Provincial, Father Kearney, Father Kennedy, now Regent of Studies at St. Joseph's, and Rev. J. T. Murphy, S. T. L., who died May 29, 1893, at Denver, Col. It was their privilege to be enrolled amongst the students of Fathers Lepidi and Dummermuth, both of international reputation and doctors of the first rank, who were then conducting the principal Thomistic courses at that institution. All three endeared themselves to their masters by their capacity and zeal for work and by their sustained proficiency in studies.

Father Kennedy publicly defended the final theses of his course, in 1885, before a General Chapter of the Fathers of the Order assembled from all parts of the world, and his success was such as to elicit expressions of warmest regard and of unfeigned admiration from all. Father Kearney's defence of theses for the lectorate was not less brilliant, and after the required seven years of teaching, being presented by his province for the honors of the baccalaureate at Rome, he won rare praise, especially for his



ANTONINUS M. DUMMERMUTH, O. P.,
PRIOR OF THE DOMINICAN COLLEGE, LOUVAIN.

mastery of the Summa of St. Thomas and of its best commentaries. It is but justice to Fathers Kearney and Kennedy to say that by their example as by their wise counsel and kindly encouragement, they have given a new impetus to the scholastic work of St. Joseph's Province of the present. Both have filled the office of novice-master with conspicuous success and it will be strange if the new convent at Washington does not reveal itself as a choice field

for the thoroughly Dominican traits and energies which their united efforts have stimulated and upheld.

The influences making for the uninterrupted existence of the Order's scholastic ideas in St. Joseph's Province, could not but tend, as by a kind of reaction, to uphold missionary work as was dear to St. Dominic's heart. Through many years, apart from the ordinary parochial duties, for which the Order has also been sanctioned and approved by the Holy See from immemorial times, the uplifting work of propagating the Rosary devotion and Confraternity, the Holy Name Society, the Angelic Warfare of St. Thomas, and the Third Order of Penance for seculars, has been vigorously and consistently prosecuted in the United

States. More particularly have popular missions been conducted unceasingly, to the renewal of the religious mind of many parishes and undoubtedly to the salvation of many souls.

Missionary zeal, exercised even in an heroic degree from the very foundation of the province, is perhaps one of its most signal glories. Not only did the early Fathers minister with indefatigable zeal and with untold hardships and privations to the scattered Catholics of

Kentucky and attend to numerous congregations in the state, but, following the leadership of their founder, they laid the foundations of the Ohio missions, then of vast extent. There is undoubtedly in the middle west to-day many a flourishing parish of which priest and people alike are unaware that it owes its origin to some one or another of the white-robed pioneers. The very provincial records themselves but barely mention the names, and are certainly inadequate to render anything like a just account of the works of even the best of them, as Fathers N. D. Young, Wm. T. Willett, the two Montgomerys, J. T. Polin, J. H. McGrady, Austin Hill, Theodore Van den Broek, Father Van de Weyer, Vincent de Raymacher, Father Martin, C. D. Bowling, and J. T. Jarboe, not to mention others no less distinguished.

There is one beautiful page out of Kentucky annals in the shape of a letter which the saintly Bishop Flaget wrote, Dec. 3, 1833, to the Society of the Propagation of the Faith. It refers to Father Jarboe, (professed May 28, 1823, died at St. Joseph's, 81 years of age, March 27, 1887,) and may be regarded as a striking testimonial of the effect of the robust but reverent culture bestowed by a preceptor of Father Wilson's admirable genius and temperament on the firstlings of his religious flock.

The Bishop's heartfelt words narrate that when the terrible scourge of cholera broke out in May, 1833, and raged with especial violence in Washington, Nelson and Fayette Counties of Kentucky, he (Father Jarboe) took two lay-brothers of the Order and went to the assistance of the sorely afflicted

people of Springfield. The stricken numbered from five to six hundred and so greatly was their malady feared, that they were left almost entirely to themselves, with none to help them in their pitiable extremity.

A translation of the venerable prelate's own words reads as follows: "Born and raised in Kentucky, feeble in health, and already much exhausted by the fatigue and labors of his ministry, he (Father Jarboe) with two lay-brothers betook himself to this town so generally afflicted. Animated by a truly priestly zeal, he threw himself with a courage that was believed to be nothing short of marvelous, into the midst of the sick and dying and visited all who were in suffering, Catholics and non-Catholics alike. He



HIS EMINENCE THOMAS MARIA
CARDINAL ZIGLIARA, O. P.

was welcomed everywhere, because everywhere he spread in abundance those spiritual consolations which worldlings cannot give; nor did he neglect the needs of the body, and his timely services often saved the sick from death. Several Protestants, who had vainly asked for their minister, gave ear with pleasure to his instructions, and having tasted of the truths which he announced, they ended by embracing our holy religion.

The two lay-brothers likewise seemed to multiply themselves in giving succor to the sick, and above all in burying the dead. At least eighty persons succumbed to the cholera's ravages and were carried away in less than fifteen days.

The inhabitants who have survived the destructive scourge, despite their considerable losses, have insistently asked permission of me to buy a lot in the town and to build a church, which they wish to place in the possession of the Dominican Fathers as a tribute of lively recognition of their services during the cholera. The Protestants offer to contribute generously to this double movement of piety and gratitude."

That Father Jarboe's case is not an isolated one is shown in the records of St. Peter's parish at Memphis. Father James Hyacinth Clarkson lies buried beneath the altar there, and his memory is held in highest reverence because he was one of the first of a long list of Dominicans to lay down his life in that city in the discharge of sacred duty. He was a victim of the cholera scourge of 1849. Through two successive epidemics of yellow fever later, there were not wanting members of the Province in the prime of life and with sublime courage to seek a veritable martyr's death worthy of their calling.

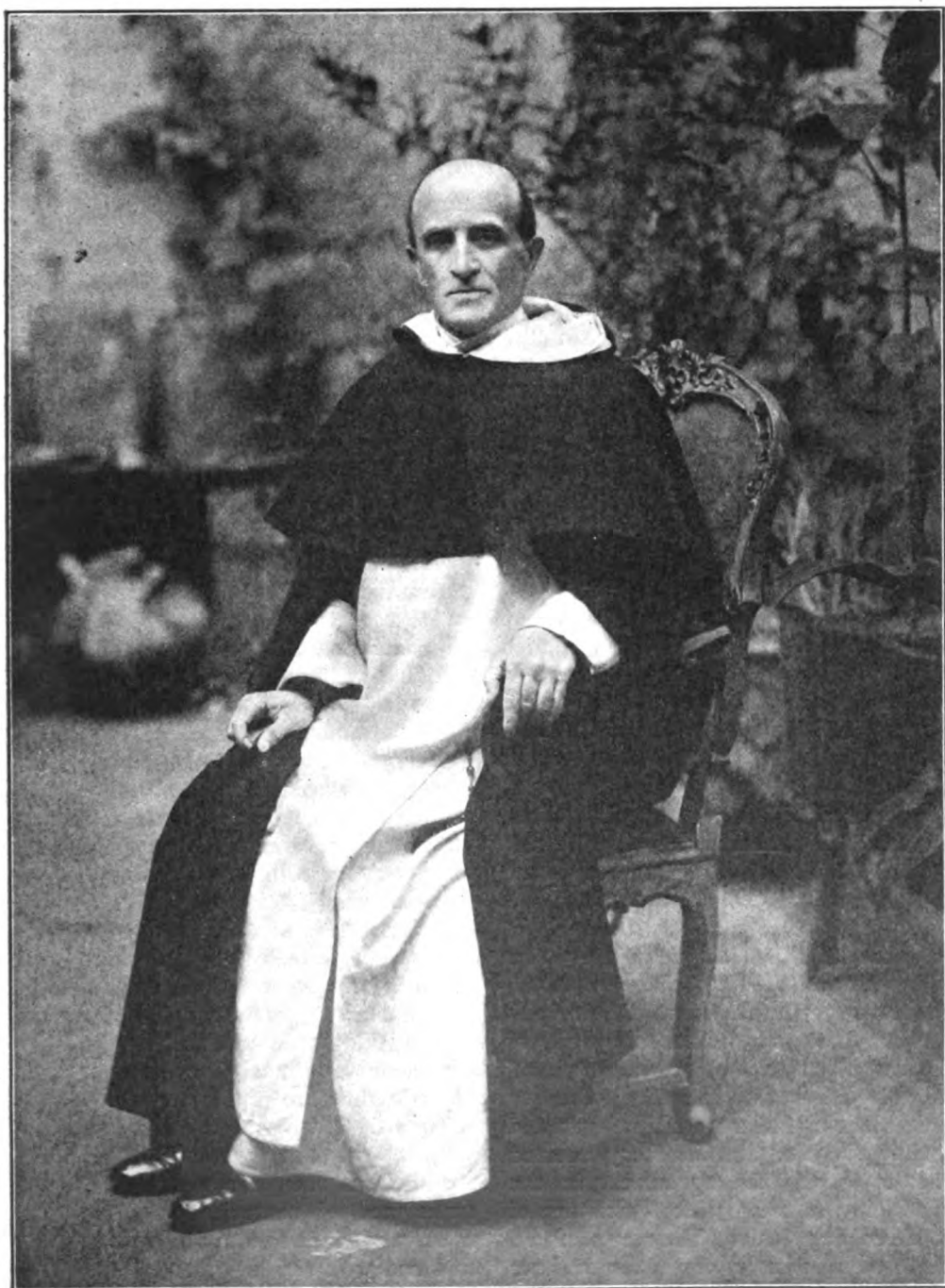
In this they were but emulating the inspiring example of their father and founder, Bishop Fenwick, who died, as he had lived, in the midst of his labors.

As (Archbishop) M. J. Spalding wrote, "he was on a visitation of his extensive diocese, which embraced Ohio and Michigan. He had fallen sick at Sault Sainte Marie on Lake Superior. When he reached Michilli-Mackinac, his life was despaired of. Still he continued his visitation. On the 25th of September, 1832, he calmly breathed his last (at Wooster), thirty miles from Canton. He had said Mass and written two letters on the previous day. Thus died Bishop Fenwick, a faithful missionary to the last—and a martyr to his zeal."

Such are some of the memories to be perpetuated by the new Convent and College of the Immaculate Conception, and who can doubt that they will add lustre to the achievements of all who will be called in future years of study and peaceful preparation for the continuance of labors so gloriously consummated to the honor of God and the good of the Church in America?

It is not in missionary fields alone that the sons of St. Dominic, the world over, have rendered service to the Church. Though the story of how they have valiantly shed their blood in almost every quarter of the globe in the propagation and defence of the faith, has made them marked figures in the history of the world's civilization, they are probably better known for the part which as a body they have borne, through almost seven centuries, in the arena of science.

In the character and life work of that great man of God and athlete of christian faith, St. Dominic, we may readily see the causes of these things. Himself a man of deep study and extensive research, he outlined the scope of his proposed institute and set forth special studies as means to the desired end, even before he had provided his immediate followers with a rule and the necessary Apostolic confirmation. Leaving those studies to the care of one of his associates, Dominic proceeded to Rome to present his plans to Pope Innocent



ALBERTO M. LEPIFI, O. P., MASTER OF THE SACRED PALACE.

III. At that time the fourth Lateran council was in session. To its assembled members, the active and keen minded canon with his efficient and far-reaching scheme, appeared as a providential instrument to lift up people and clergy alike to higher planes of life-revealing and life-giving activities.

From the very first, therefore, the Order was definitely and irrevocably committed to the pursuit of sacred science. By no other means could the distinctive end for which it was called into existence be realized. Without abating in the least their care of an inner life seraphic in its ardor, Dominic and his sixteen companions threw themselves into their calling of uniting the highest contemplation with unceasing apostolic action with such success as to elicit within a year the most glowing encomiums from Pope Honorius III. It is little wonder, indeed, that under the efforts of such men, the Order increased with amazing rapidity, enlisting under its standard of truth men of every rank and calling, knights and artists, men of letters, doctors, and professors of the choicest schools. In little more than a quarter of a century the Order of Preachers numbered no less than thirty thousand capable members. Their zeal carried them with marvelous successes into every part of the known world.

The unity of so vast a membership in one aim and spirit, the corporate union of so many convents in different lands, were but the development of principles striking deep roots into the soil of Divine Wisdom. Organization and science—these two essentials, raised to their highest efficiency and safeguarded against abuse or natural decay, seemed ever to have been uppermost in the minds of the memorable legislators of St. Dominic's Order. Their acts indeed are known in many instances to have been studied as models in the building up of later constitutional governments. It is said that Jefferson was familiar with

the Order's code of laws and, drafting the United States' Constitution, shaped not a few of his ideas after its ordinances.

In their simplest outline and most practical working, the constitutions of the Order of Preachers provide that each convent shall be governed by a prior; that each province, made up of certain convents, shall be governed by a provincial; and that the entire Order shall be under the jurisdiction of a chief executive, the Master General, who resides at Rome and receives the sanction, expressed or implied, of his official action immediately from the pope. His authority, thus closely associated with and derived from the Chair of Peter, flows through, holds together, and vitalizes every lesser branch of the great tree.

A wisely directed elective power, or universal suffrage exercised even in the lowest ranks, assures a spirit of practical harmony between law and observance. In this way the powers of superiors enjoy a double sanction. Each is elected to office by his brethren and derives his jurisdiction over them from sources to which he himself is subject.

Every convent elects its priors. These, each accompanied by a specially elected representative of his community, elect the provincial. The provincials and two accredited representatives of each province elect the Master General. A prior's term of office is three years. Provincials are elected for four years, and according to the present discipline, the Master General serves for twelve years. Whilst the constitutions guarantee adequate authority to each of these officials, they are not less concerned to safeguard the rights of the humblest subject, and their practical and efficient wisdom has been demonstrated by the experience of centuries. A free and unconstrained individuality is thus made to blend with the highest reverence for authority, which in its turn has no thought of entrenching itself within walls of arbitrary enactments designed

to create servile fear. Seven centuries of united existence under untold trials and adversities from within and without, attest the sane and wholesome legislative energy, which is one of the peculiar glories of the Order.

It is but natural that St. Dominic and his followers, fitted as they were by nature and by grace for a great far-reaching providential work, should turn to Truth—Wisdom Eternal and its reflected light in true knowledge of created things—to enable them to give to the world some perception of the beauties of God's house. So plainly and definitely did the holy patriarch realize the scope of his conception that, presiding over the first general chapter at Bologna, in 1220, he declared preaching to be the principal end of the Order and that therefore the brethren should be occupied with books and studies rather than with the singing of responsories and antiphons. He thereby set the seal of his approval on sacred learning as being most congruous to the end of his Order and, under God, that seal has been kept intact throughout the Order's history.

Once the lovable saints and many sided savants, Albertus Magnus and Thomas Aquinas, had appeared as in a kind of transfiguration, so that the brethren might hear the Eternal Wisdom's "I am well pleased," those to whom the destiny of St. Dominic's work was subsequently committed could well say, as in 1239, that "the promotion of the welfare of the Order could follow only from the proficiency of its studies." Or again, in 1328, that stress was to be laid on the necessity of scholastic excellence, "lest from neglect of studies, the Order should ultimately fall into contempt." Or once more, in 1335, they could declare "that the Order from its very beginning had been singularly prosperous because of the eminence of its science and learning."

This solicitude for scholarship so characteristic of the first centuries of the



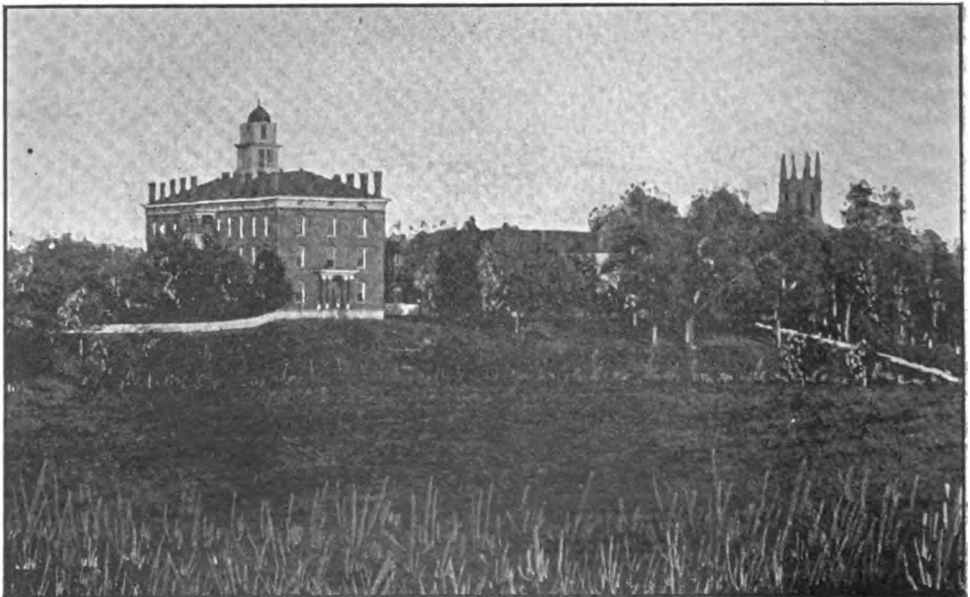
ANDREAS FRUHWIRTH, O. P.,
MASTER GENERAL OF THE DOMINICANS.

Order, has not been suffered to grow less in modern times. Proscription and banishment—there is not a country in Europe in which the religious Orders have not felt the effects of persecution—have left the sons of St. Dominic stripped of many an establishment, once the seat of the highest intellectual activity and a glory perhaps, of their scholastic calling. But the old spirit still endures as with the vigor of perennial youth. The Oxford and Cambridge of to-day may not number the Friars Preachers amongst the members of their academic families, but elsewhere in England, the traditional Dominican curriculum still leads disciples over ways resplendent with the light of the Angelic preceptor's genius. Present conditions may not favor the exercise of the princely munificence with which the Dominicans, backed by the other mendicant Orders, gave university education

in the fifteenth century to the youth of Ireland, after the downfall of the ancient university of Dublin; but the light of scholastic research and Thomistic learning still burns within the Dominican cloisters on that hallowed soil. The Order, once glorying in its coronal of upwards of fifty German convents, of which Cologne was the most radiant gem, in these later days, as a result of the doctrinal evils threatening the very life of Christianity, is a mere name in many an academic hall once proud to hang on the words of white-robed masters; but the sacred fire of the Angelical is still kept alive and who knows if it may not yet be destined to reach something of its old time intensity? Almost overshadowing three once flourishing houses of study at Louvain for as many provinces, a new home of the Order's learning is open to students from distant parts, and its masters and lectors give the traditional courses of study made memorable by a long line of illustrious Doctors. The present Dominican College for biblical

research and studies at Jerusalem recalls no less than eighteen convents in Palestine, where in the early days of the Order the same work was pursued that is now associated with the names of the learned Father Lagrange and of his numerous associated brethren. To speak, as one must, with wonder, of the Assyriological research and other oriental investigations of Father Scheil of the Parisian province, reminds one that France, like Italy and Spain, whose soil was once so kindly but is now so hostile to the tree of St. Dominic's Order, is not yet so lost to a sense of true worth as to refuse honor to the worthy products which the Order of Preachers yet yields them.

The affectionate zeal with which the followers of St. Dominic of to-day keep alive the memory of illustrious predecessors of the past and the honor which they accord to their still living works, but attest, as perhaps nothing else can, the ideals to which they are striving, as best they may, to conform the present labors of their apostolate.



ST. ROSE, THE SIMPLE NOVITIATE, IN SPRINGFIELD, KY.



ST. JOSEPH'S, THE PRESENT HOUSE OF STUDIES, AT SOMERSET, OHIO.

It has been so from the beginning. Not a century of the Order's history but is bright in some part of the world or another, and the acknowledged insufficiency of records worthily to sum up its value, gives the lie to charges of vain glory or of incompetency and decay.

The spirit ever aiming at pre-eminence in sacred learning has led to the production in our day of the theological and philosophical works of such men as Cardinals Zigliara and Gonzalez, and of Father Lepidi, Master of the Sacred Palace. These names are worthy of honor in any Catholic University or Seminary of the world. It was the adherence of the men that bore them to the time honored traditions of their Order that made the Sovereign Pontiffs, Pius IX. and Leo XIII. especially commend their services in restoring to their ancient place of honor the methods of the Angel of the schools. It may be of

present interest to note here that Cardinal Gonzalez wrote his valued course of philosophy as a professor in the Dominican University of Manila. In his humility, he himself attached but little importance to his work; but Pope Pius IX. learning of its existence, compelled him to publish it for the benefit of sacred science.

Animated by the same spirit and working along the same lines, Fathers Buonpensieri, Mancini, and Lottini, not to mention others, are maintaining the scholastic and literary prestige of their Italian convents in the face of most trying conditions and of almost overwhelming adversities. To the long list of Dominican expounders and defenders of Thomism—Cajetan, Soto, Bannez, Capreolus, Lemos, Alvarez, Gonet, Massoulie, Goudin, Billuart, only a few of the legion—must be added, Father Feldner, author, critic, and professor of

the Austrian province, now active in Galicia, Father De Groot, writer and professor of philosophy in the University of Amsterdam, and especially Father Dummermuth, who has but lately retired after fruitful years of service, from the regency of the Louvain house of studies in Belgium.

It is not only as a keen, spirited and profound controversialist that Father Dummermuth has made for himself a world-wide reputation, but he is also revered throughout his Order for services rendered in various late general chapters. Moreover his long years of professional activity brought him into intimate contact with many students from Great Britain, the United States, Austria, France, and Germany. His kindly genial disposition endeared him to all and his varied scholarship, united with an altogether extraordinary didactic genius, commanded at once the unqualified admiration and the ready obedience of his following.

A little less than half a century ago, the Austrian province, including convents in Hungary and Bohemia, was still suffering from the effects of the civil tyranny and persecution known as Josephism. The brethren, prohibited from living a common life of conventual observance and sadly hampered in the special duties of their calling, were all but suppressed. During the generalate of Father Jandel, circumstances seemed to favor a restoration in part, such as had been brought about in France through the heroic endeavors of Lacordaire. Father Thomas Anselmi, a man of rare parts, and esteemed alike for his zeal and for his learning, was elected to undertake the difficult task. Within a decade of years, his success more than fulfilled the expectations of his superiors and associates. Observance was reinstated and the old time spirit of study so renewed that today the Austrian province may point with pride to its catalogue of masters,

lectors, and missionaries, whose labors are not confined to their native land alone, but are extended into Switzerland, Russia, and Poland.

Conspicuous amongst those to raise these studies to a flourishing condition that suggests the Teutonic ideals of old, may be mentioned the late Father Toggenburg, ex-provincial and master of theology. He was none the less a lovable character, devout and humble, for his having been a scion of noble family. Others no less worthy of mention are Father Denifle, sub-archivist of the Vatican library, and historical writer and critic of international repute; Father Esser, former professor of philosophy at Maynooth and now secretary of the Congregation of the Index; Father Weiss, whose monumental work, "*Die Apologie des Christentums*," is easily the most admirable summing up ever written of the working power of christianity as a humanizing and civilizing factor in every field of history, science, literature, or art. Yet others are Fathers Frankenstein and Zapletal, both professors at the University of Fribourg. The latter, who began his career under the distinguished Father Lagrange, Orientalist and biblical scholar, at St. Stephen's Dominican College, Jerusalem, seems destined to do worthy things in his chosen field.

After Father Anselmi's death, the destinies of the imperial province were guided by Father Fruhwirth, the present Master General of the Order. It was no doubt a tribute to his administrative ability and to his known standing as a jurist and theologian, that he was elected to the generalship at Lyons in 1891.

From the time that the plan of a new house of studies for St. Joseph's province was first broached under the provincialship of Father Spencer, Father Fruhwirth was warmly interested in it. It was a project that appealed to his paternal solicitude for the whole Order and the sooner realized the better, to be the liv-

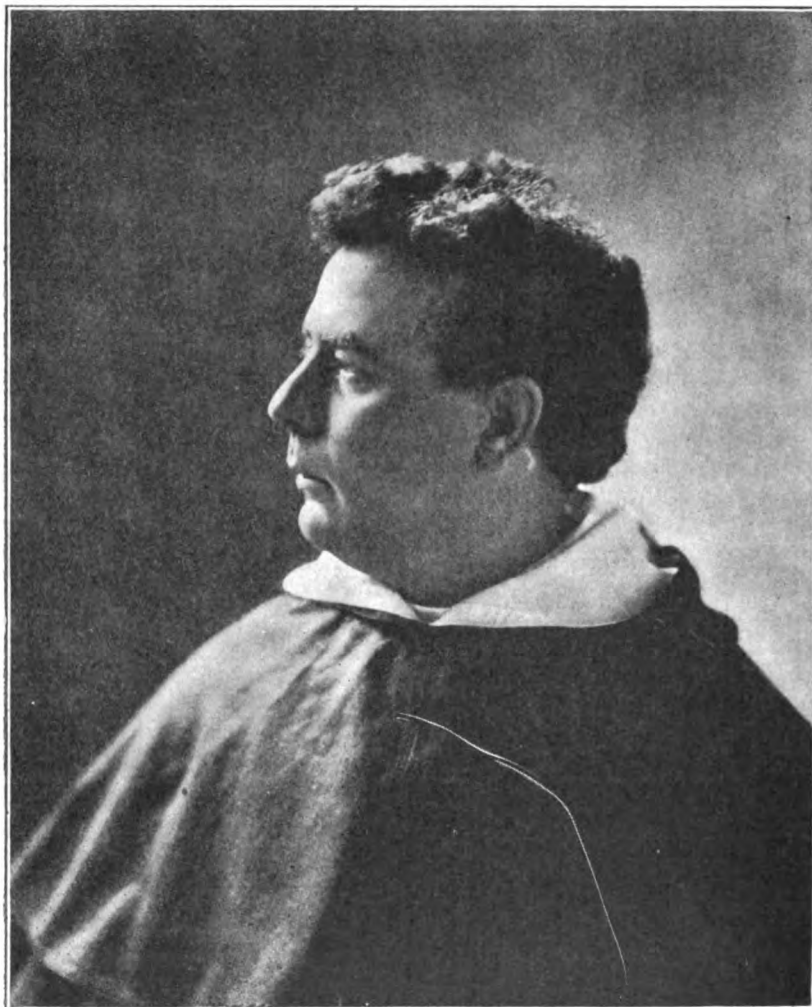
ing embodiment of themes to which he gave masterly treatment in various encyclical letters. The wisdom that came of his experience as a professor and of his direction of such associates as above mentioned, could not but foresee the great good of the Immaculate Conception Convent and College to St. Joseph's province in the western world.

The honor of practically inaugurating the enterprise belongs more particularly to the present provincial, Very Rev. L. F. Kearney, S.T.M. Though hardly in the middle prime of life, Father Kearney has had extensive experience in various offices of his Order, for which native talent, noted success in studies, and a considerable number of years of teaching peculiarly fitted him. He is also widely known as a missionary and lecturer, and it is perhaps not far-fetched to say that his keen perception of the aptitude and fitness of the Order to meet conditions and to satisfy present special wants of the Church in America, has wrought in him the conviction that it is an opportune time to direct the energies of the province into more exclusive and higher channels of scholastic and missionary activity.

The enthusiasm and zeal with which Father Kearney has so far conducted the work, are generally shared by his subjects. The burden to be borne, if success is to be realized, is humanly speaking enough to test the stoutest heart; but once the material edifice is achieved, and it seems but reasonable to hope that the friends and beneficiaries of the Order will not be lacking in their encouragement and substantial support, the ulterior equipment of the school and the furtherance of its beneficent work will be happily assured. Its curriculum of studies will not be an experiment. It will have the advantage of going at once into trained and experienced hands. For it is one of the many merits of Father Kearney, that throughout his official life, uniting prudence with foresight, he has

spared no effort both to strengthen the relationship of the province to the older, most honored centres of Dominican life abroad, and to provide that their best, most stimulating and most vitalizing influences should be transplanted into the newer soil of St. Dominic's American garden, there, under the holy patriarch's intercession, to flourish anew, and under God's blessing to bear, it is devoutly hoped, worthy fruit.

It will not perhaps be inappropriate here to give a brief sketch of the course of studies which the present statutes of the Order provide for its members. In its essentials it is not materially different from that which has prevailed from the time of St. Thomas himself. The complete curriculum requires eight years of study, three for philosophy and five for theology. Special and lesser studies are encouraged according to special exigencies. Whilst provision is made for Scriptures, Church History, and Canon Law, the chief forces of a "Studium Generale" are concentrated on the theological course. After the completion of their philosophy, students are generally divided into two classes, the "materials and the formals," to adapt the technical terms of the Latin. The former are more specially fitted for the work of the missions, for retreats, the confessional, and general parochial duties. The latter prepare themselves for teaching. Having successfully achieved their introductory theology and four years of the *summa* of St. Thomas with its principal commentaries, they are admitted, after an examination covering the work of their eight years of study, to the degree of Lector of Sacred Theology. After seven years of active teaching, a lector may be presented by his province for examination at Rome and admission to the degree of *Baccalaureate*. Generally six more years of teaching in a house of general studies as master of students, bachelor, or regent of studies, are required before the honors



VERY REV. LAURENCE F. KEARNEY, O. P., S. T. M., PROVINCIAL OF
ST. JOSEPH'S PROVINCE.

of Master of Sacred Theology may be petitioned for the candidate.

Secular students are not excluded from a formal Dominican College. They may be admitted to the Doctorate after a three years' course of theology, provided they stand an examination in the Summa. By a Bull of Pope Clement XII all such graduates hold the same position in every respect as though they had been promoted to the doctorship in the Roman College of the Sapienza.

Both the traditions of the province and of the Order generally point to the maintenance of a school at Washington, which will strive, as best it may, to be true to the Dominican ideals. For the past twenty years, under the Provincials M. D. Lilly, Meagher, Spencer, and Higgins, students have been sent to leading houses abroad at Rome, Louvain, Vienna and Jerusalem, for their superior advantages. A full corps of professors, therefore, of European

training, await the opening of the doors of the College of the Immaculate Conception.

In his untiring energy and zeal for its best interests, Father Kearney has brought this new Dominican work before the American Catholic public. Rarely if ever in this country, has a prelate spoken in behalf of a good cause with better justification. Father Kearney speaks for a province which after nigh a century's incessant toil, has hardly anything in the way of available assets which it can call exclusively its own. The one property of any consequence

which it does possess without reference to diocesan claims or the wishes of donors for charitable purposes, is St. Rose's estate, and that was purchased originally with the patrimony of the founder, Father Fenwick. For almost a hundred years its sons have given themselves up in a true spirit of self-sacrifice to the toil and fatigue of their calling without personal remuneration. To this day their private life bears the mark of simple frugality, of the absence of even such ordinary luxuries as are not willingly parted with by many.

But those labors of old in pioneer days



VERY REV. D. J. KENNEDY, O. P., S. T. M., PRIOR AND REGENT OF ST. JOSEPH'S,
PRESENT DOMINICAN HOUSE OF STUDIES, SOMERSET, OHIO.

and of initial organization, which meant toilsome journeys afoot and on horseback, study amid the dangers of unknown wilds, prayer and scanty sleep under the broad canopy of the heavens, hunger and thirst, untold privations and sickness, often with little prospect of a return to the mother-house to be cared for by brethren, or to die with the last consoling chant of the "Salve" falling on failing consciousness—ought not these to be remembered where they were wrought solely for the love of God and the imperishable good of souls? Ought they not to be taken into account in behalf of an establishment which will enshrine their memory, for the conservation of the same high aims which induced them in the beginning—aims none the less vital because they have to

be realized under widely different but not less difficult conditions?

It is humbly hoped that the presentation of this matter, voluntarily offered, has shown the province's project as described to be based on obedience to principle, on a sincere desire to continue, under more favorable auguries, the singular efficacy of St. Dominic's work in the United States, and on a spirit of sympathetic cooperation with every good religious influence on the part of whatever religious body, secular or regular, devoted to the cause of Christ's church. May the work be blest and prospered from on high, for the sake of the Angelic Doctor's wisdom to be disseminated, and of the lofty apostolate consecrated under the patronage of Our Lady Immaculate.

DISCOURSE BY THE RT. REV. WILLIAM H. O'CONNELL, D. D.,

Upon the Occasion of the Blessing of the Corner Stone of the New Dominican House of Studies at Washington

"Ideo omnis scriba doctus in regno caelorum, similis est homini patrifamilias, qui profert de thesauro suo nova et vetera."—Matthew xiii, 52.

"Therefore every scribe instructed in the kingdom of heaven, is like to a man that is a householder, who bringeth forth out of his treasure new things and old."

We are assembled here upon a memorable occasion—the wedding of the old and the new. The old Order of St. Dominic comes to enrich the new University with its centuries of learning and experience, with its holy and glorious traditions. It is a union of strength and wisdom, of high hope and solid achievement.

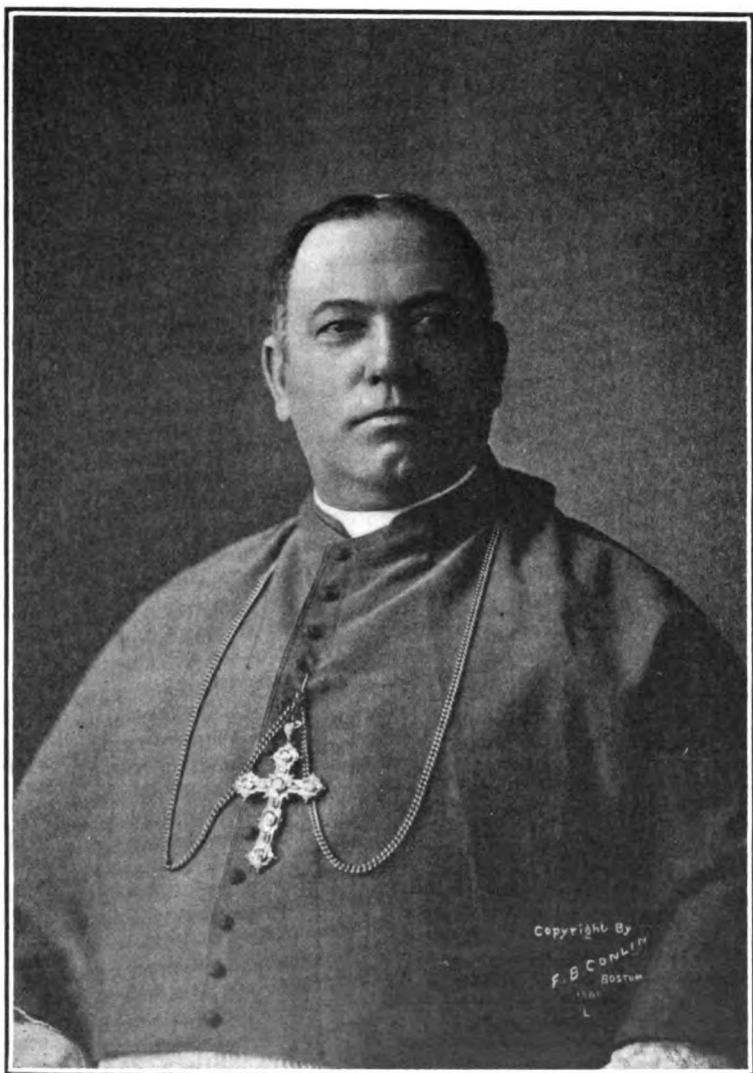
It is a typical occasion. Thus does the Catholic Church pursue her unflinching course through the centuries; thus does she renew herself from age to age, bringing forth from the treasures of her divine tradition and her history, those principles of wise administration which exert their mild, yet indomitable sway upon generation after generation and which transform the world.

Time passes and institutions change. The Church looks out upon them all with the

calm gaze of the strong and loving mother of the nations. No revolution disturbs her foundations. No new portent surprises her vigilance, for her mere human experience and historic precedent are older far than those of any government the world has seen.

As we stand here in the shadow of this new University, the mind calls up the spectacle of that unparalleled phenomenon in the annals of knowledge, the rise and progress of the great medieval Universities; and the imagination brings back those days when a fever of learning fell upon Europe, when men in city and hamlet began to study and argue on the whole body of extant knowledge, and students journeyed from the remote corners of civilization to the seats of famous schools, buoyed up, amid their poverty, and hardships by the spirit of Crusaders.

That wonderful awakening of the nations in the thirteenth century, coming though it did with the suddenness and swiftness of the springtime, after a long period of invasion, occupation and wreck of civil institutions, when the Church was the only power that stood between Europe and barbarism, found the Church active and ready. She rose up to welcome these pilgrims of knowledge; she encouraged, guided and regulated the inundation of students; she divided them



RT. REV. WM. H. O'CONNELL, D. D., BISHOP OF PORTLAND, MAINE.

into their respective nations; framed for them a body of law, incorporated them under her own jurisdiction, sought far and wide for the best and wisest teachers, and summoned forth the zeal and genius of the great religious Orders, that this fierce craving for knowledge might be satisfied, that learning might be sanctified and that education and instruction might be directed to the salvation of souls. That wonderful scholastic pageant has passed away with the conditions and enthusiasms that brought it into being, but the same Church sits to-day among the nations, though the world is changed, though men are divided upon every point of doctrine and animated by different ideals, and now, as then, she points out the true ideal of education and guides her children to right learning. She has lost nothing of her God-given strength and wisdom; she has gained much in human experience; she has never yielded one of her principles; she sits to-day in modern civilization as powerful over the souls of men as serene in the Divine promise as when she stopped the barbarian in full career and converted him to Christ, or taught Europe the meaning of knowledge.

Here in this Western World is being evolved a mighty nation in whose arteries courses the blood of every race, whose civilization is an amalgam of many lands, in whose sturdy soil is growing up a new and distinct type of men of noble impulse and all-conquering energy. In this land everything is new, courage and stimulus are in the air, men here feel that no hope is too high for realization and no problem too hard for solution. With the great development of the commonwealth have arisen problems of the most serious import involving the future and stability of the nation, and the very energy and determination of this people expose them to exaggerating the novelty of conditions and to imagining that they are without precedent; that not only are new applications of old principles needed, but that new principles must be evolved. But the problems of this land, strange though they are, are far from being wholly new, and it were unwise to attempt their solution without reference to the past and the experience of other lands. No new government can attempt to follow out a line of its own, seek in itself a clue to every problem, scorn precedent and history, and succeed. What this country has in abounding measure is confidence and energy; what most it lacks is the wisdom and experience that come of age. It were mere temerity, therefore, for those in authority to attempt the regulation of new and perplexing national questions according to some preconceived theory without facts and tradition to give it poise and without regard to the example of older lands that have in their day faced these same momentous problems.

In this the Church gives a needed lesson

to the nation. The young University, strong and confident in its untried powers and youth is not left to seek an ideal on the basis of novelty. Its beginnings are marked by prudence. It grasps whatever is new in the development and fruit of experience, but in main lines of action it keeps to the well-trodden ways that time has proven safe.

Behold now with what admirable wisdom the Church adapts the old learning, the tried methods to conditions that are new! Now that the Faith is spread abroad over the land, that everywhere throughout the country are her churches and her schools, that in every community her devoted ministers are laboring for the care of souls, when the time is ripe and the spirits of men are ready, she founds here, in the capital city of the land, a "studium generale"—a modern University.

For there is a well-defined need that besides the justly famous schools up and down the country, each doing its own proper work, and each a valued adjunct to right education, the Church should here have her own great school, thoroughly representative and thoroughly unified.

In accordance with this ideal of the true University, she gathers here, as the years go on, all these elements and influences which give strength and prestige. One by one the famous religious Orders and Congregations are here setting up their Colleges. First came the Paulists, then the Fathers of the Holy Cross, then the Marists, later on the Franciscans; and to-day we celebrate the coming of the Sons of St. Dominic and the founding of this College.

Happy augury it is for the success of the University that it has welcomed here the institutes of those two great saints who have so edified the Church of God; those two holy men who in life were drawn to one another in such affection, and whose children have from the beginning shown for one another the mutual love of their spiritual fathers. Here again do we see the union of the "nova" and the "vetera," the alliance of the new University and the old Orders whose long lines of saints glorify the Church's records, an alliance that brings to this Institution the experience and traditions of long establishment, and at the same time gives to the young Religious the University enthusiasm and energy, and the best of its scholarship and intellectual training.

It is certainly a glory to the Church in this land, and especially to this school that it has gathered here these various Orders and Congregations whose very differences are so singular a manifestation of the unity and catholicity of the Church. For it is to the perfection of this Institution that as it aims to give instruction in all branches of human knowledge, it should also manifest its university quality by uniting under its auspices these diverse houses. For each of the great religious Orders stands for some definite

idea in the history of the Church. Each has been established by the holy men who founded them to do a special work in the Vineyard of the Lord, to cultivate a certain spiritual growth in that Vineyard with loving care. So this richness of variety adds a new beauty to this University, a new completeness that intensifies its unity and multiplies its usefulness and makes it a greater power for good in the educational world and in the Church.

What, therefore, is this religious life, which, exemplified in so many forms has been so potent a factor in the history of the Church, and which is bound up in the life of the schools? What is the secret of this mysterious power which, manifested in so many different institutes, yet keeps a nature of its own in each? Is it something which has been present in the Church from the beginning or an ornament added on as time passed and the spiritual life diversified in the souls of men? And lastly what is its precise function in this University, and why do we rejoice to-day in the founding of this Dominican College?

In the Christian life a two-fold perfection has to be considered: one is essential and consists in the life of grace and charity, and in order to at least this perfection the Christian profession is ordained, and it brings within the reach of all who embrace it the necessary and sufficient means. It is called the state of common life, not as if men may not do works of supererogation and increase in spiritual perfection as much as they please with the aid of God, but inasmuch as this state does not of itself oblige to such works or increase, it does not of itself afford special means. It possesses whatever of perfection and stability is necessarily included in every other state of Christian life, as being the substance and foundation of such life." The other consists in the fulfilment of the Gospel counsels, and is termed in theological language "the state of perfection."

Perfection, therefore, and the state of perfection are two distinct things. A man may be perfect who does not live in the state of perfection, and a man who exists in the state of perfection may not be perfect. All religious are in the state of perfection, and yet all religious are not perfect. Many secular and married persons may be perfect and yet they are not in the state of perfection. As compared with perfection itself, the state of perfection is as a means towards an end.

The condition of those people who in the world observe the evangelical counsels to a high degree embraces all that is in the religious state so-called, but there is this difference between their life and that of the religious that the latter is an organized state of perfection. This then is the peculiar gift and excellence of the religious state, that it organizes by rules, exercises and surroundings a system of life which make it easier

for the religious minded man or woman to keep the evangelical counsels in the purity and excellence than if these people lived in the world amid all kinds of mundane excitement and temptation. Therefore the religious orders have no monopoly of the religious life, or of the perfection of the religious life, for there have been very many saints in the history of the Church who never belonged to any Order, but the religious Orders have made the religious state a strong and well ordered system.

The religious life itself is nothing new—it is as old as Christianity—and the wonderful flowering of diverse Institutes under the inspiration and genius of the saints who have become founders of religious Orders has not depleted its energy and fruitfulness, which ever flourish in the bosom of God's Church while men love and keep His counsels.

Synthesis of the evangelical counsels, the religious life is a necessary expression by inviolable consequence of the most sublime instructions of our Saviour. One of the notes of the Church, one of those visible marks which Jesus Christ has placed on the forehead of His Spouse is her sanctity—not the hidden sanctity, but its external practice, public and truly authentic, of what the revealed morality has to offer as most excellent and most perfect. This pure gold of the Gospel consists in the counsels; the religious life is a practice complete, co-ordinated and sanctioned of these same counsels. It will, therefore, be as temerarious to say that this organized state of perfection ought to cease to exist or to flourish as to deny the fact of its divine institution.

Heretics who abhor with a deadly hatred the religious state, have been loud in condemnation of the multitude and variety of religious Orders. They have maintained that for some religious to say that they are of the Order of St. Francis and for others to say that they are of the Order of St. Dominic is the same as to say: 'I am of Paul, and I of Apollos.' They argue that this is to introduce schism and divisions into the Church, to the prejudice of the unity of faith and charity. It is, nevertheless, a catholic truth that the variety of religious Orders belongs to the adornment and welfare of the Church and to the greater glory of God."

"This truth is as certain as if of faith, and were confirmation needed, we have examples of the saints who have instituted various Orders, the common consent of the Church, and the authority of the Pontiffs who have approved these Orders. We have also the testimony of Gregory XIII., who in his Constitution of Confirmation of the Society of Jesus, says: "Since the Divine Providence has, according to the necessities of the times, produced in the Church various and salutary Institutes of religious Orders, and for new diseases has as they arose provided new remedies, and for fresh assaults of the enemy as

they occurred raised up new auxiliaries of regular Orders, and to each of them, according to the vocation of the particular grace of each, has suggested certain special notes, particular insignia and means opportune for that end at which each aims, it is clear, therefore, that a variety of religious Orders has been introduced by Divine Providence, and is opportune and an aid to the Church."

The variety of religious Orders has been designed and introduced into the Church, as very advantageous thereto, by the disposition of the Divine Providence and the direction of the Holy Ghost. The religious state is proposed to men as a most useful means towards the acquirement of perfection; but morally speaking, one religious Institute and mode of living would not be adapted for all men, by reason of the very various temperaments and dispositions of men. It is, therefore, most advantageous that there should be certain Orders which are for the quiet and leisure of contemplation, and other Orders for active work, and others for a mixture of both, so that all might have an opportunity of choosing that which is expedient for each. So also as regards other differences; for some take pleasure in certain actions and exercises rather than in others; some have an inclination to a solitary and some to a social life; some are more fitted for bodily labor and austerities and others for study and spiritual exercises; and so by means of a variety of religious Orders the wants of all are provided for.

Another reason for their variety is because religious Orders are, of the intention of the Holy Ghost, instituted not only for the benefit of those who compose them, but for the assistance of others, and of the whole Church; and so, in accordance with the variety of ministries by which they may serve the Church, will be the variety of religious Orders.

The religious life itself, the complete and exact observance of the Gospel counsels, has never failed to exist in the Church from its foundation; it is a part of the essential note of sanctity of the Church. No saint, however holy, can claim to be its founder, since the religious life, like the Church, has but one founder—our Lord Jesus Christ.

It was to secure the most perfect observance of these divine counsels for the greatest number of souls, according to the needs of the times and the nature of men, that different holy men have founded religious Orders.

The religious life itself is so rich and illimitable in its perfection and variety that no mortal man could properly appreciate it all or formulate a rule which would embrace all its excellencies. Each holy founder, a man of certain local antecedents, of certain natural dispositions, with an inborn leaning and particular affection for certain characteristics of the religious life or certain works of apostolic charity, has, while building on the solid

basis of the counsels, exalted and accentuated those which he particularly loved and observed, and in the practice of this love and observance he drew men of the same character and zeal after him, and so founded what is called a religious Order.

Some of these founders had in the beginning no idea of establishing any definite institute, but they were so thoroughly types of the best thought and piety of their times, they understood so well the needs of human nature, they were so formed by Divine Providence and enriched by God's grace that they drew men of good-will after them with an irresistible attraction.

So in the earlier ages of the Church, on account of the stress of the times, saints were drawn to the contemplative life, and, in proportion as society became more fitted for it, they were drawn to active religious life, and again according to circumstances, Institutes combining the contemplative and active life came into existence.

But all these Orders, however diverse their form and the proximate end of their institution, were founded on the same basis of the Gospel counsels and had the same ultimate end in view—the salvation of souls.

There are two especial elements, therefore, in every religious Order, the divine element: the perfect observance of the counsels; and the human element which takes a particular form according to the personal character of the founder and the needs of the time in which he lived; and we believe that God has in an especial manner raised up and strengthened these men to do such work for His Church.

When we come to contemplate the life of St. Dominic and the character of the Order which he founded these things come out with clearness.

First of all St. Dominic was a man of great personal holiness and austerity of life; a man who had travelled over Europe in search of education at the various Universities. He was besides a man of commanding intellectual power who saw with the eye of a philosopher and a statesman the particular needs of the Church in his time. Lastly he was a man of practical genius for organization and administration who worked out as a founder what he had thought out as a philosopher.

Circumstances had to a degree a part in determining his career as a founder. As a student, as a priest, as a member of the canons regular, as a member of the commission sent to Denmark on a diplomatic mission, he had opportunity to observe the conditions of his time in various countries. Without doubt he had for years turned over in his mind the great existing need in the Church for an Order of religious men embracing the excellence of the active as well as the contemplative life, an Order of preachers. But the circumstances into which God led him had their part in deepening, broadening and giving distinctness to the original idea as it ultimately worked itself out in history.

The Albigensian heresy had spread over Southern France and the Cistercian abbots who had been sent to bring back the deluded people to the truth came among them in the state and solemnity befitting great churchmen fulfilling an important office, and they failed utterly to prevail upon the people who were carried away by the austerities and apparent sanctity of their own leaders. Then it was that St. Dominic saw that the time had come for the life work to which he had dedicated himself. He recalled the Cistercians to apostolic austerity, saying, "It will not be by words alone that you will bring back to the faith men who rely upon example. Look at the heretics; it is by their affectation of holiness and of evangelical poverty that they persuade the simple. By presenting a contrast you will edify little, you will destroy much, you will gain nothing. Drive out one nail by another; put to flight the show of holiness by the practice of sincere religion."

The lesson which Dominic taught the Cistercians was the fundamental point of his whole institution; apostolic poverty, apostolic zeal, apostolic preaching. He saw that the work done among the Albigensians was a work that should be done everywhere, it was not merely local but a universal need, that all over the world, there existed a want of men trained in the religious life, vowed to evangelical poverty, priests strong in solid learning and penetrated by fiery zeal who would preach the Word of God far and wide as apostles.

This was a work which exceeded the local power of the Church's government. The Church had its hierarchy and its pastors in all communities, but they were attached to a certain diocese or parish. By stress of war and civil disturbances, and partly as a result of events, they were unable to cope fully with the religious needs of their time. Some were deficient in the deep learning and apostolic zeal that raise men out of themselves, and attract them to God; some were unworthy men whom the interference and tyranny of civil rulers had intruded into ecclesiastical offices. At the same time the Crusades had changed the face of Europe, inspired men with lofty and generous Christian enthusiasm, had lifted them from petty territorial narrowness to a common brotherhood. The time was fruitful in all kinds of religious enthusiasm and many Orders. Men asked but for a leader to be able to accomplish great things. St. Dominic understood all these feelings and hopes; he knew how necessary was the work he had in mind, but he knew how incomparably important was the right discipline of this bountiful enthusiasm, that there must be a central government, that each man must depend on his superior and obey him; in short he saw that the work required an army, of complete obedience and discipline under a leader, and under the perfect control of the Head of the Church.

The Church had foreseen the needs of the times, that extraordinary means must be taken to satisfy the prevailing conditions, and in the Lateran Council which had just been held, it was proclaimed:

"Amongst all the means of promoting the salvation of Christian people it is well known that the bread of the Divine Word is above all things necessary. Now by reason of their various occupations, of physical indisposition, of hostile aggression, not to speak of lack of learning, so grievous and indeed intolerable a defect in a Bishop—it often chances that prelates, especially in large dioceses do not suffice to proclaim the Word of God. For this reason, by this general enactment we direct them to choose men apt to fill with fruitfulness the office of preachers; who, powerful in word and deed, shall solicitously visit in their stead and when they themselves are hindered from doing so, the people confided to their care and edify them by word and example."

Now the Institute which St. Dominic had founded at Toulouse corresponded exactly with the provisions of the Council, but it was some time before events brought about its formal approval.

The Lateran Council had enacted a strong decree against the multiplication of religious families in these words: "For fear lest an exaggerated diversity of religious rules should produce grievous confusion in the Church, we forbid that anyone whosoever shall henceforth introduce any fresh ones. He who desires to embrace the religious life may adopt one of the rules which have already been approved and whosoever shall wish to found a monastic house shall make use of the rule and the institutions of one of the recognized Orders."

So it was that St. Dominic chose the rule of St. Augustine which consisted of general precepts and was applicable to various institutes and to this he attached the various constitutions adapted to the ends of his Order.

The idea of an apostolic Order embracing the essentials of the active or secular with the contemplative or monastic life was in that day novel. Up to that time the general form of government for monasteries had been individual. The Pope approved a certain house and exempted it from local ecclesiastical control. Different Orders of monasteries had produced new communities which depended more or less on the parent house, but there had never been such a thing as an approval of a whole Order with freedom of action all over the world. So now was it that when St. Dominic obtained approval for his house of St. Romanus, the approval was issued to him as prior of that house and of the brethren associated with him. But the great Pontiff, Honorius III., foreseeing the great usefulness of this Institute, and its value for the salvation of souls, issued immediately afterwards a Bull assuring the saint of his patronage for himself and

his associates, "champions of the faith and true lights of the Church," for their goods, and finally for the whole Order. Later on the same Pope congratulated "these invincible athletes of Christ, armed with the shield of faith and the helmet of salvation," on the courage with which they brandished against the enemy that weapon sharper than any two-edged sword, "the Word of God," enjoining them "to preach the Divine Word in season and out of season, in spite of all hindrances and of every tribulation."

So, after many delays, and in spite of natural opposition to an idea so novel and almost revolutionary, the Order of Preachers took form under the approval of the Pope. And who cannot admire the holy courage and confidence of the saint, going back to his house, and sending abroad his little community of sixteen, scattering them over the world after the manner of the apostles!

But these sixteen were a host, chosen souls attracted to St. Dominic by the same zeal and attachment that animated him; men of the greatest sanctity, wisdom and learning; in numbers they were small, but in the power which moves men they were an army. For the spirit and form of this new Institute showed from the first an order and beauty that recommended it to the Church. From the beginning the Sovereign Pontiffs gave it their utmost approval and affection. They discerned that this body of men, scattered everywhere and yet united in discipline, at once possessing the piety and learning of monasticism together with the ardent zeal of the apostolate, wedded to evangelical poverty not merely individual as all other Orders, but also collective; and, lastly, bound in the closest manner to the Holy See, placed in their hands as Rulers of the Church, a weapon whose hilt was in the hands of the Pope and whose point could be felt all over the world, wherever the enemies of the faith manifested themselves.

Moreover, from the first, the Dominicans were associated with the Universities. St. Dominic and his brethren were the brightest minds of the schools; and as time went on the beauty and order attracted the finest intellects and purest souls of that day, giving to the Order itself an intellectual prestige and moral power which were tremendous.

So, when the brethren of St. Dominic were dispersed, they went to the great Universities, the centers of the intellectual life of Europe, and there they imprinted on the minds of the men who were to sway the world of that day their devotedness and their apostolic spirit.

This to a degree, explains how it was that this Order, starting in the little church of St. Romanus with a handful of men, spread within a decade over all Europe and counted its brethren by the thousands. St. Dominic, with unerring keenness, with the wisdom of a saint-philosopher, had placed his finger on the pulse of humanity of that time, diagnosed its needs, and applied the remedy.

So it was that each Pontiff of that period, and down through the ages of Church history since then, has rejoiced to testify in the most solemn manner and in the plainest terms his affection and reliance on the brethren of the Friars Preachers.

Thus we hear Alexander IV. proclaiming: "These are the men who contemplating the life and merits of the blessed Paul, glory only in the cross of Christ, spurning the consolations and delights of the world for the sweets of paradise. These are the men who persistently combating the enemy of the soul by the shield of faith, the breastplate of justice and the sword of the spirit toil to bring about that Catholics everywhere may increase in faith, hope and charity, that sinners may reach the path of the truth and that the insanity of heresy may vanish."

Again we read in the words of Clement IV.:

"The meaning of the sacred lesson shows, true sons of the Church, that your Order represents the strong city which guards the truth and through whose open gates the just enter.

"It is in truth a fruitful field, for the seed scattered therein does not perish, the flowers that spring up there fade not, and from its bountiful sheaves the harvest of glory is gathered."

Thus do we read in the words of Urban IV.:

"Behold it is declared by the clearest arguments and plainest evidence that you have the favor of the Eternal King and the heavenly court."

So does Nicholas III. state:

"Your Order instituted from on high shines forth in the sight of the Father in heaven through its blessed posterity which it leads to the glory of the eternal heritage. It shines on earth as an effulgent light pouring forth its rays from your convents. Rightly, therefore, does the angelic chorus exult in it, and we who embrace the Order itself with special affection rejoice in its fame and rely upon its devotedness as our strong support."

And in our own day we see Leo XIII. proclaiming as Patron of the schools of the world St. Thomas Aquinas, that wonder of sanctity and learning, who brought order into medieval erudition and laid the lines of modern theological method. Thomas Aquinas lived and died a simple Friar Preacher.

Such is the Order of St. Dominic as it stands forth in history; as it is revealed in the words of the Sovereign Pontiffs who best knew its strength and devotedness; such is the spirit given to it by its great founder, a spirit established on the unfailing basis of the religious life, glorified by evangelical poverty, enriched by sacred wisdom, touched on the lips by holy fire, an order of apostles.

Its brethren of to-day have but to follow in the footsteps of their spiritual father, to

keep close to the spirit which he has left to them, to hold to the good and right tradition, to measure the work of this day by the wisdom and experience of the days that have passed, to live up to the constitutions given them by their founder to bring greater glory yet to St. Dominic and the Order of Preachers.

For the world of to-day is as the world of that wonderful thirteenth century instinct with energy, fiery with enthusiasm, eager for the Word of God if it is preached to them as St. Dominic preached it to the Albigensians.

And especially in this great land whose future is but beginning to unfold, a land which is as Europe was in opportunity, when the saint sent forth his sons, a little band of apostles to conquer it. And we can say in the words of the Council of the Lateran, that among all the means of promoting the salvation of Christian people, the bread of the Divine Word is above all things necessary.

This is your special work—for this you have been set apart and consecrated; and here is your field of labor, a field already white for the harvest, for though the Church is spread abroad over the land, yet for the field of labor, the laborers are all too few. Never was there given to an Order, never was there given to the Order of Preachers such an opportunity, such a chance of apostolic work as America gives to you in this time.

And so wisely do you send here your novices to this young University, which is guided by old and sane traditions, that the glory of the sons of St. Dominic may give to it the strength of centuries of glorious work, that they may come here as their forerunners came to Paris and Bologna and Salamanca, to taste its wisdom and grow strong and wise under its inspiration. God grant that these sons of St. Dominic may here produce the same effect that their spiritual ancestors did in the great medieval schools; that they may bring to it love of God, the spirit of apostolic poverty, the devotedness of men who have left all things to follow Christ, and lastly that they may kindle into enthusiasm and unflinching zeal all these students to the need and fruitfulness of that main object and end of the Dominican Order, the preaching of the Word of God.

Thus shall the old be wedded to the new in strong and loving and indissoluble union, the old strength of the religious life, exemplified in these Orders and Congregations that cluster about the great Institution; the old devotion, purity and love, the old traditions that stand through every age in the strength of the eternal hills; and the new hope and confidence and enthusiasm which this great school so well represents; that the hearts of men may be drawn to see the beauty of divine truth the sweetness of religious life, that they may leave the passing and temporal and cleave unto that which can

alone satisfy the soul of man, the eternal and illimitable love of God.

Thus shall we show forth to those old nations beyond the sea, those countries of glorious past and sorrowful present, to that land which was called the eldest daughter of the Church, to that land in which St. Dominic first and so successfully labored, that it is waging a failing fight on a body of men whom man and man's government can never conquer, that the religious it now casts out will return again and win it back to Christ. For we are lifted up in unconquerable hope that those lands gained to Christ by the blood of martyrs, cultivated in the prayer and labor of apostles must come back to Him again and to the Church which continues until the end.

This is the work of the children of St. Dominic here—to show forth in this new land all the fiery zeal and solid piety of their Order, to illustrate to all men that the Western World, strong in all that is new, is yet a fruitful field of labor for the old and eternally true Church of Christ; to preach in this land with all the zeal and holy eloquence of St. Dominic; to show forth their love of poverty and that detachment which has ever been one of the characteristics of the Friars Preachers, and to bring to this University the spirit of sacred learning and holiness that shines forth in the example of the great Dominican, St. Thomas Aquinas.

May the blessing of God rest upon this new manifestation of vigor of the old religious life which for ages has been the glory of Holy Mother Church. To-day Rome's highest representative, by a blessed coincidence, a noble son of the great Saint Francis, blesses the foundations of this house of St. Dominic.

This is an augury of assured success—a solid promise of future triumph, of new victory for the old brigade of the Church's army.

May the old and the new, this day wedded here, grow and prosper in the harmony of the House of God, in which there is plenty of room for all—and in the unity of the Kingdom of God on earth, in which there is work enough and glory enough for all.

May the new here learn to love and revere the old—to remember that the long-trodden ways are the safest ways—that the new world may profit by the experience of the old world; and may the old Order of St. Dominic here renew its youthful vigor, its high hopes and its pristine zeal.

And may the only sentiment that enters here between these espoused "nova" and "vetera" be the blessed rivalry and emulation of kindling more fires of the charity of Christ—of spreading farther and wider the Holy Faith—of welding closer still the union of the new America with the ancient See of Peter, and thus of saving more souls to Christ—the eternal Householder of the House of God.

DIGNARE ME LAUDARE TE, VIRGO SACRATA

MARGUERITE LOIS

*Like to amber glows the West,
Now, from toil and care we rest,
And we praise thee, Mother blest,
Queen of the Holy Rosary!*

*While the Aves oft we tell,
On each sacred mystery dwell,
From our minds vain thoughts dispel,
Queen of the Holy Rosary!*

*Gabriel comes from heaven to greet,
Calls thee "Blessed" praise most meet,
Praise, Elisabeth doth repeat,
Queen of the Holy Rosary!*

*Jesus, born in stable bleak,
Bringeth joy to Simeon meek,
To the doctors grave doth speak,
Queen of the Holy Rosary!*

*Thrice He prays in agony,
He is scourged most cruelly,
Crowned with thorns in mockery,
Queen of the Holy Rosary!*

*See Him, while His foes deride,
Bear the cross up Calvary's side,
Thereon He is crucified,
Queen of the Holy Rosary!*

*From the grave He doth arise
Doth ascend to paradise,
Send the Spirit, God All-Wise
Queen of the Holy Rosary!*


*Death brings thee no pain, no gloom,
Angels take thee from the tomb,
And, exulting, bear thee home,
Queen of the Holy Rosary!*

*Thou, for every virtue famed,
Queen of Heav'n art crowned, proclaimed
Advocate of sinners named,
Queen of the Holy Rosary!*

*Ah, attend our suppliant sigh,
Hear thy exiled children's cry,
Aid us now, and when we die,
Queen of the Holy Rosary!*

When Emmet Failed

By DENIS A. McCARTHY

 ON the night of July 23, 1803, Anna Moreland, only child of her widowed father, Richard Moreland, wine merchant of Dublin, sat alone in the old-fashioned mansion which had belonged to the Morelands for generations. A few days before, her father had been called away on business to Cork, and had taken with him his maiden sister Katherine, who, since the death of Anna's mother, had been at the head of the Moreland household, leaving Anna in the care of two sleepy old servants and the young apprentices of whom there were several.

The absence of her father and aunt on this particular occasion seemed to Anna most providential, for was not this the night when, as her young lover, Esmond Donovan, had often promised, Dublin would see such sights as it had not beheld since the Normans had first made it the capital of the Pale? Darkly had Esmond hinted at this mysterious event at first, but by degrees he had imparted to Anna, under many solemn promises of secrecy, that he was one of a band headed by young Mr. Emmet, who were preparing to seize Dublin Castle, and at one daring stroke destroy forever English rule in Ireland.

Instead of being dismayed, as he had somewhat expected, Anna was delighted. She entered into the plot with even more ardor than her young lover. In fact he had to remind her at times that after all, the plans might not work out, that the plot might fail; but her impatient and imperious nature could not brook any thought of failure. To her success was assured from the very first.

Robert Emmet who came with young Donovan to visit the Moreland mansion occasionally, she looked upon as the

purest and highest type of patriot. His youth, his handsome presence, his lofty idealism, his modesty, his patriotism—all stirred her young and sanguine soul to its depths. Esmond Donovan she loved with a woman's love for her sweetheart. Robert Emmet she worshipped as a being above and apart from all worldly things—a hero predestined to be the deliverer of his country from age-long oppression.

Little by little, finding her so enthusiastic, so eager to go even beyond him in anticipation of victory, Esmond Donovan let her into the secrets of all their hopes and plans. Nor did he feel that he was doing wrong. He had the utmost confidence in her, as also had Emmet. More than once indeed they had accepted her suggestions as worthy of consideration. All this made her more sanguine until it began to seem to her a very simple matter to loosen England's grasp upon the throat of their beloved country.

Richard Moreland would have been horrified to know of these "rebelly doings" under his roof, for he was a loyal man. But he heeded not the comings and goings of Esmond Donovan and his friend, young Emmet. He had no time to bother with such young fellows. Let his sister Katherine, and his daughter Anna attend to them. But the maiden aunt, Katherine, keen as she was in matrimonial affairs, never suspected that three light-hearted young people could be plotting to overthrow a government.

Eagerly had Anna looked forward to this night; and as she sat alone looking out into the silent street she longed for the strength and privilege of manhood, that she might take a place beside Mr. Emmet and her lover in the struggle

now so close at hand. She had arranged with Esmond that he should send a messenger to her from the castle when that stronghold was taken. Anxiously she watched and listened and waited. Suddenly across the darkened sky a rocket soared. A few minutes later she heard afar off the sound of musketry; and she felt her whole being thrill in response to the thought that the battle for Ireland's freedom had at last begun.

Strangely enough no womanly fear for the safety of her lover, no feminine shrinking at the thought of possible wounds or even death troubled her heart. Hers was one of those rare natures which can lose themselves completely in one thought, one passionate ideal. Every feeling of which her woman's nature was capable was swallowed up in the passion for Ireland's liberty, for which her lover and his leader were fighting to-night. That and only that possessed her. She had no fear of the outcome. As sure as the summer sun arose on the morrow she felt that its beams would play upon a green flag floating over Dublin Castle.

The minutes slipped by. All in the house had long since gone to bed except herself. She was growing impatient. She wished her lover's messenger would come with the assurance that Emmet's plan had succeeded. For the hundredth time she approached the window and gazed into the deserted street. Suddenly she saw a dark form approaching hurriedly. She flew to open the door, and had scarcely unlocked it, when there burst into the hall, not a messenger from the castle, but Esmond Donovan himself!

Esmond Donovan, indeed,—but how changed! His face was pale and blood-stained, his hair dishevelled, his clothing dusty, disarranged and torn. He stood before her and tried to speak, but his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth.

"Well," she eagerly queried, clasping his hands, her eyes aglow with expectation. "Is the Castle taken? Tell me! Tell me, quickly! The plans have succeeded! The government is defeated! Mr. Emmet is—"

She stopped and looked at him more closely. A great fear, a disgust, a repulsion, a feeling to which she could not give a name clutched her heart in an icy grip.

Donovan's head fell forward on his breast. A groan broke from his parched lips.

"My God! My God!" he exclaimed, more to himself than to her. He tottered to a seat and sank into it heavily, burying his face in his hands.

As she gazed at him in the dim light of the hall lamp, the glow died from her eyes, and the smile from her lips. An impatient flush arose to her cheek but her voice was cold.

"Tell me," she said proudly. "I want to know everything. What happened to-night?"

Donovan did not raise his head. His voice as he answered her was hollow and changed. He spoke as it were in gasps, with a pause at the end of each sentence.

"Anna," he said, "the rising is a failure."

Anna winced as if she had received a blow, but she listened as he went on:

"Only a handful of men turned up at the depots where we expected thousands. Even those were disorganized and poorly armed—some of them madded with drink. I tried to dissuade Mr. Emmet from attempting anything with such a God-forsaken following. He would not be ruled. He said it was too late then to turn back. He was mad, I was mad, we were all mad—mad and betrayed. God, oh God! The streets of Dublin are red with the blood of the pool devils that followed us to-night. Worse still, some of the more desperate have murdered Lord Kilwarden with

whom we had no quarrel. Some are scattered, some are wounded, some are dead. The revolution is an ignoble failure, a thing to excite the laughter of the world. Oh, Anna, Anna, what an ending to our hopes and dreams!"

Anna's voice when she spoke again was still cold and hard. She was unmoved by the suffering of the man before her—her lover—the sound of whose voice was wont to melt her heart with love and longing.

"Where is Mr. Emmet, your leader, whom you swore to follow to the death?" she enquired.

"I do not know," he answered despairingly. "He may be shot or have fallen into the hands of the authorities. In the darkness and confusion I turned away from him for a moment. I could not find him again."

"And why are you here?" she asked, "safe and sound, when your leader is in danger. Why return to me with such a story? Is this your friendship for Mr. Emmet, your loyalty to him, your love for Ireland?"

The young man looked at her, astonishment at her words and manner plainly visible on his face. Could this be his sweetheart, his gentle-natured Anna, this imperious woman addressing him thus?

"Anna," he said, "God knows I have done my best. I know how you love Ireland and how you had set your heart on this attempt of Mr. Emmet's. But (don't be offended, I mean it honestly) you don't love Ireland any better than I do. I would gladly die for the cause if I thought it would be of any use. Tonight I have faced death not once but many times. Trying to save Lord Kilwarden I was almost killed by some of the infuriated men whom I was supposed to be commanding. This scratch in my forehead comes not from a British sabre but an Irish pike. But what is the use? The cause is lost. I am only one. What can I do against the

might of England? Come, Anna, don't think I am a deserter. Let us go away together while there is yet a chance. Let us go away to France or America, and leave this unfortunate country for a while until things settle down. Then, perhaps at some future day, we may be able again to work for Irish freedom."

At the beginning of this speech the young woman's face softened as if her heart was touched by her lover's earnestness and devotion, but at the suggestion of flight her lips compressed again as she said:

"Your plan is excellent, Esmond Donovan. If you want to fly you may do so. But for me—I believe there is hope for Ireland still, and I am willing to share whatever fortune, good or evil, fate may have in store for Mr. Emmet. If I were a coward—"

"Coward!" he repeated, his eyes blazing with indignation, "Coward!" His hands were clenched, his teeth set in the struggle to control himself, but his voice was sad when he spoke again.

"O, Anna," he said, "I did not think you would go thus far. I love Ireland truly, but I love you too. If I have seemed derelict in my duty as a soldier for Ireland's freedom it is because of you. But you have misunderstood me and my place is not here. I—"

A scattering volley of musketry close at hand which made the casements rattle, interrupted him. Anna started with an involuntary cry. He went on in an even voice:

"They are firing yet in the streets. The troops are chasing down the poor fellows who have not been as lucky to find a hiding place as I. I am no better than those poor, misguided peasants, no more worthy of escaping a British bullet, no less worthy of a patriot's death."

He had drawn his cloak about him as he spoke. Now he strode to the door. Anna gazed at him in alarm. Too late she began to realize the effect her proud

and bitter words had produced. She held out her hands weakly to detain him, her face pitiful in its appeal. All the scorn and pride, the foolish, mistaken pride had fallen from her. She was only a girl, after all, and this, this was her lover whom her unkindness was driving to his doom.

"Oh! Esmond," she moaned, "I didn't mean—"

Her voice broke, but he paid no attention to her.

"I am going," he said slowly and calmly, and not as if speaking to her, "to my death. But even in this I shall be denied the patriot's consolation; for I shall feel that I am dying not for Ireland, but for the foolish whim of a girl."

The pathos and bitterness of the concluding words and the knowledge in her heart that he was speaking the truth, broke the last barrier of her self-control. With a despairing cry she flung herself toward him; but even then he was gone.

Overwhelmed with remorse, Anna sank swooning on the floor. How long she lay there she could not tell, but suddenly her strength returned, and with it a resolution. Wrapping herself in a long cloak she aroused Billy Callan, one of her father's apprentices.

"Billy," she said in a whisper, when that youth presented himself before her ready for the street, "did you hear anything to-night?"

"Divil a thing, Miss, saving your presence—until you called me. I sleeps like a top, thank God."

"Well, Billy," she explained hurriedly, "there's been sad work this night. The soldiers have been firing on the people and there has been bloodshed. I want you to go out with me to look for a friend who, I fear, may have come to harm."

"Is it out in the shootin' you're going, Miss?" asked Billy with some show of alarm.

"Yes," replied Anna, "and we must go quickly, too."

Into the gloomy streets they stepped. As they went they heard occasionally a distant shot which filled Anna's mind with visions of her lover's bosom torn and bleeding, and made Billy wish himself safely in bed again. Suddenly as they turned a corner they found themselves face to face with a patrol of soldiery. The torches borne by the troops shone on their arms and accoutrements, and revealed a young man in the midst of them whose manacled hands proclaimed him a prisoner. His head was sunk upon his breast and his face was in shadow, but with a great leap of her heart Anna knew him to be Esmond Donovan! Thank God, then, he was not dead!

Her recognition of him was instantaneous. Instantaneous, too, was her attempt to shrink back unseen into the shadows; but already Billy, howling lustily, was in the hands of the soldiers, and a forward step by the officer in command brought him beside her.

He was a young man apparently not yet thirty. "Madam," he said, "we have orders to arrest all persons out to-night without permission. Unless you give some satisfactory explanation we will be under the unpleasant necessity of having to detain you."

His voice was soft, musical and sympathetic, with a decidedly pleasant tinge of a southern Irish brogue; and Anna felt at once, though she could not explain why, emboldened and heartened. An instant before she knew not what to do or say. Now by a sudden intuition she felt impelled to tell this young officer all the truth concerning herself and her errand. They stood but a few paces from the troop. In answer to her look he moved to a still greater distance, so that the soldiers might not overhear what she had to say.

"Sir," she began, "I am Anna Moreland, daughter of Richard Moreland, merchant. The young man whom your

patrol holds a prisoner is my friend—my—”

She stammered, blushed and hesitated. The officer made a sweeping bow which showed he understood; and then she proceeded:

“I—I feared he was in trouble, and could not rest until I had come to find him. Oh,” she exclaimed with a sudden vehemence of self-reproach, “I had him safe, safe with me, once to-night, but my pride and scorn drove him out again, out to die by the bullet, or worse still on the gibbet! Oh, miserable that I am, what shall I do?”

“Madam,” said the young officer, courteously, “I know your father slightly, and I think I recognize you too. Your father is a loyal man, though I have heard it whispered that rebels resort to his house. I never could understand why till now. I am sorry your lover is mixed up in this paltry, bloody, desperate business—”

“Oh, sir,” she interrupted, “don’t speak that way of this tragedy. Never were there nobler hearts engaged in any venture. Never were motives purer.”

“True enough, true enough,” answered the officer. “But, Miss Moreland, I ask you whether a madder scheme was ever devised by a Bedlamite? Here was Mr. Emmet, having got together a few hundred pounds and a handful of men; whereupon he makes war upon King George III. with 150,000 of the best troops in Europe, and the wealth of three kingdoms at his command. A tragedy indeed it is, Madam—as wild and as sad as anything in romance. But there—my lawyer’s tongue outruns my soldierly discretion. Pardon me, I pray you. Take your servant and go home.”

She stood irresolute, and looked with longing eyes toward the prisoner.

“I know what you’re thinking of,” said the officer. “Come, do as I say. Don’t be disturbed. So far as this patrol knows there is nothing against the

prisoner. We simply found him prowling around and arrested him on suspicion. We do not even know his name, for he vouchsafed us no information. If we are satisfied that he is no longer dangerous—and indeed none of the rebels were dangerous to any but themselves after the first half-hour—he may be released. Anyway,” and here he bent closer, and his brogue became richer, “there’s many a loop-hole in the law if you only know where to find it.”

The streaming eyes of the girl thanked the officer more eloquently than the words she tried to stammer out. She turned to go; then returned and said:

“But whom shall I thank for this night’s comfort and consolation?”

“Oh,” replied the officer laughingly, “thank your own fair face that has something in it which reminds me of a certain young wife in Westland Row, who is worrying herself sick to-night while I am parading the streets. This, as you see, is not a party of King George’s regular troops. This is a detachment of the Lawyers’ Yeomanry Corps; and my name is O’Connell, Daniel O’Connell.”*

* * * * *

Even as the young officer suggested, Esmond Donovan was released that night and fled to the Wicklow mountains where he plotted assiduously but ineffectually to rescue his beloved young leader, Robert Emmet, who in the following September paid the forfeit of his patriotism on a scaffold in Dublin city.

Poor Anna, thoroughly humbled by love and sorrow, left all to join her lover in his mountain fastness, whence after some time they escaped to France. They

* It is a historical fact that Daniel O’Connell, who was to become in after years the leader of his people in a constitutional fight for Irish rights, kept watch and ward in the streets of Dublin, dressed in the uniform of the “Lawyers’ Yeomanry Corps,” during the panic incident upon Emmet’s rebellion. At that time O’Connell was twenty-eight years of age, had been married about a year, and was living in Westland Row.

never returned to the land they loved, but even in exile they gave freely of their means to every movement which promised better days for Ireland. When Daniel O'Connell rose to prominence and filled not only Ireland, but the whole wide world with his name and

fame, two of his most ardent admirers in France were Esmond Donovan and his wife, for to them he was still the kind young officer of the Lawyers' Yeomanry Corps who had befriended them on that never-to-be-forgotten night when Emmet failed.

The Common House Fly

By LAWRENCE IRWELL



AT certain seasons of the year, very very few dwelling houses are altogether free from flies; they force themselves on our notice in various ways, either by reason of their incessant buzzing upon the windows, by their monotonous hum as they fly ceaselessly to and fro in our rooms, by their continual presence both living and dead, wherever there is food of any kind, or lastly, by their persistent and irritating attention to our own persons. It is not generally known, however, that there are several different species of flies which thus torment us, and it may not be unprofitable to consider in an elementary way a few of the more conspicuous kinds, noticing how one kind differs from another, not only in appearance and structure, but in habits of life.

It is desirable to take as the first example the species which is properly entitled to the popular name of "common house fly"—(*musca domestica*). Before discussing this little creature, it may be well to draw attention to what seems to be a rather prevalent error—namely, the idea that flies grow in the ordinary sense of the term, and that the size of any fly merely depends upon its age. Nothing could be further from the truth, for when once a fly becomes a fly—in other words, when it escapes from the pupa-case, and acquires the use of its wings, its development is completed, and all growth is at

an end. It follows, then, that where there is a marked difference of size between two flies, we may be sure that they belong to distinct species.

Without going minutely into the structure, either internal or external, of flies, it is necessary to mention that the great characteristic of all insects belonging to the diptera (as the order of flies is called), marking them off from all other insects, is the possession of only one pair of wings. The second pair of wings, found in butterflies, moths, beetles, etc., is represented among the flies by a pair of small balancers, called halteres, which are attached to the body one on each side, just behind the true wings, and which in shape resemble a pair of miniature drumsticks.

In its general appearance the common house fly is very soberly dressed, and seems to be without adornment of any kind, but on a closer examination it will be seen that it is really quite an elegantly marked insect. When looked at from above, against the light, the front of the head may be seen to glisten with two resplendent silvery-yellow patches, the thorax, or middle elegantly striped, while the abdomen or hinder part is beautifully checkered with yellow and black. The wings are transparent and tinged with gray, with a very brilliant iridescence in certain lights. All these

points give to the little creature a beauty of its own, entirely lost to the majority of people, merely because the insect is a common and insignificant one, and seemingly not worth the trouble of an examination.

On holding up the fly to the light so as to look through the wing, it will be seen by the aid of the magnifying glass that there are a number of almost parallel veins running through the wing from base to apex, and that these are connected by short cross veins. The fourth of these parallel veins, counting from the fore margin of the wing, is seen to be bent upwards at an obtuse angle towards the third, and this is really an important character and an easy one by which to distinguish this particular kind of house fly from some others which are common and similar in appearance, but which have this vein quite straight. The head of the fly is a very pretty object; the greater part is occupied by two large reddish-brown hemispheres, one on each side. These are the compound eyes, and each of them consists of several separate hexagonal lenses, arranged so as to cause an appearance under the microscope of the "engine-turning" on the back of some watches. Between these compound eyes—quite on the top of the head—are a trio of small, clear dots arranged in a triangle, like set jewels. These are the simple eyes and their exact purpose is not understood. In front of the head are the antennae or feelers, and each consists of three joints, with a feathered bristle arising from the back of the last joint. This bristle is an important aid in the identification of the various species of flies, in some kinds being quite simple, in others feathered, as in the common species which I am describing. Below the head of the fly may be seen projecting the long thick tongue or proboscis, which is a very wonderful structure. To describe this organ in detail would require more space than is at my disposal. It is a true sucker, but a

very complicated one, made up of several pieces united so as to form a tube, which not only serves for the conveyance of the fluid food to the mouth, but also for the passage of saliva from the mouth in order to moisten and dissolve particles of the substance upon which the fly is feeding. At the top of the proboscis may be found hardened rings which aid in triturating the food. Having described the general appearance of the body of the fly, it only remains to say a few words about its legs. As in other insects, there are six legs, each consisting of a number of joints. The foot is composed of five separate joints, the last of which is terminated by a pair of curved claws. Between the claws is a pair of minute pads, generally supposed to act as suckers. It is by the aid of these pads that flies are enabled to climb the smooth surface of window glass or walk along a ceiling. Whether these pads act merely as suckers, or whether in addition they secrete a sticky substance to help the fly in its vertical peregrinations, has not been satisfactorily proved. Much faith, however, cannot be placed in the latter theory.

The eggs of the common house fly are generally laid in manure, but almost any kind of filth may be appropriated by the female for this purpose. An important factor, therefore, in the extermination or at least diminution in numbers of these pests would seem to be absolute cleanliness in all parts of the house, and the prevention of any accumulation of dirt. From the eggs are hatched small, whitish, footless grubs, which feed on the filth among which they live, soon becoming pupae enclosed in a hard skin. When the fly is ready to emerge, its head is furnished with a large protuberance filled with fluid, with which it forces off the lid of the case. When the fly first escapes, its wings are in quite a crumpled condition, and this circumstance combined with its enormously swollen head, gives the insect a very grotesque appear-

ance. In a few minutes, however, the wings become fully expanded, and at the same time the head shrinks and the fluid is withdrawn. The whole body then hardens and changes color, and the fly is perfect.

Little need be said of the other kinds of house flies. There is a smaller variety liable to be mistaken for the "*musca domestica*," but it has the fourth vein in the wing straight. The abdomen has the base at each side yellow and transparent, while the front of the head is a brilliant, silvery white, with the eyes almost meeting, at least in the male, at the top of the head. This fly is now as "*homalomyia canicularis*;" it was formerly called "*musca domestica minor*." It has a similar life history to that of its larger relative, with the exception that the eggs are laid in decaying vegetable matter.

A third kind of house fly, and the only one that really "bites" or "stings" is distinguished by having its weapon of offence, the proboscis, sticking straight out horizontally in front of its head. In addition, the fourth vein of the wings is gently curved towards the third, and neither straight as in the "smaller," nor bent at an angle as in the "common" house fly. As a whole, it is a more prettily marked insect than either of the others, though its beauty hardly compensates for its vicious habits. It is a veritable blood-sucker, and well merits both its popular and scientific name—"the sharp-mouthed stinger," or "*stomoxys calcitrans*." Its thorax is similarly striped to that of the common house fly, but the abdomen is very differently adorned, being yellowish-gray, with six black dots, three on the second ring and three on the third. Its life history is similar to that of the common house fly.

Quite different both in habits and appearance from all these flies is the common blue-bottle, called scientifically "*calliphora erythrocephala*." It is almost too well known to need much description. It is a large fly of a metallic blue

color, with a lustre which changes position as it is turned around in various lights. The front of the head on its lower part is of a reddish color, and the fourth vein of the wings, already alluded to in the case of other flies, is bent at a very sharp angle towards the third. The eggs of the blue-bottle are laid in flesh of various kinds, and every woman knows the difficulty in summer of keeping these unwelcome visitors away from her choicest foods. Even living wounds have been selected by these flies for the purpose of depositing their eggs, and great must be the pain caused by the maggots which hatch from them. These maggots are ready to escape from the eggs in a few hours after the latter have been laid, and themselves soon enter the next pupa stage. As to the duration of the life of the perfect fly, it is probably much longer than that of either the larva or pupa, and some blue-bottle may even hibernate through the winter, and so live on from one year to the next.

Another fly worthy of notice, although not so often found in houses as those already described, possesses an interest from its habits. This is the common flesh fly, "*sarcophaga carnaria*." It is about the same size as the blue-bottle, but of a more slender build, of a gray color, and is perhaps the most handsome of the flies which have been described. The face is silvery, the veins of the wings are similar in arrangement to those of the blue-bottle, the thorax is beautifully striped, alternately black and gray, while the abdomen is brilliantly checkered with black and silvery gray. The females of this fly are viviparous, that is to say, they do not lay eggs, but bring forth their young alive. These are deposited upon all sorts of animal matter, and in countless numbers. Had not nature provided ample means for the extermination of these flies, more especially in the form of insectivorous birds, it is doubtless if any animal food could be preserved from their ravages.

Anne Jacqueline Coste

By F. de S.



LONELY and drear the night had been, but that was not strange, for there is ever something in the dusky night shadows, so like the shadow of death, which each one must enter alone; and here in the Savoy mountains it was still more so. Though the moon had been making a world of gentle radiance around these lords of the land, though it seemed as though they might, under her magic influence, condescend and cast a smile at one another to cheer their loneliness, they remained cold and formal, like haughty white-haired barons between whom an ancient feud existed. At length the moon paled away, discouraged, and after a gray, weary dawn, the day opened and threw golden showers of brightness over everything. There were no Memnons in this forsaken spot. The scowling peaks sent out angry shadows instead of songs of welcome, and the wild birds frightened at the silence, flew away to the pleasant valleys.

An awful silence pervaded the atmosphere. The loneliness and gloom were far more terrible now than at night, because the light intensified the majestic ugliness of the mountains. It seemed a place in which nature had buried that which she loved, and where she came to mourn her loss alone. Would it be possible for human life to exist here where the inanimate had such control? Would not the human intellect be crushed by such a display of wondrous might? The very absence of any trace of art in the place might have made the answer affirmative. But just then a slender form appeared, a sweet surprise poised on the top of a rock which hung over a swiftly flowing mountain stream. It was a very young girl. So fairy like and so

wreathed and tinged with the morning's roseate freshness, was her form and face that she might have been the child of the river mist and the golden dawn. Upon her bare feet drops of water still shone for she had just crossed the stream; and away from her face she brushed bright waves of sunshiny hair. But all the loneliness of her life was written in her great, dark eyes—a life lived amidst an everlasting solitude with no companions but the flock which she cared for. The mountains were more to her than these animals; through them and the pure, bright stars she had kept her little knowledge of God unharmed. She loved her Father Who she knew had care over her, and she hated this place where she felt her reason might be taken away by jealous nature and thus she would become a mere plaything of their silent forces.

With the darkness a fear would come over her heart and in the morning this fear was changed to an eager longing to live her life among her own race, to have someone to speak to and tell the myriads of thoughts that lay burning on the firmament of her soul like the solemn stars on the night sky.

And so the time passed away. Every day her soul was growing larger and more capable. Every day the doubts and longings were becoming more imperious until her character became what it never ceased to be, strong, simple, untaught, and so like the dark rude summits which seemed to be the guardians of her growth.

One evening, just as the master was closing the doors of his house in the town of Geneva, the figure of a maiden emerged from the darkness and stood in the light which came through the open

door. He saw that she was a shepherdess, one who had been recommended to him as a servant.

In reply to his questions she said that her name was Anne Jacqueline Coste, that she had spent her life, from childhood, as a shepherd girl in the mountains. "But the loneliness frightened me," she said, "I am weary of the lonely watching, by day—the sheep; by night—the stars. So I have come to see if I could find some one who would give me other employment." She stopped, and the last words were so filled with hope and pleading that the man's heart was touched. He promised to care for her and give her something to do in his house. However he looked displeased when she said that the only religion she knew was the Catholic, for Geneva was a Protestant town, but he thought he could soon win her over so said nothing. Thus Anne Jacqueline found a home, and in it she performed her duties faithfully and cheerfully. Her protector seeing what a treasure he had found in this simple, sweet-hearted shepherdess tried by means of gentle words and even bribes to induce her to change her religion, but Anne was as firm as her native mountains and she was beginning to realize that her faith was the most precious part of her being.

The sacrifice of the Mass was prohibited in Geneva, and so, every Sunday, she was obliged to go to a town about three miles away. With a light heart and step she would set out, after performing all her duties, her face beaming with joy and though her master disapproved of this proceeding he could not forbid her going, since it did not interfere with her work.

At length an ardent desire took possession of Anne Jacqueline's heart, and as day by day it grew stronger she resolved to change her home. The desire was to be of some use to her suffering fellow Catholics. She thought she

might do many deeds of charity in a hotel of the city where she would meet Catholic travelers and priests who might need her assistance, and then too, she would receive the consolation of the sacraments.

When the time of her engagement had expired, Anne Jacqueline was again homeless, but though she was only a poor ignorant girl her heart was light and her hopes were high for the spirit of the apostles was burning within her. She found employment in a small inn called the Ecu de France, and here a life of beautiful heroism began. God blessed her noble efforts, and one day sent her a light to comfort and encourage. It was but a face seen only for a short time, yet the remembrance of it and the holy impressions which it made on her soul never left her.

The holy Bishop, St. Francis de Sales, had come to Geneva to hold conference with the ministers of that town. He preached to a people bitterly opposed to his views and his success was strange and wonderful. Hidden in the crowd was the humble Anne. Unnoticed and caring not for the people around her, she felt herself alone with the light of heaven shining down on her from where the saint stood. She looked into his fair blue eyes and saw there the reflection of all the sweet and beautiful things that God has given to man. She looked at his noble brow, so white and smooth, with no lines of care upon it, as if his great, warm heart could not bear to write its sorrows where the world might read and be saddened by them. It was the picture of his soul, pure and at peace with God and all mankind. Only the mouth showed traces of care, but it was care in its divine form; pity, sorrow, because other men had griefs and knew so little how to profit by them.

Anne Jacqueline was filled with a holy joy. His sweet smile and the tender sympathy of his voice thrilled her. She little understood the things of which he

spoke, but with all her soul she prayed for his success.

The gentle stranger left Geneva immediately after the conference for his life was in danger, and though Anne Jacqueline did but gaze into his countenance, the influence of that first appearance never passed from her life.

Two years later St. Francis happened again to pass through Geneva, and again he stopped at the inn. Anne's heart gave a mighty throb as she saw him of whom she had been dreaming and for whom she had been longing. With an ardent desire to speak to him she caught up his valise and went as if to show him the way to his room. When the door was closed she fell on her knees and told him the whole story of her life, of the intense religious aspirations of her soul and of the many temptations by which she was surrounded.

The strong and noble qualities which made up the character of this poor uncultured peasant girl astonished the saint. He was silent with admiration at this story of a life lived so purely and humbly, resisting such great temptations, and doing so many acts of heroism for her religion's sake. He spoke the sweetest words of comfort and strength, and told her to remain where she was for some time.

But when he asked her if she would like to receive the Blessed Sacrament, her happiness was unbounded and her voice trembled with joy as she said it would be her supreme delight. She had forgotten where they were, but suddenly remembering that they had no altar, candles or acolytes, she said, "But, my lord, how can you give it to me; you have no clerks?"

The holy man replied, "My guardian angel who is here between us and yours who is at your side will be the clerks. Is it not the office of angels to minister around the Holy Table?"

Saying this he drew from his breast a small silver box and opening it gave Holy Communion to the happy girl.

In obedience to the words of the saint, Anne Jacqueline remained at the inn for several years. Her mistress, a young and beautiful woman, was dying of consumption. Anne loved her devotedly. She secretly instructed her in the Catholic faith and had her baptized. But one day she saw with a heavy heart that her friend's death was very near. She had been well prepared for it by her little servant but Anne was troubled at the thought that no priest could enter Geneva except at the peril of his life, to administer the sacraments. With her ardent longing to see her mistress receive Holy Communion, a brilliant idea came into her head. About a league away from the town, she knew she could find a priest. She would go and bring the Blessed Sacrament to her dying friend.

In her childlike simplicity and ignorance she set out. The road was long and wearisome; it led through places wrapped in perpetual gloom under the mountain's frown, uncheered by any color save the solemn green of the pines whose dreary moaning only made the place more desolate. But the sun was shining warm and bright in the brave girl's heart as she thought of the happiness she was so soon to bring to the one she loved.

On she hurried until at last she arrived at her destination. She told the priest her errand, and after having begged him to come with her, but all in vain, she drew from her pocket a handkerchief of snowy whiteness. Confident that her request would be granted, she held it out before him and asked him to place upon it a consecrated host, promising not to touch it but to give it to the dying woman. The prompt refusal was so unexpected and so bitterly hard to bear that poor Anne's heart was almost broken.

Without stopping to rest she started on her way home. Heart-sick the weird voices in the pines frightened her, the creeping shadows of the falling night made the night of intense disappointment in her heart almost unendurable, and a dismal wind stealing down from the mountains chilled her. But her brave soul put aside all the feelings of weariness and fear and let but one thought occupy her mind. She must get back to her mistress as soon as possible.

While she had been gone a French Ambassador had stopped at the inn. He was on his way to Switzerland and in his retinue was a chaplain. Eagerly Anne Jacqueline heard the news, and immediately upon her appeal the priest went to see the dying woman. He heard her confession and in the meantime Anne's busy fingers were preparing an altar rude and simple; and so just at midnight the Holy Sacrifice was offered, the first time for fifty years in the city of Geneva.

Soon after receiving Holy Communion her mistress died, and Anne Jacqueline was once more left friendless. She continued her way of life, filling the days with deeds of generous heroism, bringing priests to the bedsides of the dying, concealing them in cellars, and caring for the poor and sick.

Geneva had been besieged by the Catholics, but the attempt to take it failed and among the captives taken were over eighty Catholic soldiers. They were imprisoned in a dark cellar and left to starve.

Anne Jacqueline, who was on the watch for any such emergency, heard of their pitiful condition and went to visit them. At the risk of her life she brought them food every day, and attended to their wants. At length a secret means of escape was found and one by one she aided them until the last man was free. In order to disguise them until they were safely out of the

city, Anne took some pieces of linen from her master's house and made dresses of it. When she was questioned as to where the linen had gone, she said that it had disappeared at the time of the tumult. After a while her conscience began to trouble her for taking the cloth, although it had been done for so charitable a purpose. She went to her master and told him that she would not take any of the seven years wages which were due to her, to pay for the cloth, and if that were not enough she would work until she had paid for the rest. He objected to this, but at last Anne Jacqueline had her way when she said that she would immediately leave his service if he did not yield to her desire. About this time something happened which caused her to leave Geneva and seek another home. Her mistress before her death had expressed a wish that her husband should marry Anne Jacqueline. She thought that in this way he would be converted to the Catholic religion. Shortly after his wife's death, the landlord of the inn attempted to win Anne's affections. He liked her very much, and then, too, her presence seemed indispensable to the welfare of the house. His only objection was her religion, but he promised to leave her at liberty to practice it, to go to church and the sacraments as often as she could. Anne refused all his offers. Her heart was set on keeping her virginity pure for Christ, and so when the master's urging became too ardent, and she could have no peace, she stole away one day when he thought she was going to Mass.

She went to the village where the priest lived, about a league from the city and took refuge in his house. The landlord, having learned where she was, followed her to try and win her back. But it was all in vain. Then as a last resort he promised to become a Catholic if she would marry him. At this Anne's soul was deeply troubled. It was hard to refuse him now when she saw what a

service she could do her religion. The strong girl was in doubt which way to choose, so she said that before she could say yes she must go to Annecy to ask the advice of the holy bishop, St. Francis de Sales. But the temptation was over, for the man took back his promise.

Rejoicing in her freedom, with a glad heart Anne Jacqueline set out for Annecy. She wanted to speak to the bishop about a new idea that had entered her soul—a new way of serving God.

She arrived at the town and went straight to the house where she saw and heard her spiritual guide. Finding a situation in a hotel, for many weeks she contented her ardent soul with assisting at the bishop's Masses and attending all his sermons and instructions. Though she saw how welcome the poor and ignorant were at the house of the saint, and how his kindly face lighted up as he received them, it was a long time before the humble girl went to speak to him. It happened this way.

One day when the bishop was preaching he caught sight of her in the crowd. He knew her to be the little hero whom he had left amid the perils of Geneva and his heart was touched. Taking the silver cross which hung from his neck, he pretended to open it to remind her of the little silver box from which he had once taken the Blessed Sacrament for her, and to show her that she was recognized. Anne Jacqueline understood his meaning and immediately after the sermon went to see him. She told him clearly everything that had happened to her since she had last seen him. The bishop wondered more than ever at the beautiful simplicity of her soul combined with such a clear and strong judgment of right and wrong.

He became her ordinary confessor, and she assisted him, distributing alms, especially to the poor who were too proud to make themselves known but who were really in want; and by telling him of any unchristian conduct which

she saw in the hotel where she was working that he might remedy it.

But there was one desire in her soul which she longed to satisfy, and so one day she told the bishop how much she would like to leave the world and devote her life to serving a community of women consecrated to Christ. He thought she meant the Poor Clares who were the only religious in Annecy, but when he asked her she answered, "No, my lord, I wish to give my services to the religious whom you are going to establish."

"Ah! who told you that I am going to establish a monastery of nuns," said the bishop.

"Nobody in the world, my lord," she answered, "but I am always feeling this impression in my heart and I tell it to you."

These words as well as a great surprise were of much consolation, for in a marvellous ecstasy he had just received the plan of founding the Institute of the Visitation, in which ecstasy he also saw the first Mothers of the Order. He felt encouraged in his undertaking, for he saw that it was the will of God since He had revealed it to this humble girl.

He wrote to Mother de Chantal and told her about Anne Jacqueline who often asked him, "When is the Madame coming?" so anxious was she to begin her work, for St. Francis de Sales had granted her request, satisfied that she had the qualities necessary.

At length the preparations were all made. Anne's busy hands had arranged everything in the little house which was to shelter the first saintly women of the Visitation. As they came accompanied by St. Francis de Sales, some noblemen and the people, she threw herself at the feet of Mother de Chantal and promised entire fidelity to her.

There were many things to be done in these first days of the Visitation, and Anne's life was a busy one. But her work did not distract her for she had

learned to keep her mind fixed on God amid the hurries and noises of the hotel life. A great part of the time she spent in visiting the poor and sick. But Anne Jacqueline's practical little head contained ideas that were not approved by all. Every morning there was a crowd of beggars around the church and convent steps. These people furnished means to the charitable for practicing virtue but it was virtue acquired at the expense of the souls of these unfortunate beings who spend their days in idleness and sin.

When Anne Jacqueline had any work to be done about the monastery, she picked out her workmen from these poor people. Some did not like this and they asked her if she did not scruple to make the poor earn their alms. In reply she said that it was a double charity, for it kept them out of mischief and supplied them with food. But to make it a perfect charity she thought some religious instruction must be added. So on every Sunday and feast day the good sister might be seen talking to a large assembly at the monastery door. She taught them the catechism and it was necessary to know something about their religion before they received their alms.

The holy bishop whose great heart was warm with love for the poor and sympathy for their sorrows, continually recommended the virtue of true charity to his people. One Sunday after his sermon Anne Jacqueline said to him, "My lord, in all your sermons you exhort us to alms-giving with great zeal. I could wish that it might please your charity to teach us also how we ought to receive alms in a Christian manner."

The saint, admiring her thought, took her advice and the next Sunday included both the poor and the rich in his kindly instruction. It was only a short time before this that a brutal woman had struck Anne Jacqueline in the face because she was not satisfied with the

portion which Anne had given her. Anne's life was many times in danger as she wandered alone through the dark and infected districts of the town, but her heart never lost its courage and trust in God which she had learned among the mountains of her childhood; and then, ever since that glorious day when St. Francis de Sales had told her that his angel was between them, before he gave her the Bread of Life, she had felt herself protected by the shadow of his angel wings.

Once when she was helping the workmen who were repairing the monastery, the plank upon which she stood fell about thirty feet, carrying with it great masses of mortar and stone. They ran to pick her up thinking to find but a corpse, when much to their surprise they found her kneeling amid the ruin, praying calmly. They asked her how she had been preserved and she said that just as the plank fell she breathed a little prayer to the angel of St. Francis de Sales and he had lifted her up very gently and placed her on the ground.

But the exile of two great souls was fast coming to an end. It was especially beautiful that these two who had lived in the sweet relationship of father and child for so many years, should have their home-coming together.

One day when St. Francis de Sales came to the monastery to see his daughters before starting on a journey which he was about to take, a presentiment came into Anne's soul that she would never see him again. Kneeling before him to receive his blessing, she wept bitterly. The saint was somewhat surprised at her tears and asked her why she felt so sad. "Ah! my lord," she replied, "my heart tells me that this will be your last journey and that we shall see you no more." Our holy saint also knew something of the intentions of Divine Providence, and said to her with his sweetest smile, "My daughter, my heart tells me that if I return no more

we shall see each other again sooner than you think. Meanwhile keep yourself in peace close to our Lord; pray to Him often for me and send your guardian angel to me every day."

Shortly after came the news of the bishop's death, but Anne knew it before. For at the very moment when his pure soul left our earth his angel told her of it and thus was fulfilled her prophecy and her dear Father's also; for on the

day of his burial Anne was attacked by a slow fever which ceased only when it had set free her beautiful soul.

Her presence was sadly missed in her convent home. The sisters had lost a faithful companion, Mother de Chantal a prudent adviser, and the poor had lost a devoted friend in this innocent shepherd girl whose angelic soul was characterized by courage, simplicity and sincerity.

The Endless Conflict Between Labor and Capital

THE TRUE REMEDY FOR ITS SOLUTION

By WILLIAM ELLISON

THE term "labor and capital" is such a hackneyed phrase that hardly anybody stops to inquire its meaning or to ponder its far-reaching social results, and yet it is the great, paramount problem whose solution taxes the abilities of statesmen, sages and moralists and the profoundest thinkers of the day. It is, in a sense, the frictional wedge which divides and sets one portion of the human family in alienated conflict against the other, and far larger portion, of their fellow-creatures. This division between the upper and lower classes of society, designated or represented by the common phrase, "labor and capital," has done more to embitter the relations of the rich and the poor than all other sources of disturbance combined.

Let us strive to get as clear an idea of what is intrinsically meant by the term "capital and labor" as we can. Viewed in its broadest sense "capital" is the hoarded and accumulated fruits of industrial enterprise and well directed labor, and as such certainly belongs of

right to the enterprising master-minds and far-seeing projectors who plan and originate the profitable schemes that produce the wealth, but that view can only be admitted in a relative or restricted sense, as we know that the moral laws forbid the accumulation of riches in the hands of the few to the detriment of the great masses of mankind.

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

And again, it is a dangerous contravention of the salutary laws of justice:

"That a class should absorb what Providence had meant for mankind."

Despite this aspect of the case we contend that men of commanding ability and ceaseless energy, who are endowed by nature with superior commercial and administrative faculties, have a just right to enjoy the well-earned fruits of their own labors and successful projects, but in their independent position they are far too apt to forget what they owe to the great army of the common people who

are the real practical instruments in the production of all wealth. We know the vanity of human nature and its liability to be puffed up by success. We instance a case that occurred in London, the other day, when a noted American multi-millionaire refused an audience to an humbler individual, on the ground that his time was too precious for aimless purposes, adding that it was worth, in hard cash, \$50.00 per minute, and the persistent interviewer having no choice had to buy two minutes of the great magnate's time on his own terms, one hundred dollars cash down for the privilege of a two minutes' conversation with a mere human fellow-man, and withal one from the Republic of America, where equality is so strenuously preached.

This practical example illustrates the baneful influence that great wealth exerts in mortal man and it proves how completely the rich men ignore or at least undervalue the worth of their less fortunate fellow-beings. The tendency is pretty much the same in all countries, viz., that the favored possessors of much of this world's goods are ever prone to despise the struggling multitudes whose dependent positions place them more or less at the mercy of their powerful financial masters and unsympathetic employers. It is the consideration of this stern fact that injects gall and wormwood into the hearts of the vast multitudes of laboring men, who are born to no other inheritance save a condition of constant struggle and hard toil. They may not be able to logically argue disputed questions with their so-called superiors,

"The inflated, feeble tenants of an hour, Depraved by passion or corrupt by power."

But they look around through the great world that God has created for the use and benefit of all classes of His human creatures, and they see most of the earth's riches controlled by a comparatively small number of the seemingly

favored ones of this world, men no better than themselves, except for the temporary power conferred by wealth and high station, and the poor hard working men, who are scarcely able to make ends meet, think it is unfair, and with some show of reason they argue that there must be something radically out of joint when such ostensibly unfair conditions are allowed to exist in the great Republic which equality, as between man and man, is so loudly proclaimed, and the doctrine of equal rights, fraternity and the pursuit of happiness is so universally boasted of. When such convictions root themselves in the minds of the body of the people of a community or a nation there is suggestion of rebellion and menace to the social stability of the State. Without admitting the probability of such a calamity ever happening in the free land of America, we repeat that it is a lamentable state of affairs that allows the great body of the common people, or at least the working classes, to think that the moneyed kings of the nation are leagued against their dearest interests in the matter of cutting down wages to the lowest living point while extorting the greatest amount of labor from the sweat and life blood of the hired toiler, while in social and other respects the poor man receives the impression that his rich financial master takes but small interest in his existence or well-being save and except how he can best make his subservient tools minister to his power and profit. In this condition of things there is always a suggestion of the Shylock business and a suspicion of that avaricious hunger for that terrible "pound of flesh."

In the world of reality this gruesome suspicion may not be well founded, but when we see hard, unrelenting capital striving to get as much as it can out of labor, and often without adequate recompense, the incident of the hard hearted Jew involuntarily forces itself upon our thoughts, and we realize that the lot of

the poor working man is not a happy one, nor likely to become so as long as he remains subject to the stringent commands of a taskmaster who is not animated with any sympathetic feeling towards him, and employs him only as long as he can get profitable service out of him. We are aware that labor organizations have of late years grown strong and powerful in the United States, and can now fight for their rights with telling effect, still the conflict is not even-handed because capital has advantages on its side which labor can never hope to cope with. "Money talks," hence we often see capital getting the better of labor although justice would dictate a victory for the poor contestants. Many able men can be counted among the labor leaders of the present day in America, yet they are not equal to their rich opponents in point of trained intellect and logical discernment in estimating the practical results likely to flow from given causes, and until the representatives of the working classes are intellectually on a par with their employers they may expect to come second best out of their repeated contests. But in a Christian land, such as America professedly is, why should we have to determine justice between man and his fellow-man by the rule of expert argument or intellectual keenness? The great Lawgiver has laid down the natural law of eternal justice which should bind the conscience of all men in their dealings with their fellow-creatures, and this eternal code being always in force no man can safely violate it no matter what contradiction it may receive from the parchment laws.

When the great question is fairly considered in all its bearings and an impartial remedy sought for, conscientious men agree in saying that the true remedy lies in the Christian religion, and in no other source can it be found. Legislative enactments may strive to define and adjust the rights of labor and capital, but

the opposing interests can only be conciliated by the influence and application of the Christian religion, the divine principles of which the great Lawgiver so clearly expounded in His sermon on the Mount, as well as by these imperishable precepts that were inscribed on the tables of stone, and which were meant to be an instruction, command, and guide for all men of all nations for all time. "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof," may we not, therefore, represent Him as the Supreme Capitalist, who owns this earth and all its belongings, and legitimately speak of Him as a laborer, as well as being King of kings, and Lord of lords, a carpenter's Son and a carpenter Himself, who was poor and had not whereon to lay His head. Can we conceive of anything more pleasing to that divine and paternal heart than to see labor and capital coming peacefully together to adjust their difference in the true spirit of Christian fraternity and evenhanded justice.

In this view of the subject the important point is to know how, and when, the great wealth owners of the land can be induced to change their views on the paramount question regarding the relations of capital and labor, and how many of them, if put to the practical test, would be found willing to submit their proud and independent spirits to the salutary laws inculcated by the "Golden Rule."

Measured by the selfish sentiment that controls most of the world's great capitalists, in this greedy age of commercialism, the uppermost thought in the mind of the rich is to grow richer, and nowhere else can this prevalent financial greed be seen operating more strenuously than in the American Republic, wherein the "almighty dollar" exerts such sway in all ranks of society.

Taking a calm survey of the overmastering problem of labor and capital, with a view to forecast its future solution, we can see no visible signs of a speedy settlement of the difficulty, as all experi-

ence proves that men once getting possession of great wealth, whether fairly or otherwise, cling to it with grim determination of purpose, caring but little who may become poorer, so long as they get richer. This is emphatically the drift of this present age, but admit the discouraging prospect there is a gleam of hope, and for this relief we must inevitably turn to the benign agency of Christianity as it is inculcated by the Catholic Church. Secular and governmental laws to regulate the social and personal rights of citizens may be enacted and multiplied but there are many ways to evade them and they too often become inoperative inasmuch as they have no power to touch the conscience of men in their business transactions one with another, we, therefore, argue that the best hope of the reign of justice in the hearts of men must proceed from the true spirit of Christianity which animates the souls of sincere believers and imposes upon them the moral obligation of following the supreme law of right and justice in the affairs of every day life. This hope of enlarged virtue and morality in the Republic is strengthened by the fact that the sublime sway of the Catholic Church, which is the greatest moral agency in the world, is growing stronger socially, intellectually, materially and in the great numerical increase in her adherents; and in proportion as her salutary influence increases in the land the fell dominion of avarice and injustice will decrease. This is the opinion and belief of the great thinkers, in America, of all creeds and nationalities who have the keen discernment to fore-

cast the future, and who approach the subject in the right spirit of impartial fairness. Those who have an interest in making the contrary view prevail will no doubt protest loudly against this claim, but its truth is becoming more self-evident every day and the men of clear vision and honest hearts have to confess that the Catholic Church is the only effectual barrier to rampant agnosticism, practical atheism and mammonism, and their kindred evils that afflict society. As the true Church develops increasing strength in the Republic and her saving doctrines become more widespread and respected by those outside her fold her spiritual influence will augment and her sacred teachings will become more potent in leading men to a clear conception of the nature of the obligations that the divine law imposes upon the conscience of every human being in holding up before their eyes the duty of observing the "Golden Rule" and the Christian maxims that flow from it. When these things come to pass and men are taught that true life does not consist in the hoarding of vast wealth, but in the fulfillment of Christian precepts then, and then only, will men begin to realize that, despite their wealth and worldly preferment, they are but feeble human creatures, who, at the end of their earthly career, will be judged impartially by the all-seeing Judge according to their good or evil deeds, and not because of their exalted earthly stations during life. Until the inflated financial aristocrats of America take these things to heart labor will have to defend itself as best it may against the exactions of overgrown capital.



OUR LADY'S CROWN

From the Children of Mt. St. Vincent, on the Hudson

I've wandered o'er the meadows,
The weary cornfields through,
The pebbly beach of the inlet,
The shore of the ocean blue,
And the white spray flowers were falling
From fairy hands unseen,
But never a glowing rosebud
To crown my blessed Queen.

I called in vain for the June-time,
Her fairy fleet had passed,
With its banners of ruby floating
From summer's flying mast;
She would not turn to leave me
One flower of her garlands gay,
As she sailed to make it rose-time
In countries far away.

There are cowslips in the meadows
And daisies near the rill,
And lilies white on the waters
Beside the busy mill,
But our Lady of the Rosary
Is reigning o'er us now,
And only her own bright flowers
Must crown her snowy brow.

Put off the doubt and the darkness,
A whisper came to me,
June has no redder roses
Than thou canst bind for me;
They grow in the fairest garden
God's hand has set apart,
They bloom on a little maiden's lips,
But the roots are in her heart.

So I took out my little chaplet,
And whispered o'er and o'er,
Our Fathers and sweet Hail Marys,
St. Dominic's prayer of yore,
And I longed no more for June,
I saw, though I know not how,
A wreath of undying roses
Encircling our Lady's brow.

The Old World

Seen Through American Eyes

By REV. JOHN F. MULLANY, LL. D.

BEAUTIFUL FLORENCE, AND VENICE THE
"GEM OF THE SEA."

THE title of "Florence the beautiful" is well deserved, for of all the Italian cities I have thus far visited, this one is the most delightful. At this time of year the whole country is one mass of flowers. The fields and the gardens and even the very streets are filled with them and their sweet perfume is wafted in every direction. I fully agree with the sentiment of these lines :

"Of all the fairest cities of the earth
None is so fair as Florence. 'Tis a gem
Of purest ray; and what a light broke
forth

When it emerged from darkness!
Search within,
Without; all is enchantment! 'Tis the
Past

Contending with the Present; and in
turn
Each has the mastery."

Florence never attained any importance till the middle ages, though she existed in the old Roman times. In the 13th century she reached the zenith of her power, but though she had no fear of external enemies nor of her own exiles, yet she wasted her strength by internal strife. Guelph and Ghibelline, Black and White, Cherchi and Donati, in turn held power apparently for the pleasure of exiling or exterminating all opponents. It was during one of these periods of excitement that Dante was driven forth never more to return to his beloved Florence. Still it led the world

in the arts and sciences during the whole period of the so-called dark ages. During these centuries Greek was the most popular language and was spoken with as much facility as the vernacular. Ladies lectured in the universities, on language, history, philosophy and the sciences. Great men appeared in almost every department of knowledge and discovery. Dante in poetry, Michael Angelo in art, Galileo in science, Amerigo Vespucci as a discoverer and hundreds of others of greater or lesser fame. Florence is full of their works and traditions. We have tried to see a little of these precious treasures, but labor as we may, we must depart without seeing more than a good sample of each department. Take the art galleries. There are no less than fifty first-class ones, and almost every palace, and there are hundreds of them, is a picture gallery and a museum of most precious art treasures. I will give you one example which will make clear my statement. I was introduced to an Italian count who has a private gallery for sale. I am personally very fond of art and I am doubly interested at present, as I am a member of the board of trustees in charge of the proposed art gallery for Syracuse. I induced Dr. Lynch to accompany me. We found the collection a magnificent one, all originals, all the best works of the great masters. We asked the price and were promptly told that it could be purchased for three hundred thousand dollars. There was one picture which pleased Dr. Lynch very much. It was a small picture representing St. Jerome

at prayer. I think he thought that the count might dispose of the picture and if so he should like to be the purchaser. He asked the price and was told sixty thousand dollars. Since that day he has said very little about originals. Now besides the great public galleries there are many such as I have described. Who knows but my visit to Florence may be instrumental in bringing to Central New York a magnificent collection of paintings.

We visited the Uffizi gallery, which is the largest in the world of its kind. There are other collections with masterpieces of the first order, but there is no gallery with a larger collection. If all the halls were placed in line you would have a double row of pictures and statues that would extend from Utica to Syracuse. We could do little more than take a glance at these wonderful collections and not a few of the world renowned masterpieces. Titian in his beautiful tints and perfect forms; Raffaello in his heavenly expression; Andrea del Sarto, so pure and natural in his grouping; Correggio, so striking in his scenery and coloring; Fra Bartolomea, so angelic in his faces; and Fra Angelico always lovely, his figures more heavenly than natural. Take for instance his coronation of the Virgin Mary. It is unearthly. The Madonna crossing her arms meekly on her bosom and bending in humble awe to receive the crown of heaven, is one of the most lovely figures ever placed on canvas. The Saviour is, perhaps, a shade less excellent, the angels are admirable and the assistant saints full of grace and dignity; but the characteristic of the picture is the flood of light and glory diffused over it in the harmonizing and blending of the various colors of gold, azure, pink, red and yellow, into one grand scene. Then there is that other glorious master, Botticelli, transforming the natural into the supernatural, and Leonardo da Vinci, the illuminated author of the "Last Sup-

per." Michael Angelo, the painter-sculptor and architect, also must be mentioned. In these notes "the first shall be last and the last first." Of him I might apply these lines in all truthfulness:

"His heavenly face, a mirror of his mind,
His mind a temple for all lovely things
To flock to and inhabit."

There are but a few samples of the glorious category of immortals to be found in this one gallery. In statuary we had another feast, so much that we were unable to comprehend one-half. Take the Venus of Medici which was found in Hadrian's villa at Tivoli, perhaps the finest work ever produced by the skill of man. Her modest attitude takes away from her the appearance of a heathen goddess and softens her into a Christian virgin. You must look upon her as a being that lives to gladden the world, incapable of decay or death. She is as young and fair to-day as she was three thousand years ago, when she came forth from the hands of the artist.

"We gaze and turn away and know not where,

Dazzled and drunk with beauty, till the heart

Reels with its fullness; there—forever there—

Chain'd to the chariot of triumphal Art,

We stand as captives and would not depart."

Then there is the grand group of Niobe and her children. They occupy one entire hall and are a remarkable study in themselves. But I must pass on if I am to give you a glimpse of Florence. This sample must suffice for the art galleries, though we visited several others. I will begin with the great Cathedral or Duomo, as it is called in Italy. The Cathedral, Campanile and Baptistry are the pride of Florence. It has many other noble monuments, but

none can compare with these magnificent art treasures. The Cathedral is called under the title of St. Mary of the Flowers, because the city, according to tradition, was founded in a field of flowers. It was begun in 1298 and was completed in the last century. It had no less than five distinguished architects, Arnolfo di Cambio, Giotto, Michael Angelo, Brunelleschi and Andrea Verrocchio. Its exterior is encrusted with beautiful marbles and filled with finest specimens of sculpture. In length and size it is the fourth largest edifice in the world. The bronze doors are very rich and the frescoes in the lunettes are beautiful. They represent the mysteries of our holy faith. The interior is disappointing. It is bare, modern and gloomy. The light from the stained glass windows is not sufficient to give beauty and life to the dull, cold walls. It is filled with beautiful monuments and altars and frescoes. One of the frescoes represents Dante expounding the *Divina Commedia*, painted when the church was used for lectures on that subject. Here the ill-fated Savonarola preached in the great revival of the fifteenth century. So magnetic was this great preacher that men and women got up at midnight to secure places for the sermon, which took place the following day. They listened so attentively that when the sermon reached its end it seemed to them that it had scarcely begun.

The Baptistery was once the Cathedral. It was an old temple of Mars, though it has been coated over by marble. It is entered on the south through the glorious gates of Andrea Pisano. They are divided into twenty panels, representing scenes in the life of St. John the Baptist. In the first panel Zacharias is represented as an old man writing at a table, near which stands a youth and two women beautifully draped. It is most artistic. In the burial of St. John we see a sarcophagus placed beneath a Gothic canopy into which five disciples are low-

ering the dead body of their master, two at the shoulders and two at the feet, while a sorrowing youth holds up a portion of a winding sheet; a monk bearing a torch looks down upon the face of St. John. In the whole grouping we find simplicity, purity of design, elegance of drapery, combined with a finish hardly ever surpassed. Scarcely less beautiful are the northern gates of 1401 by Lorenzo Ghiberti. The eastern gates were produced by the same master. It was of these gates that Michael Angelo said that "they were worthy to be the gates of paradise." They represent the great events of the Old Testament. Time will not allow me to describe them.

The interior is very dark. It is surrounded by sixteen columns of granite that formerly belonged to the old temple of Mars. The cupola is covered with mosaics representing our Lord, the angels and the heavenly choir. The font is of the twelfth century, and at this font nearly all the children of Florence are baptized. There are many fine monuments. Nearby is the beautiful Campanile of Giotto. This is the glory of Florence. The characteristics of power and beauty occur more or less in different buildings, but only in one building in the world do they exist in their highest possible degrees, and that building is the Campanile. At first it does not give such an impression, but after many visits you must agree that it is the headstone of beauty of the whole world. Every line of that tower is simply a faded image of God's daily work. You must remember the author, who he was and his manner of life. Count the sacred thoughts with which he filled the heart of Italy, and when you have numbered his labors and received the testimony of his many witnesses, you will then understand how abundantly God poured out upon him His spirit. Dr. Lynch and I climbed it and from its summit we surveyed the city and its lovely suburbs. My time is

up and I must close. If possible I shall send you another letter on this paradise of the world. We have visited so many places that I am sure your readers would like to read about, that I will make the effort.

LOVELY FLORENCE CONTINUED.

We spent the entire day visiting some of the houses once occupied by distinguished men and women whose names are forever associated with beautiful Florence, and also visited their resting places. The first was the Casa di Dante, or the house of Dante. It is in the Via San Martino. The inscription says that here he was born in 1265. It is now a wine shop, where the celebrated men of the past centuries were wont to resort. A short distance from this street is pointed out the site of the home of Beatrice. The Palace Salviati has been erected on the very spot, and in the court is shown a niche where Dante is supposed to have watched for his love. May 1, 1274, the little boy Dante, then but nine years of age, was brought by his father to a fete by Falco Portinari, the father of Beatrice, and then for the first time he saw and loved the eight-year-old child Beatrice. Dante's "Vita Nuovo" tells the story of this strange love which gave birth to the greatest poem of the Christian centuries. The best translation I know is by Theodore Martin. The next visit was to the house where lived for many years, Mrs. Elizabeth Browning. Her poems are well worth perusal, and many of them give a true picture of Italian life and manners. She has left beautiful tributes to the memory of the great painters, poets and sculptors of Catholic Italy. Her remains rest in the Protestant cemetery just outside the Porti Pinti. Her illustrious husband, Robert Browning, also lived here for many years. I met a lady who knew him well. I asked her how this great poet, perhaps the greatest of

the century, could have lived in Italy so long a time and yet be so ignorant of Catholic practices and Catholic piety and Catholic life, and her answer was that he might as well have lived in England or America, as here he studied Catholic life and Catholic dogma from books written by prejudiced minds, and that he had little or no acquaintance with representative Catholics lay or clerical. This explained to my mind in a satisfactory manner how it happened that in all the Catholic characters he portrayed in his writings he has not done justice to more than one or two at most. You may live in Italy or any other country, and unless you study the people of that country through their representative men and institutions, you can never arrive at a true estimate of their religious, social or political standing.

Another house we visited was that of Walter Savage Landor, one of the greatest masters of the English language. He died at Via Nunziatina, Sept. 1864, and is also buried in the Protestant cemetery.

"And thou, his Florence, to thy trust
Receive and keep,
Keep safe his dedicated dust,
His sacred sleep."

These words are inscribed on his tablet. They were written by his friend and admirer, Swineburne. There are the remains of many other distinguished men and women of our race and tongue resting in this cemetery, for to Florence flocked men of letters from all lands. When visiting the resting places of the men whose memory shall be forever enshrined in works of art, the Church of Santa Croce must not be forgotten. It is regarded in a manner as the Westminster Abbey of Florence, or rather of Italy. Lord Byron has these beautiful words on the subject:

"In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie
Ashes which make it holier, dust which is
Even in itself an immortality.

Though there were nothing save the past
and this
The particle of those sublimities
Which have relapsed to chaos—here repose
Angelo's Alfieri's bones, and his
The Galileo, with his woes;
Here Macchiavelli's earth, returned to
whence it rose."

In the open square in front of the church a statue of Dante stands. It was placed there in the sixth century of his birth.

"Tender Dante loved his Florence well,
While Florence now to love him is content."

The interior of the church is striking from its size and the beautiful stained glass gives richness of color to what otherwise would be a very cold and chilling interior. Of the many tombs few have artistic interest. I will mention but two or three. First that of Michael Angelo, which is worthy of his name, by Vasari. It seems that the great genius selected the site of his last resting place so that when the doors of the church were open he would be in view of the beautiful cupola he loved so well. Nearby is the tomb of Alfieri, by Canova. He, too, loved this dear old church, for it is said that he was first inspired in his art while walking its aisles. The tomb of Macchiavelli is the grandest in the whole magnificent collection. There are many tombs in the beautiful chapels, which are filled with rare frescoes and rich carved woodwork, dedicated to the memory of distinguished Italians representing every profession. The last tomb we visited caused us to linger longer than usual, and that was the tomb of Galileo. The monument is a beautiful one, in every way worthy of the great name inscribed upon its face. As I stood in the presence of the dust of this great man I thought of the stormy times he passed through and the noble battle he fought for science. By a

singular coincidence Galileo was born on the very day Michael Angelo died, and on the day Galileo died, Sir Isaac Newton was born. On the way to Certosa is the tower of Galileo, where he made many of his most important discoveries. It is a charming spot among the winding paths of the hills, surrounded by fields of flowers and sweet smelling blossoms and green vines, with the furrows between filled with wild tulips whose scarlet appearance lends a spell to the place that can never be forgotten. We gazed on the half ruined tower from whence the great scientist made his observations, and we could not help thinking what strange sensations he experienced when first he turned his newly constructed telescope upon the heavens and saw the mountains and valleys in the moon. For the first time a human being since creation knew that the moon was another earth, the earth another planet, and that all were subject to the same laws. When he first looked among the fixed stars what a moment of exultation for such a mind as his! But it was but the dawn of a day that was coming; nor was he destined to live till the day was in its splendor. The great law of gravitation was not yet made known. The day of his death saw the birth of the great genius who was destined to lead us on to scientific relations the most glorious. These were the thoughts that occupied us as we drove to the church and monastery of Certosa, where once the monks of St. Bruno prayed and labored for the people of the surrounding country. Today there are but four of the community left. The godless government has driven out the others. The church was designed by Andrew Orcagna and the chapels and monastery are filled with most beautiful frescoes of Pacetti, Giotti and Cigoli. From the roof we had a good view of the surrounding country. Fiesole stood out in bold relief among the vine clad hills on the opposite side of the city. Here

Cataline lived after his conspiracy, and with his name are connected many curious legends. Far away in the distance we could see the hills of Vallambrosa, where Milton wrote most of his "Paradise Lost." Around the famous old convent are lovely woods which must have come to Milton's memory when he wrote:

"Thick as autumnal leaves that strew
the brooks

In Vallambrosa, where the Etrurian
shades

High overarched embower."

Of this beautiful retreat the great Lamertine wrote his much celebrated poem. We also visited Santa Maria Novella, which perhaps is the last of the Florentine churches. It is in the form of a Latin cross and has a grand collection of paintings and frescoes. Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning has immortalized Cimabue's "Virgin and Child" in her beautiful poem dedicated to the Virgin. We visited many other churches and holy shrines. In the convent of S. Maddalena de Pazzi is the body of the saint. She was a Florentine nun canonized in 1670. Her body is in a perfect state of preservation. We also visited the beautiful Church of Annunziata. Here there is a most beautiful shrine of the Virgin Mary which has a remarkable history. At all hours of the day hundreds of people may be seen on their knees, asking for favors through the intercession of the Mother of God. Back of the solid silver altar is a miraculous picture of the Annunciation, attributed to Fra Bartolomeo. Tradition says the face of the Virgin was painted by an angel, because the artist was greatly perplexed at the idea of prerepresenting the head of the Blessed Virgin. We had the privilege of seeing the picture and we were very much impressed by the heavenly expression of the face. I think it was the great Michael Angelo who said that it was not the work of a

human hand. We also visited the church of St. Minieato of the Mountain. It is used as a kind of a Campo Santo for Florence. It is very interesting and is covered with the most beautiful frescoes and paintings. The view of the city and surroundings from this lofty eminence is most enchanting. We spent a very pleasant hour here in feasting our eyes on one of the most beautiful scenes in the world. We visited many other interesting places, but my time is up and your patience must be exhausted. However, before I concluded this letter I must tell you that yesterday we enjoyed a great treat. We heard the inspired Father Perosi in one of his new oratorios, "The Resurrection." It was the grandest of the kind I ever heard. He had an orchestra of nearly 200 with organ and bell accompaniment, and a chorus of about the same number. The audience represented the culture of Florence and numbered four thousand. The parts were well balanced and the solo singers artists of the first order. When Father Perosi took his place the whole audience went wild. He is a young man of about thirty years of age. He has the art and grace of perfect self-control and during the entire performance, which lasted three hours, he never showed the slightest degree of excitement. His action in directing and beating time was animated, but there was a sweetness and modesty in his expression that won everybody. When forced to acknowledge the rapture and applause of the vast audience he did it in a manner that complimented the artists assisting him. To them rather than to his own genius he attributed his success. The orchestral effect was wonderful, something never to be forgotten. From the first note to the last it reflected the sublime grandeur of the subject. The parts were all in keeping with the sacred character of the gospel. I might attempt a

complete description, but I prefer not. The subject is too holy. I will simply say that never have I listened to an oratorio that produced such a profound and lasting impression. Dr. Lynch shares the same opinion and we have determined that when the gifted young priest comes to the United States the people of Central New York will be among the first to hear him.

BEAUTIFUL VENICE.

Our journey to Venice, the "Gem of the sea," was very delightful. The air was fragrant with perfume of roses, fruit tree blossoms and of fields covered with flowers of all kinds. The scene changed when we came to the lowlands. The vineyards were one mass of luxuriant garlands that reached to the edge of the lagoons. They were very picturesque. At last Venice broke upon our view. First we could see the small boats with their red and yellow sails across the soft gray distance, as it were, seeking a passage out into the open sea. Then the reflection of the city in the water and the words of Byron came to me:

"I saw out of the waves her structures
rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's
wand;
A thousand years their cloudy wings ex-
pand
Around me, and a dying glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject
land
Look'd to the winged Lion's marble
piles,
Where Venice sat in state, enthroned on
her hundred isles."

Venice, as you know, was built on less than a hundred small islands of sand, marsh and seaweed, by the former people of Padua, Aguilera and other cities that were destroyed by the barbarians when they overran Italy in the fourth century. Her history is as strange as

herself. For hundreds of years she ruled Italy, resisted the combined attacks of all Europe, crushed the power of Constantinople, carried on the commerce of the world, and bequeathed to the human race the model of the most stable government ever framed by man. A grand surprise awaits you as you step from your railroad carriage, as they are called here, into the stillness of the water city, into poetry and wonderland. No cabs, carriages or tramways to take you to your destination. We were met at the depot by Fathers Robert and Alphonsus, who knew of our coming. We also had two distinguished American bishops who honored us with their company, Bishop McGoldrick and Bishop Cotter, both of Minnesota. We made a very interesting combination of American citizens. To most of us Venice was new and therefore the impression produced was one not easily removed. From the depot we were led down the stone steps to the Grand Canal, where gondolas, drawn up like funeral hearses, were awaiting us. We stepped in and in a moment we were noiselessly, without apparent motion, floating through the green water. The sun was setting and the effect was grand. The domes and towers of the churches and old palaces and the bridges were gilded and the very waters round us gave back the reflection in a thousand tints.

After dinner we had to do as all visitors to Venice do, see Venice by moonlight in a gondola. The scene was entirely changed. The silvery moon made the city like a fairyland. The churches and palaces and domes and turrets and buildings could be seen in the dim outline all silvered over with the moon's pale light, and the waters of the canal reflected in silver arrows and broad gleams of whiteness, the ripple caused by the soft movement of the gondola. The lights glittered above and below. Every star and every lamp doubled and the very watery path we were traveling

over seemed to greet us with the soft gurgle of liquid sound. Then the measured sweep of the oars as you glide along this silent, charming road, all darkling, yet full of light, the poorest old smoky oil lamp making for itself a hundred twinkling stars in the little wavelets which gleam into the far distance, shining and twinkling like so many fairy forerunners preparing the way before you. Not a sound less harmonious and musical than the soft splash of the water against your boat, or against the marble steps and gray walls, or the wild cry of the boatmen as they round with magical precision each sharp corner, or the singing of some wandering boatful of musicians, disturbs the quiet. The gentle breeze from the Lido is most welcome as it gently touches your cheek with a caress. The Grand Canal on beautiful moonlight nights is full of life and beauty. We enjoyed two such evenings. I shall never forget the picture presented as we turned our gondolas toward our hotel. The Grand Canal became a plain of dazzling silver far out into the sea, with great churches and palaces in the background standing out against the pale moonlight. The statues of Our Lady of Salvation and St. George the Greater looked down upon us from their granite pillars in St. Mark's square and imparted to the scene a charm and a peace that cold words can not describe.

Of course our first visit was to the Piazza St. Marco. In front rises the Grand Cathedral. It is a dream, a kind of a vision that rises out of the earth, the crowning glory of the great square. You stand before it in a reverential awe. It is a shapeless mass at first, of numberless pillars and white domes clustered into a long, low pyramid of colored light; a great treasure heap of gold and silver and opal and mother of pearl, hollowed beneath into fine great vaulted arches, ceiled with precious mosaics and interlaid with sculptured alabaster clear as amber and as delicate as ivory. Fan-

tastic sculpture of palm leaves and lilies and grapes and birds clinging and fluttering among the branches, all twined together into one endless net work of buds and plumes and in the midst of all are the solemn forms of angels sceptered and robed to the feet, leaning to each other across the golden gates, their figures indistinct among the leaves that cover the golden ground. Among the walls of the porches there are pillars of variegated stones, jasper, porphyries and green serpentine, spotted with flakes of snow revealing line after line of azure undulation, as a receding tide leaves the waved sand. Their capitals rich with interwoven tracery, all beginning and ending in the cross and above them the language of faith—angels and signs of heaven and the labors of men each in its appointed season upon earth—and above these another range of glittering pinnacles mixed with all kinds of flowers, a confusion of delight, amidst which the Greek houses are seen blazing in their golden strength, and St. Mark's Lion, lifted on a blue field, covered with stars, until at last the crests of the arches break into a marble foam and toss themselves far into the blue sky in flashes and wreathes of sculptured spray, as if the breakers on the Lido shore had been frost-bound before they fell, "and the sea nymphs had inlaid them with coral and amethyst." Glorious is this piazza and the many buildings that surround it. On the north is the tower of the clock conspicuous for its dial of blue and gold and surmounted by bronze figures which strike the hours upon the bell. On the opposite side is the public library. To the right are two granite pillars, one surmounted by a lion and the other by a statue of St. Theodore who was patron of the republic before the body of St. Mark was brought from Egypt in 827.

We now enter the church itself. It has a strange effect at first, for it is lost in a soft twilight to which the eye must

be accustomed before the form of the building can be traced. Then there opened before us a vast interior, in the form of a cross, which is divided into shadowy aisles by many pillars. Round the many domes of its roof light enters through narrow apertures. Here and there a few rays from some far away casement wander into the darkness and cast a reflection upon the marble mosaics, waves that like a sea heave and fall in a thousand colors on the floor. All other light is from the many silver lamps that burn ceaselessly before the many shrines and chapels. The roof covered with gold and the walls with polished alabaster, gives back at every curve and angle some gleaming of the reflected light. The golden background of the mosaic forms of the saints flash out upon the visitor as he passes by, only to sink again into gloom. Over the head and under the foot it is one great procession of beautiful imagery, one passing into another as in a dream; beautiful forms and terrible forms all mixed together; dragons and serpents and beasts of prey; graceful birds that in the midst of them have no fear; the mysteries of our holy religion; the redemption and all its beautiful story; the virtues and vices of the human race; hell and heaven, and always in the center of the cross lifted up—sometimes with the serpent of eternity wrapped around it, sometimes with doves beneath it; again with flowers springing forth from its standard. In dim outline may be seen a figure of a woman traced on the marble, with her eyes raised to heaven and the inscription above her, "Mother of God." She is not represented as the presiding deity, as some would venture to say, but as the sweet intercessor with her Divine Son, who is always the great central figure in all our churches. I would love to continue this most interesting subject, but I have not the time. Besides it would be dull for ROSARY readers. It is well worth studying. So are

many of the churches of this water city; so are its palaces. Before leaving St. Mark's I must tell you that the body of this great saint and evangelist is buried beneath the high altar and that we had the pleasure of saying Mass over the same.

Now for a glimpse of the ducal palace and prison, with its bridge of sighs. It has been partially destroyed by fire during the centuries and rebuilt. It was not merely the residence of the chief of state, but also a place where the councils of state were held. Of course, it is now a museum of painting and sculpture and curios of all kinds. The outer walls are very picturesque. They rest upon pillars of open colonnades. The angles are softened by sculpture representing the fall of man—the drunkenness of Noah and the judgment of Solomon. The collection of pictures is one of the finest in the world, though most travelers fail to realize that fact. Tintoret alone would make a visit to Venice valuable. Ruskin has done much to make known the great merit of this great master. Of course, Paul Veronese, Titian, Bassano and Marco Vecelli are also of great merit. From the works of art we visited the dreadful prisons. Of them Rogers says:

"But let us to the roof
And when thou hast surveyed the sea,
the land,
Visit the narrow cells that cluster there
As in a place of tombs. The burning
suns
Day after day beat unrelentingly;
Turning all things to dust and scorch-
ing up
The brain, till Reason fled, and the wild
yell
And wilder laugh burst out on every
side
Answering each other as in mockery."

They are horrible to behold even now as relics of the dead past. They differ in degree of barbarity. There is not one redeeming feature to the most com-

fortable of the series. Unfortunately they are not unlike what is to be seen in every land under the sun, all telling the sad story of man's inhumanity to man. We turned from these dungeons with a shudder as we recalled the means which the state employed to secure evidence. It reminded me of the history of poor old Ireland when an informer's whisper would send the innocent victim into eternity. All through the state rooms may be seen private letter boxes placed in the walls for informers. Nothing is more hateful to an Irishman or to the son of an Irishman even to this very day than an informer.

We have visited many of the churches, museums, palaces and manufacturing establishments. They are all very interesting, especially the glass and lace factories. The glass is the finest in the world. We spent several hours looking at the fine workmanship of Venetian glass blowers. It was an education that we appreciate. The same may be said of the lace departments. The firm we visited employed 5000 girls. The work is all done by hand and is of the finest grade in the world. These poor girls work for about ten cents a day, all skilled labor. The best work would give

them a little more. I thought of our American girls, how much better off they are, and how much better remuneration they receive for their labor.

By the way, we are having the luxury of sea bathing in the Adriatic. It is delightful and is enjoyed by the entire community. The accommodations are superior to our own in New York and other places. We would like to enjoy this treat for a few days, but time will not allow.

Now I must conclude by telling you that I celebrated the anniversary of my ordination to-day. We had a few distinguished Americans present: Bishop McGoldrick of Duluth, Bishop Cotter of Winona, Father Robert and Father Alphonsus, Passionists of New Jersey, U. S. A. We had a charming evening. Dr. Lynch would not allow the occasion to pass without celebrating it as best we could. I must reciprocate, as on the 11th of June will be his day. This is a poor tribute to Venice, but it is the best I can do owing to the manner we are rushing to get back to our dear people. My next letter will be from Padua, which we are to visit again on our return.

(To be continued.)

THE UNAFRAID

EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY

*Grant me, O Lord that when my time draws nigh
To pass from off the varied stage of life—
To leave its petty passions and its strife
For that sweet calm which men call death, may I
Pass on with fearless feet, though head bent low,
As fits a subject coming to his King,
My talents, good or poor, thus to Thee bring,
But shrinking not, as from some awful blow.
And when the way grows darker, Lord, I pray
That Thou wilt light the lonely path for me;
That Thou wilt take the hand I stretch to Thee,
And lead me, like a child, from night to day.*

Ut Pater Per Matrem Glorificetur in Filio—(THE IDEA OF MARY)

By REV. J. A. M. WILSON

THE great St. Bernard, doubtless by way of apology for the frequency of his recurrence to the same theme, says: "De Maria numquam satis"—"Of Mary we can never have enough." It was the aim of another great servant of Mary, the Blessed Grignon de Montfort, to lead souls to such a devotion to her as to breathe only the atmosphere scented by the odor of her virtues. "We shall run in the odor of thy ointments." (Cant. cant.).

Some of the ablest theologians tell us that to write accurately and efficaciously of Mary one should have mastered the whole field of philosophy and theology. The reason is because Mary, on account of her altogether singular personality, stands as the portal of science through which we must pass from the natural into the supernatural world.

If the mere apprehension of the truth—Mary is the natural Mother of God be overwhelming, what wonderful effects must be produced in the soul as the comprehension of that truth develops by meditation and contemplation!

I have chosen as subject of this article the Idea of Mary, because the perfection of our devotion towards the Blessed Mother will be in proportion to the perfection of the idea we have conceived of her. Dear reader, if you have ever experienced that species of love and veneration for another, the very depth of which makes adequate expression impossible, you will understand the struggle going on in the soul between the desire and the repugnance to speak of Mary, in one who has realized some-

thing of her incomparable position towards God; whether this be due to some quality in the idea itself or to a consciousness of incapacity to express it, I know not, I know only that in despair of ever voicing all one feels the lips can only utter the helpless cry: "O my God, if men but knew!" Shall a man then be satisfied to enjoy alone the intoxicating loveliness of this conception and not try to impart to others, if not his own satisfaction, at least the assured way to this treasure? No, a lover of Mary must not be satisfied thus. His cry is one of devotion: "Now all good things came to me together with her, and innumerable riches through her hands, and I have rejoiced in all these: for this wisdom went before me, and I knew not that she was the mother of them all, which I have learned without guile, and communicated without envy, and her riches I hide not. For she is an infinite treasure to men! which they that use become the friends of God, being commended for the gift of discipline." (Wisd. vii, 11-14.)

Would, dear reader, that in my desire to lead you to God through Mary, I could say in truth what is said in the verse following the above quotation: "And God hath given to me to speak as I would, and to conceive thoughts worthy of those things that are given me; because He is the guide of wisdom and the director of the wise." (Ibid. 15.)

I have said that the perfection of our devotion to Mary must depend upon the perfection of the idea we conceive of her singularly wonderful personality, and

the truth of this assertion must be accepted as incontestible. The acceptance of this truth should produce in our hearts an earnest and efficacious desire to obtain a perfect idea of Mary. This earnest desire is the disposition on our part. The wise man tells us, "Wherefore I wished and understanding was given me, and I called upon God and the spirit of wisdom came upon me."

Mary in the epistle of her Mass invites us saying: "Turn to me all ye that desire me and you shall be filled with my gifts," or as it is translated in the office of the Blessed Virgin, "And I shall declare to you the wonders that God has wrought in my soul."

If our faith be such that we readily believe Mary is wonderful beyond all power of human or even angelic comprehension; that on account of her peculiar and exalted sanctity she is all powerful with God, then the desire of knowing her more fully, which, as I have already said, is the true principle and measure of our love and veneration, ought to flow naturally from such faith. If such a soul come not to a true devotion to God's Mother, spiritual lukewarmness can alone be the cause. "Those who seek me shall find me," and again: "They that eat me shall yet hunger and they that drink me shall yet thirst," are the words placed, as it were, on the lips of Mary in her office, so that the soul has but to rouse its faith to active devotion towards Mary to infallibly obtain its desire of knowing and loving her. In another place Mary says to us: "Blessed is the man that watcheth daily at my door posts and they that seek me early shall find me, and he that findeth me shall draw salvation from the Lord." (Eccl. 24.)

The practical method of manifesting this desire and activity of faith in order

to obtain this great gift of God is by a faithful guardianship of purity of conscience, for this knowledge is the fruit of divine grace and is promised to the clean of heart. "Blessed are the clean of heart for they shall see God." (Matt. v.)

He who in order to obtain this knowledge of Mary, the source of so much spiritual good, and who for the love of Mary is careful to preserve purity of soul by avoiding sin, shows already that God has blessed him with a true and efficacious desire, because he shows he possesses that hunger which shall be filled. "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after justice for they shall be filled." Mary is called by the Church the Mirror of Justice because she alone of all creatures reflected perfectly God's standard of man's just obligation toward him, and this she did by the perfect fulfillment of His will.

The saintly Father Faber says: "The greatest gift of God to a soul is a true devotion to Mary."

With so many and such strong invitations from Mary and the promise of Our Lord that they shall be filled with justice who hunger after it. What can a soul need further to rouse it to piety and devotion to Mary? Taste and see how sweet is Mary. This, dear reader, is the utmost I can say of the Idea of Mary, and I will sum it all up in as few words as possible.

The perfection of Mary on account of her relationship to God by the bond of nature and that fulness of grace is beyond the capacity of the creature to fathom. The idea may be conceived in the mind but not in its fulness as it must grow and develop both in time and in eternity, for as we gaze on God's perfections and drink in, in eternal draughts His infinite loveliness a reflex cry must escape from the enraptured soul: "And Mary is His Mother!"

Cardinal Antonio Agliardi

By GRACE V. CHRISTMAS



It was in a little town in the diocese of Bergamo that Cardinal Agliardi was born on the 4th of September, 1832. Being inspired early in life with a desire to enter the priesthood he went to Rome to prosecute his studies at an ecclesiastical seminary, and, having distinguished himself by his aptitude and diligence and taken his degree, he returned to his own part of the world and remained there for twelve years as parish priest of Osio Sotto in the neighborhood of Bergamo. Then Cardinal Franchi, recalling to mind several literary successes achieved by the young ecclesiastic in his student days, especially his articles in the "Scuola Cattolica," (founded by the late Cardinal Parocchi,) called him to Rome and appointed him a professor of moral theology as well as to a post in the Propaganda. This latter, by the way, was concerned with Catholic affairs in India and it was his intimate knowledge on these points that decided His Holiness Leo XIII. to send Mgr. Agliardi as Apostolic Delegate to the "land of the pagoda tree." There he encountered both difficulties and dangers, in which may be included a very bad climate. His zeal, however, prevented him from mentioning what would have probably led to his recall, and it was reserved for a Jesuit to enact the time honored role of the "god in the car," by informing those in authority at the Propaganda of the Delegate's state of health. He was therefore ordered to come home and recruit his forces, but before he was entirely convalescent he again set out for India, anxious to terminate a mission which promised to succeed so well. This second voyage which lasted for five months, proved exceedingly wearisome but during its progress he had the satis-

faction of presiding at three important councils; one in Colombo in Ceylon, one at Bangalore, and another at Allahabad. The Archbishop's arrival at Ceylon—he had been consecrated the 23d of September, 1884,—was a great event for all the Catholics on the island as, since the days of St. Francis Xavier, it was the first time that a Papal Envoy had even set foot upon their shore. As soon as his ship had arrived in the port of Colombo it was boarded by an enthusiastic crowd, too impatient to wait for the solemn entry which would take place some hours later. They fell on their knees before the prelate, kissing his episcopal ring and begging his blessing, while orchestras stationed in various boats played airs from Verdi and Donizetti by way of a graceful compliment to the nationality of the newly arrived Envoy. It was not until 1887 that Mgr. Agliardi returned to Rome, and he was then appointed Secretary of Ecclesiastical Affairs and later on sent as Nuncio to Bavaria.

At Munich he found his talents much appreciated by the government, and himself in a position to render important services to the Church. Transferred to Vienna, he there preserved his diplomatic prestige and performed his role in a manner worthy of all praise. From Vienna the Holy Father sent him as his representative to Russia for the coronation of the Czar, Nicholas II. and almost immediately afterwards, on the 22d of July, 1896, created him a Cardinal with the title of Sts. Nereus and Achillus.

Cardinal Agliardi is a man of great energy—notwithstanding the climate in which he lives—intelligence, and cultivation, is an active member of numerous congregations, and the Protector of the Order of Minor Capuchins.



CARDINAL ANTONIO AGLIARDI.

✠ GOLDEN DAYS ✠

By MARGARET M. HALVEY



FOR a magazine writer there can be no more difficult subject than a great occasion of recent date, which, as Archbishop Ryan's Golden Jubilee, because of its universal interest, has been already exploited in the speech of the orator, the verse of the poet, and the teeming columns of the illustrative journalist.

The unhappy conviction is borne in upon one that all which can be, has been said, description and eulogium knowing no bounds but the possibilities, or rather non-possibilities, of the English tongue. Even these failed to limit in the present instance, for in circles nearest the venerable jubilarian, Latin, the "dignissimus" of languages, was available as it was appropriate for text and comment befitting "the great priest." And in other interested quarters the caressing Celtic supplied phrase and simile happily expressive of the reverent love of a race for him, who, despite honors and titles remains enshrined in the national heart as the modern representative of that "Soggarth Aroon" whose memory haloes a penal past.

The Golden Jubilee anniversary of Archbishop Ryan has come and gone, leaving the great archdiocese over which he has presided for nineteen blessed years, rich in a memory, more precious by far than material gold—the memory of a celebration admittedly unrivalled as to externals and surely unsurpassable in the spontaneity and fervor of that affectionate homage whereof it was the outward expression.

Daily and weekly journals, religious and secular, devoted page after page to descriptions of the magnificent pageant—that very acme of ecclesiastical grandeur which the gray walls of Philadelphia's great cathedral encompassed for

three solemn, unforgettable hours, on the morning of Tuesday, September the eighth.

Only while reading these descriptions, fine and copious as they are, does the fortunate eye-witness realize how impossible it is, with such work-a-day implements as pen and paper, to convey any just idea of the scene which was indeed such as angel scribe might choose for theme—

"An' his tome and his tints were golden." The supply of adjectives in ordinary use could be easily exhausted in a semi-adequate description of the interior of the grand old edifice, as it broke upon the view of the privileged thousands who filed lingeringly through its majestic aisles, or the army of onlookers, peering from the vantage ground of the great entrance and the vistas of historic Logan Square, directly opposite.

Massive columns wreathed thick with goldenrod and fern, punctuated here and there by immense bouquets of brilliant blossoms—a high altar surmounted by the legend, "Ecce Sacerdos Magnus" and the Archiepiscopal coat of arms with its familiar motto: "In Vite Mane" all outlined in vivid points of light the significant figures "1853-1903" gleaming on either side—the oaken pulpit festooned in feathery green, and wearing for central decoration an open book of immortelles that bore on its snowy pages the words "Bible" and "Tradition" in purple script—immense baskets of fragrant roses set at frequent intervals along the communion rail—incandescent bulbs glowing from every niche and angle, and an electric monsternance radiating above the tabernacle—these are but a few details set down at random as they recur to memory, and with the full understanding of their pictorial inadequacy.

Only such inspired word painter as the famous jubilarian himself should attempt the depiction, and it were indeed a boon for posterity if he could be induced to record in his own inimitable fashion, his individual impressions of these moments

hundred Priests, with the Apostolic Delegate himself to close the line, filed through the majestic aisles to place within the glowing sanctuary, while rose and thrilled the glorious introductory chorus, "Ecce Sacerdos Magnus." Be-



MOST REV. PATRICK JOHN RYAN, D. D., LL. D.

when, clad in symbolical gold, he followed crozier in hand, the glittering assemblage of prelates and clergymen who delighted thus to do him honor.

A cortege of eight Archbishops, thirty-two Bishops, five Monsignori and five

hold a great priest! How eloquently in sacred song was voiced the sentiment of the hour, the single thought that occupied the minds of all—translated perhaps a trifle differently by those with the prideful sense of possession

strong upon them—Behold Our Great Priest:

Ours, by the ties that for aye must hold—

The bonds of the cross and the altar,
The shepherd, whose record we write in gold

When words on our weak tongues
falter!

Ours, by the memories of babes he
blessed

Who have grown 'neath his hands'
caressing,

Of strayed ones, saved through his tire-
less quest—

Of our dead who sank content to their
rest—

Hearkening his farewell blessing!

Beside and around him on that day of days were countless others eminent and popular; above the purple and lace that told of ecclesiastical preferment and the sombre hued habits of asceticism, rose faces whose pictured presentment is long familiar, but the interest of all spectators was centred in one alone—the gracious, gentle shepherd—erect of form, firm of step, stately of demeanor, unmarked and unbowed, as thousands of dim eyes noted in gladness, by the burdens and cares of fifty toilsome years.

"Jubilate Deo!" Never did preacher strike truer chord than Bishop Horstmann in the opening sentence of his beautiful address, when, taking a portion of the forty-fifth Psalm for his text and preface, he said, "Jubilate Deo! Let us all sing joyfully to God, and give Him glory and praise! There is but one thought in all minds, one feeling in every heart, and that is, that we are all glad to be here, to rejoice with our beloved Archbishop, to praise and thank God for the fifty years he has spent so faithfully and so honorably in the priesthood, and to beg of God that he may be spared still many years with mind undimmed, with voice ever eloquent, and with health and strength to labor ever for the extension of God's kingdom, for

His greater honor and glory, and his own sanctification and increased merits for eternity."

Were its reproduction possible here, ROSARY readers would without doubt, enjoy ever word of that discourse which a daily journal happily describes as "strong and winning in its simplicity." Other interesting addresses were made by Rev. James P. Turner, Chancellor of the archdiocese and Anthony A. Hirst, a prominent lawyer of the city, who as the respective representatives of clergy and laity, presented to the Archbishop, St. Vincent's Orphanage for a jubilee gift. Truly one after his own heart! This alone would he accept; this alone had he desired; the certainty of help and shelter for the forsaken little ones of his fold, whose increasing numbers and scant accommodation have been to him the cause of unceasing anxiety.

"We know," said Father Turner, speaking with the certainty of intimate acquaintance, "that you are constantly forgetful of self, and thoughtful of others, and that your wants are simple and few, but we hoped that you would permit us on this exceptional occasion to honor you by presenting to you a personal gift in keeping with the importance of the event which we celebrate. Only your positive prohibition has restrained us. Your wish has been respected.

"As soon as it was announced that nothing could make you happier than to see one of the greater charities of the diocese assisted, and you pointed to the new St. Vincent's Home, which you had recently purchased to provide for the urgent cry of more room for the orphan, all the members of your flock, priests and people, led by your worthy auxiliary, poured their contributions into the treasury."

Nothing could be more characteristic of Philadelphia's Archbishop than this resolve of his to refuse all material personal gifting, and so literal was his interpretation, that when amongst the fra-



Cathedral of Sts. Peter and Paul, East Logan Square, Philadelphia. Interior view showing the High Altar as it looked at the close of the Grand Jubilee Mass on Tuesday, September 8th

grant floral offerings which filled to overflowing the spacious parlors of the Archbishop's residence, there was noticed a miniature tree ingeniously supporting fifty golden coins, His Grace immediately removed the glittering burden and donated it to the general jubilee

fund for St. Vincent's Home, which had then reached the very gratifying total of \$175,000.

Equally characteristic, however, was his appreciation for testimonials of a different kind—the crowding blossoms, whose fragrance typified his people's

affectionate reverence, and the golden mitres and filmy chasubles, representing in their exquisite perfection, months of loving labor within convent walls, the one possible tribute of our loyal sisterhood to their Leader in Christ. Surely welcome were the congratulatory messages, the outpouring of two continents, including the Holy Father's paternal benediction, inscribed too, on his first official photograph—cablegrams from the American Cardinal, whose visit to Rome prevented his presence, from the two Italian Cardinals in whom America must always feel a peculiar interest, Satolli and Martinelli of gracious memory, as well as many other members of the Sacred College—dispatches and letters "ad libitum" from Church dignitaries, public officials, non-Catholic clergymen, religious orders, organizations and institutions.

But not in the tabulated memoranda of these tributes, significant as is their plenitude, must the future chronicler of Archbishop Ryan's Episcopate seek the most convincing proof of his wonderful popularity. Rather should he turn to glean those passing incidents, apparently trivial, which to use a sadly hackneyed simile, show, as the straw set windward, the trend of public sentiment.

Such incident was that of a hard-working non-Catholic, poor in this world's goods, who asked to donate his mite to the jubilee fund and such too a happening that came directly under the writer's observation, where a family of non-Catholic little ones, at their father's suggestion and with his help, devoted their school holiday (Labor day) to gathering goldenrod around their country home, that they might send it to Catholic children in the city for use in connection with Wednesday's reception. For "Children's Day," Wednesday, September ninth, was another leading feature of the golden celebration, into the first twelve hours of which had been crowded the Solemn Mass of the Jubilee, the ban-

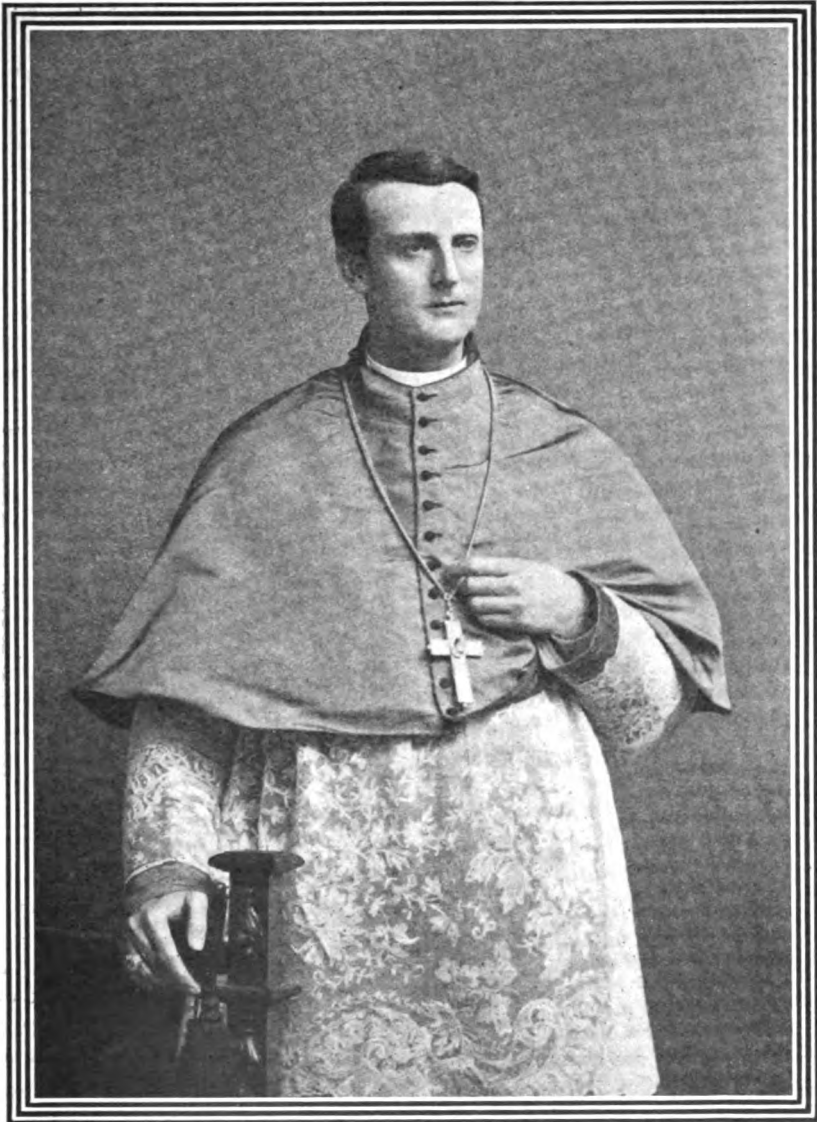
quet tendered by the clergy of the archdiocese to their honored Archbishop and the visiting ecclesiastics, and the public reception of the evening, when an admiring multitude numbering more than ten thousand, passed before the jubilarian, seeking the coveted privilege of a hand clasp, a greeting word or kindly smile. By conservative calculation, ten thousand more were massed and lined in the square adjacent, when the glorious echoes of the Hallelujah chorus, rendered by choir and orchestra, announced the end of the reception.

But notwithstanding this manifold strain, some who have known the Archbishop for twenty years, remarked that never had he looked happier and brighter than on that succeeding September morning when 6,000 little ones, the pupils of Philadelphia parochial schools, assembled to tender their tribute of affection, and their bell like voices rose in surprising unison to echo once more the sweetly solemn words, "Ecce Sacerdos Magnus."

"Children were everywhere," wrote one of the overworked scribes blessed with a "jubilee" assignment, "overflowing the pews and aisles, crowding the lofty vestibule, crowning the choir lofts and the tops of the confessionals with a crest of eager faces."

There were hundreds of boys in Sunday best, wearing proudly their pictured jubilee buttons, and whole "gardens" of tiny girls in immaculate white, their blossom-like faces aglow with expectation. Glancing over the latter a brother of the St. Louis delegation remarked, "These are the choicest flowers that ever adorned this sanctuary," and none doubted that they were the choice of him whose anniversary they honored.

"As your shepherd," spoke the dear Archbishop in greeting, "I rejoice to have you all within my view, for you are the lambs of my flock." And then, remembering that the numbers had been limited by the capacity of the big cath-



Rt. Rev. Ignatius F. Horstmann, D. D., Bishop of Cleveland, who Preached the Sermon upon the occasion of the Golden Jubilee of Archbishop Ryan.

edral, he added a word for the absent. "I know there are many thousands of other lambs who regret not being here to-day, but my love is as great for those who are unavoidably absent as for these who honor me with their presence."

In this little extract alone may not the answer be read to that possible question: "What manner of man is he who has found the road to all hearts?" Surely

prophetic in choice were the names bestowed at the baptismal font so many years ago. "† Patrick John Archbishop of Philadelphia," reads the familiar signature, and we are reminded at once, that eager and fervent as Patrick the sainted exile, in his search for souls, gentle and wise in their keeping as John of Ephesus, has been this typical shepherd, living daily amongst us his gospel of love, and

brightening countless lives by nameless unrecorded acts of mercy and kindness.

Because of the countless occasions of national and international interest, of which Archbishop Ryan as churchman and orator has been the central figure, the story of his career is, from much repetition, pleasantly familiar to our reading public, irrespective of creed or race. Hence, in the most extended accounts of the late celebration, biographical data has largely given way to a resume of work accomplished during his half century of priesthood.

American Catholics, whatever their nationality, recognize the name of "Thurles in Ireland"—the old walled city of the Suir, which for all its ancient distinctions (and Thurles was seat of an Archbishopric in the 16th century and the scene of a synod in the 18th), is fated to be best known to posterity as the birthplace of a twentieth century celebrity.

Here, at the home of his maternal grandparents, the future Archbishop was born on February 20, 1831; his childhood was spent at Cloneyharp, the adjacent country home of his parents, and his earliest school days with the Christian Brothers of Thurles, advancing thence to an academy in Dublin, and later on (in 1847) to St. Patrick's College of Carlow.

Towards the close of 1852, America received into the seminary of Carondollet the student destined to adorn her hierarchy, who in 1853 was ordained "a priest forever" by the Most Rev. Peter R. Kenrick, Archbishop of St. Louis.

After three years, Father Ryan was made rector of the St. Louis Cathedral, leaving in 1860 to commence the building of the church of the Annunciation and its parochial school. During his pastorate of the Annunciation he acted as chaplain of Gratiot prison, through those dreadful years of the Civil War which tried men's souls and proved men's mettle.

In 1872 he was consecrated coadjutor to Archbishop Kenrick, whose diocese was then known as the largest in the world, and in 1884 appointed by Pope Leo to the Archiepiscopal chair made vacant by the lamented death of Archbishop Wood.

Truly has Philadelphia come to realize the truth of the pathetic speech of a St. Louis priest regarding that transfer. "We can but bow in submission to the holy Will of God," he said, "realizing that St. Louis' loss is Philadelphia's gain."

And now, omitting all reference here to those oratorical triumphs, in the reflected glory of which Philadelphia rejoices before the world, let us try to estimate her material "gain" which, under God, is so largely due to the spiritual wisdom and mental width of her great shepherd. From 127 churches and 260 priests, the numbers have grown to 224 churches, 500 priests, and an assistant Bishop; from 59 parochial schools with 22,000 pupils, to 114 schools with 45,450 pupils. Catholic population having increased from 300,000 to 475,000.

In 1884 the diocese provided for one thousand orphans; now, with St. Vincent's Jubilee Home counted in, there is ample provision for over three thousand! Amongst institutions newly arisen, are the Catholic Protectory for Boys, erected at a cost of \$400,000 and entirely free from debt; St. Vincent's Home and Maternity Hospital; St. Francis' Industrial School outside city limits with its branch house in Philadelphia; St. Joseph's Protectory for Girls at Norristown, and St. Joseph's House for Homeless Boys, which because of its unique scope has achieved far more than local reputation. Amongst the treasured souvenirs of His Grace's jubilee, none can own a happier significance than the Memorial Volume, exquisitely bound in episcopal purple which was the offering of St. Joseph's homeless boys.

Within its dainty covers, told in simple words with the aid of illustrations that speak for themselves, is the story of the project conceived fifteen years ago by Father E. V. McElhane, the chaplain of our city almshouse, and directed with marvellous success for the last decade by Rev. D. J. Fitzgibbons, C. S. Sp., whose recent appointment to a wider field of labor brought to countless Catholics of Philadelphia, the sense of personal loss.

With these new undertakings, the older ones initiated by Archbishop Ryan's sainted predecessors, have kept pace. St. John's Orphan Asylum for Boys, a legacy of the pioneer days of Catholicity here, has been twice enlarged; for the Little Sisters of the Poor a new home is in process of erection; St. Joseph's Orphanage has built an additional house and the "Catholic Home for Girls" owns now its seashore quarters, whither are transported its inmates and activities during the summer.

The Holy Ghost Fathers, devoted principally to the evangelization of the negro, have been introduced into the diocese; likewise the Sisters of St. Dominic who conduct a boarding house and guild for working women; the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament have been founded for the Christianization of the colored and Indian races, and the contemplative Carmelites have come to dwell amongst these Sisterhoods, warmly welcomed and widely appreciated.

Turning to the educational, we find the same gratifying record of advancement. The magnificent new monastery and college of Villanova testify to the prosperity of the Augustinian Fathers; the Catholic high school for boys and the high school centres for girls have been established; the Sisters of Mercy have built a suburban convent and school; the Academy of the Immaculate Heart Sisters at W. Chester has been practically rebuilt; the Holy Child Sis-

terhood have added an exquisite new chapel to their spacious buildings at Sharon Hill; the same has been accomplished at Eden Hall by the Sacred Heart community and amongst the crowning glories of jubilee year is the announcement, that in this same memoried September, the doors of the finest Collegiate Institute in Pennsylvania open, under the direction of St. Joseph's Sisterhood, on the old historic site occupied for more than fifty years by the Academy of Mt. St. Joseph, that "alma mater" of many a gray-haired matron who still refers in reminiscent mood to happy school days at the beloved "Mount."

A formidable array of facts and statistics this may appear to the outsider but decidedly incomplete to the Philadelphian, who cannot fail to notice its omissions—as, for instance, the non-mention of our three great hospitals of St. Joseph, St. Mary and St. Agnes, where most striking improvements have been effected within late years. And most of all will the silence regarding Archbishop Ryan's personal achievements be deprecated, for who is there of his flock forgets to glory in such memorable appearances of his as the lecture in aid of the Antietam Monument, the McKinley Memorial Service, the opening prayer at the Republican National Convention of 1900, not to speak of ecclesiastical occasions which include the investitures of Cardinals Gibbons and Martinelli and the many obsequies of eminent churchmen—Mgr. Corrigan, Archbishop Hennessy and others, above whose honored biers rose the silvery tones, that never fail to carry conviction and comfort to the hearts of his hearers.

Of public honors that have sought him, one which attracted wide attention was his place upon the Citizens' Commission of 1896, formed for the adjustment of troubles growing out of the big street car "strike" of '95, the final amicable settlement being credited to the



St. Vincent's Orphanage, where almost 300 little ones of both sexes are being cared for by the Sisters of Charity, who, with their helpless charges, took possession of this new Home the first of May, 1903.

In 1902 Archbishop Ryan purchased the property for \$150,000, which amount, with the additional sum needed for alterations, has just been subscribed by the Clergy and Laity of the Philadelphia Archdiocese as their Golden Jubilee Gift to their beloved Archbishop.

The building, formerly known as the "Pennsylvania Institution for the Instruction of the Blind," more familiarly the "Blind Asylum," is one of the City's cherished Landmarks, founded in 1834, when there existed in the United States but two similar Institutions, those of New York and Boston.

In 1853 the late James G. Blaine was installed here as Principal Teacher, and in the old Records one can still read of his "satisfactory testimonials" and "apparent ability."

prelate's personal efforts. Another was his appointment by President Roosevelt in 1902, as a member of the National Board of Indian Commissioners and it may be safely asserted that he brings to the difficult task an understanding of the red man's rights and possibilities, second to none of his confreres.

It was as we have seen, his own earnest desire that the "personal note" should be suppressed as far as possible in his

jubilee celebration and this wish of his has largely influenced its chroniclers. Therefore it is, that only a plain, unvarnished tale and but a partial showing of results are submitted to our ROSARY readers, who must form therefrom their own estimate of the prelate, whom our Merciful Father has spared to teach with wise words and Christly deeds—

That golden art of loving rule
Taught in the Gallilean school.



A Group, taken on Jubilee Day, showing some of St. Vincent's Orphan Wards and one of the fine Entrances of the Home, above which is now set the Golden Cross, betokening Catholic ownership

Confessions of an Egotist

By R-HODES CAMPBELL



LOOKED in the dictionary for the word egotist. I found that it meant: "One who repeats the word 'I' very often in conversation or writing; one who magnifies his own achievements; one who makes himself the hero of every tale." I think that I must be an egotist. And as everyone now-a-days writes "confessions," why shouldn't a girl like me? And if she is an egotist, why not say so?

I wish that I could be interested in other people. People in books interest me so much; but when I look about me in my little world, I don't find the natives of it very fascinating or absorbing. In fact, they seem commonplace, and oh, so ordinary! There is my aunt; she cares for nothing but new stitches and patterns for knitting. She sits by the window, always with that endless knitting. And without are the trees and flowers, the woods, and in winter the snow, which is to me a never ending mystery of whiteness, and light airy nothingness.

Then I tried Maria in the kitchen. She said when I asked her what she thought of life, that she was quite pleased with it so far; that she had a good warm room and her bread and rolls were generally light, and that no one could excel her in roasts and scallops. I asked her if she never longed to go far away and see new worlds and new things. She looked at me and smiled. "Well, I did go to Chester once and I nearly died of homesickness. No sir, give me the country every time." And the little widow who teaches the country school. She looked so sad and had such blue eyes that I thought that surely she must be interesting. Perhaps we could form an ideal friendship. But all she cares for is to earn money to get fine,

new clothes. She says she will soon wear colors, and she hopes some day to look just like the pictures in a fashion magazine; and then she'll go to the State Fair and show them off. I tried her in literature, and she said she loved "The Duchess," and Rosa Nouchette Carey was a dear.

I couldn't get very far either with Jonas, my aunt's boy of all work, for he only stares at me and says no when he ought to say yes, and vice versa. Now I can't help but look in the glass when I wish to be neat; and I can't but think that what I see there is prettier than Maria's long, thin face, and my aunt's placid, heavy one, and the widow's wax-doll look. And when I read romances I sit and dream before my open wood fire and make up stories myself, and instead of Jonas or my aunt, I make myself the hero or heroine, as the case may be. And then I look into my mind—I can't look into other people's. I tried to see into my aunt's, but it was so covered up by knitting that no one could penetrate such a veil with mortal vision.

But in my mind I see a long, long road that I call life and I see a girl like me, coming down the road swinging a flower hat in her hand, careless and happy. Then the girl gets tired of the sameness of the road and she prays: "Oh God! let me know something of real living. Let me have experiences, anything but this dull routine, with no duties; no achievements to inspire effort; no adventures, no vocation, nothing but a wilderness of space without, and so many yearnings and desires within! Can it be that this dull, uneventful, benumbing existence is life—my life!"

This may not be the right kind of

a prayer; it may not be a prayer at all. I don't know much about such things. My mother died when I was a tot of seven, and my father—how can I write the dreadful truth?—my father was almost crazed with sorrow and rushed off to drown the unbearable pain in travel—anything to help him to forget. And in all these years he has never come back! He rarely writes. Sometimes he promised to come next year. I used to hope and dream and plan, but now I know that he never means to come. It is so hard to have no one of one's very own. My aunt is kind enough but she has always hated to be troubled about anything. She counts always, only pausing to say: "Yes, yes, my child; do what you like, only don't worry me." "One single, two double scallop, three chain." How I hate knitting. It has been my most persistent enemy, or perhaps I should say, rival.

When Maria is in an extra humor she tells me I am a pretty girl, but she always adds: "beauty is a snare, Elizabeth," or "all things are alike to the Creator." This rather puzzles me, for if God gave me good looks, they're His gifts, and His gifts are not to be despised. I'm glad He gave me so many things like that; for He hasn't seen fit to give me a mother and father, and surely a girl must have some compensations. And how lonely my life has been! My aunt has a horror of boarding schools and colleges, and I've had governesses, and in summers a tutor, and a sour, crabbed woman to teach me music. But, oh! how I long for a friend! I look into my fire and my mind, and there away down the road comes a tall, young woman, but years older than I, and she smiles and takes my hand in hers, and says: "This is the friend I'm waiting for; you and I will share everything now and always, you dear thing." And she will be wise, but above all, she will love me. She will think me good, and will overlook or won't see my egotism, and all my faults;

and we'll share our books, music, and thoughts—oh, how lovely life will be! For she will never, never knit a stitch, and she will tell me things about herself and I won't be afraid to show her my foolish mind stories and tell her of my longings. I'm going to believe that she will come, for it is my salvation.

June sixth.—All outdoors is so beautiful that I cannot bear to stay indoors at all. I'm taking up my botany. I tuck Victor Hugo under my arm and go over into the orchard and hang up my hammock under the very loveliest apple tree, and read and dream. I read Mrs. Browning, too, and Adelaide Proctor, and dip into Shakespeare, for I'm sure my friend will like Shakespeare and I don't want her to think me too shallow or empty-pated. I love my books, but oh! I want real people.

June twentieth.—My aunt called me in from the orchard to-day. She looked so wide-awake and flustered that I was frightened. She held a letter in her hand. "Liz'beth, I've had a very strange letter. It quite upsets me. A person calling herself Diana Lippincott writes that an old friend of mine—Mrs. Arnold—told her that this was the very place for her to come and rest and get away from people. She wants to come at once and board with us; she offers us a very good price, and my friend encloses a note saying that I will find Miss Lippincott a great addition to my home; and I suppose I can't refuse, but I never did such a thing in my life. And it will be such a trouble. You and Maria must see to everything. I don't want her a bit. It's like Harriet Arnold—she was always poking me up to do things at school when I wanted to be let alone. You write the letter; there's the address."

I seized the letter. "Oh Aunt, it will be a perfect Godsend. Even if she's real old and prim I'll get something out of her. Maria and I won't let her worry you—you needn't see her only at meal time." I revelled in that handwriting.

It was the most beautiful I ever saw; upright and legible, yet with so much character—somebody told me that only illegible writing showed character. I tore up three notes before I could at all suit myself, and that was as formal and stiff as Lady Dedlock with Esther; but Jonas took it to the village and I waited. The great city where Miss Lippincott lived was so far away—it would be an eternity till she came. And I imagined all kinds of dire disasters happening to keep such a great event from coming into my life. It was certainly too good to be true—a woman from the city who had seen things and knew life coming to this desolate, lonely, farmhouse. She wouldn't stay, I knew.

I took out my prettiest gowns—I always had pretty ones, thanks to my father's generosity, and I had books from his library and could buy new ones. I spent much time deciding on gowns for the first evening, and finally selected my white pique short skirt and prettiest shirt waist to drive down to the station with Jonas in the surrey. How I wished it wasn't so shabby and old. And then I'd put on my trained, green organdy for supper, which in this woman's world was dinner.

And at last the day came, and after ages of waiting Jonas drove around to the door for me, and Dick ambled along to town. There was never any use in making him go faster, for he couldn't, so I tried to be patient—heaven save the mark! I was quivering in every part of my body. The train was coming around the curve at a snail's pace as I sprang out and hurried down the long platform. A woman in black, short and dumpy, jumped down from the high step of the last car. Could she be the one I expected? She was coming towards me and I could hardly keep back the tears from my eyes, it was such a disappointment. Then someone—the blacksmith's daughter—claimed her, just as a voice close beside me said: "Is this Miss

Richmond? I am Diana Lippincott." And there she was, tall and elegant, with an air which no one in our parts ever could have; a face not beautiful, but so fine and strong. Brave, beautiful eyes, looking so straight-forwardly into mine, and a mouth decided, yet sweet. I loved her at once, but I was also a little afraid of her. A strange, new shyness came upon me and just when I wanted to appear better than I ever had in my life, I was stupid and slow. How I hated myself.

But Miss Lippincott was enough at her ease for two, and as she talked I found, to my surprise, my shyness melting away, and by the time we reached home I felt hardly a bit afraid of her.

Oh, the days that followed! Words cannot describe what they were to me. She loved many of my books and cordially disliked a few. She showed me new wonders in some of her favorites. She took long tramps with me, and sometimes we drove. I showed her all my dear little nooks, and the places I'd kept all these years for her, my friend. And now I have found her; was ever girl so fortunate?

But I feared she wouldn't like me, I must be so crude, so immature. New doubts assailed me. I felt each day a strong desire to be better and try and make myself a woman like Miss Lippincott, only keeping myself too. I forgot about my looks, we had so much else to think about. And then one day when we'd had a lovely morning and sat down under a big tree in the woods to enjoy Maria's tempting lunch, Miss Lippincott told me something of herself, of her past. I had been bewailing my loneliness and isolation in my usual egotistical way and she said: "It has been very monotonous and trying but you've had an easy life as to care and hard work. I have thought so often since I came here what a contrast it has been to mine. My mother was a widow when I was nine years old, and left with very small

means. She taught me to eke out our little income and educate me. When I was sixteen and about to graduate at our fine High School, she became very ill, and instead of going to college as we'd planned, I became the bread winner. I couldn't get teaching so I was book-keeper in a large store, and did the house work evenings. I had no time to study. This for two years, when my mother died. Then by the utmost self-denial and some work outside of my classes I went through college, taking the four years in one. I taught in the same college after graduation and saved enough to spend last year studying abroad and seeing the wonderful things I'd read and dreamed about all my life.

"And did it come up to your dreams?" I asked eagerly.

"Yes, indeed, and more. Last year was the loveliest of my life," said Miss Lippincott. Her eyes took on such a light of happiness that I looked at her in surprise.

"And did you know people over there?" I asked.

She smiled and said: "Yes, I made some charming friends in Paris, London and Dresden. It opened a new world to me. My life had been so hard-working and I chose to have it self-denying as the only means of attaining the end. I had almost forgotten to count happiness in my dreams of the future—personal gratifications and, and—real individual happiness." She stopped, flushed and smiling, and looked at me. I hoped she was going to say more, but she began telling me of a little adventure she had had in Germany.

I was fast losing all fear or awe of her and learning to love her more every day. I sat looking at her one night as she was reading. It was a rainy, dismal day, and while we had run out in our raincoats for a "constitutional," we had spent our time chiefly indoors. She wore the loveliest home-gowns; this one was especially becoming. It was a

sheer, white, wash dress, all tucks and fine embroidery, with just enough of a peculiar shade of pink to lighten up her dark eyes and hair. She had such perfectly shaped white hands, large and the most expressive I could imagine. Her mass of wavy, brown hair was high on her head with little curling tendrils in her neck. I wondered how I could ever have said she was not beautiful. She wore old-fashioned pinks at the belt—she always wore flowers, while I never could, for they wilted, or broke, or fell out.

She had been with us five weeks, but we had grown so near and dear that it seemed as if I had known her years. I thought so much of her girlhood and her hard-working years. She had worked; I had dreamed; she had lived; I had existed. What should I do when she left? Couldn't I beg, implore her to take me with her? I would be so little trouble. I thought so intensely that unconsciously I said aloud: "Oh do!" Miss Lippincott glanced up from her book. "Do what?" she asked, "and please don't call me Miss Lippincott. Can't you say Diana as you would to an older sister?"

"I was thinking what I should do when you left." I said dolefully, "Couldn't I go with you? Don't you want a maid? Oh, do beg auntie to let me go with you to the city." I was surprised at the effect on Diana of this little speech. She leaned forward and looked so eagerly into my face.

"Would you like it, dear? Would you like to be with me?" she asked.

"Like it," I repeated, "don't you know what it would mean to me? It has opened a new world to me and given me a friend—something I've prayed and longed for all my life."

She looked far away out the window to the woods. I was silent, feeling a something that I couldn't explain; a sort of mental electrical current. Then she turned and said decidedly.

"Right or wrong, Elizabeth, I'm going to make my confession to you. Do you remember your father?"

"Yes, pretty well. He was very tall and handsome, but I have not seen him since I was seven," I said wonderingly.

A look of keen pain came into her face. "I know no one feels greater remorse over his neglect than he does. Have you never done wrong and wanted forgiveness, Elizabeth?" she asked.

I thought a moment. "Yes, I've teased Maria, and mimicked Jonas, and sometimes wished that aunt's knitting was burned up, and once I did it—I threw a half finished knitting bag into the grate—yes, that was dreadful," I said.

Miss Lippincott smiled a little, then her face grew very serious.

"When I was in London, Elizabeth, I met your father through mutual friends. I grew greatly interested in him. He was on the staff of a London paper and doing good work. We were together a great deal; we were the best of friends." Miss Lippincott waited so long that I feared she wouldn't go on. I was intensely interested. "He told me of you," went on the voice which seemed all at once at a distance. "I asked many questions about the daughter so far away and of whom he knew so little. He said that he saw all at once how selfish and neglectful he had been. He said that he always felt that you were well cared for, and having known him so little you wouldn't miss him. That he had mourned so morbidly for your mother that he couldn't bear to go back to America for fear of a return of that first poignant grief. So he kept on postponing it."

Something seemed tightening about my heart.

"It is something I never talk about; but oh, I never felt it so keenly. I'm afraid sometimes that I never can forgive him; it seems so heartless, so needlessly cruel!" I cried. "If I'd had

a mother, oh, how different it all would have been! I need her now, all the time."

Miss Lippincott's arm stole around me as she sat nearer me on the couch.

"Would you take a poor substitute for her, Elizabeth? Would you take me?" she asked in a strangely moved voice, and before I could answer she hurried on, "I'm afraid I was too easily persuaded, but your father wished me to marry him in London, and I did. So you see, Elizabeth, you're my daughter whether you will or not."

I could hardly grasp the fact and when I did I most stupidly cried.

"Are you sorry?" asked a pained voice.

"Oh, no, it's for joy. To think of you're being my friend and mother!" I sobbed. "I want you; I need you; oh, you cannot know how much."

"And your father? I begged him to let me come first as a stranger and try to win your love, Elizabeth. We both feel that you have not been treated well; we owe you much; but a noble nature forgives even slights; can you?"

* * * * *

July thirtieth.—Yesterday I went down into my aunt's prim, stiff, little parlor to meet my father. My heart beat suffocatingly as I know it never will beat for a lover. Think if you can what it must be to meet a father you've never seen since you were seven! I was barely within the door when two arms were about me and I was smothered with kisses. I looked up when I could—was this the man I'd pictured as moody, distant, with far away, melancholy eyes? This man's eyes were full of unshed tears, but a moment later they were joyous as a boy's.

He was the handsomest man I ever saw. To be sure, I have not seen many. He had a boyish manner and seemed so young. That was what impressed me most; he was so young, and my father.

He poured forth a torrent of remorseful words after the first eloquent silence. He was full of plans for the future. He admired me most frankly, which I liked; I have had so little admiration. I kept saying under my breath: "Father." It seemed incredible that at last we were together. And I knew whom to thank for all this, my friend and new mother, Diana. I ran upstairs for her. She sat on the little balcony not even pretending to be busy. She wore a thin, black gown with yellow roses in her belt and in her dark hair.

"You look like a queen," I cried as I kissed her and looked into her glowing, expressive face. "The princess is all very well but the king demands the queen," I said gaily.

As I lingered behind to let her go down first, my question was answered. For I had had my misgivings—this is all confession, you see—that it would be a difficult role to play a third to these two most ardent lovers, to share my friend with another, to give my newly found father to anyone, even my friend. But these selfish thoughts ran off to hide themselves; I couldn't begrudge anything with the gifts that had come to me. And I loved and was so proud of them both. God bless them.

September fifth.—A new life has begun for me here in England where my father wishes to stay for his work. We live in London except the three months

Diana and I run off to the seashore or country, and my father joins us when he can. We're not to live in England—Diana says that in a very few years we are to return to the country she loves best, our own. But meanwhile the life here seems a paradise to me. I never dreamed that such happiness could be in this commonplace world. Diana had that gift of God's, a loving disposition. She must make those about her happy. I learn of her every day just because she never dreams of teaching. She steadies my father, and oh, how happy she makes him. He runs in and seizes her and says impulsively: "I couldn't wait another minute; I was sure on the way home that my home and you and Elizabeth were myths. I was afraid I was that horror brooding, self-centered man I once knew. But the open fire is here, and the crimson room, and 'Liz'beth is playing in the music room, and you are here, my darling," he says.

I feel somewhat as he does. Did I ever live in that out of the way place, so far away, and think of myself so much? My aunt still knits. I know it was a great relief to her when we left; we were certainly distracting. And she and Jonas and Maria live on and on, and will till the crack o' doom. But I, thank God, live now. The days are far too short for all that Diana and I have to do. And I find that I'm too busy living to write down confessions any longer.

HEART-SONG

WILLIAM J. FISCHER

*When Life's skies are dull and drear,
Lol it fades the lustrous eye,
And, forsaken, sweet doth lie
In its prison, one sad tear.*

*But when bright skies cheerful shine,
Love-kissed Hope-beams gleam a while,
And they warm to life the smile
That stills thee, O heart of mine.*

Blessed John Fisher

By GEORGINA PELL CURTIS

IT sometimes happens that the perusal of the life and times of some saint or holy man in the Church will do more to reveal truth, and strengthen one's faith than to read any number of controversial works.

A study of the career of Blessed John Fisher must especially bring this truth home to any fair minded student. Fisher stood forth for the right at a time when religion in England was so shaken to its foundations that men scarcely knew what they believed. It was only the few whose vision was not marred or warped, and Fisher was one of these.

When he was brought before the Upper House of Convocation in 1535, he said: "My Lords, it is true that we are under the King's lash and stand in need of the King's good favor and clemency, yet this argues not that we should therefore do that which will render us both ridiculous and contemptible to all the Christian world, and hissed out from the society of God's Holy Catholic Church; for what good will that be to us to keep the possession of our houses, cloisters and convents, and to lose the society of the Christian world; to preserve our goods, and lose our consciences."

In this loyalty to his conscience the great English Cardinal lost everything that the world values, until he finally came to imprisonment and death. A well known English writer says: "His life may be called the triumph of failure." On account of his high rank and the original favor with which he stood as regards the King, his life was a failure, but in the sight of Almighty God, and in the eyes of all loyal Catholics of his age, as well as to us of the present day, his life from the time he entered the ministry until his death in the Tower of London, forms a tale of splendid triumph and heroic bravery. Not even

Leonidas at the Pass of Thermopylae had more courage than the holy Bishop, who withstood almost alone the terror and tyranny of the worst ruler the world has ever seen. Nero in Rome was a pagan, and Ivan the Terrible in Russia was an ignorant barbarian; but Henry VIII. was a baptized Catholic, with both education and learning, and living in an enlightened age, consequently his sin was the greater. If we lacked all other information about his reign, the life and writings of the few men who stood by the ancient Church, and who died for their belief, would be sufficient answer as to whether the Reformation was a righteous one or not.

John Fisher was born in the year 1469 at Beverley, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, a town which in his day was a place of some importance, possessing a magnificent collegiate church. His father, who was by trade a mercer, died when he was very young, and his mother later married again. She had four children by her first marriage, and the same number by her second. Her youngest daughter, Elizabeth, afterwards became a Dominican nun at Dartford, in her step-brother's diocese of Rochester. The family seems to have been a happy and united one, and John Fisher received a careful education for the times, first in the grammar school at Beverley and afterwards at Cambridge University where he was under the guidance of William Melton, Chancellor of York, a man whom in later life he describes as "eminent for holiness and for every kind of erudition." He also records that his master "used often to admonish him when he was a boy and attended his lectures on Euclid, that if he looked on the least letter of any geometrical figure as superfluous, he had not seized the true and full meaning of Euclid," and Fisher

goes on to say: "But if the disciple of Euclid must be so careful in points of geometry, certainly the disciple of Christ must weigh well each word of his Divine Master, and be thoroughly convinced that there is not a word without its purpose."

It was no doubt due to the training of this good Chancellor that Fisher owed much of his zeal and holiness.

At college he distinguished himself, becoming Bachelor of Arts in 1487, and taking his degree of Master in 1491. Soon after he was made a Fellow of his College, all of which evinced both his scholarship, and the esteem in which he was held. Shortly after this he was ordained to the priesthood, and in 1497 he was made Master of Michael House in place of Dr. Melton, while in 1501 he received the degree of D. D., being soon after made Chancellor of the University (Cambridge), a connection which as far as his interest went, was kept up for the rest of his life. We next hear of him as being chosen by Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond and mother of Henry VII., as her confessor. Between these two holy souls there existed a bond of esteem and affection as long as the Countess lived. She was much older than Fisher, but that did not prevent her from obeying him with both docility and respect. Under his guidance and by his advice, the Countess, who had for many years devoted both her time and her vast fortune to all sorts of charitable works, proceeded to endow readerships in both Cambridge and Oxford, and later she laid the foundation of Christ's College, Cambridge. Another work of the Countess, in which Fisher played the chief part, was the conversion of St. John's Hospital, Cambridge, into St. John's College. Lady Margaret and her son, Henry VII., died before the work was completed, but ample provision had been made by the former in her will, for the endowment and completion of the college, so the work was finished after her death.

Before the demise of the mother and son, however, Fisher, at Lady Margaret's instigation, had been made Bishop of Rochester. One of the most crying evils of the times was that the selection of Bishops had fallen into the hands of the King. Hence the revenues of the Church were frequently used to reward courtiers and statesmen, and the different Bishoprics, were presented to worldly men who never saw their dioceses, or else were absent from them for years at a time, their duties being performed by suffragan Bishops who, of course, were entirely subservient to their absent Lord. Thoughtful historians think this was one of the main causes of the apathy or indifference of the clergy and people under Henry VIII., when he wrested them from the center of unity.

Henry VII. had been for some time uneasy on this subject, and his appointment of Fisher to the Bishopric of Rochester was not only a graceful tribute to his mother, but also a recognition of the fitness of the man to the place.

For several years after this Fisher led a useful as well as an active life. He continued his connection with Cambridge, and also personally conducted the affairs of his own diocese. He made an ideal Bishop, one proof of which is that he retained the same secretary and the same clergy near his person for years. Many have left on record their love and regard for him.

His career at this time was the happiest and most peaceful of his life. Two of his most intimate friends were Erasmus, who lived for a time in England, and Sir Thomas More. Fisher learned Greek, a language that had not entered into his early education, and he was said to have acquired the finest private library in England, and one of the best in Europe. He founded scholarships, and provided for Greek lectures at Cambridge. In every way he was not only a patron of learning, but himself a deep student, two qualities that do not always go together.

In 1521 Erasmus wrote to a friend of his, complaining that Louvain still combatted the revival of learning, and speaking of Cambridge by way of contrast. He says: "Three years ago the Bishop of Rochester, a true Bishop and true theologian, told me that in place of (the old) sophistical argumentations, now sober and wholesome disputations are carried on between theologians, at the end of which they are not only more learned, but also better men." Previous to this (in 1518) Erasmus in writing to Cardinal Wolsey, called Fisher "a Divine Prelate," and in 1520 in a letter to Reuchlin he said of him: "There is not in the English nation a more learned man, or a holier Bishop." Dr. Hall, who was later Bishop of Worcester, and a contemporary of Fisher's, and who has left the most authentic account of his life, thus describes, in quaint language, some of his characteristics:

"He caused a great hole to be digged through the wall of his church of Rochester whereby he might the more commodiously have prospect into the church at Mass and Evensong times. When he himself used to say Mass, as many times he used to do, if he were not letted by some urgent and great cause, ye might then perceive in him such earnest devotion that many times the tears would fall from his cheeks * * * and in all his prayers and other talk he used continually a special reverence to the name of Jesus. Now to those, his prayers, he adjoined two wings, which were alms and fasting, by the help whereof they might mount speedier to heaven. To poor, sick persons he was a physician, to the lame he was a staff, to the poor widows an advocate, to orphans a tutor, and to poor travellers a host."

The manuscripts of Dr. Hall are very interesting, but space will only allow us to give a few quotations.

Another writer, Mr. Mullinger, says of Fisher:

"It would have been, perhaps, impos-

sible to find in an equal degree, in any one of his contemporaries, at once that moderation, integrity of life and disinterestedness of purpose which left the bigot no fault to find, and that liberality of sentiment and earnest desire of reform which conciliated far bolder and more advanced thinkers."

One of the Bishop's services to the English nation was that he encouraged and brought about preaching in the vernacular. Previous to this few European nations possessed any sermons written in the language of the country. Fisher obtained a Bull from Pope Alexander VI. in 1503 empowering the Chancellor and University of Cambridge yearly to name twelve doctors or masters to preach the Word of God in England, Scotland and Ireland. Besides which he influenced the Countess of Richmond to establish "the Lady Margaret Preacher-ship" in Cambridge.

Special stress has been laid on this part of the saintly Bishop's life because it helps to show what manner of man he was, and explains his later career. It was in 1519 that the storm and stress of life began for him, first as a champion against the Lutheran heresy, and later in his last and tremendous conflict with Henry VIII.

The first English treatise against Luther came from Fisher's pen, and in all he wrote five works to prove the unity of the Church and the heresy of the new doctrines. These works, however, were not read in Germany as much as they might have been. Erasmus says: "Nothing is done by means of books against these men," (the German Lutherans) "no one dares even to print anything written against Luther, nor read what has been printed elsewhere."

Fisher himself wrote: "If heresies raised their heads so quickly after the shedding of our Saviour's blood, while the gifts of the Holy Ghost were still burning in the breasts of many, and the world was made bright with mir-

acles, and if so many were then turned away from the truth, what must we expect now, in the perilous time of which the apostles prophesied? I think the world was never before so generally inclined to listen to heresy as it is now."

And again he says, in mingled anguish and horror at the denial of the Real Presence: "O God, who can patiently hear such impious falsehoods cast upon the mysteries of Christ; who can read such blasphemies without bitter grief and tears, if he has but the least spark of Christian piety in his breast?" While condemning schism and heresy Fisher shows his charity, as well as his judicial spirit, by distinguishing between error as the result of malice, and error from pardonable ignorance. He says, in one of his treatises against Luther: "We answer, as to all—they withdraw themselves from obedience to the Roman Pontiff, either from malice or from pardonable ignorance. And I would rather believe it is the latter, in the case of some at least, as many of the simpler sort who are led into error by interpreters of Scripture, such as you, or perhaps have never heard any discussion at all on this matter, and such as those I would not easily condemn, if their separation is due to no depravity of their minds, and if they implicitly believe this truth also, and would believe it willingly were they taught it. But as to those who have separated themselves maliciously, I assert openly that they no more belong to the orthodox Church than the Churches of the Arians, the Donatists, or the like."

That the Bishop was brave and fearless at all times in speaking out for the right, these few quotations will help to show—but it needed more than human courage to face Henry VIII., as Fisher was now called upon to do. Had there been many more like him in those evil days, England might never have been lost to the faith, but undoubtedly when Henry began his war against the Pope he was encouraged by finding how few

opposed his will. The distinguishing characteristic of the King was that he sought to deceive no one so much as himself. In the whole history of his scruples of conscience in regard to his marriage with Queen Catherine, and his desire to get a divorce, he was actuated solely by lust, pride, and determination to have his own way. Such a man was far more difficult to deal with than if he had made no profession of religion. Pope Clement VII. has been called weak because he temporized with Henry, and did not in the beginning excommunicate him, but because of the King's very hypocrisy the Pope's position was a most difficult one, and it does not follow that if he had used more stringent measures at the outset that Henry would have listened to him. Pope St. Pius V. was decided and firm with Elizabeth, yet he, too, failed to bring about the result sought for.

A distinguished Catholic writer says: "There were three stages in the fall of the ancient Church of England. Her clergy were first subservient, then schismatical, and finally heretical."

That the Bishop and priests were in the beginning subservient was what gave Henry fallow ground to work on, as will be seen. In 1529 Parliament was convened, the first that had met in 14 years, if we except a short session in 1523. Bishop Fisher, both as a peer of parliament, and a member of the Church's synods, was thus forced into the public turmoil over Henry's divorce and his desire to marry Anne Boleyn. Finding that the Pope would not annul his marriage with Catherine, Henry was determined that an English parliament should declare him free. That parliament was like wax in his hands Dr. Hall and other writers have abundantly proved. Dr. Hall says:

"In this parliament the Commons House was so partially chosen, that the King had his will almost in all things that himself listed. For, whereas, in old

times the King used to direct his brief or writ of parliament to every city, borough and corporate town within the realm, that they (from) among them should make election of two honest, fit, and skilfull men of their own number,, the same order and form of the writ was now observed, but then with every writ there came also a private letter from some one or other of the King's Council, requiring them to choose the persons named in their letters, who, fearing their great authority durst commonly choose none other. So that whereas, in times past, the Commons House was usually furnished with grave and discreet townsmen, appalled in comely and sage furred gowns, now might you have seen in this parliament few others than roystering courtiers, serving men, parasites and flatterers of all sorts, lightly appalled in short cloaks and swords, and as lightly furnished either with learning or honesty. So that when anything was moved against the spirituality or the liberty of the Church, to that they hearkened diligently, giving straight their assents in anything the King would require."

We cannot follow, step by step, the proceedings attending the divorce, or the splendid stand made by Fisher and Sir Thomas More, especially as relates to the oath of succession. This was the final "crux" that determined Henry to send them both to the Tower. In regard to the supremacy of Henry VIII., no question of the Pope's supremacy in the beginning entered into it. Had Henry undertaken no more than to see that the Church's laws were carried out, in that sense he would have been head of the Church in England, as other Catholic Kings had been and it was not until later that his Bishops began to find out what the supremacy really meant. It was not, however, until the later years of Henry's life and the reign of Elizabeth, that the real oath of supremacy was promulgated. What was often known as the oath of

supremacy was the oath of succession (to the crown.) It was passed at the King's instigation by an act of parliament. In substance it outlived the invalidity of the King's first marriage, and the lawfulness of his union with Anne Boleyn. It contained, also, a solemn repudiation of the authority and jurisdiction of the Pope. This oath was required of all the clergy and laity on pain of imprisonment, and it was the oath that Fisher refused to take. Sir Thomas More said: "Though I would not deny (i. e. refuse) to swear to the successions, yet unto that oath that was there offered me I would not swear without the jeoparding my soul to perpetual damnation." As the oath stood, and after the Pope had declared Henry's marriage to Catherine valid, no other course was open to any loyal Catholic than to adopt the stand taken by Fisher and Sir Thomas More. Neither threats nor exhortations could move the Bishop, though he knew well that his life would probably be forfeited. Henry lost no time in shutting him up in the Tower of London, where he was placed without a trial. Chapings, the French Ambassador, wrote to the Emperor, Charles V. of Spain: "The good Bishop of Rochester, who is the paragon of Christian prelates, both for learning and holiness, has been condemned to confiscation of body and goods. All this injustice is in consequence of his support of the Queen."

In the Tower the Bishop, like many other saintly prisoners before him, employed his time in writing some beautiful treatises, that have come down to us. Mr. Bruce, who has made a great study of the history and law of Henry's reign, says: "Everything relating to the criminal proceedings of this period was so irregular; humanity and even honesty were so frequently absent from the judicial seats; the influence of the Monarch was so openly thrown into the scale by the judges who were the delegates of his vindictive spirit, there was so much anx-

iety to obtain a conviction at whatever cost, and by whatever means, that those who infer that Fisher could not have been convicted for the mere utterance of an opinion, because such a conviction would have been tyrannical and unjust, show, I fear, a disposition to judge of the legal proceedings of the reign of Henry VIII. by the example of our own times rather than by that which they themselves exhibit." It will thus be seen that of a fair and regular trial the Bishop had none.

On the 30th of May 1535 he was created a Cardinal by Pope Paul III., and this honor so angered Henry that there is no doubt it hastened the Bishop's death warrant. His trial occupied only a short time, and sentence of death was pronounced on June 17, 1535, while the date of his execution was set for June 22. Dr. Hall says of the trial:

"Some * * * of the commissioners charged this most reverend Cardinal with obstinacy and singularity * * * to that he answered that indeed he might well be accounted singular if he alone should stand in this matter (as they said), but having on his part the rest of the Bishops of Christendom, for surmounting the number of the Bishops of England, he said they could not justly account him singular; and having on his part all the rest of the Catholic Bishops of the world, from Christ's Ascension until now, joined with the whole consent of Christ's universal Church. 'I must needs,' said he, 'account my own part far the surer. And as for obstinacy, which is likewise objected against me, I have no way to clear myself thereof but by mine own solemn word and promise to the contrary, if ye please to believe it, or else, if that will not serve, I am ready to confirm the same by mine oath.' Thus in effect he answered their objections, though with many more words * * * with a marvelous, courageous and rare constancy, in so much as many of his hearers, yea, some of his judges,

lamented so grievously, that their inward sorrow on all sides was expressed by the outward tears of their eyes, to perceive such a famous and reverend man in danger to be condemned to cruel death by such an impious law, upon so weak evidence, given by such a wicked accuser, contrary to all faith and promise of the King himself."—Dr. Hall, MSS.

At the conclusion of his trial, and before being led back to the Tower, Fisher addressed the Commissioners in the following words:

"My Lords, I am here condemned before you of high treason, for denial of the King's supremacy over the Church of England, but by what order of justice I leave to God, who is searcher both of the King's Majesty's conscience and yours; nevertheless being found guilty, as it is termed, I am and must be contented with all that God shall send, to whose will I wholly refer and submit myself. And now to tell you more plainly my mind touching this matter of the King's supremacy, I think, indeed, and always have thought, and do now lastly affirm, that his grace cannot justly claim any such supremacy over the Church of God as he now taketh upon him, neither hath been seen nor heard of, that any temporal prince before his days hath presumed to that dignity. Wherefore, if the King will now adventure himself in proceeding in this strange and unwonted case, no doubt but he shall deeply incur the displeasure of Almighty God, to the great danger of his own soul and of many others, and to the utter ruin of this realm committed to his charge, whereof will ensue some sharp punishment at His hand. Wherefore I pray God his grace may remember himself in time, and hearken to good counsel for the preservation of himself and his realm, and the quietness of all Christendom."

Never did man speak more true and noble words, but the King was too far gone in wickedness, and was too much under the influence of Thomas Crom-

well, his evil genius, to hearken to any "good counsel," so Fisher was led forth for execution in the Tower, at the time set (June 22, 1535). His bearing was as calm and dignified as was to be expected of such a man. He took with him to the scaffold his Latin Testament, and arrived there he paused, and raising his eyes to Heaven, with a sweet and serious expression, he said:

"O Lord, this is the last time that ever I shall open this book, let some comfortable place now chance unto me whereby I, Thy poor servant, may glorify Thee in this my last hour."

Having said which, he opened the book, and the first words that met his eye was from the Gospel of St. John: "This is life everlasting that they may know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent. I have glorified Thee upon the earth, I have

finished the work that Thou gavest me to do."—John xvii, 3, 4, 5. And then as he came to the block where he was to lay his head, he turned to the sun, shining in all its splendor, and said: "Come ye to Him and be enlightened; and your faces shall not be confounded."—Ps. xxxiii, 5.

Thus died this great and holy Bishop, a witness for all time against the claim of any Church to be Catholic that is not in Communion with the chair of Peter. It seems strange, indeed, to find non-Catholic writers supporting Henry VIII's course as regards the Church, while condemning him in everything else, for it is to argue not that "good came out of evil," but rather that "good could come by means of evil," a fallacy against which Fisher arrayed all the powers of his soul, and in denying which he laid down his life.

THE RIME OF THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

THOMAS WALSH

*It was the Queen of Sheba—
She passed adown the way
With courtier train and tinkling rein
And gifts in brave array.*

*It was the little slave-girl,
Her plight she wept unkind,
Since they should see the King's City
And she remain behind.*

*It was the Wise-King Solomon
Upon his ivory chair,
Whose gates unrolled to take their gold
And gifts of spices rare.*

*Alack then for King Solomon
Despite his wizard lore,
For when the Queen his gauds had seen
His heart she left full sore.*

*Glad was that little slave-girl
When that the hills and plain
Did doff their green for golden sheen
To hail the Queen again.*

*And when the Queen of Sheba
Saw all their faerie,
Of autumn-tide, "God's faith," she cried
"What went I forth to see!"*

Cheerful Jack

By ELIZABETH WASHBURN BRAINARD

I.

THIS is the way it began. When Sarah Wilkins was about twenty years old her father lost his money—all he had. They lived in Canada, near Quebec, and he still owned his farm, but he had endorsed for a friend and the friend had made a mistake in speculating, so all the money two farmers and their wives had saved in thirty years was lost. They were in a terrible way and could do nothing but sigh and groan.

Sarah was a good, hard working girl, and nobody expected any special help from her, but one morning she woke early and finding she had an hour more to sleep, or think, she concluded to think. "Why," she said to herself, "should we all be so unhappy. Father and mother and neighbor Jones have lost all their money, but they are, really, not worse off than they were thirty years ago, when, mother says, they were very gay and happy. It is surely not worth while to add to our trouble by being sad about it." She thought a while, and then said, aloud, "I have it."

Then she jumped out of her little bed and began to dress and talk to herself. "I have it! We must all make the best of it, and, as John says, 'if we can't be happy, be happy as we can.' It sounds silly but it seems to me it is sense after all."

In a little while her bright thought, and her cold bath made her face fairly shine, and down stairs she went with a laugh in her eyes and a smile on her lips.

Farmer Wilkins was just going out to look after his cattle when his daughter came into the kitchen.

"Good morning, Father," she said, with the laugh showing itself in her voice, "if you will come back in fifteen

minutes I'll give you a cup of coffee that will make you feel twenty years younger. Breakfast will be a little late as mother has a headache."

"Thank you, Sarah," said the poor man, looking at his daughter with some surprise, "that is just what I was wishing for, but it seemed impossible. Seems to me you look kinder chipper this mornin'. Anything special up?"

"Yes, and no," she answered with a smile. "I'll tell you when you come back for the coffee. I fixed the fire before I went to bed, and see how it's going."

As Mr. Wilkins departed for the barn he found himself actually giving the milk pails little shakes, apparently for the mere pleasure of a cheerful noise. He wondered what had come over Sally. Then he remembered all his misfortunes and by the time he came back for his coffee he was as solemn as a hearse again. Sarah met him at the door—the delicious fragrance of well-made coffee seemed to make a halo about her.

"Say, Dad," she exclaimed, "suppose we have all our breakfast now. You've been half an hour, and I've fixed griddle cakes that will cheer your heart."

"Cheer my heart!" he began. "It'll take mor'n that, unless filling my stomach will help my empty pocket."

"Come on, come on," cried the girl, "I've an all round new medicine! I've begun to take it, and between mouthfuls I'll tell you."

"Well," he answered, "I must say you're looking better than any of the folks have looked lately. Is it penny-rial, or is it sulphur and molasses, or what? I hope it ain't going to cost money."

Sarah poured his coffee on the good, yellow cream and piled his plate with the real buckwheat cakes.

"It's just this, father; I woke early and some little bird must have told me how to cure our troubles. But to begin, tell me if this isn't a lovely breakfast, and yet we haven't paid cash for it? We raised the buckwheat, the sugar is from our trees, the cream from our cows."

"How about the coffee?"

"Yes, we did have to buy that; but we sold other things that made more than enough to pay for that."

"All right," he answered, "but what is your great medicine?"

"It isn't great at all," she replied; "it is so simple you will laugh, but it came to me that if we all agreed to look on the bright side we should all be happy, and things would soon begin to mend themselves."

This was the way it all began.

II.

Two years after this "change of base" in the Wilkins family Sarah had married John Locke, a nephew of their neighbor farmer Jones. He was a blacksmith by trade, but one of those young men of whom it is said "he can turn his hand to anything." He and Sarah were lovers from the time when chewing gum was in order, also peppermints. This was at the district school, and while Sarah still had short hair and short skirts. When the hair went up and the skirts went down, and John was no more seen in jackets, it was understood by all the folks in the neighborhood how it would be.

They were to have been married just at the time when Farmer Jones went back on farmer Wilkins, but Sarah saw how necessary her little savings would be for the family, and so put off her marriage. In the meantime the rule of having "a contented heart as a continual feast" worked so well, the family all prospered, and Sarah was soon able to save for herself, and make up for giving her savings to help the others over a hard place.

During the waiting time—"waiting upon her," and waiting for her, (it might well be called "waiting" time), John had had occasion to go to different parts of New Hampshire, and he had noticed how many farms were more or less deserted. He was a good judge of all farming matters and saw that some of the farms had been well kept up, so there was often a great bargain to be found. He had his eye on several, but, finally settled on one in a town called Winthrop.

The town, or village perhaps I should say, is situated on a hill in the midst of higher hills. In the east we see the Temple Mountains, a little toward the west Mt. Monadune rises in its serene beauty, changeless but always changing. Other less important mountains and hills so high they might be included, are on all sides.

The village is chiefly on one street and just back of it is a pond nearly surrounded by groves of trees that repeat themselves on its surface. Here lovers walk, and children play, and older people dream of "the days that are no more." The summers here are almost perfect; the winters long for those who are not busy, but for our cheerful ones the weather mattered little. If it had its objections it always had advantages to offset them. And here John found a good saw-mill; and across the road a house that looked as if it were made for as many children as he hoped God would send them. The farm included the saw mill, house, about forty acres of land, and the beautiful "water power" that meant they would own falls that gave cheer and music all the year round. Here "cheerful Jack" was born. Even as a baby he was more ready to laugh and crow than anything else. He seemed to read a joke in his mother's eyes, and to see the funny side before he could talk. If he tumbled down he would look at the ground with great surprise, wondering why it hit him.

In the course of a dozen years six more little people appeared. Each one was welcome, especially to Jack. The days were all too short they were so full of work and happiness. But there came a time when Sarah and her oldest found it hard to see the bright side. Her husband was found, by Jack, one afternoon, lying apparently asleep near his mill. With the help of a neighbor Jack managed to get him home, and the same "friend in need,"—Mrs. Pickins by name—went to Foxboro, seven miles away, for the nearest doctor. It is a curious fact Winthrop is such a healthy place no doctor has ever been able to make his living there; but when one is needed, well, people must make the best of it and be thankful they are so rarely ill; or if things are very bad they can send to Foxboro. This was the view Sarah and Jack, "the cheerful one," took of it. No sighing over probable bills to pay. "Father must be looked out for first."

Jack could use his eyes as well as his hands and feet, and he just staid at home from his school and managed the mill and helped his mother till the fever took a turn for the better, and John Locke was able to be about again.

There were no dismal words allowed in that household and the fond husband used to lie and thank God for their happy voices and faces when he was almost too sick to speak. The rosy faced young doctor used to say: "these merry people will not need me much."

Soon after this several guests at the hotel in the village were taken down with the same fever and this led to a sanitary investigation. The result was the finding of a bad drain. The comment at the Locke's house was, "rather hard on father, but wasn't it a good thing they found out the cause of the trouble?"

III.

A gentleman was one day driving over from Dublin, and as he passed the mill

and curious old house, he stopped to admire it all and concluded to make a sketch. So, fastening his horse, he climbed down to a place where he had a view of the tumbling falls that fed the mill. As he sat there for an hour or two working, he noticed the voices of children quite near, but evidently busy, and unconscious of his presence. Their joyousness impressed him, and he concluded he was thirsty and would like a drink, so he climbed up the bank and found himself in the midst of a merry crowd. As he spoke to the larger of the boys he was struck by the fact that he instantly took off his hat as he answered. It was a small act but it affected the whole of the boy's after life.

"I wonder if somebody would kindly bring me something to drink out of and give me some of this cool water?"

"Shall it be a tumbler or dipper?" said Jack, for we know who composed this crowd. "My mother thinks the water is perfect only when she drinks it out of doors from our cocoanut dipper."

The artist agreed with her, and thanking the children he drove back to Dublin without going on to Winthrop village.

That evening, after dinner, the landlord mentioned that he was much in need of an extra waiter.

"Why not try some of your country boys?" said a lady guest, "it is vacation and one would suppose they would be glad to earn the money."

"I'll tell you," answered the landlord, "there are plenty of boys but they have no manners; might as well bring in squirrels to wait on my guests."

The artist was listening and an idea came to him.

"Col. Bagshaw, said he, "do you ever go over to Winthrop?"

"Why yes, often. Why do you ask?"

"Well," returned the artist, "I was over there to-day for a sketch, and stopped at the mill, just this side of the village, and while I was at work I listened to the chat of the miller's children."

"The Col.," for so everybody called him, interrupted, giving his knee a vigorous slap.

"The mill! Well, I bet you've just struck it! You saw the boy they call 'cheerful Jack.' He's my man; just the one, and I'll offer such pay he can't refuse. Why, that lad is a buster. His father had typhoid fever, and if the boy didn't run the mill, and not a customer did they lose, and he isn't sixteen yet. It's the motner, although the father isn't bad; in fact he's another."

Here he jumped up and gave a whistle that brought a smiling darkey boy from the stable.

"Jeff, put the gray horse in the buggy and bring him round soon as you can."

Away went the landlord and two hours after he was back with our friend Jack, who with his laughing eyes and rosy cheeks and merry ways was soon a great favorite. As a waiter he was perfect after two days' "breaking in." He worked till October, when most of the guests left.

Among them was a Mr. Marston, a banker from Boston. All summer he had noticed Jack, whenever he was in Dublin, and that was at least once a week. He had a plan in his mind but he did not mention it even to his wife, although she often called his attention to the boy.

One day he went over to see Mrs. Locke. He told her his plan and made a good offer for Jack. She thanked him and said they would talk it over and send him his answer the next day when Jack would be over.

IV.

The next morning bright and early Jack was in Dublin. Mr. Marston came down to breakfast rather late, and Jack waited upon him in the pleasant way he had of making those for whom he did anything feel it was a pleasure to him to serve them. After breakfast, when Mr. Marston and Jack happened to be

the only ones left in the dining room, Mr. Marston turned to Jack and said:

"Well, Jack, how is it? Are you going home with me?"

"You will be surprised, Mr. Marston, at my answer, for I know quite well what a generous offer you have made me; and my father and mother heartily agree with me. But I have always felt that the oldest son ought to stay at home and follow his father's business, and that he is the one of the crowd, if there is a crowd, who must be the first to care for them when they are old."

"Yes," answered Mr. Marston, "I quite agree with you on general principles. I only wish I had a son who could take my place when I give it up, but in this case I think you would stand a fair chance of gaining, in time, the place a son would have had."

"Mr. Marston," cried Jack impulsively, "have you seen my brother Harry?"

"Only for a moment one day. He looks like you. Why do you ask?"

"I'll tell you," he answered. "Harry and I are as like as two peas in a pod; everyone says so. Do you think you could give him the chance?"

Mr. Marston laughed. He was impressed by Jack's unselfishness and also amused by the idea of taking "the next pea."

"This is a view of things I really didn't expect," he said, "but if you will send Harry to see me I will give you my answer to-morrow."

Harry came, and as Jack said, he was truly like another Jack. Mrs. Marston liked him better in one respect.

"He has an air, a style about him," she told her husband, "that will be a great help to him, and especially if he should, as you suggest, become, after a time, like the son we have dreamed of, but never had, he would fall more easily into our city ways."

So it was settled; and Harry, not Jack, went to Boston. It was a curious

decision for a boy to make, but Jack was a true and natural philosopher.

"What a person ought to live for," he said to his mother, "is, you have told me fifty times, to be as useful and as happy as possible. I should like to stay just where I am and graduate at the high school next year. You see I love books and I am sure to read, and we have a good town library. Then I like living in the country. Harry is always longing for the city. I'm not. I hate to think, even, of the noise and smells, and rush and confusion. Here I shall live with you and father and the children, till I get ahead and we add to the mill and the farm. I do not care for anything happier than to stay here, and bye-and-bye I hope to find a dear little wife and have my own home. How lovely it all sounds."

There was another reason why Jack wished to live in Winthrop. It was a "growing place," on the whole, and those who were coming in were mostly of two classes: "Summer people" and French Canadians. Sarah's mother was French, and a good Catholic, and so were her children. John Locke had no special religion when he married Sarah, but after their marriage he felt quite sure he had found the secret of her goodness and he concluded that what made her so happy would do for him. So in this as in all else they were of one mind and heart. But the Catholics in Winthrop were having a hard time, and this was Jack's second reason for staying.

They already formed about one-third of the population, but they were generally poor, many of them not well educated, and he knew he could be of more use by staying and giving the best of himself for them, than in going to join the great city crowd, pulling and pushing for money. At least this was the way it looked to him.

His father was a man whose influence was good in every way. Jack was hav-

ing a better chance than he had ever had in the way of schooling. This would help them both. There was a fine library belonging to the town. The building, and most of the books, were the gift of a man who lived in Winthrop when he was a boy, and never lost his interest in the town. He made a fortune in California, and afterwards met and married a very lovely French lady. She was a Catholic and so were their children; yet in this library there were no Catholic books, and there were many Protestant books no good Catholic would care to read. This was a sore subject with the Lockes, and to change this was one of the plans working in Jack's busy brain.

"No," he said to his mother one day, "I have no wish to leave Winthrop. I am happy here, and I can be of use here. How do I know what I should be or do if I went to Boston?"

"You are a good boy and the joy of my life," she returned, "but I do not like to think you may be sorry when it is too late to change your mind."

However, things seemed to settle themselves. As Jack would not accept his offer Mr. Marston transferred it to happy Harry. And, later, Jack became a prosperous farmer. He married a woman he had loved from the time they were children, like his father before him. John and Sarah are the grandparents of many little people.

And all those streams of happiness began with the resolve of a good girl to make the best of things and look on the bright side.

In the city of New York there are to-day hundreds of criminals who are all directly descended from one notoriously bad woman. There was, probably, a time when she chose to go wrong instead of right in what may have seemed a small question. God only knows when the consequences of her wickedness will end. But we have this consolation: if the effect of one bad act may seem endless, the same rule applies to a good one.

Our London Letter

By AUSTIN OATES, K. S. G.

The New Archbishop of Westminster Great and general is the satisfaction at the appointment of the Right Rev. Francis Bourne, late Bishop of Southwark, to the Archiepiscopal See of Westminster, rendered vacant through the much lamented death of Cardinal Vaughan. Bishop Bourne held a very high place in the regard and esteem of his great predecessor. The newly appointed Archbishop was born in 1861, and he is thus 42 years of age, and the youngest member of the Episcopate of the Catholic Church in England. His father, who was principal clerk in the Receiver-General's branch in the post-office, was a convert. His mother, Ellen Byrne, was the daughter of John Byrne, a merchant of Dublin. It was entirely owing to her courage and self-sacrifice that the education of her two sons was not allowed to suffer in any way by the loss of their father, who died in 1870. Francis was educated at St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw, and at that of St. Edmund's, Old Hall, Ware.

His Career Having resolved on the ecclesiastical state, he spent one year at St. Thomas' Seminary, Hammersmith, from whence he passed to that of St. Sulpice, Paris, where, on May 19, 1883, he received the diaconate from Archbishop, now Cardinal, Richard. Having completed the ordinary theological course, he next, at the desire of Bishop Coffin of Southwark, went to the famous Catholic University of Louvain for a special course of Ecclesiastical History and Sacred Scripture. He returned to England the following year was ordained, and during the next five years served several missions. In the July of 1889,

the late Bishop Butt of Southwark, entrusted him with the foundation of an ecclesiastical seminary for the education of the clergy of the diocese. Of this institution he retained the rectorship until the beginning of 1898, and united for several years with other duties the Professorship of Moral Theology and Holy Scripture. In 1895 he accompanied Bishop Butt to Rome, where he was named Domestic Prelate to the Pope, and in the following year he was appointed coadjutor to Bishop Butt and succeeded to the See of Southwark on the resignation of that prelate in the April of 1898. During the seven years that he ruled the See of Southwark Bishop Butt proved himself to be an excellent administrator, an indefatigable worker, a most zealous and devoted pastor. An earnest and eloquent preacher, he is a clear and convincing speaker. Deeply interested in all the great social questions of the day the new Archbishop may confidently be expected to fill, and that most fittingly and worthily, the exalted office to which the Holy See has appointed him.

The New Bishop of Salford Conterminous with the appointment of Bishop Bourne to Westminster comes that of the Very Rev. Dr. Casartelli, late Rector of St. Bede's College, Manchester, to the See of Salford, rendered vacant by the death of Bishop Bilsborrow. Dr. Casartelli is not merely well known in Manchester and throughout England as a scholar and an educationalist, but his fame as an Orientalist may be said to be world wide. He was born in Manchester in 1852. Both his parents were Italians, his mother being a Ronchetti,

but they had both been long settled in England. He was educated at Ushaw College where he soon gave promise of an exceptionally brilliant career. After passing the preliminary examinations, he obtained the B. A. degree of London with honors in 1870. He also gained the prize for Hebrew and took his degree of M. A., being awarded the infrequent distinction of the gold medal in classics. From Ushaw College he went to the University of Louvain, where he devoted himself to the study of philology and languages, especially of the Oriental tongues. In 1876 he was ordained by Cardinal Vaughan, then Bishop of Salford, and was appointed a professor and prefect of studies at St. Bede's College, Manchester, with which establishment he has ever since been identified. Dr. Casartelli has maintained his association with the University of Louvain, as during the last four years he has given during the Middle, or Lent, term, a course of lectures on Zend and Pehleri. He is a member of many learned societies and has written several notable works and treatises.

How Liverpool Proposes to Honor Mgr. Nugent The citizens of Liverpool, of all creeds and classes, propose to erect on a public site a statue to the memory of the Rt. Rev. Mgr. James Nugent, one of the oldest and certainly most beloved priests in the North of England. The corporation will give the site, and subscriptions are coming in from all quarters. Mgr. Nugent is now in his 82d year. His long and laborious life has been chiefly and most beneficially devoted to works having for their object the saving of the souls and bodies of

homeless and helpless children and unfortunate women. The venerable prelate was the pioneer in the movement of opening of refuges and homes for the waifs and strays and street arabs. A wonderful organism, a stirring speaker, he was a man of boundless energy and "go." At one time he was the proprietor of the well known "Catholic Times," and for many years influenced its policy. The honor proposed and now about to be conferred is, as regards this country, unique, as no statue of a Catholic priest has ever yet been erected on a public site. It is one, in the opinion of all, thoroughly well deserved.

Beaumont College and the Learning of Greek The authorities of the famous Jesuit College of Beaumont at Old Windsor, have announced a new departure in connection with the course of studies. Two years ago a modern side was introduced at Beaumont, in which the time given to Greek on the classical side was assigned chiefly to French, Science and English subjects. The course of studies arranged for the modern side has been found to meet the requirements of an increasing large number of boys, and it has been decided to extend the system further by making this course general throughout all the classes of the college, while special provision will be made for those boys whose parents wish them to learn Greek. Every care will be taken to make the English course as thorough as possible, from the lowest classes upwards, while special attention is to be paid to the teaching of French in order to secure that the knowledge gained by the end of a boy's course will be of practical use, not only for reading the language, but for writing and speaking it.



Confraternity of the Holy Rosary



FEW words concerning the nature, scope and advantages of the Rosary Confraternity will not be amiss. With the beautiful devotion of the Rosary itself all are well acquainted. There is no devotion dearer to the Catholic heart than that to Mary's beads. But with the Rosary Confraternity it is otherwise. Too many are ignorant of how little is required of a member; and, what is most to be pitied, ignorant of the wonderful benefits they might obtain. Pontiff has vied with Pontiff in enriching the Confraternity; indulgences have been added from time to time until it is now justly styled "mother of indulgenced prayers."

A rather homely illustration best sets forth the nature of the Rosary Confraternity. All know what is meant by a trust—the combination of many commercial forces for the mutual benefit of those so joined. Eliminate the injury which many such combinations bring to those not of the trust and we have a good example of the Confraternity. It is the union of many faithful to honor Mary the Mother of God, and furthermore to share in one another's prayer. A Rosarian saying his beads prays for his fellow Rosarian and thus as the late Pope Leo XIII. said: "Each contributes a little to a common treasure and draws therefrom a share in the prayer of innumerable others." If one stops to consider the number of Rosarians he will readily perceive what a blessing it is to share in their prayers. The Confraternity has been established in China and India, in the torrid Africa, in Japan and in the Philippines. And wherever the Rosarian may be he is praying for

the members of the Confraternity. In addition to this the Rosarian shares in the good works, the Masses, the prayers and the sermons of the Dominican Order. Limited space forbids our considering this latter benefit.

To become a member very little is required. The name of the person must be entered in the Confraternity register. If a Confraternity Church is difficult of access names may be sent to the office of THE ROSARY MAGAZINE. It is furthermore required that the Rosarian use beads blessed by a Dominican or by one having faculties from the Dominican Master General. The principal obligation of a Rosarian is the weekly recitation of the fifteen mysteries. It is not necessary that the fifteen be said at one time; one two or three may be said provided the fifteen mysteries are said within the week. He is not bound to this under pain of sin; by omitting it he does not cease to be a member; but while sharing in some of the indulgences of the Confraternity he loses his right to a share in the prayers of his brethren, and to his participation in the good works of the Dominican Order. There are no dues.

In order to say the Rosary properly we must meditate on the mysteries of the Rosary. They embrace the chief events in the life of Christ or of His Mother. We should revolve these truths in our minds, view carefully the conduct of the principal characters and then carefully contrast that to ours. If we do this with fidelity and are sincere in our efforts to make our lives Christlike, the Rosary will prove an invaluable aid. It is a mistaken notion that we cannot

meditate. How often does our imagination run riot in recalling past events! It can busy itself for hours picturing how things might have been if some one thing had been done or had been avoided. Yet this same imagination refuses to consider the principal truths of our religion; it grows sluggish and torpid when we try to center it around the great tragedy of Calvary. A stronger will and a little more sincerity will prove the remedy.

We append a few of the many indulgences of the Confraternity. For each devout pronunciation of the adorable name of Jesus there is granted an indulgence of 2,025 days, making a total for the five mysteries of 101,250 days. The Rosarian who is faithful to his obligation of the weekly recitation of the fifteen mysteries gains an indulgence of ten years and 400 days. Three plenary indulgences may be granted on the first Sunday of each month; one for the worthy reception of the sacraments, one for visiting a Rosary chapel and praying for the Holy Father's intention; a third is granted for assisting at the Rosary procession. The same may be said of many other days.

Another feature that will appeal forcibly to many is the fact that all the indulgences of the Confraternity may be applied to the poor suffering souls, that is, any indulgence which the Rosarian gains may be offered for some soul in purgatory. Those who have lost some dear one find in the Rosary a powerful means. Every one who attains the use of reason can become a member. Every one who has made his or her First Communion should become a member. If you have not yet enlisted in Mary's band do so during this month of her Holy Rosary. Fathers and mothers should be especially anxious that their children are enrolled. They

should observe that grand old custom of family prayer. In doing this they are unconsciously making their children men and women of prayer. The habit of prayer will persevere and when, having left the parental roof, they are struggling along life's wicked ways, they will ever fly to Jesus and Mary for care and guidance.

OCTOBER DEVOTIONS.

It may be of interest to note that a Filipino friar was the first to strive to make general the custom of holding Rosary devotions during the month of October. The Dominican Fr. Joseph Moran was the means chosen by God for this work. The devotion began at Ocana in the Philippines. He labored unceasingly to make the devotion flourish. He enlisted the aid of some Spanish Bishops and through their agency the matter was brought to the attention of the Holy See. Pius IX. blessed him for his untiring efforts and granted an indulgence of seven years and 280 days to all who would attend Rosary devotions during this month of October. This was in 1868. The devotion made rapid development and by the time of Fr. Moran's death, 1884, it had obtained universal recognition.

Our Holy Father, Leo XIII., in his Encyclical on the Rosary says: "Among the several rites of honoring the Blessed Mary, some are to be preferred, inasmuch as we know them to be the most powerful and the more pleasing to our Mother; and therefore do we most specially name and recommend the Rosary, which recalls to our minds the great mysteries of Jesus and Mary—joys, sorrows and triumphs." And again: "We most earnestly exhort all the faithful to

persevere devoutly in the daily recitation of the Rosary." (Leo XIII. Brev. Salutarius ille). These are weighty words, and deserve to be considered attentively one by one.

We—the highest authority on earth, the Vicar of Christ, the mouthpiece of the Holy Spirit to the children of the Church, who learn the Will of God and the way of salvation from Our lips:

Most earnestly exhort—that is advocate and counsel with all the authority and solicitude of the pastoral office:

All the faithful—not only priests and religious, the needy, the troubled, the leisured—but *all*—busy men in the professions and trades, students, clerks, toilers in the factory and in the field, the sick, the old, the little children.

To the daily recitation—Does this seem an inconsiderate demand when work is so heavy and repose so short? It might be were the Rosary an additional burden. But the busiest and the most weary will tell you they can find ten minutes for their beads, time to avail themselves for that brief space of our Lord's invitation: "Come aside and rest a little."

And to persevere—It is easy to take up a holy practice. To persevere in it takes courage, generosity, self-sacrifice—in a word, a true love of God, and a dogged determination to save one's soul, and to take the best means to that end.

Devoutly—This is harder still, unless we have come to love our Rosary, to say it—if not with sensible fervor, at least with the fervor of the will, i. e., with the reasonable application of mind and heart which is enough to ensure to us its precious fruits.

It is, alas, but too true that many of us find the ten minutes given to our Rosary a sadly weary time. It gets no easier

with practice, and we see no reason for believing it is becoming more fruitful.—M. M. Loyola in "Hail! Full of Grace."

INDULGENCES FOR OCTOBER.

Great indeed are the indulgences to be gained by Rosarians during the month of the Holy Rosary. On Rosary Sunday may be gained the greatest indulgence which the Church grants; it is called the "Toties Quoties." It has been extended to all the faithful and to all Rosary Confraternity churches. For every visit made to the Rosary altar in such a church from the Saturday afternoon preceding the feast till sunset of the feast day itself a plenary indulgence is granted. The conditions are: the visit must be distinct, i. e., the person must leave the church after every visit; the visit must be made to the Rosary altar; confession, which may be made on the Friday or Saturday preceding, and communion; prayers for the Pope's intention at every visit.

To all who attend Rosary devotions during the month of October a partial indulgence of seven years and 280 days is granted. To all who have attended ten such exercises Leo XIII. grants the remission of all punishment and penalties for sins committed. It is allowable, when impeded from attending public devotions, to have private devotions at home. These answer the obligation. Those who say five mysteries ten times during the month may gain a plenary indulgence on any day they choose. Conditions: confession, communion, visit to Rosary chapel and prayers for the Pope.

The usual indulgences of the first and third Sunday may also be gained.



With the Editor



During this month of October there will be nightly devotions in all the churches of the land. These devotions will be held in honor of Our Lady of the Rosary and in accordance with the well known suggestion of her devout client, Leo XIII. We urge upon all the faithful to attend whenever they can possibly do so and thus lift their voices in that prayer which has time and again been proven most efficacious in the hour of the Church's need. If there was one thing more than another near to the heart of the illustrious Pope of the Rosary, it was the desire that this devotion should continually increase. Prove yourself faithful to his memory by being docile to his instructions and willing to conform to his wish by cultivating within yourself a strong love for Our Lady's beads.

During the past month Mary E. Conway, the distinguished sister of Katherine Conway of the Boston Pilot, died in Buenos Ayres where she had established the highly successful Colegio Americano. The greater part of Miss Conway's life was spent in South America, thus following a bent which seemed born with her, for in a memorial sketch made of her by one who knew her well, we find the following paragraph: "From her earliest youth, the desire to visit strange lands, especially the lands of the tropics possessed her; and she had great delight in day-dreams successively of a ranch in Texas, an orange-grove in Florida or Southern California, or a coffee-plantation in Brazil; her reading always following this fancy of the time. Her desire for the Southern lands was destined to an early fulfilment and a longer experience than she had forecast." Miss Conway had consecrated her energies

and her splendid talents to the cause of education, but she was a writer of no mean ability. The readers of THE ROSARY MAGAZINE will remember the characteristic stories recently published in our pages, namely, "The Bells of Santa Clara," and a later one, "Fernanda's Diamonds." A life like hers is a tribute to the whole human family; it keeps us ever mindful of the fact that man was indeed fashioned according to the image and likeness of his Maker. May she rest in peace.

The new edition of the Dominican Tertiaries' Guide which has heretofore been announced is now ready for distribution. We have no hesitation in giving it to the public for we feel assured that it will receive a hearty welcome from all Tertiaries. Much thought and labor have been expended in its preparation and all the changes for the better, suggested by earlier editions, have been followed. The material make-up is of a kind that combines durability and neatness. The price is fifty cents, though five cents should be added for postage. Orders may be sent to THE ROSARY PRESS and will be promptly filled.

At Amsterdam, Holland, an address was delivered by the Reverend Samuel A. Eliot, D. D., before the International Council of Unitarian and Other Liberal Religious Thinkers and Workers. Dr. Eliot's subject was "Liberal Christianity in the United States." The address is printed in full in the Christian Register, of the 17th of September, and is interesting to a degree. The dominant note in it all is the evident sincerity of the lecturer and the desire to state things as he perceives them to be. The tribute which

he pays to the Catholic Church is rather emphasized by the fact that it immediately follows the arraignment of some of the Protestant sects. It was not our purpose, however, to call attention to this fact, for the chastisement of even Protestants and that, too, by one of their own, is not a delightful thing to us. But what is remarkable to us in the statements of Dr. Eliot, is that touching Catholic conditions, teachings and work, there should be so many misconceptions side by side with so much that is correctly perceived. He cites the Catholic Church in America as an instance of liberalism in religion and flatly states that "The Roman Church in America differs materially from the Roman Church of Italy, Spain or Belgium." That there is a difference in accidentals we are willing to admit, but a material difference we must of course, deny. We shall give in full the several paragraphs which bear upon the Church. We are at a loss to understand what he means when he accuses us of "carnalizing religion." It is refreshing, however, to note that in the marvellous growth of the Catholic Church in America, he does not find a menace to the well-being of our national institutions. Here are his words:

"The Church of Rome has had a wonderful career in the United States. When the American government was established, the adherents of the Roman See were numbered as the least of the sectaries: they now constitute the largest single denomination. No stronger testimony to the power and discipline of the Roman order can be discovered than the rapid and thorough way in which, with slender resources, parishes and schools have been organized and equipped. The achievement of the Catholic Church in receiving and caring for the great masses of emigrants of diverse nationalities and tongues has been an exhibition of incomparable administrative ability. The unconscious action and

reaction between Catholics and Protestants in America has been healthy. The Catholics have taught the Protestants how to study the infinite varieties of human nature, how to have compassion on the multitude, and how to call noble music to the aid of devotion. They have shown us the folly of taking away their playthings from spiritual children and of permitting the devil to have all the good tunes. They have helped to mitigate the dulness of the Calvinistic Sabbath and to glorify social enjoyment and good cheer. Above all, they have defended the clinging love that refuses to believe in any great gulf set between our souls and the beloved dead. They have wisely interpreted the deep instinct of the human heart which believes in the communion of saints. The medieval elements in Catholic creed and worship have been profoundly modified by contact with democratic conditions. The Roman Church in America differs materially from the Roman Church of Italy, Spain, or Belgium. At first almost exclusively a foreign Church, both in priesthood and in laity, it more and more takes its normal place as a permanent element in American life. The priesthood is now chiefly recruiting from American-born youth who receive their training in their native land and who are generally as ardently patriotic as the sons of Pilgrims themselves.

"The Roman Church has indeed at times been found in opposition to the American school system, and its priests have occasionally dabbled injudiciously in politics; but it is almost always to be found a stout fighter for temperance and for economy in public administration. It is divided from Protestantism by fundamental intellectual disagreements, but American Protestants must gratefully recognize that for a mass of their fellow-citizens the Catholic Church performs a service which no Protestant Church is fitted to render. For those who have little power to think for themselves a

Church that can teach them how to obey is indispensable. The Roman discipline often unfolds a saintliness that may well bow our hearts in respect. If it upholds a doctrine of the priesthood and the sacraments which obscures the light of the Christian gospel, if it grossly carnalizes religion, its very bigotry is exercised in a cause in which all Christians are en-

listed. The earnest Catholic holds to his sacramental theories because he believes that through the Mass the eternal life of God can be made the actual possession of men. If we have another way to God, let us not fail to recognize that, though by different paths, we are 'urged by one great motive to the same great end.'"

MAGAZINES

The North American for September contains, as its leading feature, a symposium on Leo XIII. in which writers of different religious beliefs consider the work and influence of the great Pontiff. The first place is given very deservedly to Archbishop Ireland; for in his article he shows a greater justness and comprehensiveness of view than do all the six writers who follow him taken together. No less deservedly is the last place given to the Rev. Dr. H. Pereira Mendes who betrays a narrowness of view and a want of appreciation that are amazing in one whom the able editor of the Review thought fit to invite to a place in the company of his other writers. What a betrayal of ignorance is there in the followin: "From Pope Nicholas I. 860, to Pius IX. the predecessor of Leo XIII. many a Pontiff condemned the Holy Book and forbade anybody reading. Leo XIII. to his honor and glory, acted differently. In 1893 he issued an encyclical permitting the reading of the Bible. True, he had priestly influences to combat." Or is the writer guilty of something that cannot be called ignorance? The gentlemen whose names appear under the articles between the first and last do not agree on all points with Archbishop Ireland, nor do they agree among themselves, but they have written with a fair show of historical knowledge and they wish to be just. Where they have erred their error was due to a want of knowledge concerning Catholic teaching.

Charming, amusing and interesting, is Burton Egbert Stevenson's novel "The Blade That Won," which appeared in Lippincott's for September. From beginning to end, this story is guaranteed to hold one's attention, and no disappointment is to be found upon the face of one reading it. The style is pleasing and catchy, making this story number among the finest of this magazine's issues. To say that this number of Lippincott's is sure to give amusement, is to say but little, for the collection of stories contained therein is of the highest quality and, moreover, is very well adapted for those studying to acquire a simple style. The words, phrases, and sentences are of a nature to please, and show what care the authors of these stories take in endeavoring to give to the public good English literature.

In the Messenger for September "The North American Indian and the Catholic Church," by Rev. H. G. Ganss, is assuredly worthy of note. We Americans have always gloried in being the friends and promoters of liberty. We have always given hearty welcome to the oppressed and down-trodden of all nations. But, strange to say, we have not thus treated the native of our soil. "We have but one verdict to give, in studying the Indian question, and that is, we have wronged, despoiled, persecuted and exterminated him." President Grant "saw the failure and iniquity

of our whole Indian system." And "he made the first national effort to efface the blot of guilt from our history. He invited the different denominational Churches to cooperate with the government. The latter opened its treasury and gave a magnanimous support." Our zealous and apostolic missionaries labored hard. Their efforts were blessed. They completely outstripped all others. Catholic schools and churches flourished. This aroused envy. "Under pretense of alarm at a supposed union of Church and State, by a concerted plan Protestants relinquished their appropriation," promising that if the government would withdraw its appropriations to Church schools, they would all the same continue their work with unabated zeal and undiminished enrollment." The appropriations were withdrawn. The Protestants have not kept their word. But our Catholic missionaries with undaunted courage have continued on in the noble work. Theirs is the spirit of Las Casas and those holy fathers who willingly gave their life's blood for the cause of the cross to save all mankind. Out of 270,000 Indians in the United States, 106,000 "are sincere, practical, devoted Catholics." Of those remaining "fully 100,000 are still buried in idolatry and superstition." The faithful are called upon to give a helping hand "by generous, active benevolence," and this may be easily done by enrollment under the banner of the "Society for the Preservation of the Faith among the Indian children." "The Church of Rome in Spain," by Francis W. Bernard is a paper of much merit. He ably refutes the charges made by Mr. McCabe, in the June number of the Contemporary Review, against the Catholic Church in the country named. Other articles are "St. Philip Neri in Rome," S. J.; "Agloe," Conde Benoist Pallen; "The real St. Francis of Assisi," Fr. Paschal Robinson, O. F. M.

The Catholic World for September opens with a timely sketch of the new Pope's life, representing him as a zealous and learned prelate, a man from the ranks of the people. Then follows an article containing the true and Christian explanation of the unequal distribution of wealth existing between the rich and the poor. The fact of this inequality is admitted by all; but that such inequality is a necessity is not so admitted. Yet it is true. For if all property were equally distributed there would be no further need of hard work. As a consequence those goods, the production of which is difficult, would in a short time be consumed and the world would be in want. To supply this want some would be obliged to devote themselves to the undesirable work. Now not the men whose high intelligence fits them for the professional life, but men of muscle would have to take up once more the production of those goods that requires strength of body rather than of mind. But here again appears the same inequality, and that from necessity. Hence the futility of all remedies proposed by socialists against unequal distribution of wealth. Some alleviation, however, may be had by the practice of Christian charity on the part of the rich and of Christian patience on the part of the poor. In this life nothing more is possible. The full and adequate explanation of this mystery must be sought in the next life where alone perfect justice shall be done. In the same number a serial from the pen of a convert appears under the title "A Narrative of the Missions on the Congo," that will be of much interest to those who wish to observe the progress out of darkness into light of a sincere inquirer after truth. These with other articles of equal value make the September issue well worth perusal.

In the September Cosmopolitan, Rafford Pyke offers an easy way for the

student of national character to look for his typical specimens, by taking him for a visit to half a dozen wisely selected summer resorts where the whole panorama of American life may be witnessed. Sir Thomas Lipton gives an interesting account of his efforts to win the "America's Cup." "The Papal Conclave," an article by Bishop Rooker, is an explanation of the origin, meaning, and ceremonies of that wonderful election which so lately intensely interested the world. Many other articles of lesser

note enlivened by good fiction go to make this number really interesting.

St. Nicholas for September contains an abundance of interesting reading matter for young and old. The boys will take great delight in the opening story, "Brewster's Debut," by Ralph Henry Barbour. "Kitty White," a short story by C. M. Branson, will prove very interesting to the girls, and the older folks will find a sufficiency of short stories and poems which will furnish a few hours of very interesting reading.

BOOKS

"Temporal Dominion of the Pope in the Divine Plan," by Rev. Francis Dent. M. A. Butler, 446 Fourth Ave., New York, Distributor.

We have here a very satisfactory treatise on the temporal power and one, therefore, that should be broadcast especially among the laity of the Church. Any one who reads this little volume carefully will see not only the justice of papal claims but will recognize the fittingness and the reasonableness of having temporal dominion vested in the supreme spiritual authority. It is of the first importance that the faithful should be well instructed in the matter of which this book treats. The fact that the Church at the present time is despoiled of her possessions does not justify the usurpation, nor does her continued existence in the absence of these possessions, prove that she is better off without them. These facts must be borne in mind for as the reverend author says, "so specious is the argument of the adversaries that children of the faith are too often deceived; but no argument is sufficient to justify usurpation. Robbery is wrong whether it be committed by an outlaw or by one wearing the livery of the king. Every act against the duly constituted authority of a country is a violation of the

rights of citizens. In our own case, the usurpation of the Pope's temporal power is a crime against the spiritual authority of Peter's successor. It violates the rights of Catholics everywhere, because it is an enslavement of the common father of the faithful. Nay, it is an assault on the majesty of Christ in the person of His Vicar to whom He said: 'Feed my lambs, feed my sheep.' " The book bears the imprimatur of Father Lepidi, the Master of the Sacred Palace, and has received the following indorsement from Cardinal Rampolla, written at the request of the late Pontiff, Leo XIII.:

Most Illustrious Sir:—The two books published by you, one of which is on Devotion to the great Wonder-Worker of Padua and the other on the Temporal Power of the Popes, have been placed in the hands of the Holy Father, together with your reverential address. In the name, therefore, of His Holiness, I am happy to inform you that the sentiments expressed by you and the homage contained in the above mentioned volumes have proved most acceptable to His Holiness. Moreover, the August Pontiff is delighted, in a special manner, with the exact and scientific method employed by you in defending and illustrating the historic and moral

justice of the Pontifical prerogatives; and recognizing in such an undertaking an undoubted proof of the attachment which you profess for the Apostolic See, he also sees therein a well grounded assurance of the beneficent effects which shall follow from such a publication.

Rendering to you, therefore, this well earned praise, the Holy Father imparts to you, with all his heart, the Apostolic blessing; and in communicating this to you, I thank you for the copies of the said works which you so courteously presented to me, while I subscribe myself with feelings of sincere esteem.

Yours very affectionately,

M. CARDINAL RAMPOLLA.

To Rev. Francis Dent.

Rome, June 6th, 1903.

"Readings on the Gospels for Sundays and Holy Days," by M. S. Dalton. B. Herder, St. Louis. \$1.00 net.

"The words of eternal life" are contained in the inspired book and any expansion of them, or exposition of their meaning and purpose ought to be welcomed. In the first instance these expositions are supposed to come from the pulpit and to be made by the living voice, the efficacy of which is after all unparalleled. But there are some of the faithful who by reason of certain occupations or illness are prevented from hearing this "viva voce" exposition of the Gospel. For such as these the "Readings" under present consideration will be invaluable and will, as far as possible, atone for the loss which they suffer by reason of their enforced absence from services at which spoken discourses are made. These readings are not remarkable for any striking novelty in ideas or treatment, but they are clear, simple and direct and truly interesting. It is a pleasure to be able to commend them and we hope that they will soon be in extensive use.

"The Sacred Heart Book," by Rev. F. X. Lasance. Benziger Bros. 75 cents.

We should not wonder if this book became as popular as the "Visits to Jesus in the Tabernacle," by the same author. Father Lasance displays excellent judgment in selecting the material for his books; he seems to understand just what the faithful want, so that there is scarcely a page which is not treasured. This book is divided into three parts; The first contains instructions, suggestions, reflections and meditations pertaining to the Sacred Heart devotion; the second part contains general devotions, and the third special ones for the use of the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer in League with the Sacred Heart; the Eucharistic League; the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament and the Tabernacle Society. With Father Lasance we hope "that by the grace of God, and through the intercession of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, this little book will be the means of making the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus better known and understood, and of inducing many pious souls to cultivate it more assiduously."

"History of England for Catholic Schools," by E. Wyatt-Davies, M. A., Trinity College, Cambridge. Longmans, Green & Co., London and New York.

It was a happy suggestion which the late Charles Trapp made to our author, namely, that he write a history of England for Catholic Schools, and we have much reason to be grateful to Mr. Wyatt-Davies for following it. We all know how much harm has been done to Catholics by the unfair histories of England which have been and are still being used in many schools. It is imperative, therefore, that something should be done to offset this, and that, too, at the time of life when impressions are most readily received. The amount of good that will come of the use of a

fair, just, reliable text book is incalculable. We need look no further for such a work on English history for we have it now at hand. What pleases us most in the present work is the utter absence of anything like a controversial spirit, and therefore one never is inclined to suspect the author's fairness. Nothing can be more prejudicial to a work of history as an authority, than the obstruction of a spirit of controversy. We expect a cool, correct, clear statement of facts made after careful research and a precise weighing of all the evidence. This is necessary for that critical spirit without which the value of a historian is nothing. The author makes the promise of all this in his preface and an examination of the subsequent pages brings with it the conviction that he has redeemed his promise. In the preface he says: "This book, then, is not an attempt to summarise the history of the Catholic Church in England, and for this reason many facts of the deepest interest and significance are omitted. Moreover, where I have had occasion to touch on religious questions I have endeavored to avoid a controversial tone, believing it to be advisable, on grounds both of religion and of patriotism, that young Catholics should not be encouraged to view the facts of the nation's development through an atmosphere of controversy. At the same time, in writing an account of the Reformation, I have not hesitated to express an opinion on the conduct of its promoters; but I have tried to present a candid statement of the changes which were carried out, and I believe that, in commenting adversely on the means employed by the authors of the Reformation in England, I have not gone beyond what has been said by non-Catholic writers of authority in matters of history. In general it has been my aim to avoid as much as possible the expression of opinions, and to give a simple statement of facts. In the investigation of

these a Catholic writer must apply the same rules of evidence which are valid for all students of history."

"Creighton University; Reminiscences of the First Twenty-five Years," by M. P. Dowling, S. J. Burkley Printing Company, Omaha. \$1.25, postage 15 cents extra.

Creighton University stands in the front rank of educational institutions in this country. This fact is a splendid tribute to the ability and the industry of the Jesuit Fathers, in whose charge the institute has been ever since its foundation. It is just twenty-five years since the doors of Creighton College were first thrown open, under circumstances that were, to say the least, untoward. It is astonishing to see how much was done in so short a time. Fortunately, the generosity of the Creightons was as unflinching as the energy and zeal of the Fathers, and so to-day there is a noteworthy and powerful seat of learning evolved from the smallest beginnings, all in the narrow span of one generation. The reminiscences are interesting and written in a style that is decidedly alive. Illustrations are generously scattered throughout the volume. We append in full a list of the principles underlying the course of studies followed in Creighton University. At the present time the question of specializing and election in studies is much discussed and it is interesting, therefore, to note what are the methods of a body of men who stand second to none among educators:

First. That there are some branches of study absolutely necessary in any scheme of liberal education. Without a knowledge of these, no man can be called educated.

Second. That for a finished education there is, in each of the departments of study, a minimum of knowledge essential for a man of culture.

Third. That the knowledge of the end should direct the choice of means;

that therefore the selection of studies must depend on the end and aim of education.

Fourth. That the aim of a truly liberal education is the harmonious development of all the faculties, the careful training of mind and heart, and the formation of character, rather than the actual imparting of knowledge and the specific equipment for a limited sphere of action.

Fifth. That all branches of study are not equally serviceable for this mental and moral development; that some contain mind-developing factors and character-building elements which no eclecticism should replace.

Sixth. That precepts, models and practice should keep pace in every well-ordered system; that all the branches should be directed to some one definite end. Language lessons in ancient and modern tongues should proceed "pari passu" if the studies are to be co-ordinated and unity maintained.

Seventh. That young students are not the proper judges of the studies essential for a systematic and thorough development of their faculties.

Eighth. That selection of studies should be permitted to none but those whose minds have already been formed by the studies essential to character-building and who have themselves practically determined upon their own life-work.

Ninth. That religion should not be divorced from education; that morality is impossible without religion and that it is far more important than knowledge for the welfare of the individual and the safety of society. The commonwealth needs good men more than it needs clever men.

Tenth. That there is no royal road to knowledge. Placing a name on the register of a college does not make a student; a multiplicity of courses which a student is free to ignore does not make a scholar.

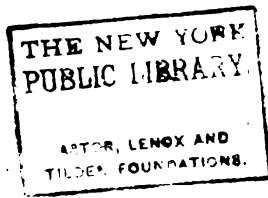
Eleventh. That the standing or grade of a college varies directly as the amount of study and acquirements made requisite for a degree.

Twelfth. That the education given by a college should be general, not special. In this way it lays the foundation for specialties and the independent research appertaining to universities.

Thirteenth. That all the studies pursued need not be directly useful in after life.

"The Life of Leo XIII.," by the Right Reverend Bernard O'Reilly, D. D. The John C. Winston Co., Philadelphia.

Of the many biographies written of Leo XIII. and now being so energetically offered for sale there is none better than the one under present consideration. It bears the marks of a work of careful preparation, not one written under the stress of a present moment, or one hurriedly gotten out for sale during a brief season of universal grief. Monsignor O'Reilly wrote this biography as a Jubilee offering to the Holy Father and to all the faithful, so that it was published on the 28th of March of the present year. After the death of the Holy Father a new edition was made with an added chapter, telling of the going out of that splendid light. The biography is absolutely reliable for it is based upon an authentic memoir, made by the order of His Holiness, and given to Mgr. O'Reilly to serve as the basis of his work. In the preface the author tells us briefly, "To me came the singular honor of being summoned to Rome by His Eminence Cardinal Parocchi, then Vicar General to His Holiness Leo XIII., to undertake the task of writing this biography, and to have provided for my use abundant and authentic documents, as well as the personal memories of His Holiness." The introduction is made by Cardinal Gibbons in a half dozen pages of delightful retrospect of the subject's life.





ALBERTUS MAGNUS, O. P.

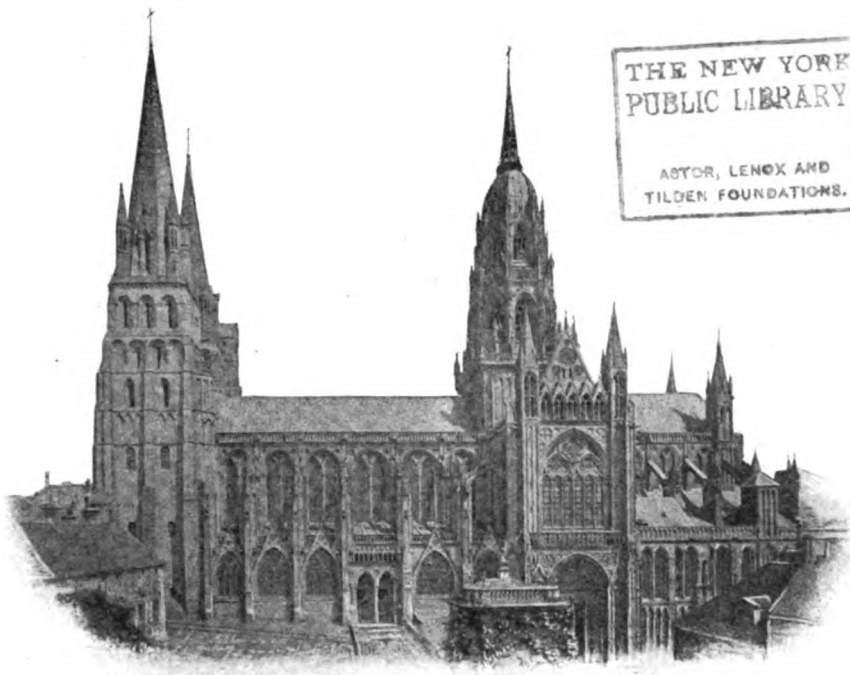
AMONG the scholars of the Middle Ages, Albertus Magnus undeniably stands in the first line. He was born at Laubing in the year 1203, of a noble Suabian family. After he had completed a course of studies in the University of Padua he entered the Dominican Order. As a Dominican he lectured at the Universities of Paris, Bologna and Cologne with distinguished success. Theology, philosophy, natural history, physics and astronomy were the subjects which he professed. His disciples became known as the "Albertists," and of these the most illustrious was Thomas Aquinas, the "Angel of the Schools." Pope Urban IV made him Bishop of Ratisbon, a dignity which subsequently he resigned in order to retire to his Convent in Cologne. Here he died in the odor of sanctity on the 15th of November, in the year of Our Lord, 1280.

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THE CATHEDRAL, BAYEUX.

A Cathedral Town in Normandy

By THE COUNTESS DE COURSON

THE ancient province of Normandy is the home of beautiful churches. On the banks of the Seine, in the pasture lands of the "Bessin" from the fertile, if unpicturesque, plain that extends round Caen, rise many glorious abbeys and cathedrals. Even remote hamlets possess churches that are gems of architecture; often have we knelt in lonely, village sanctuaries, untrodden by the feet of tourists, whose exquisite proportions,

delicate ornaments and slender spires are dreams of beauty, churches that if placed on the high-ways would become places of pilgrimage to the lovers of art.

One of these Norman shrines, the cathedral of Bayeux, holds its own among the cathedrals of France, even of Europe. Many months spent beneath its shade have made us familiar with its beauties; other churches may be larger, grander, more imposing, few are so harmonious in their proportions and, we

may add, so carefully and lovingly cared for in every detail. Like most medieval edifices, it presents a curious mixture of romanesque and gothic architecture; the round arches of the nave, the severe style of the two stone towers have a distinctly Norman aspect, whereas the triforium, transept, porches and central tower are specimens of the finest gothic of the very best period.

Within the last few years the houses and shops that formerly surrounded the cathedral have been removed, the noble edifice now stands alone in its beauty and there is something singularly impressive in its aspect.

Bayeux cathedral was consecrated on July 14, 1017, in presence of an illustrious assembly. William the Conqueror was there and with him his consort, Matilda of Flanders, and his half brother Odo, Bishop of Bayeux; it is curious to remember that the heavy Norman arches of the nave have remained untouched since that eventful day. The clerestory, triforium and porches were added later; indeed the central tower, a prominent feature, exemplifies, in a striking manner, the additions that each different epoch brought to bear upon the original plan. The tower has a heavy, plain, romanesque basis, upon which rises an octagonal tower, the work of Bishop d'Harcourt, in the fifteenth century, when gothic architecture began to be more ornate. These differences and contrasts have their charm, each century added its peculiar characteristics to the noble pile, without marring its general harmony.

The interior of the cathedral affords an exhaustless fund of interest. We love it best at sunset, when shafts of golden light strike the cluster of slender pillars that give the building a touch of elegance and lightness added to its majesty. Here and there, in the side chapels, around the choir, are bits of delicate carving, flowers and leaves such as the medieval artists loved and which we can

imagine copied from the wayside flowers that grow so plentifully in the Norman hedgerows.

The Bishops of Bayeux in olden times were important personages, whose sway extended over the neighboring town of Caeu. They seem to have loved their cathedral and each in his turn added something to its beauty. Among them was an Italian, Louis of Canossa, who brought workmen from his native country to his Norman diocese; only lately traces of their delicate paintings were discovered in the present museum, which formerly was part of the episcopal palace. Some of these Bishops belonged to the highest nobility of the land. Joseph de la Tremoille, Pierre de Rochechouart, Paul d'Albert de Luynes, Francois de Lorraine-Armagnac, were "grands seigneurs," who kept up princely state in their magnificent palace. Another, Francois de Nesmond, who governed the diocese from 1662 to 1715, has left a lasting memory throughout the country. After the lapse of 200 years during which so many political and social changes have shaken the soil to its very foundations, the remembrance of his kindness and charity is still alive.

Until the revolution of 1789, the episcopal palace was the spacious building, where the law courts of the town and the museum are now established. Some of its old windows have remained untouched since the fifteenth century and in one of the large rooms are exquisite specimens of wood carving. It was from this palace that in 1791, the last Bishop of the old "regime," Mgr. de Cheylus, went forth, in 1791, rather than stain his conscience with the sacrilegious oath demanded of the clergy. He died in exile, at Jersey, mindful to the last of his old diocese, to which he bequeathed a large sum of money. An inscription, deeply carved in the stone tower that rises to the west of the cathedral, affords a curious example of the independence of the

Canons of Bayeux in medieval times. It points to the burial place of the mother of a Bishop, Isabelle de Douvres, a lady of high degree, whose conduct seems to have been far from edifying. It was her privilege to be buried within the cathedral, where reigned her son, Bishop Richard of Bayeux, but the canons, who disapproved of her ways, sternly declined to admit her within the sacred precincts and laid her outside at the foot of the western tower. A few steps be-

the living to pray for the dead. The cemetery has long been swept away, but the "Lanterne des morts" remains, a silent memorial of the pious custom that brought the dead into touch with the survivors. Around it thrones have fallen, governments have changed, customs, ideas and habits have been transformed and few among the inhabitants of Bayeux know the history of the little tower whose light has long since been extinguished.

A few steps further, on a quiet "place" stands the town library, where the famous "tapestry" attracts many visitors. As our readers know, it was, according to tradition, worked by the Conqueror's wife, Queen Matilda and her ladies, to commemorate the Conquest of England by the Norman Duke. The story begins with the embassy entrusted to Harold by the Anglo-Saxon King Edward, the Confessor, and is carried on through fifty-eight pictures, quaintly wrought in embroidery, to the battle of Hastings, where on October 14, 1066, Harold, the last Saxon Sovereign of England, perished with the flower of his army.

The figures are curious, rather than beautiful; with only a few stitches much effect is produced and as an historical document the Bayeux "tapestry" has a priceless value.

According to tradition it was presented by the royal worker, the Queen-duchess Matilda, to her brother-in-law Ado, Bishop of Bayeux, and for this reason, in past times, before the Revolution, the tapestry belonged to the cathedral, which it served to decorate on solemn feast days.

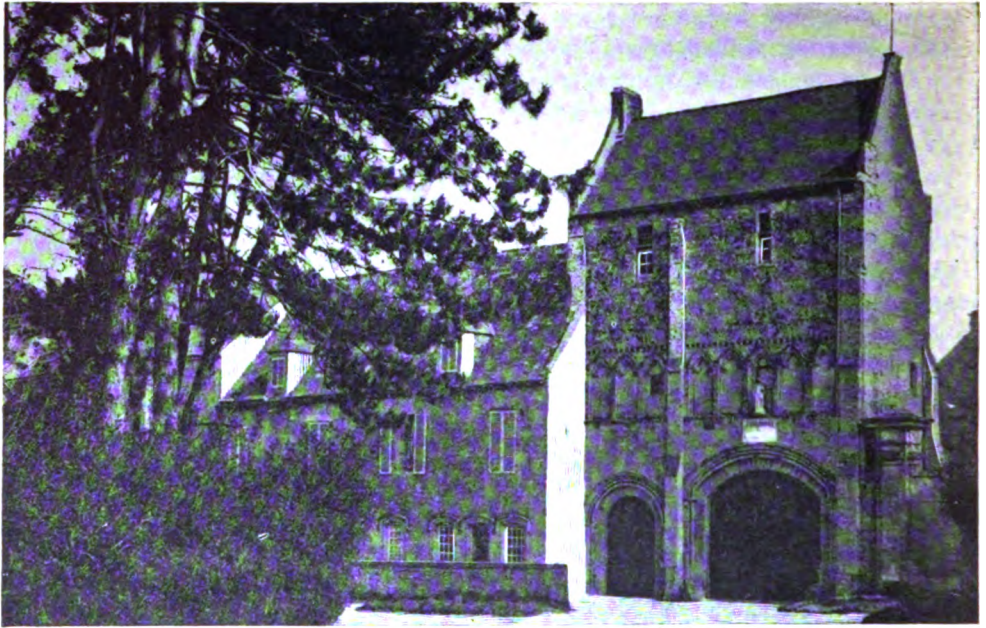
The Revolution brought about many other changes in the history of the quaint Norman city. The glorious cathedral whose solemn restfulness has soothed the sorrows and weariness of so many generations, was invaded and profaned by the "Jacobins" of Bayeux.

In 1793 a strange procession wended its way through the streets; men and



FACADE OF THE CATHEDRAL.

yond rises, among a cluster of commonplace looking houses, an open worked turret, something like a chimney in shape, called by the people, "La Lanterne des morts,"—"the lantern of the dead." An eminent antiquarian who knows the past and present history of Bayeux in its minutest details, tells us that a cemetery formerly existed on this spot. It was the custom in medieval times to build in the center of every burial place a small tower or niche where a light was kept burning day and night to remind



PRIORY OF ST. VIGOR.

women dressed in costumes that were clumsy imitations of the classical dress of the Greeks and Romans, surrounded a chariot upon which stood a young girl. At her feet lay sacred vessels of gold and silver, reliquaries and holy images, croziers, mitres, chalices, thrown into a heap. The "Goddess of reason" was led to the cathedral and solemnly enthroned on the altar, while around her the spectators joined in a wild dance to the sound of the "Carmagnole." The draperies that served on the occasion of this sacrilegious festivity were found in the attics of the cathedral only a few years ago.

There are old people still alive who remember how their parents spoke with a shudder of those evil days; they were told that, as the hideous procession passed by, weeping women led their children from the window and in their closed houses knelt on the ground to pray.

However much they strove to escape notice, the few members of the old

"noblesse" who had not fled across the frontier, lived in terror of their lives. Their houses were constantly searched, books and pictures having any reference to God or to the King made their possessors liable to imprisonment. We have seen a geographical treatise in which the words: God, King, Dauphin and Queen have been carefully erased and a note, in an old-fashioned hand-writing, explains that this was done for safety's sake during the Reign of Terror.

Another curious memorial of those bloody days is a thick manuscript which a few years ago came into the possession of the writer. It is the diary written by a M. de Montal, who was a prisoner at Bayeux during the Revolution. He belonged to a noble family of the South of France, but his elder brother, M. d'Albignac, having married a Norman heiress, Mme. de Bailleul, M. de Montal settled at Bayeux where he was overtaken by the Revolutionary tempest. His brother, like many others, had joined the army of the "emigres" beyond

the frontier, but his wife, their four children and M. de Montal were arrested and imprisoned in the convent of "La Charite." A portion of this large building still exists and is used as a "Gendarmerie," or station for the local police force. The diary has not only the value of a family relic; it possesses a wider and more general interest, giving, as it does, a curious insight into the state of mind of the prisoners who filled the convent. Among them were persons of every age and rank, men and women, young girls and children, priests and nuns; all the noble families of the province were represented and, towards the end of the Revolution, several English prisoners of war seem to have joined the motley throng.

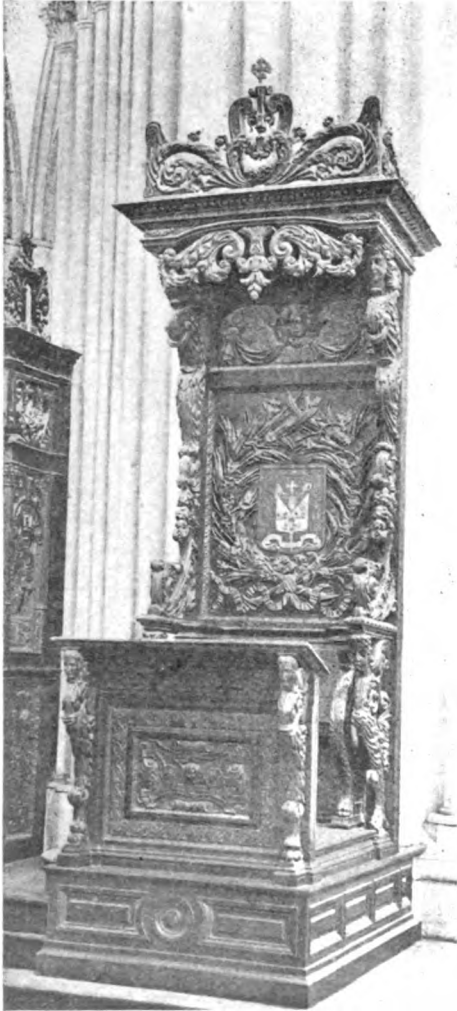
At first the prisoners appear utterly unconscious of the danger that threatened them and it is curious to note the childishness of their occupations and amusements. Much has been written about the interior aspect of the Paris

prisons at the beginning of the Reign of Terror, how the witty, frivolous, pleasure-loving men and women continued to laugh and joke, while beyond the grim walls the guillotine waited for its prey. Judging from our manuscript the prisons in the provinces were much the same and their inmates showed an astounding ignorance of the political conditions of their country. M. de Montal's frivolous gossip, his light-hearted verses, his evident enjoyment of conversation and society and his carelessness of future events are either the result of extraordinary blindness or else the outcome of profound philosophy! At last, however, alarming rumors reached the prison, the tone of the diary becomes more thoughtful and the shadow of impending danger falls across the careless sunny spirit of the southern gentleman. He tells us in quaint language how, having discovered that those of their fellow-prisoners who had gone to Paris had just perished on the scaffold, the persons of his



PALACE OF JUSTICE, WHICH, BEFORE THE REVOLUTION WAS THE BISHOP'S PALACE

"societe" began to consider the future in a more serious light. They sought for strength and comfort in spiritual books and M. de Montal, having a good voice, was chosen as reader to the company. His reflections upon the works of Bourdaloue and Massillon are amusing;



BISHOP'S CHAIR, BAYEUX CATHEDRAL

evidently these grave volumes opened new horizons to his mental vision and we are inclined to believe that neither to him nor to the members of his "societe" were the spiritual works of the seventeenth century familiar reading.

In 1794 Madame d'Albignac, our hero's sister-in-law, a noble-minded and courageous woman was taken to Paris, a transfer that at that date, meant almost certain death. M. de Montal bitterly bewails her departure; even his optimistic spirit was clouded by melancholy forebodings, though neither his good temper nor his passion for rhyming seem to have left him.

The fall of Robespierre happily saved the life of Madame d'Albignac, who, in Paris, was imprisoned in the convent of the English Augustinians "rue des Fosses St. Victor."

A portion of the Bayeux convent, where M. de Montal and his friends spent so many anxious months still exists, and only a few years ago, in the adjoining garden was a small grotto built with shells by the captive priests during the Reign of Terror.

The members of the French clergy who were fortunate enough to escape imprisonment lived concealed in the houses of the faithful, who were brave and generous enough to harbor these compromising guests. Many old houses of Bayeux possess curious hiding places to which traditions are attached. Thus, close to the Convent de la Charite in a large house, surrounded by a garden, lived from 1793 to 1796 a mysterious person known only as M. Robert. His one object seemed to be to escape attention and he seldom, if ever, ventured beyond the precincts of his temporary home. This M. Robert, who on August 19, 1796, embarked for England at a solitary spot on the Norman coast, was the Abbé Edgeworth de Firmont whose attendance on Louis XVI. at his execution, had made a prominent personage. It was he who, when the knife of the guillotine fell on the royal victim, exclaimed in an inspired voice: "Son of St. Louis, ascend to heaven."

Another refugee, of a very different stamp, who lay hidden for months in an old house in the main street of Bay-

eux, was the celebrated General de Wimpfen. Like many others he was carried away by the seductive theories of the Revolution at its outset and he even commanded the Republican armies in their campaigns against the "emigres." The excesses of Robespierre and his party roughly dispelled his delusions and, revolted at the tyranny of the dictator, he endeavored to overthrow him. But Wimpfen experienced the fate that sooner or later attends those whose line of conduct is at variance with their family beliefs and traditions. He was looked upon with suspicion by the Royalists against whom he had drawn his sword, and with hatred by the Republicans whose cause he had deserted. Finally he was outlawed, a price set upon his head and he owed his safety only to the generosity of the friends who sheltered him under their roof. Many stories are told of his hair breadth escapes during those anxious months, how once a "Jacobin" pierced with his sword the tapestry hangings behind which the General lay concealed. Wimpfen survived the Reign of Terror; he died only in 1810 and his tomb, with its long and somewhat florid inscription, is in a quiet country cemetery just outside Bayeux.

These old, gray houses, the silent witnesses of so many dramas, have a singular fascination. They are full of unex-



A TYPICAL NORMAN RESTAURANT.

pected and delightful surprises; their aspect is quiet and austere; their closed windows have a conventual appearance, but, thorough a gateway left ajar, we get glimpses of gardens brilliant with flowers, the existence of which is unsuspected by the passing stranger. Here and there, a quaint bit of architecture, a curious old gable, a piece of delicate carving in a frame work of Virginia creeper, of flaming begonias or of rose red geraniums, make up a picture that we love to carry away. In the immediate neighborhood of Bayeux are charming specimens of Norman and gothic

art, they are scattered among the green pastures that form a distinctive feature of "la Casse Normandie." At St. Vigor le Grand, just outside the city, is an ancient priory; at Crully, the remains of a feudal Castle that played an important part in the history of the country. It belonged in 1108 to Robert, the natural son of Henry I. of England and was, over and over again, the scene of many a bloody fight. Its present aspect is peaceful enough, trees and flowers grow against the stone walls and only the singing of the birds is heard where once the clashing of swords mingled with the groans of the dying.

Another poetical and picturesque spot is Argouges, where a white lady is said to haunt the ancient manor house; towards the sea coast is Longues, with the ruins of its large abbey, founded in 1168; Marigny whose village church, one of the most curious in the country, has a fine Norman nave and choir; Tour, where the church is a specimen of the best medieval gothic, pure, yet rich in its ornamentation.

Surrounding the cathedral of Bayeux, their queen and mother, these village churches would, in a country less rich in art treasures, excite greater attention. They are the work of artists who with simple hearts and minds full of high ideals, gave God their very

best. Whether they built a cathedral or a tiny village church, their methods were the same; they worked slowly, reverently, lovingly, caring so little for human glory that in many cases their names are nowhere recorded. Their lives were quieter than ours, their motives less complex, the atmosphere in which they lived was less feverish, hence their work was probably more thorough and lasting.

Thoughts such as these often haunted us as day after day, in storm and sunshine, in joy and sorrow, we found ourselves under the solemn shadow of Bayeux Cathedral. The slender spires pointing "to man's great home," speak to us of things unchangeable and undying; the well-worn pavement that thousands of feet have trod lightly or wearily as the case may be, reminds us that for

the last 900 years the cathedral has been a home ever open to the pilgrims of life. Through political and social changes, through revolutions and civil wars, it has stood unchanged and our petty griefs dwindle to nothing in presence of its silent majesty. Its immovable stillness seems to rebuke our complaints and to hush our murmurs; it brings home to us the sense of eternity, of which its mighty strength, glorious beauty and impressive stillness are an imperfect, but striking symbol.



"LANTERN OF THE DEAD,"
A THIRTEENTH CENTURY MONUMENT.

James Lane Allen

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

THIS is essentially an age of writing books. If one glances through the countless lists of fiction and biography which are issued from week to week and from month to month by the literary journals, he will soon begin to wonder who reads all the volumes that are published. Every one seems to be producing a novel. It would appear no longer a distinction to be a writer.

These are strenuous days, and he who is not clever in some one field of work at least will find his road to success a difficult one indeed to travel. All the professions are over-crowded. We have too many lawyers, and there is a superabundance of physicians. Also, alas, we have too many authors, but there is certainly room for the men of genius, for the novelists who create characters that will live not only for this generation, but for the next and the next.

It is a disheartening prospect. It is a sad record of novels which this age will bequeathe to the one that will follow. Things are done so hurriedly nowadays. We read of Mr. So-and-so, who has written his last successful book within a period of four weeks, and already has a new story in process of construction.

But the public is a great animal, and must be fed. The first novel of Mr. So-and-so satisfies it for a while; but when the poor meat is eaten and digested, there must be more provided. So another bit of hastily prepared fiction-food is thrown into the arena, and the famished animal rushes for it.

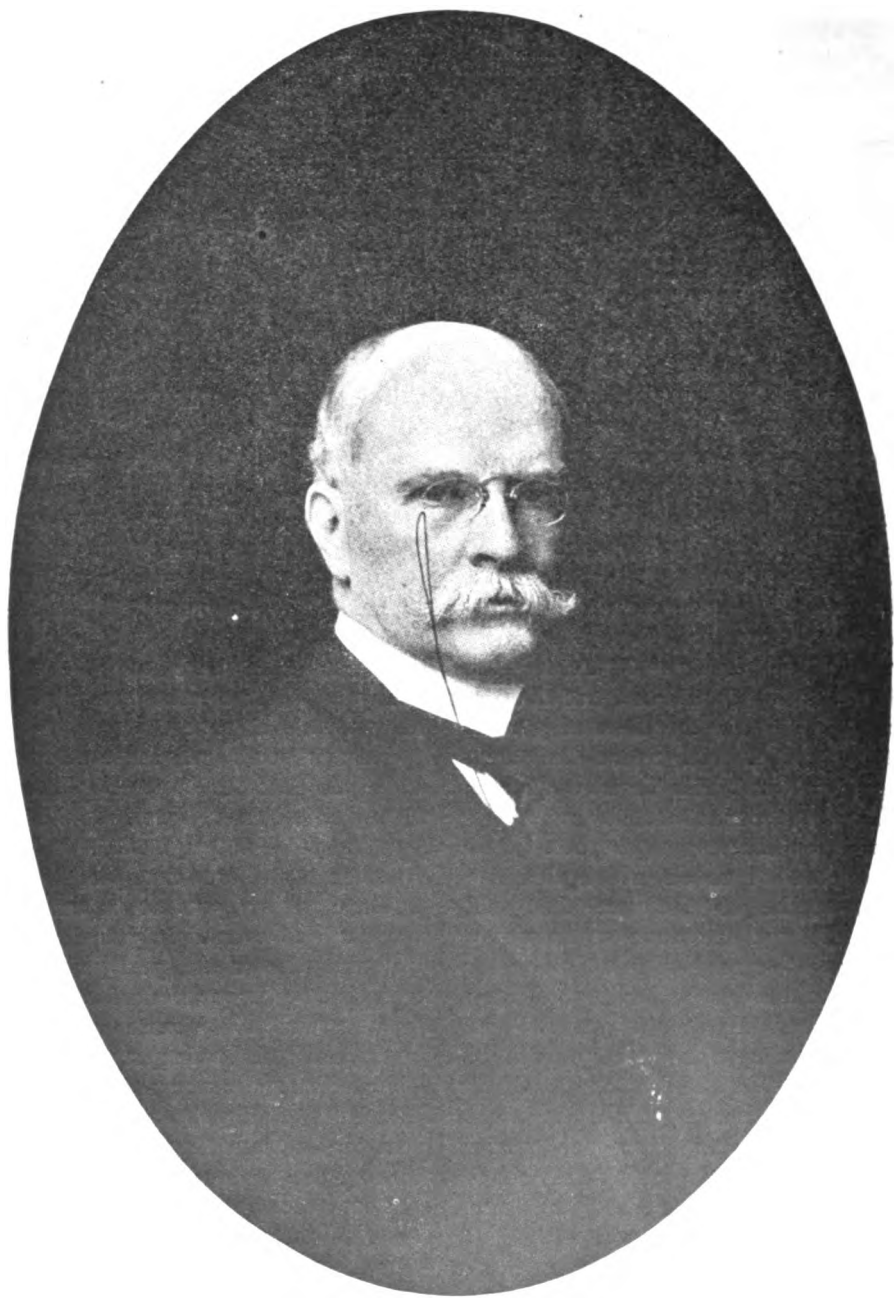
Just now the Hall Caine quality of food seems to be most popular; or shall we give the palm to Miss Corelli? At any rate, it does not matter much. You and I, dear reader, let us say, hardly care

for that kind of food. We have tasted it, perhaps, and when we have discovered how it lacks any power to stimulate us, we have crept off to a quiet and lonely part of the arena, and found some old, friendly bones, from which the meat never seems to disappear. We have tasted again of our Shakespeare, our Browning, our Milton, our Balzac, our Pater or our Dickens, and we have not starved! Rather is it the howling, snarling rabble we have left to fight over their bit of Corelli or Caine who are mentally perishing.

But sometimes—and how we remember the day!—a piece of fiction-food comes to us from some unexpected hand, and we leave our old friends, gladly, even, for the new one. And when we have eaten we cry for more.

Perhaps you recall the first morning when you read "A Kentucky Cardinal." It may have rained, but it was a Summer day to you—a long, still, wonderful Summer day. And when you laid down the little volume, you looked out of your window, and even then you did not see the rain. Later on, you read "Aftermath," and you could almost guess that the man who could write such an idyll would call a following story of his by such a lovely name as "Summer in Arcady." You who were jaded and tired of the trash that had poured from printing-presses so long, opened your eyes and renewed your youth, and you blessed James Lane Allen. You told your friends about him, and you found that they were hastening to you at the same moment with the news of his arrival. Such an event could not long be kept a secret. And this proved to you that the public, after all, had been hungering for something really good.

I remember how difficult it became



Sincerely yours,
James Lane Allen.

for me to await the appearance of Mr. Allen's books. Yet had he been so swift to satisfy us as most latter-day novelists are, his third or fourth reception might not have been so welcome. He kept us waiting, but not intentionally. He gave us his stories several years apart because he was a conscientious craftsman, an artist to his finger-tips; and a great artist or a great mechanic never works too quickly.

But above all and beyond all that can be said in praise of Mr. Allen's stories is the true love he reveals of Nature in her most superb moments and in her most quiet times. No one who has read "The Reign of Law" can ever quite forget the wonderful descriptions of the country Mr. Allen knows so well. And what novelist seeking the monetary gain his work may bring to him, would dare to forestall his story with twenty-three pages which tell only of hemp? What writer has the temerity not to plunge boldly into the little tale he has to tell? But few word-painters to-day can crystallize on paper such magnificent and unforgettable phrases as "Winter's all-tightening frosts," or "Those lithe, velvety, summer-thin bodies!"

Some one has said that many writers have been able to put together whole sentences which are beautiful specimens of English; only a few, however, like Robert Louis Stevenson, succeeded in writing perfect paragraphs, whole pages of splendid diction. It seems to me that in Mr. Allen's prose-poem which opens "The Reign of Law" I find one of the most faultless bits of descriptive writing it has been my good fortune to discover in a recent book.

Such careful writing is appreciated. The serious artist is eventually sure of an audience—if he is any kind of an artist at all. No conscientiously good work in any field of endeavor has yet failed to win its meed of recognition. So many books are published and read to-day; but what of them to-morrow?

Their rocket-like ascent is followed by a rocket-like descent. Only the real endures.

It is the greed of gain that is responsible for our impoverished literature. Yet we are told that a slow worker like Mr. Allen is growing rich from the proceeds of his few books. Let the rapid writers of senseless fiction heed the lesson.

Many readers decried the fact that, after the lovely "Choir Invisible," an author who could do such idyllic work should attempt to write, as he did in "The Reign of Law," a novel dealing less with nature and more with the soul-struggle of a brave young man. So did I. It was a great regret to me. I wanted James Lane Allen to remain himself, and not become the pedantic preacher, disguised as a novelist. Yet the introductory "Hemp" compensated for all the long, lugubrious story that followed.

In "Flute and Violin," a collection of Mr. Allen's earliest short stories, he demonstrated his ability to construct delightful tales, brief in their telling. One always has the greatest veneration for an author who knows whereof he writes, and writes well. No one is so familiar with Kentucky as Mr. Allen. On every page of "Flute and Violin" he proves it. Sometimes I have thought it was a pity Mr. Allen never wrote poetry. I do not know that he has not done so, but if he has it has not been my privilege to read any of his verses. One who reaches the heart of nature so well and who expresses her every mood so sympathetically in prose, must, I have always believed, be a true poet. But of course, Mr. Allen, no one will deny, has given us poetry—in prose. I wonder, though, if he would not succeed as a writer of lyric verse.

Perhaps because "The Mettle of the Pasture" is Mr. Allen's last book, it should receive more attention here than any of the others.

So much has been said and written of it, that it seems almost superfluous to add any word of criticism. The problem it seeks to solve is a serious one: whether a man before he marries a young and innocent girl, should make known to her the shadow that has fallen over his past.

Mr. Allen's treatment of the subject is to me most weak; he appears, for the first time, possibly, to lose wholly his grasp of things. But no one can read this book and fail to be impressed by the author's love of goodness and his silent veneration for pure womanhood. Nor can one fail to delight in the mere mechanical beauty of the story, the method by which the reader is introduced to one after another of the characters. But one feels, nevertheless, that here was an opportunity for a much longer and stronger novel, which Mr. Allen lost. And one misses those passages descrip-

tive of the open fields and the Spring mornings that he has come to look for in all that this author does.

It is a beautiful thing to be in love with life and with nature, and to make others feel your joy. Mr. Allen has always caused me to be glad with life after I have put down one of his books. I have hitherto felt him to be so free from "problems" and the cold, stern realities of life. His charm has always been in his power to interpret the wonder of the world's beauty; his freedom from dealing with any of the baser passions in human nature; his clean outlook and his sane sense of proportion. It has seemed his genius to write of nature rather than of human nature. I wish he would leave the soul questions to Mrs. Humphry Ward and others. I wish he would go back and write again of his Kentucky cardinals and his hemp-fields. I am sure he will.

The Cross-Breakers

By MISTAH

THOUGH the smile of the Infant Jesus is lighting up the old world with peace to-day, there are things transpiring in sunny France, that beloved daughter of the Church and fruitful Mother of eminent missionary zeal and devotion, which remind us rather of the sad scenes of the sacred Passion.

We read how in the dread horrors of Holy Thursday night the rude and rabid soldiery seized our Lord and spat upon Him, while they bruised and wounded His virginal flesh and tortured His blessed ears with harsh sounds of ribaldry and blasphemy. And when the bloody Good Friday sun had dawned and His wakeful love, amid the besotted guards had greeted it through His prison bars with that unspeakable yearning for the pasch of His immolation, He was led forth to crucifixion.

And behold, Mary, His Mother, and Mary the mother of James and of Joseph, and Magdalen and Veronica and the mother of the sons of Zebedee, the daughters of Jerusalem and the women that had followed Him from Galilee, ministering to Him of their substance, walked with Him to Calvary and waited upon Him until the end.

Now these dread, dear memories are forcibly recalled by scenes recently enacted in beautiful, Catholic Provence. At Arles, the socialistic city council had voted the destruction of the crosses which for centuries have graced the squares of this city of the Troubadours. Some of its members, notably the distinguished Jean Reure, protested through the press over their own signatures, that they were guiltless of this vandalism of the tutelary deities of their

native town; these crosses which the wild horrors of the great French Revolution had left untouched; crosses that the girls had decked with flowers for many a May, dropping their unaffected little curtsies as they hurried past to school in clinking "sabots" whilst the boys doffed their caps and the busy housewives and business men passed beneath the shadows, that somehow, they knew not why, they loved to see across their paths. But now that socialism had raised its shrieking voice against these reminders of the faith of their fatherland and their fathers, the indifferent began to look up to the agonizing face of Christ with reverent, if not with prayerful eyes, and the mysterious interchange between the natural and the supernatural still went peacefully on, and the sympathy grew stronger between the greater and the lesser sorrowers. And Arles little dreamed that fiendish hands would be laid upon anything so noble, so holy, so infinitely dear.

The night of December 14th was a stormy one. Loving mothers had tucked the little ones to bed with a sense of security and comfort, had seen the sires safe 'neath the sweet home roof and had themselves retired unsuspecting and unsuspecting. But he that prowls about seeking whom he may devour does not sleep. His minions, masked like hangmen, skulked about the streets, clinging to the garden walls till they stealthily reached the "Coin des Flaneurs" where rose the stately crucifix, the most ancient and the most revered of the Catholic population. Alone with the angry elements they did their angry work, and when the bright sun of Sunday, December 15, rose, it shone upon sacred, desolated fragments of the crucifix of Arles.

So much for the hand of man. But soon the women folk were astir—the beautiful women of Arles in their picturesque dress—wending their way to church. Behold! The public square

deserted of its stately, royal Presence! The crucifix lay upon the ground. Their trembling feet were stumbling upon the sacred fragments.

Then the noble enthusiasm which beats and throbs, thank God, in the hearts of women, burst forth. One by one they came, picking up the blessed remnants, caressing them with those tender hands of motherhood that had healed and soothed the burning wound, the bitter pain for many a year, putting together as best they might the dear, dear crucifix.

Soon the reverent crowd began to swell till it numbered fifteen thousand, and from the hearts of the men, thus led on by the women, burst forth in triumph the national song of Provence, "Provençan et Catonli."

But the devil had outwitted himself and gone one step too far. This effort to degrade the Christ of God had wrought for Him a signal triumph. "Vive Jesus," shouted Arles in one long unison. "Vive sa croix," re-echoed through this town of song.

They were on their way to the church of "la Major" with their relics, but they passed 'neath the windows of M. Nicalas' residence, the mayor of Arles, thundering: "Resign! Resign!" When they reached the church the venerable old curé thanked these pure and beautiful women with a voice choked with emotion and bestowed the fragments of the old, old cross 'mid the relics of the sanctuary.

M. Nicalas declared, next day, in a rapid proclamation that he was not responsible for the destruction of the crucifix of "Le Coin des Flaneurs," but the papers taking little note of his words, made the piquant response: "Our unfortunate city has seen barbarisms before. Saracens, Cimbri and Teutons desolated it in the long ago, but it was left to the modern vandal who thrones it in our city building to overthrow the symbol of our redemption."

In another quarter of the city at the head of the "Rue St. Paul" fifteen hundred women, scenting the danger, had gathered very early at the foot of their crucifix where they prayed aloud with thrilling devotion. At 6:30 one Bibot came also with helpers to tear down and break up the holy rood.

"Hail, all hail to the cross of Christ," rose from the breasts of those noble women. In an instant a crowd of men had gathered about them to lend a helping hand. "No," said they, "we wish to save the cross of Christ ourselves." And right gallantly they set about it, so that Bibot and his satellites ran off affrighted, hearing, in spite of themselves, the triumphal song of the brave hearts that had, like the women of whom we read in St. Matthew xxvii, 55, clustered about the blessed cross and remained there till the very end.

In the suburb of Trinquetaille the following day, the third popular manifestation took place when the beloved cross was lifted from the bed of the Rhone where a devoted diver had found it and proclaimed its presence.

No less touching, nay, perhaps even more so, was the scene witnessed in the Tanlon hospital. Not daring themselves to execute the iconoclastic order, the authorities had hired desperate characters to remove the crucifix from the walls. Silence and downcast looks greeted them as they proceeded through the avenues of suffering, but when they

reached the quarters of desolate and degraded womankind they met with frantic resistance.

"What!" cried these hitherto despised ones, "You snatch away the symbol of our hope! No! Never! We are not worthy to breathe the pure air of heaven, but we shall die in the defence of the crucifix!" And seizing tables and chairs they fought so godly a fight that they won, and the dear crucifix remained upon the white wall, speaking with more tenderness than ever before its silent message of mercy and of pardon.

The leaders in this victory were locked up for the day by the hospital authorities, and all were deprived of dinner, but they raised the blessed cross in their poor, sinful arms, and throwing open the windows they cried, like the dear martyrs of old: "We are happy to suffer for Christ."

Ah, will not these lost ones be washed whiter than snow in their own great faith, their baptism of blood? Dear, noble France is Catholic still! We are accustomed to see her hang her head and suffer the insolent victories of irreligion. Thank God, to-day she has scored a triumph!

Recently an association has been formed among her women for the protection of the religious teachers expelled by the "Chamber of Deputies." Perhaps here, too, they will succeed where men of such worth as Pion and de Mun have failed. God bless them and lead them on to victory!

FOR YOU

TERESA BEATRICE O'HARE

*There should be no regrets for you
Tho' all the world be sighing;
And winter sheds its grief in snow,
Where autumn leaves are dying.
There should be no regrets, though tears
Flow round you like a river;
Are not the prayers of all my years
Around your heart for ever?*

*There should be no despair for you,
If silent prayers are reaching;
If God can see the lonely heart
And feel the souls beseeching:
Nothing but gifts beyond all price,
The fairest sunsets glowing;
All that is true for you, for you,
Beyond all human knowing.*

Rubinstein

Birdice Blye-Richardson's Impressions of the Great Musician

By MARY RICHARDS GRAY



RS. BIRDICE BLYE-RICHARDSON, the well known pianist, after a rest of three or more years, will again play in public, beginning in New York in October. The musical career of this brilliant musician began when she was only five years old and appeared as "an infant prodigy." So marked was her ability that her parents spared no pains in educating her, putting her under the best masters here and abroad. In New York she studied under Edmund Neupert and Rafael Joseffy, in London in the Academy, in Germany under Hans von Buelow, in the Royal Hochschule in Berlin, and finally under Anton Rubinstein. During the nine years of her stay abroad she made concert tours of the principal European cities and besides played again and again at social entertainments for members of the royal families of England and Germany, and such distinguished persons as the Baroness Rothschild, the Empress Eugenie, and Princess Bismarck. Of her playing on the occasion of her last appearance in London "The London Times" says:

"Miss Blye captured London by storm with her wonderful talent. As a virtuoso she is admired for her warm, true feeling, faultless technique, and the strength and vigor of her conception."

Her successes in America were quite as marked as in Europe, and for three years she was before the public constantly. Weary of the strain of arduous work and so much traveling she decided to rest for a time. About two years ago she married and at present is living in Chicago. Of her life abroad and of the

noted musicians of her acquaintance she talks charmingly. She was most fond of Rubinstein, her last and greatest master, the man to whom she is indebted for much inspiration and encouragement. She says:

"I had seen the celebrated Russian pianist, Anton Rubinstein, in Berlin a number of times and had heard him play but I first met him at the Europaeischer Hof in Dresden. Friends had arranged to have me play for him and on the appointed day I went to the hotel, arriving in time for luncheon. As soon as I entered the dining-room 'Mein Wirth' came up and pointed out to me the lion of the day, the guest of honor. So intent was I upon watching him and so nervous about the ordeal before me that I scarcely tasted a mouthful of food. Seated apart at a small private table and attended only by a boy servant Rubinstein dined alone, reading the while he ate. His long hair combed straight back, his shaggy eyebrows, his high cheek bones and massive shoulders gave him a formidable appearance. Taking no heed of what went on about him, he read and ate bread. His servant brought the different courses in their order, and each time stood patiently at his side—sometimes for twenty minutes—waiting till his master saw fit to help himself to something besides bread. Finally the meal came to an end; the musician rose to leave the room, and with his rising fled the illusion of massive size and leonine power, for his body was thin and attenuated, his legs spindling. Accompanied by my mother I followed him to his apartments, where he received me



ANTON RUBINSTEIN.

most cordially. After playing two or three selections for him he expressed himself charmed with my music, and offered to give me instruction for which he would accept no pay. At this time he was not teaching, having given up his work in the St. Petersburg Con-

servatory in order to devote himself to composing. I was the only American pupil he ever had. There was no set time for regular lessons, but, when, through the medium of 'Mein Wirth' of the Hof, I received a card of invitation I went. On these occasions some-

times he played, sometimes I did, oftener he discussed questions of interpretation. Whenever I was at the piano he listened attentively, was always enthusiastic in my praises, even went so far as to call me 'the coming great American pianist,' and introduced me as such to the leading musicians of Germany. One day after I had finished playing a very difficult composition he examined my hands and pronounced them smaller than those of any musician that he knew, but assured me that their size in no way interfered with my execution. Often he talked of his own compositions, and once or twice expressed the regret that he had ever written his popular 'Melody in F' which aspiring musicians played at him, for him, and to him at every possible opportunity.

"It troubled him that his own and the world's estimate of his work differed. The world regarded him as a great pianist but he considered himself a great composer and could not understand the reason for this difference of opinion for he could not see that his work lacked finish, that the world wished something more than the expression of an idea. In bitterness of soul he often complained: 'My compositions are not understood, they will be more appreciated when I am dead and gone.'

"In manner and speech Rubinstein had the naiveté of a child. His helplessness and child-like ways were the things about him which most impressed stran-

gers and led the landlord of the *Europäischer Hof* to assume paternal authority over him, as regarded his business affairs. Since he paid no attention whatsoever to business communications and never wrote letters 'Mein Wirth' took upon himself the responsibility of his correspondence. The motives actu-



BIRDICE BLYE-RICHARDSON.

ating him were not wholly impersonal, for he managed to make each card and letter which he sent out serve as an advertisement of his hotel.

"Rubinstein during his entire stay in Dresden was besieged by people. Every afternoon for an hour or more he received, and on these occasions his apart-

ments were crowded, particularly with English and American visitors, many of whom came armed with original poems which they wished to have set to music. He always read these effusions, smoking a cigarette and chatting pleasantly the while. Nothing disturbed him except autograph albums. To these he had a violent antipathy and never missed an opportunity of expressing his views of them, sometimes even indulging in a tirade at the sight of a pocket-book of suspicious size. Autograph hunters always found it best to make their calls short. However, despite his feelings on the subject he sometimes broke his rule of refusing his autograph, for he gave me a photograph of himself in a most natural pose with a cigarette in his hand, and with his name written across it. His receptions were not of

a social character; the host never made any preparation for guests and never attempted anything in the way of entertainment. Those who sought out the great musician took him as they found him with his traveling bag half filled with wearing apparel occupying a conspicuous place on the floor. Why

he always kept this bag handy he never explained and no one ever dared to question him. The last time that I saw him was at one of these receptions. Shortly thereafter I made up my mind very suddenly to come home, and, having no opportunity to bid him good-by, wrote a little note of farewell, to which, of course, I received no reply. A few months passed, then I read in the newspapers notices of the death of Anton Rubinstein, the genius, the greatest of pianists."



PALMIST'S IMPRESSION OF
MRS. RICHARDSON'S HAND.

A PRAYER OF ST. STANISLAUS KOSTKA

("Ad Majora Natus Sum.")

D. J. McMACKIN, Ph. D.

*Not for this vale of tears,
Not for its doubts and fears,
My precious life was given,
For I was born for Heaven.
Not for the love of self,
Not to struggle for pelf,
My precious life was given,
For I was born for Heaven.
Not for a fleeting fame,
Not for an empty name,*

*My precious life was given
For I was born for Heaven.
My home is Heaven above,
My Father a God of love,
For Him my life was given,
For I was born for Heaven.
O Mother undefiled,
Keep me thy loving Child,
For thee my life was given,
For I was born for Heaven.*

The Life History of the Salmon

By LAWRENCE IRWELL

WHETHER we consider the salmon from a naturalist's point of view, from that of a sportsman, or even from an artistic standpoint, it will be seen to be a model of its kind. Its outlines are full of grace; its steel blue tint above and silvery luster below, make its coloring attractive to the casual observer; and regarded from a gastronomic fashion, "salmo salar" will hold its own with any fish.

When a salmon attracts our attention in a fish market, few of us concern ourselves with the history of the beautiful fish, or care to enquire into the story of the days of its youth. It is true that some phases of salmon-life are by no means as clearly determined as we might wish or expect, but nevertheless we have materials at hand for completing a fair account of the fish from its birth till it ends its days on the marble slab.

The salmon's relatives form quite a numerous assemblage. As a family we find included in the salmon group, not only the various "trouts," but also the char, the smelt, the graylings and some other related fishes. The genus which recognizes the salmon as its head includes in itself a goodly number of species ranging from the great lake trout of this continent to the river and sea trout, and the Irish gillaroo.

Naturalists are not agreed as to the distinct character of some of the members of the salmon group, for they display an inconvenient habit of differing in size and color and markings at various times and seasons, and under the influence of varying surroundings, while certain distinct species sometimes breed together, and produce in turn offspring which are fertile. Some observers, however, insist that distinct species never

interbreed, and that the fertility of progeny proves that the parents were both of the same species.

The story of the salmon's life begins in the river, and this is true whether we have regard to the female parent's duty in laying the eggs, or to the first appearance of the young on the stage of existence. I may mention that a great amount of light has been thrown on the salmon's history by the practice of "salmon culture"—the artificial breeding of the fish for the purpose of stocking rivers. The imitation of nature's ways and processes—in other words, experiment—here, as in so many aspects of scientific work, brings to light many new facts and solves many difficulties of the investigator. The following information has been given to us as the result of observation and artificial breeding in captivity.

In the autumn, and onwards to the beginning of the next year, the mother-salmon ascends the rivers to deposit her eggs, and thus to secure the continuance of her race. In connection with this periodical visit to the river must be mentioned a curious circumstance. The idea is entertained very strongly by some authorities that a salmon invariably returns to its native river or that in which it was bred. It has even been asserted by fishermen that when several rivers enter the sea in one stream, the salmon bred in each river will pass back into their own water and will avoid the strange streams. The late Frank Buckland, a high English authority, a strong believer in the instinct of fish, regarded the sense of smell as that which always leads these fish to their native rivers. Perhaps the truth is that for the most part salmon do return to their birth-

place but that the practice and habit are not necessarily invariable. We know that salmon swim great distances along coast lines where they are often captured, and it may well be the case that occasionally a fish will turn into a river that is near in preference to seeking its own and distant water.

On arrival in her river, the mother salmon begins to scoop out a kind of trench in the gravel of the stream. This she effects by plowing into the gravel with her body. This trench is to be the nursery of her young. The eggs are laid in the furrow and are duly fertilized by the male salmon. Then the trench is filled in by the combined efforts of both parents and the eggs are covered with the gravel or sand. In Scotland the mound thus formed is called a "redd," but the term does not seem to be used in any part of the United States. How many eggs a mother-salmon will deposit is, of course, a difficult question to answer, but it has been calculated that she produces nine hundred eggs for every pound which she weighs. Each egg in its diameter measures about a quarter of an inch, and it is estimated that twenty five thousand eggs would fill a gallon measure.

Left in its gravel nursery, the egg undergoes the mysterious process of development which cannot be described in non-technical language. It is sufficient to say that in nature's own ordered way, the living matter of the egg is in due time formed and fashioned into the likeness of a little fish. The hatching, like other incidents of salmon life, varies in duration. A little over ninety days is assumed to be a fair period when the temperature is even—about 40 or 41 Fahr. In the spring the baby salmon makes its appearance. (Its technical name is "alevin"). Attached to the infant fish is a big sack or bag. This is the yolk-sac, which is destined to nourish it in its early days, and to provide food for it until it is able to forage for itself. In

about six weeks' time a crisis occurs in its history. During the alevin stage, the little fish has not resembled a salmon in any particular. It has now passed its babyhood, being over an inch in length and growing rapidly. Moreover, it begins to assume a banded appearance, through the development of dark bars on its sides. When these are complete, it has become a "parr," and it was this stage of salmon biography which formed the subject of much controversy in by-gone days, some authorities insisting that a parr was a distinct species of salmon. (The names samlet, pisit and brandling are synonymous with parr.)

It is not an uncommon thing for the young of animals to exhibit marked differences in color from their parents. We see this exemplified even among the quadrupeds. In many cases the young are striped, while the adults exhibit no such markings. Many of the salmon family display this peculiarity. After the salmon has reached the "parr" stage, its growth is very rapid. In about sixteen weeks it is likely to have increased to double its original bulk. The greatest length of any known parr is about nine inches. The parr stays in the rivers. It has no liking for the sea. Indeed, kept in sea water it will die. But at the end of the second year, a more gorgeous costume is developed. Attaining to the days of its full-fledged youth, the parr is fitted out for fresh pastures by the growth of scales of bright appearance. When two years old, the parr markings disappear. Clad in its bright armor, it becomes the "smolt," and passes for the first time to the sea.

Although the changes which I have described take place at the end of the second year of the parr's life, it must be kept in mind that some parrs may exhibit a precocity in the fact that they go to the sea at the end of the first year. Others delay till the third year; but here we see the impossibility of attaining mathematical certainty when we are

dealing with the affairs of the children of life. Variation is not only a characteristic of life, but is also a wonderful factor in inducing that remarkable abundance of different animals and plants which inhabit the earth.

Down to the sea then in the early part of the year, not sooner than March and not later than June, go the smolts. Change of abode works wonders in their history. They pass to the ocean as miniature salmon a few inches long. In a few months they return to the river as "grilse," each of which may weigh from three to five pounds—or even more, up to about nine pounds, according to the length of the sojourn in the sea. The grilse is practically a salmon. It can produce eggs, and is therefore to be regarded as a perfect fish. It is necessary to keep in mind, however, that the male parr may exhibit sufficient forwardness in development to be capable of fertilizing salmon eggs, although he is clearly in an immature stage of existence.

All that is now required for the grilse to become a salmon is to return to the sea in the autumn or spring, when, after further growth, it appears in the river in all the glory of adult life. While in fresh water the male salmon abstains almost entirely from food. Further, its appearance is changed considerably in the following manner. The snout becomes attenuated and somewhat hooked; the lower jaw is similarly modified; the body assumes an emaciated appearance, the skin being decked with a glowing red color.

The grilse, of course, breeds in the rivers, as does the salmon. In Scotland, where salmon are very plentiful, after the spawning period is over, the fish is known as a "kelt," a name which does not seem to be used on this continent. "*Salmo salar*" is abundant in British Columbia, but not in the United States, except in the rivers of Maine.

Various estimates have been given of

the remarkable changes which occur in the size of salmon after their visits to the sea. The figures which I am about to quote are reliable. Some thirty years ago, a Scotch gentleman (the Duke of Athole) marked three salmon captured on their way to the sea. They then weighed respectively ten, eleven and a half, and twelve and a half pounds, each fish was marked by having a copper wire placed around its tail. Six months afterwards, on their return to the river, they then weighed seventeen, eighteen and nineteen pounds respectively. "A change to the sea" evidently benefits many living things besides the human subject. Another observation records that a grilse, after spawning, was found to weigh two pounds. This fish was marked on the 31st of May. On August 2d of the same year it was recaptured, when it was found to weigh eight pounds as a salmon.

The sizes to which salmon may attain are almost beyond belief. I have been unable to obtain accurate information concerning the fish of British Columbia, but it is unquestionably true that a monster salmon caught in the Scotch river Tay weighed seventy pounds and measured four feet three inches in length. A German salmon from the Rhine ran its Scottish neighbor very close, with a weight of sixty-nine pounds and a length of four feet eight inches. These were, no doubt, exceptionally large fish; but a forty pound salmon is by no means a rarity.

Those of us who are fortunate enough to be able to indulge in salmon fishing as a sport, cannot complain of want of excitement when the fish are biting, and when the mastery of fishing pole and reel comes into play to secure the active and lithe prey.

Salmon are caught by means of nets in the sea, a method which, of course, ought to be prohibited in rivers and estuaries.

Cardinal Ferrata

By GRACE V. CHRISTMAS

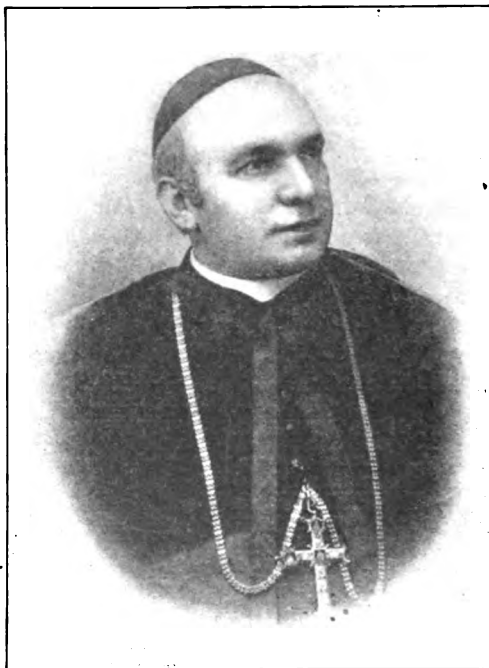
DOMENICO FERRATA was born at Gradoli in the Province of Viterbo on the 4th of March in the year 1847, and at the early age of ten years he became a pupil at the Jesuit College at Orvieto. From there, in consequence of the expulsion of the Jesuits by the new government in 1860, he went to continue his studies which comprised rhetoric and philosophy at the seminary of Montefiascone, where he held his position as permanent head of his class. Then, his literary studies at an end, he went to the "Eternal City" to follow his courses of theology and his success in that particular branch procured him the title of doctor. His teacher in philosophy was the Abbé Joseph Pecci, the eldest brother of his late Holiness Leo XIII., and in this branch he gained the extraordinary prize, only bestowed on rare occasions, with two gold medals. In fact he distinguished himself so greatly that, after his ordination to the priesthood he was named Professor of Canon Law at the Roman Seminary and later on at the Propaganda was appointed to the chair of Ecclesiastical History, Holy Scripture and Canonical Dogmas and Institutions. In 1887 Pius IX., by way of initiating him in the paths of diplomacy, attached him to the Congregation of Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs under the direction of Mgr. Czachi, then Secretary of the Congregation. And it was on the 16th of June, 1879, that Pope Leo XIII. gave him the title of Private Chamber-

lain and appointed him auditor to Mgr. Czachi who was then acting as Nuncio at Paris. On his return to Rome Mgr. Ferrata was named successively Under Secretary of the Congregation of Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs, Domestic Prelate of His Holiness' Household, and Canon of the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore. He was afterwards

sent to Switzerland four separate times on important missions, and in 1884 he became President of the Academy for Noble Ecclesiastics which post he filled with great prudence gaining for himself the love and esteem of those committed to his charge. Created Archbishop of Thessalonica in 1885, he departed for Belgium in the character of Nuncio and on his return was appointed Secretary of the Congregation

of Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs. In '91 he was made Nuncio of Paris.

During the whole course of his past career Cardinal Ferrata has displayed an activity, an intelligence, and talents quite above the average which gained for him the entire confidence of the late Holy Father. In Belgium and in France especially, he acted with much prudence and discretion and his skill in the arrangement of delicate questions greatly advanced the cause of Catholicity in those two countries. He was created a Cardinal at the Consistory of the 22d of June, 1896. His titular church is that of Santa Prisca on the Aventine, that halloved hill so full of memories of glorious St. Dominic and his illustrious Order.



Our Lady of the Cliff

By ANNA C. MINOGUE

I.

TOLD BY THE PROFESSOR'S WIFE.

SPRING in the mountains of North Carolina! Let who will yearn for the cloud-capped Alps. I ask nothing more of nature than the grandeur and beauty of these health-renewing peaks of my native land. Tell me, you who have gazed on these inaccessible, gleaming heights, if they refresh and soothe, as do these lower, pine-clothed cliffs? Those are like the Lord's command, "Be ye perfect!" to the sin-steeped soul; these the Blessed Friend's sweet invitation, "Come unto Me!"

Notwithstanding their charm, my heart was heavy as I set forth, that day, to transact some business in the distant hamlet; for the Professor's health showed no sign of improvement. It was now two months since we had brought him from Raleigh to the mountains, and the changelessness of his condition overshadowed our new home with gloom, which not all the beauty of the Italian-like sky could dispel.

The village was several miles away and the road, a rough wagon path, led through the mountains. My journey was one calculated to daunt a town-bred woman, but medicine was needed for the dear invalid, food for the six occupants of the log-house, and letters—those white links binding the parted!—were to be sent and received. Abe, the negro who went with the house, which was the summer home of a friend in Raleigh, was sick, and Nora had never sat on a horse's back.

"Verily," I said to the Professor, as I got into the long black riding-skirt, which our nearest neighbor had sent with the side-saddle I had borrowed,

"every experience of life tends to our advantage. I regarded it as an overwhelming calamity, when the doctor ordered me to the country the summer following my graduation. If I hadn't gone, I should not have learned to ride; if I didn't know how to ride, we should starve to death up here on this mountain side!"

Despite my philosophic views, my spirits sank to the soles of my shoes as I kissed the Professor and the babies good-bye. I felt a solemn assurance that I had looked my last on them, and I vaguely wondered how they would get along without me to minister to them. My mount was a gray mule, of uncertain age and temperament. As I advanced he threw a look at me from the corner of his eye that awakened misgivings as to my ability to use, with profit or safety, my knowledge of horsemanship. Nora, with a respectful distance between them, was holding the animal at the stile-block, and I saw my own fears reflected on her pretty face.

"He lacks that aspect of docility which the artists invariably give to the mule Our Lady rode," I remarked, as I made ready to climb on his back.

"My child, he's an entirely different species from that blessed little brute! It was like the ones they have in Ireland. If you had my father's donkey, you could travel all over these unspeakable mountains, even though you haven't St. Joseph to lead him by the head."

"O Nora! won't you pray that St. Joseph may guide me to-day?" I cried, my fear, now that I was mounted and actually starting on my perilous trip, increasing.

"Of course I will!" replied Nora. "Don't be afraid. The blessed saint will protect you and bring you back to us,

even though you are riding that darkey's gray mule."

"But, Nora," I said, for I was in a St. Thomas' frame of mind that morning, "if anything should happen to me, you will take good care of the Professor while he lives, and always look after the babies, won't you?"

"Hadn't you better let me bring you pen and paper, so you can draw up your will?" laughed Nora; then, she added, gravely: "You ought to be ashamed of yourself to put such a question to me! If you and all belonging to the Professor and the children were in the bottom of the sea, they would not need a friend while I live, as you ought to know, without troubling yourself to ask!"

"Don't get cross, Nora," I said, perceiving my question had wounded her affectionate heart. "Maybe I'll bring back a letter from the old country."

Praying God to protect me, Nora released her hold on the bridle and I started. As I progressed I discovered that the gray mule had a set principle regarding the gait consistent with his importance, and neither the persuasion of words nor whip could bring about any acceleration. This obstinacy added to my fear, for I perceived that if I should be attacked, I could not save myself by flight. The road led through magnificent mountain scenery, but so completely had base cowardice taken possession of me, it became a world of desolation; the sweeping pines seemed to whisper my doom, the birds' song became a chant of requiem. My eyes and ears were strained. I started at a shadow and trembled at a sound. In sooth, though I seek not to excuse this complete surrender to that passion which Shakespeare terms the most accursed, the road was lonely enough. Nowhere was there sign of human habitation, of man or beast. Nothing but the mountains and pines. The path wound up and down and around, as nature gave best footing, for no effort had ever been

put forth to improve, or shorten the way that connected the scattered mountain homes with the hamlet.

When I had traveled about half the distance, I found myself advancing toward a point where a rock, jutting boldly out, completely hid the road beyond. I have an instinctive dislike of corners. I do not ask always to see well the way ahead, but I object to the view being entirely shut off.

"I am going to meet something when I turn that corner," I said, half aloud, and never doubting the hidden object would be direful, I nerved myself to confront it. I drew up the rope reins and took a firmer hold on the whip; but the mule, unnoting these indications of a possible future belaboring, went on sleepily. As he drew near the fateful corner, I held my breath; when he rounded it, I uttered an exclamation of surprise and joy, for ahead of me, in a natural niche, stood a white statue of our Lady. Before the shrine, past which the road led on, stretched an ample strip of earth, covered with grass so richly, deeply green, it told of cultivation and constant care. I stopped the mule and slipped from his back, for even if I were not a Child of Mary, love of Christian art would have called me to the spot. The statue was of pure Cararra marble, and the work of an artist with the Catholic soul of an Angelo. All that we feel about her whom an angel saluted, "Full of grace!" was depicted on face and form. I now observed that the natural moulding of the niche had been improved by man, and I never doubted that the same hands had assisted nature in its decoration. Moss was being trained to hide the asperities of the stone, flowers lifted their spray-like leaves wherever their roots could find place, and wild morning-glories were creeping up to the feet of the statue, to later lift up their amethystine, chalice-like blossoms. Gradually there stole over the stillness the low, sweet strains of an

Aeolian harp. I glanced up and again an exclamation of delight broke from my lips. Above me were rhododendrons, a mass of bloom, a great wide-spreading sea of beauty, stretching up to the pines, that stood on the brow of the cliff, like sentinels over the gates of a city.

I fell on my knees. I have kneeled in grand cathedrals and in humble chapels; I have heard the liturgical service roll down vaulted aisles, sweeping the soul from earth to heaven on its triumphal music, and I have listened to it plainly chanted in lowly mission churches; but never felt I deeper reverence, truer devotion, than that I experienced, as I prayed before the white statue under the rhododendrons.

When I rose all fear had left my heart, and I continued my lonely way like one comforted by an audible assurance of divine protection. How had the statue come to this mountain district, where Catholic faith was totally unknown? I pondered on the question until I reached the village, and my mind was not entirely released from its perplexity during the time spent in transacting my affairs. If the shrine among the mountains had had the effect of dispelling my fears, the tidings brought by one of my letters, filled me with joy. It was from the Professor's mother. She was coming to us, bringing Father Andrews with her. I felt a rising conviction that all now would be well. Somehow the little mother knew exactly what to do for sick people to make them well; gloom and she were sworn enemies, while, if the skies were to fall, she was resourceful enough to meet the calamity. As for Father Andrews,—it was the most natural thing in the world to throw the burden of my cares on his shoulders, bending though they were beneath his sixty years. He was coming, not only the friend, but the priest, bringing to us the ministrations of religion! They would be with us on the following Wednesday.

We would assist at Mass the next Sunday, the first time since we had left Raleigh.

When the mule reached the shrine on the return journey, the day was declining. I dismounted to recite the rosary. As the last bead was passing under my finger, I heard a footstep on the road behind me.

"O Mary, Mother!" I cried, while my heart seemed to cease its pulsations. I sprang up and glancing across my shoulders, saw a tall man standing at the turn of the cliff. He had evidently just stopped, seeing me kneeling there. He removed his hat and saying, "Please pardon me, madame!" walked quickly forward, and, without a second glance toward me, hastened on. The picture my bewildered mind was able to photograph showed a man of perhaps thirty-five, with a pale, classical face, the lower portion of which was covered with a reddish-brown beard, cut in Vandyke style.

The conclusion of my devotions was not as fervent as the beginning; in fact, as I scrambled back to my saddle, I began to wonder if I were not suffering from a wild hallucination. The day had been filled with surprises. I was now in sight of home. There was Nora, standing at the stile, with the children. Nothing had befallen me. I had not been waylaid, robbed and murdered. The mule had not thrown me over his head, nor down a cliff. I had found more and fresher supplies in the village than I had expected. I had received letters from all I loved, and my best magazines and papers. And I had discovered a Virgin's shrine in the heart of an un-Catholic country, and met a gentleman in the wilderness! I felt like one in a dream. But Nora and the babies, shouting and waving, were realities.

"Nora," I cried, when the leisurely mule finally brought me to the stile, "the little mother and Father Andrews are coming next week!"

"God be praised for His mercies!" she exclaimed. "Stand back, children, or the mule will bite you! And no one tried to murder you?"

"No; and I found a beautiful shrine of our Lady in the side of a mountain!"

"God be praised! In this heathen country! Will you get off the block children, so your mother can alight? And the mule didn't kick up and throw you off the mountain?"

"The mule was as meek as an Irish donkey. And Nora, I met a man at the cliff, coming home—a gentleman!"

"Gracious, that's the greatest news of all! I thought the Professor was the only gentleman you would ever see here!"

"O Nora, it's been such a good day!" I cried, kissing her. "How's the Professor?"

"Lonesome for you, sweetheart. Run to him, with all your fine news!"

II.

TOLD BY THE PROFESSOR'S WIFE.

When Sunday came the picture of the shrine by the mountain path persisted in rising before my mind. I thought that, next to being present at divine service, I should like to kneel before that beautiful white statue, while I performed my Sabbath devotions. I had interested the little household so deeply in my story, that when I suggested we should pay it a visit, all eagerly assented. The gray mule was again forced into unwilling service, as the walk would have been too much for the Professor and the babies.

"It makes me think I'm home, in Ireland!" cried Nora, bewitching in a dainty white gown, the blue corn-flowers on her hat matching the hue of her sparkling eyes, as we began our journey. "The poor people wouldn't have but one donkey, and the grandmother, or grandfather would ride him, with as many of the young ones piled on before and behind as would fit on the beast's back.

The rest of the family would go a-foot. Then, they would meet their kinfolk and friends on the way until the road was black with people. But, sweetheart, it was to the altar of the living God they were going, not to an unblessed shrine, as we are doing, in this heathen country."

"Nora, Nora, why won't you see reason?" I cried, for her constant reflection on the lack of religion, in the land of her adoption, was our one bone of contention. "Ireland has had the faith since the days of St. Patrick, and America was not discovered until many years later. Wait until this country has had Ireland's centuries of Catholic teaching, and then, wherever you find a settlement you will find a church. It will be a second Ireland."

"Never!" contradicted Nora. "How can it be, when the Irish themselves lose the faith after coming here? As an example, take that butcher boy at home. 'What is your name?' I asked him one morning. 'McGinnis,' he said. 'You're a Catholic, then?' I remarked. 'No,' he answered, 'I'm a Methodist.' 'What is your father?' I inquired. 'Oh, he's nothing,' he replied. 'What was your grandfather?' I asked. 'I don't know,' he returned. 'Well, I do,' I told him. 'He was an Irishman and a Catholic, and that's what you ought to be.' 'How can I be an Irishman,' he asked with a grin, 'when I wasn't born in Ireland? And how could I be a Catholic, when my mother raised me a Methodist?' That is the way it goes, deary, and though your

'Mortal summers to such length of years should come

As the many-winter'd crow that leads the clanging rookery home,'

You will not see this heathen country converted. It's just like China. Ever since the days of early Christianity, they have been trying to convert that nation, and see how they are massacring priests and sisters over there now!"

"You are a religious pessimist, Nora," exclaimed the Professor. "Suppose you begin to do your little share toward the conversion of this country, by thrusting out your belief in the hopelessness of the undertaking, and plant a seed of faith in these Carolina mountains? Suppose we pray and strive to build a chapel down in the hamlet?"

"Who would come to it when it was built?" flashed back Nora.

"Why, the inhabitants, of course!" he replied. "If an earnest, a zealous missionary were to come among these people, he would succeed in making converts among the better element, which would prove the heaven to leaven the entire measure."

"That is a dream, Professor," replied Nora. "Look at home, in Raleigh. Catholics have lived there since the city was built, and it is not one-fourth Catholic yet."

"I grant you that. But see the effect that one-fourth has on the three-fourths. Can you assert that it would be the Christian community it is, deprived of the good influence of that one-fourth? Plant your acorn, Nora, deeply in the soil; guard it, tend it and have no fear. It will thrust out its strong roots, spread out its wide branches, until it becomes the king of the forest. All trees may not change into oaks, but noxious weed and useless undergrowth do not thrive where they abound. But the great trouble is that we are inclined to leave the planting of the acorn to others."

"Oh! listen to the pretty music!" cried one of the babies. As we went on, in silence, we caught the weirdly beautiful strains of the Aeolian harp; then, another sound,—the measured, rich tones of a voice. It was like some one preaching. We went forward quickly. Rounding the stone, we paused in sheer astonishment, for standing before the statue, with a company of rude mountaineers seated on the green sward, was the strange gentleman I had met on my

return from the hamlet. In his right hand he held a small, open book, and pausing there, we listened to the familiar lesson on charity given by St. Paul to the Corinthians. Not until he closed the book, did he, or his rapt audience, become aware of our presence; then he invited us to come forward. A discourse followed, a simple explanation of the doctrine inculcated by the Apostle, with a fervent appeal for its application in the minutest details of life. At the close of the instruction, he repeated the Our Father; then, after inviting the congregation to join him in silent prayer for the spiritual and material needs of each and all, for the ensuing week, he turned toward the statue and kneeled. Some assumed his attitude; others stood; the remainder sat with folded hands and bowed heads. Absolute silence reigned, except for the sweet strains of the harp among the rhododendrons. After the lapse of half an hour the man rose and turning to his congregation, dismissed them with the simple injunction, "Love one another."

"Upon what new religion have we fallen?" whispered the Professor, as he leaned wearily against the shoulder of the gray mule. Before I could reply, several of the men and women approached, and after shaking our hands, expressed pleasure over seeing us at "Our Lady of the Cliff's." The gentleman who held all my attention, was now mingling with his rough-visaged company; the contrast between him and them was sharp. Voice, speech, appearance bespoke the man of culture, and I was as greatly puzzled at finding him in this district, as by the circumstance of our meeting. Gradually, as the crowd dispersed, he drew near to us.

"We are countrymen in a strange land, I believe?" he said, a winning smile lighting the mobile face. "Permit me to introduce myself. Paul Newcombe—sculptor in the city of Boston, preacher in the mountains of North Carolina."

When the Professor made known our names and the reason of our being here, Mr. Newcombe invited us to spend the day with him.

"Up on my mountain-top," he said, "I've got the finest of views, the best of cooks, and—a cow."

"With two babies, I cannot resist the last attraction!" I said. "They find the condensed milk as boring as their elders, a twice-told tale."

"Can the mule climb to your retreat?" asked the Professor. "You see, I am short of breath."

"Quite readily," replied Mr. Newcombe. "He has made the trip often. When Mr. Dallas had your cottage, he frequently rode old Gray up to my place. Do you remember me, old boy?" he asked, patting the mule's nose, as the Professor climbed into the saddle.

The path led up the mountain side, through the plantation of rhododendrons and brought us to a picturesque house among the pines. Its walls were made of evergreens, split in twain, standing in the perpendicular, with pointed roof of bark.

"The natives almost drove me out, for lunacy, when I insisted on standing my logs on the end, instead of placing them lengthwise," said Mr. Newcombe, when we remarked on the novelty of the place. "As I persisted in following my 'natural bent,' they wanted me to plaster it over with mud, for they were convinced that the walls would not keep the rain out. I stay here always until after Christmas, and have not frozen yet. Of course, I brought a good mechanic from the East to mortise the logs together, thus making them storm-proof. The inhabitants were inclined to get offended, because I did not build a conventional frame house. Even now they advise me to cover those beautiful logs with white-wash."

"It is strange what an idea of beauty some people have," I commented.

"The faculty of perception of the beau-

tiful is, like conscience, the product of cultivation," remarked our host, as he drew near to the house. A trio of dogs sat on the door-step, and over them stood a negro man. "The members of my family," explained Mr. Newcombe: "Jack, my servant; Hawkeye, Scamp and Jaybird, my friends." The negro disappeared and the dogs bounded toward their master, with yelps of joy. After he had quieted their demonstrations, he bowed us into his "castle."

It was a long, low room, with many diamond-paned windows, guiltless of blind or curtain. The longer I live, the more I am convinced that the screening of windows is purely a woman's invention; for man, when left to his own devices, fills every nook and cranny of his apartment with a flood of light. The walls were finely chiseled, and the dark reddish-brown of the natural wood proved a most beautiful setting for the pictures and pieces of statuary, of which there was a profusion. The floor, of like material as the walls, was bare, save for a rug of bear-skin, lying before the wide-mouthed fireplace. A table and chairs of rich design, with books and an artist's working materials, completed the furnishing of the room. The dining room was a rustic pavilion, and gave a view of the western landscape,—a vast undulating sweep of country, here looking sad and sombre in its green mantle of pine; there soft and enchanting in its lilac robe of mist. After dinner, while the Professor rested in the hammock, and Jack entertained the children, we heard the story of Our Lady of the Cliff.

"Pardon the question," said Mr. Newcombe, turning to me, "but are you not the lady whose prayers I interrupted the other evening?"

"Yes," I replied, laughing at my past alarm. "I dare say it surprised you to find me kneeling there."

"It did," he answered. "Of course, I recognized the mule, and knew you must be one of the 'strangers,' as the

natives say, who had lately come to the Dallas' cottage. Was it not also a surprise to you to find a statue of the Blessed Virgin in that recess?"

"It is not only a surprise, but a mystery," said the Professor, answering for me. "We have seen pictures of those wayside shrines, which travelers say meet one at almost every turn, in Catholic countries, but this is the first time we ever beheld one. In the gardens of the rich, and in public parks, you occasionally find a Greek divinity, but outside of churches and convent grounds, never a symbol of Christian faith."

"Yet it is entirely due to a thing so light as a dream that a symbol of Christian faith stands there, instead of a Greek divinity," said Mr. Newcombe, with his musical laugh. "My father was a New England professor. While making archaeological researches in Athens, he married my mother, a Grecian lady. I was born in Boston. I grew up in an atmosphere that was purely intellectual. Naturally my taste inclined toward Grecian art and poetry. I might never have been a sculptor if I had not first been a pagan. None of my ancestors, hymning the praises of Apollo, had greater love for the dear, dead gods of Greece, than I. The least of the guardian deities of that sacred land were more familiar to me than the founders of modern creeds, and my chisel and brush were given up to the work of bringing them back to the admiration, if I could not hope to the universal love, of my generation."

"You succeeded," said the Professor. "Your Mercury, in the New York Art Gallery, in itself, is a strong illustration of the fact."

"Thank you," said Mr. Newcombe, with quick appreciation. "About four years ago," he went on, "my physician advised me to spend a few months in these mountains; also bade me to forego the pleasure of casting my ideas about pagan gods and goddesses, in

bronze or marble. With my dogs and Jack I drifted into this part of the country. I had given myself a year in which to get well, and as I am happily independent of the smiles or frowns of fortune, I decided to build me this lodge in the wilderness. One morning, returning from a walk, I rounded that ledge of stone quickly, and, for the first time the exquisite beauty of the recess broke on me, while the natural niche instantly suggested a statue. It might have been the fallen shrine around which that last of the Greeks, 'poor John Keats,' assures us we may find 'many a fallen old divinity' wandering. It came upon me like an inspiration, to place a statue there. I spent a full week trying to decide which of my favorites I should make guardian of my retreat. Finally, my choice fell on Apollo. Though my idea of the god failed of development, I think I can say without appearing egotistical, that it was an artistic one. You have read the legend of Apollo's falling asleep in Aeola? I was to work out that story—or part of it. As you came around the rock, you would see the god of music lying asleep, his lyre resting on the stone. Overhead, among the rhododendrons, I would place an Aeolian harp which would carry out my idea to its beautiful end. Of course, the harp part was an afterthought. I lived, sleeping and waking, with that dream. Finally I succeeded in making a sketch and decided, notwithstanding the doctor's orders, to begin my statue. The next day my mail brought me an art magazine which devoted a considerable number of its pages to modern religious art. The article made no appeal to me and I gave only a cursory glance to its copies of statues of saints and angels. A few nights afterwards, however, I had a dream, so vivid and real, that there are times even now, when I have some trouble in convincing myself that it was not a reality. I dreamed that I had gone to bed and,

lying there, suddenly became possessed of the desire to view by moonlight, the future situation of my Apollo. I went down the mountain taking my dogs with me. I walked past the spot in order to get the effect it would produce on one coming around the ledge. As my returning steps brought me in view of the niche, I saw it was filled by the white statue of a woman. Her hands were crossed on her breast, her face was slightly raised. I stopped, amazed, dumbfounded, angry. Then I cried, 'Who has put that idol in my niche?' With that ease with which Queen Mab rules her domain, she called into being a mountaineer to answer my question. 'That is not an idol! It is a statue such as your Apollo would have been. It is a nobler one, too, for it represents the woman who was the Mother of the Lord. She did something for us poor mountaineers. What did your Apollo ever do for us?' I dreamed I stood there arguing with him, trying to induce him to take his white statue out of my sleeping Apollo's niche; but he was obstinate. I grew angry and awoke. I shall not soon forget my thoughts and feelings as I lay there thinking of my dream. The next morning I looked up the article on religious art and saw a statue of the Virgin Mary, such as had occupied the niche in my dream. I tried to work on the Apollo but failed, for I could not get the dream out of my mind. At last I went to the village and asked a good old Baptist to loan me his Bible. I read the Gospels as I used to read my mythology, and the more I studied the character of Jesus, the weaker grew my admiration for the gods of my pagan ancestors. My dream-mountaineer's words kept ringing in my ears: 'She did something for us poor mountaineers.' Truly, she had given them their Saviour! When I was not reading the Bible I was visiting the people. Ah me, but I had a rude awaking from my sybarite dream. I saw myself recklessly spending money,

time and talent to lift up a dead ideal of beauty, while man, my brother, was perishing, physically and spiritually, because of his ignorance of the One who had come to lead the way to the Father's bounty. What would my sleeping Apollo mean to the toil-wasted, misery-crushed men and women passing along that road? Nothing, except the release of death, with no hope beyond. But what would the statue of my dream-woman, with crossed hands and uplifted eyes, mean? Resignation which is peace, and hope which is joy. Secondly, pure womanhood, belief in the existence of which, recognition of it when beheld, uplift the race. Lastly, a representation of the Mother of Him who was without spot or blemish, Mary, in whom all virtues met supremely. I began to work on my statue of the Virgin. When it came back from the Italian workshops I was not disappointed with my first conception of Christian art."

"But how did you form your mountain congregation?" I asked, as he paused.

"That was easily accomplished," he explained, "although I had no idea, in the beginning, that such a scene as you witnessed to-day should result. The placing of the statue in the niche attracted the curiosity of the mountaineers and I was daily importuned by the inquisitive. Many had never heard of the Mother of Christ; others were imbued with the old notion of Popish worship of the Virgin; a few were indifferent, once their curiosity was gratified. You know that amongst ignorant people an occurrence out of the ordinary soon grows into the fabulous. In a short time the strangest stories about the statue, and my purpose in placing it there, were circulated. I did not want to precipitate the mountain side into a religious controversy, hence bring about a feud, so I invited them to come to the shrine on a certain Sunday, when I would explain the meaning of the marble figure and my

idea in setting it there. I shall remember that day while I live," concluded the young man. He threw back his head and drew in a deep breath like a racer. The sunlight, sliding down between an opening in the branches fell on his unshielded face, bringing out its firm regular beauty. The flash of the eyes, the dilation of the fine nostrils, the breath coming more quickly between the half-parted lips, as his mind recalled the past scene, gave to the countenance a splendid expression. We saw the man behind the dreamer.

"Whoever comes to evangelize the mountains," he began, "must leave everything behind him except the Bible. Neither tradition nor history carries any weight with these people, in matters of faith; if he cannot prove his argument from the four Gospels it falls to the ground. They meet every statement with the one question: 'But where do you get your Scripture for it?' We assembled there at eight o'clock; it was three when we left. They brought their dinners with them, likewise two preachers. You may see, from what I have told you of myself, that I was not equal to meeting a pair of Christian ministers, though they were only backwoodsmen. I had gone there to explain an artist's idea; instead I was forced into the attitude of a credist and made to defend my belief. And those preachers knew their Bible from Genesis to Revelation. I was acquainted with the four Gospels only, and not too familiar with them. The ludicrousness of it at first nearly overwhelmed me; but as the faces of the audience began to impress themselves on my mind, the situation lost its humor for infinite pathos. Oh, those hungry-souled men and women, whose brief span of life brings their feet to the rocky places only! As I gazed at them and listened to their preachers, I knew that they needed more spiritual food than these could give them. I seemed to hear the cries of their starved souls, for the

beauty of religion those two divines entirely missed. There was nothing but God's anger, Christ's death, and men and women crawling in the slime. How," he asked, changing from the subject of the meeting and bringing his luminous eyes to mine, "do you hope to elevate men by continually holding before them their lowly origin? 'Dust thou art!' 'Very well, I will be dust,' say the discouraged. I stood for truth, clothed in beauty; they for truth, without garb or ornament. I held that beauty could not be untrue to truth; they asserted that it led to superstition, and called in, as proof, the paganism which I had foresworn. But it was woman who saved the day for me. The two had practically left me no ground for my plea of beauty, when I reverted to the beauty that the life of the Mother of Christ prefigured—the beauty of pure womanhood and tender motherhood. As I found the eyes of the audience leaving me and seeking the white representation of her whom the poet aptly calls "Our tainted nature's solitary boast," I felt belief in myself returning with the strength of ten; when, as I progressed, I perceived the glances of the rough, rude men—yes, even the two grim old divines—falling in reverence and affection on the careworn, toil-bent and faithful companions by their sides, I knew that victory was mine. For several successive Sundays we met at the statue for public discussion, but the scales of opinion were dipping in favor of my argument, and finally the preachers abandoned their misguided flock to the enemy, who had come to them, in sheep's clothing, as they asserted. I knew nothing of creed or priestly calling and was considerably embarrassed by the charge that had devolved on me. I told them this when they asked me to preach to them. They replied, 'Teach us the Gospel as you believe it. That is all we require.' From that time forward we have held our Sunday morning meet-

ings at the statue when the day is fair, in my studio when it is wet or cold. Now," he concluded with his singularly winning smile, "you have the story of 'Our Lady of the Cliff,' as my good people call the statue and an explanation of the scene which you witnessed this morning."

"It was most interesting," said the Professor, sitting up in the hammock. "It is like a story from the happier days when each man sought his brother's good. Further, it goes to show that, despite modern pessimism and disbelief, the Gospel of Jesus Christ is still an all-conquering power."

III.

TOLD BY THE PROFESSOR'S WIFE.

The following morning as we still sat about the breakfast table we were interrupted by a loud voice bidding us a good day. At the open door stood a tall, big-boned, yet withal, a pleasant looking woman, attired in a blue calico dress. A split sunbonnet and white yarn half-gloves, completed her costume.

"I'm Mis' Summers," she explained. "I met you yestidy at meetin'."

We made Mrs. Summers welcome and invited her to have a cup of coffee which, however, she refused, declaring that she had had breakfast hours ago.

"I was just on my way ovah to Mr. Newcombe's," she explained, "and thought I'd drap in and see how you all was. You ain't feelin' likely, air you?" she asked the Professor.

"I have felt better," he replied, timidly. When the Professor is pounced upon by one of these big, aggressive women, he is as helpless as a kitten in the hands of a child. She was surveying him critically and I noticed how motherly was her old face, with all its hard lines.

"I sade to Ab yestidy that you looked like you was in a mighty bad fix," she remarked, "and I wondahed you wasn't

afeared to come down to the mountings, with only that slip of a gal of a wife to tek keer of you. Ab he sade he reck'nd if she knew 'nough to raize two babies she could tek keer of you. And I sade, 'Lor', Ab, raizin' babies ain't nothin' to havin' to tek keer of one sick man!' I know sir! Ab, he's had some mighty sick spells, sence we wus married, nigh onto forty years ago, an' I know nussin' him wus wuss'n raizin' any child, an' I've had nine, and oughter know. But there ain't no use argifyin with Ab, so I didnt say nothin'. It's always best to let the men folks have their way," she added, looking at me and nodding her head.

"Yes," I answered, "for they will have it any how."

"That's so, honey. So I let Ab chaw all the way home 'bout you bein' able to tek keer of your man, and for me not to go mixin' myself up in othah folks' affairs; but when dinnah wus ovah,—my eldest son's dater comes over from her pap's ever' Sunday to git dinnah for us, while me and her gran'-pap goes to meetin'. She's a right smart cook, too. She teks thet aftah her mammy. The Hills wus always good cooks, and when you've sade that, you've sade all about 'em. They warn't ever extry bright and no 'count at man'ging at all. There's Milly, my dater-in-law, she can throw out with a spoon faster than Bill could bring in with a shovel. Well, as I wus sayin', when dinnah wus ovah, and Ab wus feelin' bettah, I sade: 'Don't you think, Ab, if I wus to fix up some yerb-tea and fetch it ovah to that sick strangah, in the mornin' it might help him?' And Ab says, 'Well, I don't know. Mebbe you might try. 'Tain't goin' to do him no ha'm, anyway.' And I sade, 'Mebbe, Ab, if you'd fix up some of your tar-surup, it would be bettah than the yerbs?' Ab, he says, 'Looks as if you's right, 'Randy. Yerbs is mainly for the blood and what's the mattah with the strangah's his lungs. I'd tek

some of the yerb-tea along, too, if I was you, for if you have the blood pur'fied,' says Ab, 'it helps the tar-surup.' Ab he knows a heap 'bout the human derangement," she continued. "When he was a young man, he went to do some tradin' with the Injuns, back in the State, and an ole doctah among 'em took quite a fancy to Ab, and learnt him lots 'bout yerbs and baams and things that it's good to know. So we just pitched in, after I washed the dishes, for you can't trust that gal with the dishes. She'll break 'em ever'time. The fust time I let her wash the dishes for me, she broke a chany cup belongin' to Ab's mammy. It was the prettiest thing you evah seed, and just as thin as an egg-shell. My, but Ab was mad! We had comp'ny that day, up from the Holler, and that's how it happent to be taken from the shelf. I tried to glue it together, but pshaw, I might as well have tried to patch up a cobweb. It was the only piece of real chany I evah seed, and I just cried then and there, before the comp'ny, I felt so bad. As I was sayin', after I washed the dishes, me and Ab sot to and fixed you up this medacine," and leaving her chair, she brought in two cans from the door-step.

"This is the yerb-tea," she said, giving me the larger bucket, filled with a dark concoction, "and this is the surup. When they're out I'll mek you some more."

This kindness toward us, strangers to her, touched me deeply; but when I undertook to express my appreciation and gratitude, she interrupted me by saying:

"Why, 'tain't nothin' to carry on so 'bout. It's just neighborly. Me and Ab's been doin' it for people, for nigh onto forty years."

"And don't you ever take any money for your medicine?" I asked.

"What! Pay?" she repeated, looking at me in blank amazement. "Pay for bein' neighborly? No'm. Them ain't

mounting mannaahs. We's just neighborly up here. I reckon, though," she added, seeing my embarrassment, "people in the sitty has hardah times to get along, and they can't aford to do nothin' for nothin'."

"No, Mrs. Summers," said the Professor, "they do not have one-fourth as hard a time to get along as the mountain people. The trouble is that the vast majority belong, soul and body, to the demon of greed, and neighborliness, charity and kindness have no place in the worship of their divinity! I am thankful to you Mrs. Summers, as much for your spirit of good-will toward a stranger, as for the medicine you prepared," and he laid his hand tenderly on the woman's toil-hardened fingers.

"I hope it'll do you lots of good, sir," she said, her old face lighting up. "Ab says that people come to the mountings, thinkin' the smell of the pines is all they need; but they wanten get more of the pines in their insides than they can get through their noses, and if you'd drink the surup reg'lar, it would do you good. And Ab he knows, sir! My youngest son—Mr. Newcombe told you 'bout our boy David, didn't he?"

"No," I answered.

"Reck'n he was 'fraid you'd think he was blowin' his own horn, if he did," she remarked. "You see David, he took aftah his pap, in respect to likin' for medacine and knowin' 'bout yerbs and baams. He was always studyin' almer-nacks, what tells you 'bout the human derangement. I'll bet there's more almer-nacks in our house than you'll find in any drug store in the sitty. Ever' year when almer-nack time come, he'd walk clean to Asheville and bring a passel of 'em home. Course they was pretty nigh the same things ovah and ovah in 'em, and he was gittin' to be the most discontenteness fellow. There wasn't no standin' him. He wanted to know more about yerbs and baams than his pap could tell him. But one day Mr.

Newcombe ran acrost him diggin' for some yerbs. I was standin' at the door that evenin' and I wisht you could see the way that boy come home! He wasn't neither walkin' nor jumpin' but just travelin' ever' which way. I sade to Ab, 'Just come and look at David!' I was s'prised. When he seed me and his pap at the door, he hollert, 'Pap, I'm goin' to be a doctah!' 'Good Lor'!' sade Ab, 'the boy's done gone crazy 'bout yerbs and baams!' 'No, I ain't crazy, not a bit!' sade David. 'Just been talkin' to Mr. Newcombe, and he says I must be a doctah.' Aftah that Mr. Newcombe came to see us and sade if we'd let David go, he'd send him off to school where he'd learn all 'bout yerbs and baams and the human derangement. Ab for you see David was our last child and the only one to home; but Mr. Newcombe came ovah next day, and nobody could stand out long agin him. So Ab let David go. He's been at Richmond nigh onto four years. Mr. Newcombe goes up to see him reg'lar, and he says David's goin' to make a great doctah. When he's through school he's comin' back to the mountings. That's Mr. Newcombe's doin'. He says there's more doctah's in the sitty than can get patients, while poor mounting people ain't got none. He says mebbe David won't get rich, but he'll do a mighty lot of good; and that's what counts with God and Mr. Newcombe. And it's what ought to count with all of us, if we had the proper sper't!' finished the old woman, nodding her head gravely.

"Mr. Newcombe is a noble man," remarked the Professor.

"There ain't another like him on earth!" exclaimed Mrs. Summers. "And I've got a husband and five sons, as good men as ever trod shoe leather, but they ain't none of 'em can hold a candle to Mr. Newcombe, and I'll tell 'em so to their faces. Just look what he's done for Mis' Neill's son."

"What was that?" I inquired.

"Did you see them cheers and table in his study-o? Them's Harry Neill's work."

"Really?" I cried incredulously, remembering the articles of furniture, which I supposed was a part of the New Englander's family heirlooms.

"Yes'm!" she replied. "Harry could cut out anything with his pen-knife. He wus turrbly taken with the stature, and when somebody told him that Mr. Newcombe cut it out of marvel, he sade he bet he could cut a little one out of wood. So he got a piece of white oak and you'd just declare it was the stature ovah agin. Somebody told Mr. Newcombe 'bout it and he stated that min'it for Mis' Neill's. Mis' Neill's a widder woman, with two more children 'sides Harry. Well, sir, when Mr. Newcombe seed that stature and the flowers and birds and butterflies the boy'd made with his pen-knife, he sent him to school somewhere up No'th, where they learn carvin'. When he come home last summer he brung them cheers and table for Mr. Newcombe. Mis' Neill says that Mr. Newcombe's friends air mighty kind to Harry and they all say he'll do mighty well at his work, when he's through learnin'. I tell you what, I could sit here all day talkin' and then wouldn't begin to tell you all that Mr. Newcombe's done for the people. Things is mighty changed on this mounting sense the Lord sent Mr. Newcombe down here. But I'm mighty glad you folks and him got to know each other, fer I'm pretty sure he must often feel lonesome-like for his own sort. We ain't got much learnin' in the mountings, and we ain't none of us evah been from hereabouts, 'ceptin' a few what's done been to Raleigh, and we ain't much on talkin' fine 'bout forun sights. Of course there's some people down in the Holler like the Yanceys what ain't like us all, but there ain't nobody of 'em now but

him and his wife and there that wrapped up in themselves they don't want no comp'ny. I've heerd that's why Miss Lide had to go to Charleston to live with her aunt; she sade that her brother and sister-in-law never thought that she was young and wanted comp'ny. But pshaw, they didn't keer what Miss Lide sade. I don't see how people can git like that. I love my ole man, but I tell you what, I'd get mighty tired of it if I nevah sot eyes on any othah pusson but him, from year's end to year's end. Well, I must be goin'. I wrote a lettah to David yestidy and I want to go ovah to Mr. Newcombe's to get him to 'dress it for me. Me and Ab only writes mid-dlin', and some of them young fellers might poke fun at David, if they seed our writin' on the envelope. Now you all be sure and come ovah to see me and Ab. We live 'bout a mile from here. That nigger what teks keer of this place knows how to find us."

After receiving our assurance that she might soon expect us, Mrs. Summers took her departure.

"Let me sample my unknown physician's medicine," said the Professor.

"You don't mean it?" I cried in alarm.

"I certainly do!" he replied. "Why, sweetheart, those old mountaineers could teach some of our college graduates! Look at those men and women we met yesterday! What specimens of health are they! When they do fall ill, it is to these home-made brews they have recourse."

"I think you are doing what is rash," said Nora. "How do you know what that wild-looking woman and her old man put in those cans?"

"How do I know, my Irish beauty, what you and my innocent-looking wife there, put in my coffee?" he asked looking into her startled face.

"But you know we wouldn't hurt you," she replied, in an injured tone.

"Well, if you wouldn't hurt me, who have cause to wish me out of your way—"

But Nora had left the room, carrying with her the hastily collected cups and saucers, saying, as she disappeared through the doorway:

"If you are going to meet my good counsel with nonsense, I am through with you!"

When I followed her to the kitchen I found her blinking the tears from her pretty eyes.

"They're laughing tears!" she said. "Did you hear him? We will soon be threatening to tie him down, as we used before he took sick. May the Lord lighten the load of the old woman, for I declare a change has come over him since she entered. If he keeps up this improvement, we will be leaving the mountains in a month."

"Nora," I said, a conviction that was appalling coming over me, "we'll never leave these mountains."

"Why, what do you mean, sweetheart?" she cried. "What would keep us in this heathen country?"

"I don't know," I answered, drearily, "but I feel that we shan't ever get away."

"If it's feelings you're goin' on, darlin'," said Nora, dropping into the brogue, "I tell you that I feel we will, and my feelin's are as much of a prophet as yours, aren't they?" Nora had a way of leaning her head forward and looking up at you from under her eyelashes that was irresistible. When the great sorrow of the Professor's sudden, and apparently fatal illness overtook us, all the pretty graces and light affections of this loyal friend seemed to slip away. At this first indication of their return, I laughed and thought that the old woman had benefitted others besides the Professor.

Shortly after my marriage I had a severe illness, making the attendance of a nurse imperative. It was then we met Nora. She had just graduated from a

Northern hospital and had come South with a patient who had died before reaching Asheville. So completely did she win our hearts that we gradually came to look upon her as one bound to us by the ties of blood, while she, an wus mighty sot agin lettin' David go, orphan and a stranger in a strange land, turned to our home as to that of a brother and sister. She was never lacking for employment in her profession, but she took frequent vacations; and somehow my happy house took an additional brightness when the postman brought me Nora's letter, saying she was coming "home." When the Professor's duties as principal of the high school could be no longer borne, and the physician ordered him to the mountains, Nora resigned from her newly received position as head nurse in a hospital, and announced her intention of going with us.

That afternoon Mr. Newcombe came across the mountains to see us.

"It occurred to me this morning," he began, "that you said yesterday that your negro man was down with an attack of rheumatism. I came over to inquire if you need anything from the village. My man is going down to-morrow and can take your order."

After informing him that the servant was better, and thanking him for his offer, I told him of our expected guests.

"Indeed!" he exclaimed. "It is quite an event—your pastor's coming! I wonder were I to invite him, would he address my congregation next Sunday?"

"I think so," replied the Professor.

"I would be a treat for the people and for myself also. I have never heard a sermon by a regularly ordained minister. That is a singular admittance for a man to make in a Christian country, is it not?"

"Your first, in case Father Andrews accepts your invitation, will be well worth listening to," I remarked. "He is a finished pulpit orator."

"You may not have heard sermons, Mr. Newcombe," put in Nora, her admiring eyes resting on the man, who was half-lying on the grass, his elbows planted on the ground to support himself, "but you have done better—you have lived them!"

Mr. Newcombe ceased his study of the landscape to look on the animated face of the speaker.

"What sermon have I lived?" he asked, the smile breaking up the calm of his countenance.

"The one that may be preached from the text, 'Love thy neighbor as thyself,'" she replied.

"Mrs. Summers paid us a visit this morning," I explained.

"Oh," he muttered, reaching for a pebble which he sent skimming across the ground. "Mrs. Summers is a garrulous old woman," he then said. "Because I chanced to have a friend in the medical profession in Richmond who took an interest in the aspirations of her boy, you would think that I am holding up this special part of the universe."

"And Harry Neill," said Nora demurely.

Mr. Newcombe sent another pebble after the first one, then remarked: "There is a wood-carver in Boston who is my special aversion. I could not resist the temptation to send up a young mountaineer to become his rival. Any more?"

"That is quite an amount of information gained in one day," replied Nora, settling herself back in her camp-chair, and taking up her needle. "I will find out all the rest in time."

"But, Mr. Newcombe," I asked, "are all your proteges boys?"

"Yes," he answered, a shadow falling on his beautiful brow. "Not," he added hastily, "because I have found no talent among the girls. There is a little girl living in a cabin about a mile from here who possesses one of the purest voices I have ever heard. The thought of that

child's wasted gift is a thorn in my side; but I hesitate to assist her, for how can I promise myself that she could withstand the allurements and temptations of the world? And what fame or fortune is great enough to pay for peace and innocence? You have no idea," he continued, "what an amount of talent I have discovered in these mountains. Think what is still hidden, which could only be developed in the school. Musical and artistic gifts express themselves extraneously, but the mathematical, scientific and literary genius must be developed in the school. And we have no school. I have personally tried to interest the Governor and other State officials in the needs of the people of this district. I not only wanted a school, but a good teacher. They told me that the salary would not be large enough to bring here an educator of the ability I desired; further, that if it were twice the amount, teachers would rather receive less for their services in places closer to the centers of population. Oh, the pity of it! that in this State there are no Christian men and women to respond to the cry of ignorance sent forth from the mountains; who will not give up six months of each year to the uplifting and enlightenment of these poor children. Consider the mental activity of this age. It stands unequalled in all the periods of time. Do you think this spirit of knowledge hovers only over cities and university towns? I tell you no. It is abroad everywhere. It is penetrating even the depths of these pine-screened mountains, and from every cabin you hear the cry of unrest. We witness swift changes but I think we shall live to see the greatest changes come to the mountains. Hitherto men thought the chief means of wealth lay in factories and plantations, but they are beginning to realize that the great heart of the mountain-country hides more precious stores. Already they are coming to the mountains. They will displace the rude dweller from his

humble cabin. He will be forced down to the cities and towns, and the wealth of genius that has lain, unworked for generations, in his line, will be developed among his more favorable environments. A race of intellectual giants will result, while the skill taken by the enlightened men into the mountains, likewise will be strengthened by the change. Yet how much better it would be if the mountaineer were prepared for the removal. If, instead of going, a raw recruit into the ranks of intellect, he were drilled in the ordinary requisites, how much more the individual would accomplish. If the poet went down, well-versed in the technicalities of his art, if the scientist had a solid foundation laid for his future knowledge, striking results might crown one generation. But our educators are not public-spirited. Mahomed will not go to the mountain."

My anxious eyes wandered frequently to the Professor who sat with his gaze fastened on the speaker. I saw an expression that I knew well, on his countenance, and I was not surprised when he said, out of an hour's meditation, which followed the departure of our guest:

"Mary, would you mind living here always?"

"Would you like it?" I asked, and the words seemed to choke me.

"Very much. The climate agrees with me, and—and—I'd like to prove to that New Englander that there are some public-spirited educators in North Carolina. It is true what he said, every word of it. The brightest boys I ever taught were from the mountains. Let religion and education be brought to these children and there will flow down a strong, pure, red stream of new life into the art, literature, science and politics of our State. Look at that man, Mary, that stranger. He has given a strong young disciple to science and another to art. I tell you, little wife, it is worth the sac-

rifice of a man's years to bring up one genius from obscurity."

"But our children," I said weakly.

"Our children," he cried, with his old, gay laugh. "We will let our children take their chances with the children of the mountaineer. If they show talent or ability beyond their companions, the advantage for its fostering shall not be wanting. If they do not, we shall have healthy, happy, good children, which we could not so readily promise ourselves if we went back to Raleigh."

"You deserve to be immortalized with the Spartan mother," I cried, and left him with his high dream. After all, had not my one prayer been for his recovery? Would I not have been willing to give up even my children to secure that blessing for this best beloved? God had heard my petition, demanding no other sacrifice than the relinquishing of a life, which, I was coming to see, was a selfish, one-sided existence. I was not needed in Raleigh. There was no special work waiting for me there. Up here many needed me. Up here there was much to be done. As I reached the door I paused to look back at the occupant of the reclining chair. The light of sunset was falling on his noble face illumining it. How deeply spiritual was that lofty brow. There faith and intellect met without conflict. I thought of his wide scholarship, the great history which it was his hope to write—and he was willing to bury all this for the sake of a few mountain children. I ran back to him.

"But the history—who will write it?" I cried.

"I may write it," he replied. "If not, I shall train the historian for his future work."

"You should have a nobler woman for a wife," I said, in humiliation of spirit.

"I am content," he replied, drawing me to his breast.

"Nora," I said, as I took my kitchen apron from the nail, "Mrs. Summers'

medicine has cured the Professor. He will be back in the school-room in September—a mountain school-room. I told you, Nora, that I felt we should never leave the mountains."

IV.

TOLD BY THE AUTHOR.

Father Andrews sat alone in his library. It was on the first floor of an unpretentious brick house which stood in the shadow of the church of the Sacred Heart. It was thirty years since he had come to the parish, and during all those years of priestly service he had never had a vacation. He had often planned one; a month with his sister in New York, or a few weeks in his native Ireland, but the dream had never been realized. Sometimes it was prevented by a sudden emergency in the parish, which made his presence necessary; again a pitiful case of charity called for the money he had saved for his pleasure trip, or a scarcity of priests rendered him unable to secure a substitute. But at last he was going to have a vacation, one well worth the many disappointments and long years of waiting. On the occasion of his silver jubilee he had been presented with a purse by his congregation, which amount he had generously turned over to the school then in need of funds. The Bishop, hearing of this act of sacrifice and remembering his years of arduous, uninterrupted work, resolved to give a worthy recompense to his faithful and saintly priest. He knew that the old man's greatest earthly wish was to travel, to visit the holy and historic places of Europe, and linger amid the sacred scenes of Palestine. He interested a number of the younger clergymen in his project, and five years later, on the thirtieth anniversary of his ordination, Father Andrews was surprised to find a delegation, headed by the Bishop, waiting him on his return from the church.

When the object of their visit was made known to him, he sank into a chair, too overcome to speak. A year's leave of absence and fifteen hundred dollars for his expenses.

Afterwards he planned out his itinerary with the Bishop. He would leave the first of June, and would spend a few weeks with his sister in New York. What a joy it would be to see her and her band of children and grandchildren, and meet again those good old friends of boyhood.

"I suppose, Bishop, I'll not know New York?" he exclaimed with the enthusiasm of a child.

"No indeed, Father; how many years since you have been there?"

"Thirty, Bishop. I said my first Mass in old St. Patrick's, then I started for Raleigh, and I have been here ever since. After my visit to my sister," he continued, "I'll start for Ireland, and the days will be long until I sight the green sod. I left Ireland when I was ten years of age, but I can see the old place as vividly as if it were only yesterday that I said good-bye. I shall celebrate Mass in the village chapel. My poor mother! if she were only with me on that day! But she will not be far away, for her grave is just beyond the wall. Then I am going to the Giants' Causeway," and he laughed his infectious laugh.

"Why the Giants' Causeway?" asked the Bishop.

"When I was a boy, a peddler used to come to our house, whose one theme was the marvelous Causeway. I determined that I too, should see that wonder of nature. My chief regret, on leaving Ireland, was that that wish was unfulfilled—and I have never ceased regretting it. Then I shall start for England."

"I know your mecca on English soil," said the Bishop, smiling at the old scholar. "Stratford-upon-Avon will not in many years have received a more devout pilgrim."

The venerable priest's gentle face was aglow. "I'll carry with me that pocket edition of his plays, which you gave me last Christmas, Bishop, and for one long, blessed day I'll lie in the sunshine which, to my mind, always enfolds Shakespeare's home, and read or dream. Oh! if you were only with me, Bishop!" for the bond that united the aged clergyman and his Bishop was a tender one.

"I shall be with you in my thoughts, Father," he replied.

"Then I'll go to London. Maybe I'll get a glimpse of the Queen," and again his boyish laugh filled the Bishop's room with its merriment. "After London and Oxford and Wordsworth's lake country, I'll take a run into Scotland, my father's birthplace. I must see the heather and the Highlands and Abbotsford."

"And Bannockburn and Ayr," said the Bishop, "and Edinburgh town. O, Father, you could spend your entire year in the British Isles."

"But I won't," cried Father Andrews. "I must be in Lourdes by August fifteenth. I shall celebrate Mass for Your Lordship at our Lady's shrine on the feast of her Assumption. From France to the Alps."

"And beyond the Alps lies Italy," said the Bishop, dreamily, and a moment of musing for both followed.

"It seems almost too good to be true, that my eyes shall rest on Italy, the land I have loved with a passionate devotion from earliest childhood," said the priest. "I shall see the Arno and Venice, Dante's proud Florence, the Mediterranean, Naples and Rome, 'the city of the soul.'"

"If the mere anticipation makes you so enthusiastic," said the Bishop, smiling, "what an effect the reality will have on you."

"Often, Bishop, we find more pleasure in anticipation than in reality; and amid all those scenes of beauty, I know that Raleigh, by the sea, will be pulling at my

old heart-strings. I'll spend Christmas in Rome. From Rome to Jerusalem. Oh! I know the road from Joppa to the City of Prophets! I have traveled it ten thousand times in imagination. I have seen the intense, cloudless sky, the sun-enfolded fields of golden grain, where Ruth, 'when sick for home . . . stood in tears amid the alien corn.' I can scarcely speak of the land. Think of saying Mass at the birthplace of my Lord and Saviour, and celebrating Easter Sunday in Jerusalem. From the Orient I shall turn my steps home. I shall come back through Greece."

"I was waiting for it, Father," said the Bishop, with his pleasant laugh. "I perceive that you have skipped much that is interesting, in order to leave yourself ample time to spend in Greece."

"Ah, Bishop!" That was all Father Andrews said, but his superior knew that before the eyes of the old scholar there was passing, in grand array, the glories of the land of Helicon.

"I have a friend in Athens, an archaeologist," then said the Bishop. "I shall write him to expect an old Greek, although he bears the name of Andrews and hails from the town of Raleigh, and I think I can promise you the freedom of the city. If you get interested in your researches and desire to stay longer, take three more months, and if you need it you know your Bishop's purse is ever at your command."

Father Andrews made no reply. His tear-moistened eyes were all-eloquent.

"I shall come home through northern Europe, for I want to see martyr-Poland, sail up between the poetry-steeped banks of the Rhine, visit the land of Goethe and Schiller, and linger a while in ancient Flanders. Then back to my own country, where liberty stands at the gateway! Home to my children, my Bishop and my friends! I pray that the return may be even happier than the departure."

"God grant it," said the Bishop softly.

Father Andrews recalled the conversation with the Bishop as he sat in his library. In another week he would start on his year's vacation, and never had the prospect appeared so alluring as in this hour. Yesterday he had returned from the mountains, whither he had gone to say farewell to the Professor and his family. Since his home-coming, instead of Europe and the Orient, bathed in unquenchable light, he saw the grim, pine-warded mountains, with their hungry-souled inhabitants. The story of the sculptor had touched his soul, the determination of the Professor to work for the mental betterment of the people aroused his admiration. But when he met the congregation at the Virgin's shrine, the zeal of the old veteran of the Cross was quickened into new, vigorous life. Never, in all his priestly career, had he been confronted by such spiritual need. He could still feel the grasp of Mr. Newcombe's hand, as he said, at the conclusion of the strange service:

"Ah, Father Andrews, if we had you here for one year what a vast amount of good you could do among these poor people."

Why should he not go there for one year? He had leave of absence for that period of time. But his trip—his vacation. But why should he spend that time and money on selfish pleasure when here, in his own State, were people living in utter ignorance of religion except what a man whose faith went no deeper than altruism, could teach them? But to give up his holiday? Not see his sister? nor Ireland and Stratford-upon-Avon? Give up the Mass at Lourdes? Nor wander through Italy and Palestine? Never behold Greece? He could not make that sacrifice. He felt that God did not require it of him. But when he said his Mass at Lourdes, would he not see, instead of Mary's shrine in the French mountains, her statue in the wilds of North Carolina, before which no chalice was ever lifted

except the purple blossoms of the wild morning-glories? As he walked through Palestine would he not hear the Master's rebuking voice: What you refused to the least of these, my little ones, you refuse to Me.

It was the fiercest temptation that had ever assailed the holy man; but in the end love triumphed. He took his hat and cane and sought the episcopal residence. When the Bishop heard Father Andrews' determination to give up his vacation and spend the money and time in missionary work in the mountains, he was dumbfounded. He tried to dissuade him from his purpose, telling him to take his holiday and then go to the hill country. But Father Andrews remained steadfast. The Bishop gave him the desired permission, with tears in his eyes.

"God has one saint on earth while Father Andrews lives," he said to his Chancellor after relating the purport of the old clergyman's early call.

"And," added the Chancellor, with a smile, "Father Andrews will have, before the end of his year, a new congregation for you to supply with a pastor."

"I hope," said the Bishop slowly, "that he will not ask to be appointed to it. I am not as ready to make sacrifices as he."

V.

TOLD BY THE PROFESSOR'S WIFE.

The coming of Father Andrews to the mountain had ceased to be a nine-days'-wonder. The people no longer collected about the house to watch him, and they ceased to regard him as a species of the race different from themselves. Some confusion had followed the resignation of Mr. Newcombe from the spiritual leadership of the congregation and murmurs of discontent were everywhere heard. They did not relish being transferred to the guardianship of a Catholic priest, but we noticed that there was no decrease in the meetings that were regu-

larly held at the shrine. Mr. Newcombe continued to go among the mountaineers, working with Father Andrews in his religious crusade.

We were sitting in the family room one morning, the Professor pacing the floor, according to his habit. The improvement in our invalid was remarkable. I knew not whether to attribute it to his desire to begin school in September, or to the ministrations of the little mother, who had promised to divide her year between her children in the mountains and those in the town.

"I hope," said she, out of a silence, "that that mule will not throw Father Andrews. I never see any one start off on the back of that mule, without experiencing an inclination to go along for protection's sake. I told Father that I would walk to the village before I would ride Old Gray."

"Old Gray is a perfect dear," I cried.

"You don't mean to say you ever rode him?" asked mother, in astonishment.

"I really and truly did," I replied. "All the way to the village and alone. That was the day I discovered 'Our Lady of the Cliff,' and first saw Mr. Newcombe."

"I often wonder," remarked the Professor, pausing in his walk, "what Newcombe thinks of all this? The other day he said to me, out of a brown study, 'Well, things are happening.'"

"He is well pleased," assured Nora. "His undertaking was getting beyond him. His vague, intangible sort of religion may satisfy his aesthetic soul, but his congregation requires something more substantial. If a Mormon Elder, or even a Seven Day Adventist had happened to come along, he quickly would have ended the Cliff School of belief. It was most fortunate that we arrived and became friends with him. He was thus able to withdraw from his congregation, instead of seeing it withdraw from him."

"I don't believe you have much faith in the stability of the mountaineer," re-

marked the little mother. "Now to me they appear earnest and sincere."

"Oh, Father Andrews will make good Catholics out of them, and keep them such while he stays here."

A tap on the door-sill interrupted Nora. We turned to see a young woman on the door-step. She was attired in a dark green riding-habit, which admirably set off the slender, "svelte" figure. A wide hat, with a long plume sweeping across its brim, shaded the face on which the charm of maturity glowed. In one of the gloved hands she held a silver-mounted riding whip.

"I believe I have the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Mountjoy?" she said to me, in a rich, full voice. When I bowed she added, "I am Miss Yancey."

I remembered Mrs. Summers' allusion to the family from the Hollow.

"You must have thought it strange that we have not called," she began when she was seated. "My sister-in-law never goes anywhere, unless brother accompanies her; and he rarely makes acquaintances; her visiting-list seldom shows a new name. I have been in Charlestown for several months, and reached home only the other day. As your coming was old, no one mentioned the fact to me that the Dallas cottage had an occupant, and doubtless I should have remained in ignorance of your presence if the coming of the priest—Father Andrews, I believe?—had not started people talking about you. Is Father in?"

"He went to the village this morning," I replied. She chatted for a quarter of an hour. She was well acquainted in Raleigh. Numbers of her friends were also friends of ours, and this served as a bond to draw us closer together.

"Is it true," she asked of the Professor, "that you intend opening a school here in September?"

"Yes, God willing," he replied, adding, "Don't you think it about time some-

thing was being done by the people of North Carolina for the mountaineers?"

"Yes," she said. "I suppose," she continued, her sea-blue eyes on the Professor, "that you are acquainted with the history of the locality?"

The word history was a magnet for the Professor's interest. When he replied that he was not and should like to hear it, she began:

"The Yanceys of the Hollow have lived here for generations. The country, for miles around, was included in the early possessions of the family, and the greater part of the mountains is still ours. Of course the chief source of our income has always been the Hollow. Grandfather's wealth was princely, but the war dissipated it. Father was forced to sell half the estate, and brother has had to part with a full third; yet, as the plantation contains nearly a thousand acres, to say nothing of the mountain domain, where I believe untold wealth is buried, we have still a fair inheritance left. The founder of the family was an English Catholic, and he brought his chaplain with him. He did not come alone, but had a large company of retainers, young men and women from his father's estate in England. This body was often augmented from England and Ireland. Their countrymen attracted the English emigrants; the priest, the Irish. The mountaineers of the present are chiefly descendants of those early settlers."

"And where is the faith?" asked mother.

"Gone with the time that gave them a priest and a school," replied Miss Yancey. I stole a glance at Nora and noted a smile that played around her lips.

"With the change that came over the country, with its independence," went on Miss Yancey, "the people began to spread back into the mountain country. Some purchased land from their former master, others in the phrase of the

present day 'squatted;' and their descendants are a hardy, honest race. If they are ignorant, that is the fault of the State; if irreligious, that is the fault of the Church. I know what you would say," she added quickly, as the Professor was about to interpose: "that priests were scarce, in the new country; the population scattered, and so on. I hold that as the faith was already planted here it would have been wise to have made any sacrifice to insure its continuance. This was not done and to the future is left the task of converting the fallen-off Catholics. I believe that the advent of Father Andrews means that that future has arrived, and the work will begin."

"You are a Catholic, Miss Yancey?"

"Yes," she replied. "You must not infer from this fact that the Yanceys were any better than their sometime tenants. Some of them went over to Protestantism, others lapsed into infidelity; but, surprising as it may appear, in each generation there has always been one Catholic, at least, either lineal or through marriage, to transmit the faith to the succeeding generation. My father married a Catholic. I was reared in my mother's faith, my brother was brought up a Protestant, but by the time he was out of college he was an infidel. His wife is a Baptist. Now," continued Miss Yancey, taking up her words with renewed animation, "I am coming to the part of our family history which will explain the reason of my deep anxiety to see Father Andrews. You may imagine that, loving my brother with all my heart, and his wife as dearly, for his sake, my one prayer has been to see them in the fold of our holy Church. Oh!" and she clasped her hands over the riding-whip and lifted her beautiful eyes, "what prayers I have said for their conversion! What Masses I have had celebrated for that intention! What alms bestowed! Indeed, almost every good work I have ever done, since coming to understand the priceless gift of faith, has been offered

up for that one purpose. I knew that if my brother were to become a Catholic, he would spare nothing in his efforts to bestow that blessing on others. I knew he would have a priest sent down to the mountains, and the work of reclaiming the people would commence. I am now thirty years old—do you wonder that I had begun to lose faith in the efficacy of prayer, when instead of finding any change in my brother, I saw him growing more hostile to religion, and my sister-in-law gradually drifting into his hopeless views? Only three weeks ago I said to a relative of my mother's, who is an assistant priest in Charlestown, that I believed my petitions would never be heard. 'Heard they are, Lyda,' he said, 'and granted they will be some day. Oh! whenever the tempter whispers that doubt in your ear, think of St. Bernard's prayer to the Blessed Virgin. No one who calls on her was ever left unaided! You will see Cousin Paul and Cousin Angie in the Church yet.' The day before yesterday I reached home. Last night my brother said to me: 'Lyde, I hear that a Catholic priest has come to spend a year in missionary work in this district. He is staying with a family from Raleigh, who are in the Dallas cottage. I wish you would ride up there to-morrow and ask him to go to see the Corn-Sheller, and then come over here. I wish to meet him.' Really," concluded Miss Yancey, "I don't think I slept an hour last night! What sort of a man is Father Andrews?"

"He is a saint," said the little mother.

"He is a true and worthy priest," I continued.

"He is a gentleman," added Nora.

"He is a scholar," finished the Professor.

"Oh!" cried Miss Yancey, looking from Nora to the Professor, "that is the best of recommendations, when he is to meet my brother. I know he will understand Paul. If he were only here,

I would ask him to go over with me immediately to the Corn-Sheller's."

"Who is the Corn-Sheller?" inquired the Professor.

"He is a crippled man who lives on the plantation. He invented a machine for shelling corn, and operates it himself; so he goes by the name of his occupation. I can't imagine what he wants with the priest."

As time passed and Father Andrews did not return, Miss Yancey reluctantly left, promising to come back the following day to escort the priest to the Hollow. The little mother and I went with her to the stile. As we walked back to the cottage, she said:

"What a charming girl! I will say, Mary," she continued, laughing, "that since Father Andrews admitted that he had little hope that we should ever see our kind friend, Mr. Newcombe, converted from his altruistic belief, my heart has been saddened. Now my sorrow for him has turned into joy. You will ask him over to-morrow to meet Miss Yancey when she comes for Father Andrews. She will bring to him the two great blessings his life has missed—faith in Christ and the love of woman."

"Mother," I exclaimed, "when Baby is grown, will you take on yourself the responsibility of selecting a suitable husband for her?"

"I will, darling, with pleasure," she replied, gaily.

VI.

TOLD BY THE AUTHOR.

The following morning Mr. Newcombe breakfasted at the cottage and formed a member of the party which Miss Yancey found awaiting her coming. She looked very attractive, seated on her spirited bay horse, and as Mr. Newcombe treaded his way back to his lonely studio, the sea-hued eyes seemed still to look wistfully into his.

A ride of three miles brought Miss

Yancey and Father Andrews from the tortuous mountain path to a broad, sanded road, that twisted like a red river through the ample plain.

"This is the Hollow," explained Miss Yancey, making an effort to restrain her impatient horse. A mile of the level road brought them to a neat cabin, which stood in a flower-filled yard.

"This is the Corn-Sheller's home," explained Miss Yancey, as they drew near to the rustic gate, guarded by two giant rhododendrons. As they were dismounting, a sadly crippled man of about fifty years of age, came to the doorway and crept down the steps. He walked on crutches, his legs hanging limp from the knees. He was well dressed and clean. A black beard covered the lower part of his face, and hair of the same hue, and fine of texture, lay back in waves from the forehead. His features were refined and the dark eyes glowed with kindness and intelligence. Altogether he was an unusual type of the mountaineer, and as Father Andrews felt the warm pressure of the toil-hardened hand, he knew that they would be friends.

"O Father," he cried, "this seems like a dream. Still I knew that you'd come some day."

"How did you know that?" asked Miss Yancey, as they turned toward the house.

"I have prayed to see a priest for thirty-five years," he said, calmly.

"And your faith never wavered?" she cried.

"How could it?" he asked. "Have we not Christ's promise—whatsoever you ask the Father in My name, shall be done. No, Miss Lyde, my faith never wavered."

They were now in the cabin—a large, well-lighted room, spotless in its appointments and boasting more comforts than the ordinary mountain home. A couch stood under a window, an invalid's chair was near the table, on which

lay books and magazines; there were some good pictures on the white-washed walls and a case filled with volumes. Miss Yancey knew that all these little luxuries were due to the kind-hearted brother, of whose deep regard for the Corn-Sheller she was not ignorant. After partaking of a refreshing drink of milk, which Miss Yancey brought from the spring-house, the Corn-Sheller began his story.

"My name is Daley—Tim Daley. We've always been mountain people. I suppose the North Carolina Mountain Daleys were Catholics in the start, as it is an Irish name; but there were none belonging to that faith, until my father left here to look for work in Raleigh. There he fell in with some Irishmen and they made a Catholic out of him. Afterwards he came back to the mountains and married my mother. There were three children when the war broke out. I was the oldest. My father remained a Catholic and instructed us in the faith as best he could. I was studying my catechism hard and fast for my father told me that when I could repeat every word of it, he would take me down to Raleigh to make my First Communion. Before I had accomplished this feat of memory, the war broke out. My father joined the Confederates. Before he left he made me solemnly promise that I would never leave my mother, and that I would always remain a Catholic. Nearly all the mountain side was Union and as the war progressed, old neighbors and friends and even relatives turned against us. In the beginning of the third year of the war, the bushwhackers were having things their own way among us—murdering people outright. One night a cousin of my father's came to our cabin and told us we had better get away, as the bushwhackers intended to kill all Southern sympathizers. He advised us to go to the Hollow and ask for protection of Mrs. Yancey. In the dead of night we started. It was fully

ten miles from our place to Mr. Yancey's. We succeeded in getting away from the mountains, but just as we were coming into the main road we encountered a party of Union raiders. They must have been drunk for if they were in their right senses they would never have attacked a woman and three little children. The baby was killed in mother's arms, the bullet then passing through her shoulder. I was shot in both legs. My little sister escaped unhurt, by running back into the thicket. When the murderous crew passed on she returned. Mother had fainted. I was not able to rise, but I told her to run to Mrs. Yancey's for succor. There was no one on the plantation but Mrs. Yancey and one negro woman, but they came to our assistance and took us home with them. That afternoon they buried the baby in the family graveyard, and for weeks nursed us. Finally mother got well. Eventually I recovered, but was never able to stand on my legs again.

"When the war was over and Mr. Yancey came home, he told us that father had been killed. He was very kind to us, and, though poor himself, he took us under his charge. He gave us this cabin which had belonged to one of his freed negroes. Mrs. Yancey would get mother to help her with the weaving and spinning, and Mr. Yancey gave me the corn to shell. For our work we received meal and bacon, which, in truth, the good man was often ill able to spare, for he was practically ruined. We managed to keep soul and body together, but often I wept bitterly as I shelled my corn. My father was dead, I was a helpless cripple, my mother was poor and I felt that I should never make my First Communion. When I poured out my grief one day to that tender heart, she told me that if I would pray, God would send a priest to the mountains, to receive her into the Church and prepare me for my First Communion. Oh, the

prayers that went up from my childish heart.

"Finally I was a man. Times had bettered. I had invented a machine which enabled me not only to shell Mr. Yancey's corn, but some for the neighbors. I had saved enough money for my fare to and from Raleigh, and was making ready to go when my mother fell sick. For years she was a helpless invalid. As my sister, when scarcely fourteen, had run off and married a man from Tennessee, I was unable to leave. It kept me buckle and tongue to supply our daily wants. I could not have done it if it had not been for the noble generosity of this young lady's brother. Their parents had died and when the son came to rule in his father's place I found him even a truer friend than the old man had been. Do you see the comforts of this house? He did all for me. He it was who instructed me in mathematics and mechanics, and inspired me with a love of knowledge. Every day since he has come into the property, a servant is sent over from the house to prepare my meals and clean my rooms, and if I wanted him, I could have a negro boy to constantly attend me. A brother could not have been kinder to me than Mr. Yancey."

There was a glow on the pale cheeks as the words of praise fell from his lips. His gratitude made the hearts of his listeners warm toward him.

"But," said Miss Yancey, "did you never tell brother of your earnest wish to receive the sacraments?"

"He knew of it," replied the old man.

"And made no effort to bring a clergyman to see you," cried she, incredulously.

"Mr. Yancey will explain all this to you to-day," answered the Corn-Sheller, with quiet dignity. "I knew that the priest would come, without human interposition, and I could wait the time of the Lord. Last week Ab Summers brought down a cart load of corn for me

to shell, and told me that you had arrived, Father," he said, turning his bright eyes on the priest. "Then I sent to Mr. Yancey's. He said, 'Wait till Miss Lyde comes home and she will bring the clergyman to you and me.'"

"Oh!" cried Miss Yancey, "what does this mean?"

"It means," began the Corn-Sheller, but he paused and said: "No, let him tell you himself. He is waiting for you and Father Andrews. Go to him, please. And Father, as you go back, will you stop and tell me how soon can I make my First Communion? I've waited nearly thirty-five years."

"You shall not wait much longer, my friend," said Father Andrews, deeply affected.

"What faith! what perfect faith!" exclaimed he, as with Miss Yancey he left the cabin; but she only made a faint response, for the man's words concerning her brother held her thoughts. The dinner bell was ringing as they rode up to the house. Mr. Yancey met his sister and guest at the hall door and welcomed them with the courtliness of the Southern gentleman. Mrs. Yancey was waiting to receive them in the parlor and, after Lyda had changed her riding habit, they proceeded to the dining room.

Afterwards, as they sat on the shaded veranda, Mr. Yancey led the conversation to the object of the clergyman's visit, by inquiring if he had seen the Corn-Sheller; and when Father Andrews replied that he had, Miss Yancey exclaimed:

"O brother! how could you deprive the poor man of the consolations of his religion?"

"You heard Tim's story? Well, my dear, I have a story, too. For many years I have been studying Christian faith. It all, it appeared to me, depends on miracle. If you can accept the miracle, belief is easy enough. I held that if a miracle could happen nineteen hundred years ago, there was nothing to pre-

vent it from happening again. But I had never seen a miracle and had never met a man who had seen one. Honestly desiring to believe, I begged God to perform a miracle in my behalf. About this time, which was ten years ago, old Mrs. Daley died. She sent for me in her last hour, and told me the long deferred wish of Tim to receive Holy Communion, and asked me to help him to its realization. I consoled the old lady's last moments my promising to aid her son. Afterwards I had a talk with Tim on the subject. It seems that he had given up all thought of going to Raleigh, so firmly convinced was he that some day God would reward his faith by sending a priest to the mountains. I knew that for a priest to come down into this locality, without being sent for, would be nothing but a miraculous interposition of Divine Providence. I told Tim so. He admitted that it would be a direct answer to prayer. I scoffed at the idea that it would ever occur. He expressed his unalterable conviction that a priest would come, uninvited, to give him his First Communion. It might also be his last, he said, but God could not make void His promise. No word of mine could shake the man's faith. Some days passed during which I did a good deal of thinking and some praying. I again sought Tim and we had a long talk on religion. Finally I told him of my promise to his mother and expressed my willingness to fulfill it. He sat in deep thought for a while; then he said: 'And if I don't go, but wait for the priest to come to me, what will you say when he does come?' 'I will say that it is a miraculous answer to your prayers,' I replied. 'Very well,' he answered. 'If it takes a miracle to save your soul, be assured that the Saviour will work it.' As time passed, I began to urge Tim to let me take him to Raleigh, but a doubt never crossed his soul. Last week when Ab Summers told him that a priest was at the cottage, and intended spending a

year in the mountains Tim hobbled over here. I knew that something wonderful had occurred when I saw him coming, for he rarely leaves his yard, and I hurried to meet him. 'What's the matter, Tim?' I cried. 'The priest has come,' he answered calmly. Actually, I felt myself go weak to the heart; then the old man leaned his head on my shoulder and cried like a child.

"He begged me to send for you immediately," he added to Father Andrews, "but I asked him to wait until my sister got home. I know, Lyde," he said, turning to her, "that you have prayed since childhood for my conversion, and I wanted you to be among those first to hear the announcement of my belief in Christ and my wish to be numbered among the communicants of His Church."

"O brother, brother!" she cried, flinging herself into his arms. As he smoothed her soft hair, his pretty wife said:

"Have you no welcoming kiss for me, too, Lyde?"

"You, Angie! O God is good to me!" and she folded her brother's wife in a loving embrace.

* * * * *

It would make my story too long to detail all that followed the coming of Father Andrews to the mountains; how out of the money given him for his vacation in Europe he built a modest church and school, under the sweet title of "Our Lady of the Cliff;" how Professor Mountjoy speedily regained his health, and began his work of instructing the mountain children; how Mr. Yancey and his wife and Tim the Corn-Sheller, were received into the Church; how Mrs. Summers and Ab, with a host of children and grandchildren, and numbers of other mountaineers, followed their example; how pretty Nora, notwithstanding her protestations against the heathen country, continued to live

with her friends until young Dr. Summers carried her off to a little home in the village; how Mr. Newcombe again and again sought the fair Lyda, until he gained her promise never to leave him, and how he was baptized and married the same day before his beautiful statue in the cliff, while the aeolian harp sent forth its tender strains among the blooming rhododendrons. All these things occurred before Father Andrews handed over the affairs of his mountain congregation to a zealous, young priest. When he arrived in Raleigh his brave

old heart filled with holy joy; a message called him to the Episcopal residence. Arriving there he was shocked to hear that his Bishop's health was failing.

"The doctor says that I must get away from all care and work for a year," the Bishop said. "A good friend has placed several thousand dollars at my command for travelling expenses. The doctor advised me to take a companion along, and Father," he cried with gladness, "we'll spend that day together at Stratford-upon-Avon."

IN NOVEMBER TIME

WILLIAM J. FISCHER

*Turn Thou Thine ear upon my voice, kind Lord,
While glad I bless
The little things of life—the warm caress
Of happiness!*

*The cold winds knock at my closed, cabin door,
The fields are drear;
And it but tells—the silent, falling tear—
That life is dear.*

*The night goes sobbing through the lonely waste
But, then, I know
My heart still treads the dreamy paths aglow,
Where poppies blow.*

*And, for all this, my prayer steals upward now,
Life's golden May—
Her twilight hush, the rosy blush of day,
Her dusk, so gray.*

*I thank Thee for the shadows, that shut in
Life's sun and heat;
It was Thy will—I heard two lips repeat
That pain was sweet.*

*And knowing Thee, I tried my best to bear
The crosses, wisely laid
Upon my shoulder. Strong and unafraid,
I did my best—and prayed.*

THE OLD WORLD SEEN THROUGH AMERICAN EYES

By REV. JOHN F. MULLANY, LL. D.

THE WONDERS OF VENICE CONTINUED.

NO visitor should leave Venice without taking a trip to the lovely island of St. Helena which is better known by the name of The Lido. The whole strip of shore is about seven miles in length and forms the outer bulwark of Venice against the sea. Steamers go and return every hour. It is a charming spot even in its desolation and ever seems to say to the lapping waters:

"Break, break, break,
On the cold, gray stones, O sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is
dead
Will never come back to me."

Here Byron loved to loiter and here he wrote some of his most beautiful thoughts. Here the Doge of Venice went forth annually for the ceremony of the espousals of Venice with the Adriatic and cast the ring into the sea from the Bucentaur.

"She was a maiden city, bright and free;
No guile seduced, no force could violate;
And when she took unto herself a mate,
She must espouse the everlasting sea."

The Church of St. George, so conspicuous in most of the distant views of Venice, stands opposite the Lido on an island. It looks well at a distance. Here in 1800 the College of Cardinals met and elected Pius VII. to the papal throne. Little did he dream of the stormy future that lay before him when all Venice turned out in gondolas to greet and honor him as the head of christendom. To the right are the exposition grounds. They are beautiful but laid out on a very small scale. The art exhibit is about

the only thing worth seeing, and even this is very disappointing to those who have seen the great galleries of Europe. Some of the modern pictures are worthy of attention. The whole exposition would not cover the ground occupied by the New York State building at the World's Fair. Venice, however, has a magnificent collection of works of art. Perhaps the best group is to be found in the academy, which was once the Convent of Charity, where Pope Alexander III. took refuge. It would require one whole day to do justice to this great collection. Here Titian's most important work, the "Assumption," is placed. It was taken from the Church of Frari. It is a glorious picture and represents the Blessed Virgin borne rapidly upwards as if divinely impelled. Fascinating groups of angels surround her. Beneath stand the apostles looking up with prayerful faces. The head, figure, attitude, drapery and color are most beautiful. It will be the model for inspired artists for all time. Titian is to be found in every room. His "Visitation" is powerful. The faces of the Virgin and St. Elizabeth are heavenly; also his "Presentation of the Virgin," which was executed in his fifteenth year, is fascinating. Here Tintoretto may be studied to advantage. His figures, coloring, bold attitude and the much adverse criticism he is receiving draw you to admire him more and more. Bellini and Paul Veronese are also favorites.

But what can be said on a subject of this nature? Not one of the thousands of pictures in this celebrated gallery but is in itself a gem that can not be purchased with money, for none but originals or first-class copies are allowed in the collection. Every church in Italy is an art gallery. Even in the small vil-

lages, hid away in the mountains, are to be found rich treasures of Christian art. It is more so in large cities. Of the 250 churches here in Venice there is not one, even the smallest, but has a something that can not be purchased with money. There are the precious legacies of the ages of faith and can not be reproduced at any cost. I often think how fortunate the Italians of to-day are in comparison with other people. They have so much in art and architecture to educate the eye and the spiritual sense that can not be found in such abundance in any other part of the world. The very peasants have advantages that our most favored children can not hope to possess for centuries to come.

The church of St. John and St. Paul is one of the glories of Venice. It is filled with monuments erected to the memory of the distinguished dead, especially the Doges and their families. There are no less than ten equestrian statues in and about the church and hundreds of elaborate tombs about the walls, in the side chapels, under the altars and in the crypt. Even the upper walls have niches wherein are placed urns containing the remains of the noble families. The church of the Frari is similar in design and is also filled with works of art. The altars are exquisite examples of pure gothic form, ornamented with the best and the richest sculptured work of the age. Over and around each one are rare paintings by the great masters. The Church of St. Moses is another treasure house; so is the Church of St. Jeremiah, where rests the body of St. Lucy, the patron of Syracuse.

When Sicily was overrun with barbarians the remains of the saint was transferred to Venice for safe keeping, and here they have remained ever since. We had the privilege of offering the Holy Sacrifice on the altar which encloses her sarcophagus. The stalls in this church, like those in most of the Venetian churches are carved in wood

in a most exquisite manner. The Bishop's chair is of Arabian origin and has a sentence from the Koran engraved upon it. The Church of St. Stephen is another grand monument. It was built by the Augustinian monks in the 13th century. The interior is very fine and the dimensions very large. The arches are pointed and supported on delicate columns. The capitals are classical in character and very pleasing to the eye. Behind the church is the Campo Santo with some fine mortuary buildings. Nearby is the church of the Blessed Virgin. It contains one glorious picture. It is that of St. Barbara painted by Titian. She is standing in majestic attitude, looking up with inspired eyes and an expression that is heavenly. She wears a robe of rich, warm brown, with a mantle of crimson, and a white veil is twisted in her diadem and among the tresses of her pale golden hair. The whole picture is one glow of color, life and beauty. St. Barbara is the patroness of soldiers, who flock hither to ask her intercession. At either side are St. Anthony and St. Sebastian, and St. John the Baptist and St. Dominic. Above is the Blessed Virgin bending over the body of her Divine Son. The picture is one you can never forget. There is another picture in the church of St. Saviour that impressed me very much. It is by Tintoretto, representing the baptism of our blessed Saviour by St. John the Baptist. It is a bold conception and breaks away from the conventional idea. The Jordan is represented as a mountain brook receiving a tributary stream in a cascade from the rocks on which St. John stands. The Christ is a noble figure, with a face full of love and sweetness. For light and shade and splendid landscape effect the picture is a good sample of the great master. No doubt he took his ideas from his Italian surroundings rather than from the Jordan scenery. So much for the churches. They are all very interesting and each one has

something worthy of comment, but a few samples must suffice. Those wishing information on this most fascinating subject should read "Stones of Venice," by John Ruskin. It is a great book.

The Rialto is a word familiar to readers. It is derived from the double word, "Rivo-alto," and simply means the high bridge spanning the grand canal. The old part of the city is known by the same name. The Rialto which Shakespeare alludes to when Shylock is made to say:

"Signor Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies,"

Refers, of course, to the town and not to the bridge. In olden times there was but one bridge, now there are several, but none as picturesque as the old one which was built in the 16th century. The span of arch is nearly one hundred feet, the height twenty-five and the width seventy-two. It is covered with ugly looking shops.

There are no less than a thousand palaces in Venice, every one of which is worthy of a visit. Each one has a fine collection of pictures and statues and most interesting tapestry. The walls of many of them are inlaid with precious marbles in all colors, mosaics of the most peculiar designs and paneled with alabaster columns without number. The outside of the palace may appear weather beaten and dilapidated, but the interior is sure to give you a grand surprise.

These few thoughts will give you an idea of our visit to Venice, the "Queen of the Adriatic." There is no other city in the world that will impress you in the manner this will, for here you have a combination of ideas and events that is to be found in no other part of the world. One view of the Piazza of St. Mark, with its ever changing scenes, is worth a trip across the Atlantic. We leave to-morrow for Milan. On our way we will make another pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Anthony of Padua.

ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA.

Our journey to this quaint town was a short one. We stopped over between trains more to visit the shrine of the great St. Anthony than to see the sights, though the city has many monuments of interest and is buried in gardens and vineyards and has a charming character of brightness and verdure at this season of the year. Its tall towers and many domes rising high above the walls give it a stately aspect. The streets are narrow, and everywhere arcaded walks run beneath the houses, which are a delightful protection in summer and winter. The stately old palaces have large court yards and radiant gardens of flowers in the very center of the town, and the churches and public buildings stand in wide open spaces which are always fresh and pleasant to walk in. The University of Padua in its day was famous and is still one of the best in Europe. Here Galileo taught. Here Dante and Petrarch lectured. In the court yard is a fine statue erected in 1547, in honor of Livy, the historian. The library in connection with the university is very good and up-to-date. The cathedral, which is one of the group of buildings, is very fine in its proportions. The baptistery is of the twelfth century and has the most complete and comprehensive fresco-illustration of the Apocalypse ever attempted. It is visited by artists from every part of the world. The church of St. Justina has a stately appearance. Within is the tomb of St. Mathias, wrongly called in the guide books the chapel of St. Matthew the Evangelist.

At last we are in the church of St. Anthony. It is one of the most extraordinary buildings in Italy and externally is more like a mosque than a Christian church. It is surmounted by six large domes and a crowd of minarets. It is 280 feet long by 188 feet in width. The

grand piazza in front of the church is full of interest. It has a magnificent equestrian statue by Donatello and several fine monuments by the great masters. Above the middle door is a fine statue of St. Anthony. The interior is full of sculpture, tombs, altars, paintings and frescoes of every description. Lamps of solid silver hang before dozens of shrines and the effect is quite magnificent. The church is in charge of the Franciscan fathers, the same as in the Syracuse diocese. We had letters of introduction from kind Father Joseph Lesen, formerly provincial at Syracuse, now pastor of the Sancti Apostoli at Rome; also from the late provincial. These letters and the company of two distinguished American Bishops, Bishop McGoldrick and Bishop Cotter opened wide the church and monastery to us. We first said Mass over the body of St. Anthony and then enjoyed the hospitality of the good fathers. They are the same in Europe as they are in America, highly educated, whole-souled priests. We could not expect kinder or better treatment.

Before taking the train we visited the church thoroughly. We were pleased and edified at the devotion of the people of Padua. St. Anthony has certainly preserved them from the blight of indifference in religious matters. The chapel wherein is the tomb of our saint was built in the fifteenth century. It is covered with beautiful carvings in precious marble and alabaster, telling the story of the great miracle worker. Before it many lamps are constantly burning. The walls are covered from the floor to the roof with votive tablets, placed there by the grateful recipients of special favors granted through the intercession of this great servant of God. A visit to this shrine would make Addison's translation of one of the many tablets in and about the church intelligible. I will give it in full:

"To the thrice holy Anthony of Padua, delight of the most holy Child of Bethlehem, highest son of seraphs, highest roof of wisdom, most powerful worker of miracles, holy dispenser of death, wise corrector of error, pious deliverer from calamity, powerful curer of leprosy, tremendous driver away of devils, most ready and most trusty preserver of the sick and shipwrecked, restorer of limbs, breaker of bonds, stupendous discoverer of lost things, great and wonderful defender from all dangers, the most pious defender and safeguard." This is a full translation and made by a man little in sympathy with the faith of the saint, yet it gives a fairly correct picture of what people thought of St. Anthony in the long ago. To-day the world over he is held even in greater veneration.

The frescoes and carvings in the church tell the wonderful story of his life. I must give you a few examples. The right entrance to the choir has a curious fresco. It is that of St. Anthony preaching to the fishes at Pimini. The story goes that St. Anthony made no impression by his preaching on this particular people. One day he suddenly broke off in his sermon and left the church, attended by a lay brother. Many of the people followed him to the shore where he addressed the fishes. To the wonder and edification of everybody the fishes came to the shore in great numbers and in perfect order and listened to what the saint had to say. The miracle was heralded forth and henceforth St. Anthony had attentive audiences. Another fresco represents St. Anthony preaching before the Pope. He explained the Word of God so devoutly, so sweetly, so clearly, and in a manner so convincing that all who heard him understood what he said as perfectly as if he had spoken the language of each. The Pope is said to have exclaimed after hearing him: "In truth this man is the ark of the testament and the treas-

ure of the holy scriptures." The sermons of St. Anthony had a most wonderful effect upon his hearers. Many of the pictures deal with this subject. Perhaps no one among the disciples of St. Francis was more conspicuous than our dear saint for holiness of life and the gift of persuasive eloquence. Although living in an age of fierce and unbridled passion—for religion had not yet thoroughly filtered into the savage intelligence of the hordes that overran Europe during these centuries—yet they listened to St. Anthony, who by word and example so moved his vast audiences in churches and open squares and even in the fields "that even the bitterest enemies were reconciled and ever after lived as brothers."

In his sermons, whose texts were always developed by images fitted to touch the heart and illustrated by striking figures, there is enough of sentiment and fancy to explain his wonderful success with his hearers. They gave him their confidence because they were convinced. They had witnessed his fearlessness in rebuking sin when he addressed the tyrant of Padua in these words: "O, most cruel tyrant and mad dog! the terrible sentence of God hangs over thee. When wilt thou cease to spill the blood of innocent men?" The people wondered at his power when they saw the monster whom they all feared fall upon his knees with the cord of St. Francis about his neck and implore the mercy of God and publicly confess his sins to God's representative. These are a few of the thoughts suggested by the pictures and frescoes of this wonderful shrine. We came away with most pleasant thoughts of what we had seen and heard of the saint we love so well. He died in 1231, while reciting his favorite hymn, "O, Glorious Queen of Heaven." Of all the distinguished men that connect their names with Padua, none can compare with our dear "Il Santo."

THE CATHEDRAL OF MILAN.

The journey from Padua to Milan is through a most charming country. There was scarcely a minute we could afford to leave the car window the scenery was so beautiful and interesting. In fact we would like to make several stops on the way, but our program would not permit. We were obliged to give the great city of Milan a very short visit, though we could have spent double the time pleasantly and profitably in examining the art treasures it contains. Milan is a modern city, though very handsome. The streets have none of the picturesque beauty of other Italian towns. The great center of interest is its glorious cathedral of white marble. It was founded in 1387 on the site of a more ancient building. Heinrich von Gmunden, a celebrated German artist, was the architect. It took many years to complete the magnificent structure. The oftener you see it the more you admire it. Our first glimpse was by moonlight and it appeared like a fairy scene, like some grand, heavenly temple that had been built by the hands of angels and not by the hands of men. The hundreds of spires crowded with saints and angels and the thousands of niches filled with lovely marble statues looked in the light of the moon like so many angelic spirits gazing down upon us. We walked around it and were entranced. Every visit we made impressed us more and more. But to appreciate this grand structure it is necessary to ascend to the roof, an effort which is well worth making. It is reached by 328 steps and presents to the eye a double picture that can never be forgotten. First, the building itself, and secondly, the magnificent view of the Alps. The roof is one mass of statues, bas-reliefs and most beautiful ornaments carved in marble. All this is the work of the greatest artists in Europe. Among the most celebrated statues are those representing Adam and

Eve, Rebecca by Canova, Napoleon I., Our Lady, the Saviour, the Apostles, etc. The greatest statue represents the architect himself. Wherever you look the eye is surprised by new beauties. The creeping arches, the magnificent galleries, the forest of pinnacles, the botanical garden, the numberless gutters, all ornamented—the perfection of every detail—far away from the range of the human eye, all this will help you to realize that you are beholding one of the wonders of the world. It is impossible to describe minutely its beauties in a letter written under the greatest difficulties. Besides you will find grand descriptions in all the standard works of Christian art. The height from the pavement to the top of the statue on the cupola is 355 feet.

The appearance of the interior is most striking. The great forest of marble pillars, 52 in number, with their exquisitely sculptured capitals, the general solemnity of the auditorium, the rich effect of the golden light which streams through the upper windows, forms a picture that can not be reproduced. The length of the nave is 486 feet, and the breadth of the cross, including side chapels, is 351 feet. The height from the floor to the roof is 164 feet and to the dome 224 feet. It cost upwards of five million dollars. The interior is filled with beautiful chapels and monuments of art. The crypt has a very rich chapel where the body of the great St. Charles Borromeo is preserved. Here we offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The same day we witnessed here an ordination of upwards of thirty priests. It was very impressive. The ceremony lasted from seven o'clock to midday. This afforded Dr. Lynch a grand opportunity to witness the ritual carried out in all its splendor. The doctor is a recognized authority in the United States on the Church ceremonial. In the province of Milan the Ambrosian rite is permitted. We witnessed the ceremony

and found it very beautiful and interesting. The people have the spirit instilled by their saintly guides of old, the spirit of strong Catholic faith.

Milan has another shrine that even surpasses the grand Cathedral. It is the church of St. Ambrose, which was founded in 387 by the saint whose name it bears and was dedicated to all saints. It was at the same time enriched by the remains of the martyrs St. Gervase and St. Protase. It is the church where St. Augustine was converted and where he was baptized and where the *Te Deum* was first recited alternately by the two saints as they advanced to the altar. It is the church where St. Monica, the mother of St. Augustine, prayed for the conversion of her poor, lost boy, for she could not be happy and know that her child was dead to God. She left her beautiful home and became a wanderer, seeking by prayer and penance the return of Augustine to the faith of his childhood. The great St. Ambrose seeing the vehemence of her sorrow on one occasion said: "Go thy way: the son of so many tears and prayers can not be lost." (I quote from memory.) What a beautiful example for mothers of today. This is the church the doors of which St. Ambrose closed against the Emperor Theodosius. When informed of the dreadful massacre of the people of Thessalonica his mind was filled with horror and anguish. He met the offending Emperor in the porch of the church and in the language of an ambassador of heaven declared that private contrition was not sufficient to atone for a public fault or to appease the justice of an offended Deity. Theodosius humbly represented that if he had committed the sin of murder, David, the man after God's own heart, had been guilty of a greater crime and was forgiven. "You have imitated David in his sin. Imitate then his repentance," was the reply of the undaunted Archbishop. The rigorous condition of peace and pardon was

accepted and the public penance of the Emperor has been recorded as one of the most honorable events in the annals of the church. We saw the stone he sat on in the vestibule of the church during the many months of his exclusion from public service.

The exterior of the church is highly picturesque. The atrium is surrounded by open arches, the arcades being filled with ancient inscriptions, old altars and fragments of carvings. The remains of the old cypress doors that were shut against the Emperor are also to be seen. The interior is beautiful in its simplicity. On either side of the nave stands a pillar; that on the right is surmounted by a curious old cross; that on the left by a bronze serpent which is supposed to be the brazen serpent of the wilderness. It was presented as such to Archbishop Arnulphus in 1001 by the Emperor of the East. The pulpit, the tribune, the episcopal chair, the crypt, the altars, etc., are most interesting. The tribune is covered with Byzantine mosaics upon a gold ground representing the Saviour with Sts. Gervasius, Protasius, etc. They are very old. The ancient episcopal chair of St. Ambrose is cut out of a solid block of stone. Many coronations took place here. The golden covering of the high altar may also be seen. It is perhaps the best preserved specimen of medieval art existing. The life of our Saviour, angels and saints, and in particular the life of St. Ambrose, are represented in relief scenes. All this is on plates of gold and silver beautifully enameled and set in precious stones. Sts. Gervasius and Protasius, who suffered martyrdom under the Emperor Nero, are buried beneath the high altar. When removed to this church St. Ambrose placed this inscription on the altar: "Let the victims lie in triumph where Christ is sacrificed: He upon the altar, Who suffered for all, they beneath the altar, who were redeemed by His suffering." The history of these twin

brothers is very interesting. The body of St. Ambrose occupies the same crypt. We had the privilege of officiating over the remains in this sacred shrine.

Near by is the Ambrosian library, one of the largest in Italy. Here twenty years ago Brother Azarias and I labored for several weeks. We were most kindly assisted by the genial librarian, Father Cherini, S. J. The collection of manuscripts is considered among the best extant. Also the illuminated missals and choir books are very fine. The oldest missal or Mass book in the collection bears the date 348. It is substantially the same as the Mass book of to-day. This is a surprise to many. Near the little church of Santa Maria della Grazie, built in 1463, and decorated by the great Bramante, is an old convent which contains the world famed "Last Supper," by Leonardo da Vinci, and also the great fresco of the "Crucifixion," by Giov. Donato Montorfano. The place is consecrated, for here was painted the most sacred picture of the Christian centuries. I shall try and describe the picture and its surroundings.

The picture was painted as a decoration for the refectory of a convent. As the room was lofty and spacious and the figures were to be viewed from a distance, it was found necessary to paint them in colossal form; they would otherwise have appeared smaller than the real personages seated at the convent table. The moment selected is at the utterance of the words: "Amen, amen, I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me," or rather the words have just been uttered and the picture expresses their effect upon the different auditors. The intellectual bearing, the nobility of nature, the reverential, God-like dignity, mingled with the profoundest sorrow, in the head of the Saviour, surpasses all that could be conceived as possible in art. It is a divine shadow stamped by the soul of the artist on that convent wall which will remain as long

as a hue or a line remains. Next to Christ is St. John, the beloved disciple. He has just been addressed by St. Peter and is disconsolate in his attitude. He rests his clasped hands on the table and the sweetness of his countenance almost expresses the character of this gentle, amiable apostle. Peter, leaning from behind, is all fire and energy. Judas, who knows full well of whom the Saviour spoke, starts back apparently amazed; his fingers clutch the bag of which he has charge. His face without being ugly is hateful. St. Andrew, with his long, flowing beard, lifts up his hands in horror. St. James the Less, who resembles Christ in his gentle features, lays his hand on the shoulder of St. Peter as much as to say, "Can it be possible?" St. Bartholomew, at the extreme end of the table, leans forward with a look of eager expectation; he is impatient to hear more. St. James the Greater is on the left of the Saviour; his arms are outstretched; he draws back and repels the thought. St. Thomas is behind St. James. He is rather young looking, with short beard. He holds up his hand threateningly. St. Philip, young and with a beautiful head, lays his hand on his heart and protests his love. St. Matthew, also beardless, with a refined look turns to St. Jude and points to our blessed Lord as if about to say, "Do you hear what he says?" St. Simon, like St. Jude, expresses anxiety and consternation. To appreciate this "miracle of nature," as Mr. Hallam styles Leonardo's great picture, it ought to be studied carefully and compared with other productions of the same period. It is the work of an inspired genius.

We visited the Brera, a picture gallery of great merit, where we examined the works of Luini, a disciple of Leonardo. His works are grand and have not been sufficiently acknowledged. His "Ascension" is magnificent. So is his "Death of St. Catherine." In this picture angels sustain the body of the saint, hovering

over the tomb where they are to lay her. The expression of the face is exceedingly good. The "Preaching of St. Mark in Alexandria," by Gentile Bellini, is very fine. The Sponsalia of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph," by Raffaelli, is here. It has an exquisite charm. The countenances of Mary and Joseph are expressive of the sweetest beauty, tinged with a peculiar tender melancholy. The "Finding of Moses," by Georgione, is another of the gems of this gallery. It is a picture in which the highest earthly splendors are brought together and the incident from Holy Scripture only gives it a more lively interest. I might continue for hours, but it is better that I should not, as on this subject it is difficult for me to find a resting place.

The cemetery of this great city is very interesting. It shows that even in Catholic Italy there is a most liberal spirit. This grand cemetery has three sections, all enclosed within the same walls, one for Catholics, one for Protestants, and one for Jews. There is no wall of separation, simply a stone coping about a foot high marking the division. This is an old cemetery dating back for centuries, and the above regulation has existed since the unfortunate protest of the so-called reformers. I mention it because it shows a high liberal regard for the religious opinions of the minority. Out of a population of upwards of 500,000 there are less than 2,000 Protestants.

The city of Milan is prosperous, as are all Italian cities. New buildings are going up everywhere. The stores and shops are bright and up-to-date, the public buildings magnificent. The Galleria Emaluele is the handsomest and loftiest arcade of shops in the world. When lighted up in the evening it is filled with people walking or sitting, listening to the music. It has the effect of a great ball room. The entire population of Milan might be seated beneath its arches.

THE FAMOUS ITALIAN LAKES.

Beautiful Lake Como is surrounded by pleasant landscapes and delightful villas nestling at the base of mountain ranges covered with luxuriant vegetation. The city itself is situated at the southern extremity of the lake from which it takes its name. It is Italian in character, style of architecture, and in its manufactures. Its churches are many and very interesting, especially the cathedral. It dates from the 14th century. The facade is constructed of marble, with gothic arches, and a magnificent rose window. It has some fine sculpture. To the right of the center door are statues of Pliny the elder and Pliny the younger, both citizens of Como. They are dressed in the garb of men of letters of that time. Both owe their place of honor to their great love of nature's beauties, which here found inspiration in the very atmosphere. Pliny the elder concludes his work with these words: "As nature is the first mother of the world so Italy is the second mother of the countries of the earth; distinguished for fine men and women, for magnificent works of art, famous monuments, healthful climate, mild weather, for being easy of access to all nations, for shores abounding in harbors, mighty woods, a superabundance of good water, a luxuriant fertility of soil and the protection afforded by the mountains." His love of investigating nature, to which he fell a victim, is illustrated by a very beautiful relief which represents Pliny in the act of approaching Mount Vesuvius while in eruption. Pliny the younger is represented in relief writing letters, which he did with an elegance of expression never surpassed by the ancients. The relief also tells the truth of the shady side of that epoch in representing the fawning service of the citizens to the Emperor Trajan. The interior of the cathedral is one of the noblest in Italy. It is filled with works

of art by the great masters. Luini has here a most wonderful Madonna. Near the cathedral is the Piazza Alessandro Volta, the great philosopher and electrician. Italy and especially Como was at this time celebrating his centenary. He died in 1798. Volta is the father of our present electric wonders. The exposition which was held at Como was intended to show the great strides that have been made since Volta improved upon the discoveries of Galvani by proving that the contact of two different metals is the source of electrical phenomena, and not as Galvani held, the action of nerves and muscles. The exposition was a marvel in its way. It convinced us of one thing and that is that we in America have a very limited idea of European progress. We think we lead the world in wonderful discoveries, inventions and the like, but we have concluded that we were wrong in many of our suppositions. We are ahead in machinery of a certain kind and especially in agricultural implements. We are also wrong in our ideas of European progress and push. Everywhere we find great activity. In city and country remarkable undertakings are being pushed with energy. There is no lack of public and private enterprise. There is no sign of decay. This was evident in an illumination which we witnessed last evening in this small town. For miles the streets were lit up with colored lights of the most beautiful designs. There were thousands of oil lamps suspended from the most artistic settings imaginable; these lining the streets in the form of triumphal arches, and those illuminating the parks in the form of a forest of trees, each group with its own peculiar cluster of fruit and foliage and colors most natural and artistic. It was a perfect fairy land. The people of the town and from the neighboring country for miles about thronged the streets till nearly midnight. They apparently love this kind of amusement and recreation.

The lake of Como is the most healthful of Italian lakes. Its waters at all times show a most wonderful display of color and brilliancy, varying with sunshine or cloud. The chief charm of the scenery is given to the lake by the long, narrow line of lower Alps that varies in elevation from 3,000 to 8,000 feet, with their gold-gleaming, yellowish-brown ridges standing out in misty outline against the distant sky. Rich vegetation represents the various zones in picturesque terraces to the mountain summits. All these slopes are inhabited by peasants, who tend their little flocks and cultivate these lands most diligently. The vine, the mulberry tree, the fruit tree thrive well on these mountain sides. Every little hamlet has its little church and campanile from whose belfry sweet, silvery strains steal over the lake at all hours of the day, reminding the people of the presence of God. Nearly 200,000 people live around the lake. They are remarkable for their industry, politeness and good temper. Their costume is very gay and picturesque, especially on their festive days. During our short stay we stopped at the Hotel d'Este, which was once the possession of the Princess Caroline of Brunswick, the unfortunate wife of George IV. of England. It is a charming spot, surrounded by beautiful gardens filled with everything that could charm and delight the senses. Steamers, gondolas and small boats of all sizes cover the lake from morning till night. In the immediate neighborhood are many lovely villas formerly occupied by celebrated men and women and now in the possession of people of means and leisure from all parts of the world. The following lines will help you to form an idea of this little paradise:

"Sublime, but neither bleak nor bare,
Nor misty are the mountains there,
Softly sublime, profusely fair,
Up to their summits clothed in green
And fruitful as the vales between,

They lightly rise,
And scale the skies,
And groves and gardens still abound;
For where no shoot
Could else take root
The peaks are shelved and terraced
round."

The trip from Como to Lugano is one of the most beautiful short trips on the lakes. It is full of interest at every turn. Then from Managgio to Lake Lugano is through chestnut forests and vineyards dotted with lovely little villages. It is through the mountain passes and is most picturesque. Waterfalls from the groves rushed down the black rocks, to be dashed into spray below. Tiny silvery streams fell over the cliffs from above, to be immediately transformed into the colors of the rainbow. At last we arrived at Lugano. The lake as a whole is inferior to Como or even Maggiore. The scenery is bolder and the mountains rise more abruptly from the water. Monte Salvatore is a striking feature. The village of Lugano is not interesting except for the Church of our Lady of Angels. It has some very fine frescoes by Luini. The scenery has all the charms of Como. During our short stay we visited Monte Generoso, which is considered the Rigi of Italian Switzerland. The day was bright and charming and our trip over the lake to Capolago we can never forget. Its surface was like a mirror and reflected the glorious mountain scenery in a manner that baffles all description. The rapid gliding of our little steamer over the surface of the lake caused our liquid mirror to give all kinds of fantastic shapes to the passing objects. From Capolago we took the mountain railway to the summit of Monte Generoso, which is 5,561 feet. Exquisite vistas were obtained from every point as we ascended and from the highest pinnacle we had a perfect feast of wild scenery. We had interrupted views of the Italian lakes, the Alpine chain, the Oberland

and the distant plains of Lombardy, which for brilliancy and beauty can scarcely be surpassed in any part of the world. Hundreds of small villages with their cosey little churches and graceful campanile presented themselves to our view from this elevation. Little Madonna chapels were perched upon apparently the most inaccessible pinnacles of distant mountain summits or solid stone crosses or grottos hewn out of the solid rock for the Via Crucis. Everywhere emblems of faith and religion. This mountain is a favorite resort for travelers and is well supplied with excellent hotel accommodations.

Lake Maggiore is another beautiful haven of rest. It is less than forty miles in length and varies in scenery. Its glory culminates in the neighborhood of Baveno and Stresa. Like the other Italian lakes it has ten thousand places of interest. All three remind you sometimes of Lake Lucerne and sometimes

of the Rhine. In whatever direction you cast your eyes the scenic effects are unrivaled. As we glided over the delicately tinted waters on our way to Stresa a perfect picture of loveliness presented itself. Verdant slopes and vine clad hills, with villas on the projecting peninsulas, met the eye at every turn. Castles with turreted towers ever and anon peeping out from the sylvan bowers which hide them, the glowing Italian sky, the azure which is unknown to the rest of the world, the water of a blue that cannot be described, the pure delicious atmosphere, the silvery shimmer of the sunlight upon the lake; all this and ten thousand other beauties made our journey over the lake one ever to be remembered. After a short rest at Stresa we took carriages to Domo d'Ossola, from which point we are to make our journey over the Simplon pass.

(To be continued.)

The Release of a Soul

By KATHLEEN A. SULLIVAN

IT was the hour of midnight. The nuns of the "Hotel Dieu" were assembled in the chapel to sing the Magnificat, by request of one of their beloved sisters who was dying. It was her desire to pass from earth at the beginning of a new day, and surrounded by her sisters in religion gladly singing praises in that grand old hymn of rejoicing. She had spent twenty years in the service of our Divine Lord, years marked by sweet sacrifice and willing mortification, and now that she was about to lay down her cross and receive her crown, she felt only the rapture of an ecstatic soul who has lived

in the world but was not of the world. "Faithful in little things," the nuns had said of her as they mournfully spoke her praises. "Ah, she has surely merited heaven, but, Oh, how we shall miss her." They passed like silent angels to and fro, attending to her every want, or praying silently for the happy death of their beloved one.

She raised her eyes and looked at them, then called them softly to her and asked them to sing for her the Magnificat. As their sweet voices raised towards heaven her eyes seemed to take on a new light; some gleam of a brighter glory than this world can offer shone in them. When the singing

ceased she spoke softly. "Dear Sisters, you have all been so good and kind to me, you have loved me; now you weep that I must leave you, but you too must follow me sooner or later; therefore, do not feel so sad about the farewell—it is not for long. I leave you all my love and my blessing, but I also ask of you one favor. It is this: Sing the Magnificat for me every day. It is our Lady's prayer, and through her I hope to gain release from purgatory, and to enter into the joys of heaven. I have loved her, she will not forsake me. Therefore, sing it daily, and when you receive some sign from me that I have ceased suffering, you may desist, and offer your prayers for some other poor soul. I have tried hard to persevere, I have loved my convent and loved my duties, but have also had many faults, and for them I want you to forgive me and to pray daily for me, and you will have in your poor Sister Estelle an intercessor."

She became exhausted after speaking. The nuns tearfully promised. She stretched her hand to bid them farewell, but it fell lifeless. She was dead.

* * * * *

It is five years since the death of Sister Estelle. The nuns, true to their promise, have daily sung the Magnificat, until they have felt assured that one so good and saintly as their long departed sister must now be where she does not need their help. "She is in heaven," said good Mother Helen, the Superior. "Let us spend our time praying for the poor sinners of the world. We need not sing the Magnificat this evening." Accordingly, the sisters on this evening neglected to sing the dear chant to the great Mother who is so powerful to help her children.

The nuns are now enjoying recreation in the community room. Mother Helen kneels alone in the dim-lit chapel. The glimmering sanctuary lamp throws its rays across her *priedieu*, where she prays softly for God's protection on her little

band of children, that His all-powerful Will may keep them good and persevering in their vocation. What is this dark shadow that crosses the rays of light? She startles. Is it a human figure? Yes, it seems so, for it approaches her. A shivering comes o'er her, half fear, half awe, and in the half bright darkness, she turns an ashen hue. It lays its hand upon her clasped hands. A burning pain thrills her with horror. She shrieks, "O, dear Sister Estelle, why have you come back; answer, tell me!"

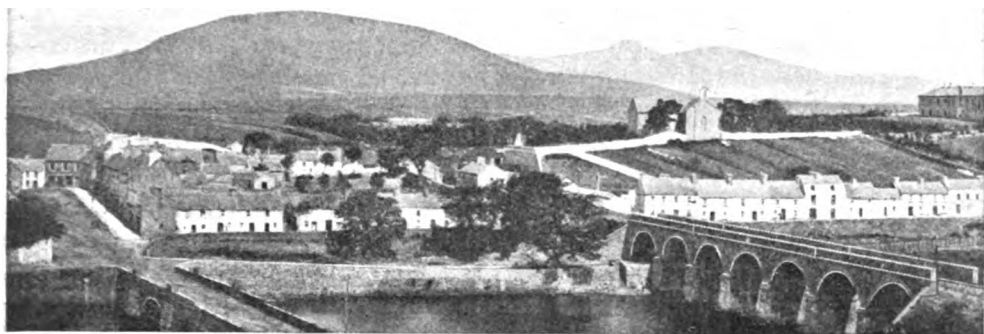
A soft voice, like the wail of an autumn wind answers: "To let you know what I am suffering; you have forgotten me. My entry into heaven is delayed. Then silently and shadowy as she had come, she vanished.

Mother Helen knelt a few moments in trembling fear, then arose, hastened to the community and related to the sisters her experience. She showed her hand on which was burned the impress of five fingers.

"Let us sing the Magnificat," said Mother Helen, and in sweet, sad tones, each note a silent reproach to themselves, they sang it, nor did they again neglect the sweet, daily duty towards their suffering sister.

* * * * *

It is Vesper time. The chapel is ablaze with lights. Beautiful flowers are casting rare perfume from the altar. The nuns are assembled around the organ, singing the grand old Magnificat and thinking probably of that time years before when their neglect of it had caused them such sadness of heart. Suddenly from above the altar rises a snow-white dove. They look startled. No, it is not an earthly dove. It ascends, soars over the heads of the nuns, and then above the altar. It hovers a moment before the tabernacle, then arises, and melts away. They look at each other with pale, happy faces. All felt that their promise was at last fulfilled. Sister Estelle was happy.



NEWPORT, COUNTY MAYO, NEAR BURRISHOOLE.

Lonely Burrishoole

Story of an Old Dominican Home of Hallowed Memories

By P. G. SMYTH

FRESH from a thousand blue leagues of sea the health-bearing air, rich with the odor of brine, drifts over green fields spangled with daisies, gleaming with clumps of yellow furze, strewn with great boulders. Inland are ranges of rugged hills, on which the passing clouds make changeful shades of tan and violet.

Northward, where desolation was spread half a century ago by the iron hand of the evictor, lie in silvery sheen Lough Feagh and Lough Furnace, with their adornments of emerald shores, lichened rocks, and foaming cascade. Southward, beyond Clew Bay and its myriad islands, soars the purple cone of Croagh Patrick, where of old the Apostle of Ireland prayed and fasted.

We are in a grand remote sanctuary of nature, hallowed in past ages by the reverent hand of man.

Lone and gray on the bank of the river running from the lakes into the bay

nestles the ruined old Dominican convent of Burrishoole, on that remote western coast of Ireland.

Six years before Columbus set sail on his western quest the ground was broken and Pope Innocent signed his Bull of approval for this hoary house. Since then the natural, political and religious storms of four hundred years have played sad havoc with it, leaving it a pathetic picture of decay and desolation. Where once arose the solemn and sonorous chant of psalmody is heard now but the "sea gull's clanking cry" and the mournful voice of the wind as it blows through broken doorway and window and rustles the tall grass and nettles on the graves of the dead. The dark and glossy Irish ivy hangs in graceful wreaths and masses over pointed gables and half-fallen bell tower.

The convent of Burrishoole was founded in 1486 by Richard de Burgh, or Bourke, one of the heads of a family

then numerous and powerful in the territories which now comprise the large county of Mayo, a district then independent of England and under native rule and law. For its foundation Pope Innocent VIII. issued, Feb. 9, 1486, a special Bull, part of which reads as follows:

"Bishop Innocent, servant of the servants of God, to the venerable Father, the Archbishop of Tuam (William Joyce), salvation and apostolic benediction. The immense benignity of the Apostolic See always complies with the pious desires of the faithful of the regular orders, and benevolently grants their requests. A petition lately exhibited to us on the part of Donal O'Moran of the Friars Preachers states that Richard de Burgh, desirous by a happy commerce to exchange earthly for celestial and transitory for eternal things, and for the salvation of his own and the souls of his progenitors, and for the singular devotion which he bears to the aforesaid Order, grants and gives in pure and perpetual alms to said Order a certain place called Bures-Vaill, fit and convenient for constructing one house for the use and habitation of the said brethren."

Some authorities say that, two centuries before the foundation laid by Richard de Burgh and Friar O'Moran, a Dominican house was built here by Theobald Fitz-Walter, the first of the Butlers in Ireland, who built other religious houses at Abingdon-Uaithne, in County Limerick, Nenagh and Arklow. The place was the center of an English settlement, planted here by the Butlers, Poers, Drews and Merricks, who took forcible possession of some of the lands of the O'Malleys and MacMahons. From the little town they built on the bank of the stream flowing from Lough Furnace the place took its name, Burrishoole (in Irish *Burgheis-Umhaill*) mean-

ing the borough or town of Umalia, or O'Malley's country. Henry Butler, who was slain in battle with the Irish in 1272, is called lord of Umalia. Not far off towered the strong feudal castle of Carrickahowla, which often in the course of war changed ownership and had Irish and Anglo-Irish garrisons.

The abbey of Burrishoole was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. Its peaceful community acted as pastors, physicians and hospitallers for the country around. Its patron, Sir Richard Bourke, called by the Irish *Risdiard ui-Cuairscidh* (Richard of the Curved Shield), was a famous warrior, who extended far and wide the power of his name and race. His wife, the lady Shela (daughter of the chieftain MacJordan D'Exeter), who died in 1485, was known and honored as "the most exalted woman in Connacht."

About a century glided tranquilly away in Burrishoole, when came the reign of Queen Elizabeth of England, with the suppression of the monasteries, the persecution of the Catholics, and a desperate attempt to bring Ireland under the English yoke. The chief Bourke was now *Risdiard-an-Iarainn*, or Iron Dick, so called from his constantly going in armor. His wife was the celebrated sea-queen, Grana O'Malley, who had a castle in Clare Island, at the mouth of Clew Bay, whence her galleys went forth to levy tariff on trading vessels. Grana was as daring and enterprising as Iron Dick was fierce and ambitious; "she was," says an English account, "as well by sea as by land, more than master's mate for him." An English army was sent in March, 1578, to besiege her in Carrickahowla Castle, or the Rock of Umhall, but after nearly two weeks' siege she sallied forth with her clansmen and routed the enemy. Two years later the English returned in

greater force and gave quarter to neither young nor old. Telling of the capture of a castle, their leader, Maltby says: "I put the band, both men, women and children, to the sword, whereupon all the other castles in the country were given up without any resistance."

So rolled the red tide of inhuman slaughter to the very portals of Burrishoole abbey, and the desecrating feet of the spoiler reached the steps of the altar.

Grana O'Malley and her husband came in and submitted for a time. Maltby proposed to make Burrishoole the site of a walled town, but the project was not carried out. The village was owned by Butler, Earl of Ormond, by right of his ancestor Theobald. In 1588 a ship of the ill-fated Spanish Armada, of 1,000 tons and 54 guns, went ashore at Burrishoole, most of those on board being lost. Sixteen officers wearing gold chains reached the shore and surrendered to the Earl's tenant. It was reported that the Duke of Medina Sidonia, commander of the Armada, was among them, and Ormond sent orders to seize all that was valuable, and not to put the Duke in irons but to treat him with respect as the highest prince in Spain.

At the suppression the convent was granted to Nicholas Weston, who assigned it to Sir Theobald (afterwards Viscount) Dillon. In 1604 Carrickahowla castle, "with various lands thereto belonging, formerly the seat of MacMahon," was granted by King James I. to Donal O'Brien, brother of the Earl of Thomond. On Feb. 9, 1611, the trustees of the Earl of Ormond obtained a grant of several castles and lands in Burrishoole and Erris.

Since then many and mournful are the memories that cluster round this old convent near the sea. Its venerable precincts have been hallowed by the blood of patriots and martyrs. It has grown gray beneath the storms of religious persecution.

Lord Dillon, the new grantee of Burrishoole, was a great acquirer of land, naturally so, for he had a most numerous family to provide for—at one time he saw over a hundred of his descendants assembled together in his house, before he died, at an advanced age, in 1624. Sixth in descent from him, by the way, is the present Lord Dillon, who has spent all his life in England and who some years ago sold off all his Irish property to his tenants. Lord Dillon was not a persecutor, and neither was Tibbot Bourke, first Lord Mayo, who was a son of Iron Dick and Grana O'Malley. Therefore the monks of Burrishoole were but little molested, with the exception of one of them, namely the saintly Brother Edmund de Burgo, nephew of the chief De Burgo or Bourke of Mayo, who incurred the hostility of some of the local alien settlers by his preaching, which had the effect of bringing many Protestants into the Catholic Church. In enmity they seized Brother Edmund, invaded his convent and converted it into "a den of thieves;" but after some time, partly from reverence for his person and partly through fear of the influence of his family, they set him at liberty. The Dominican records speak thus of Brother Edmund:

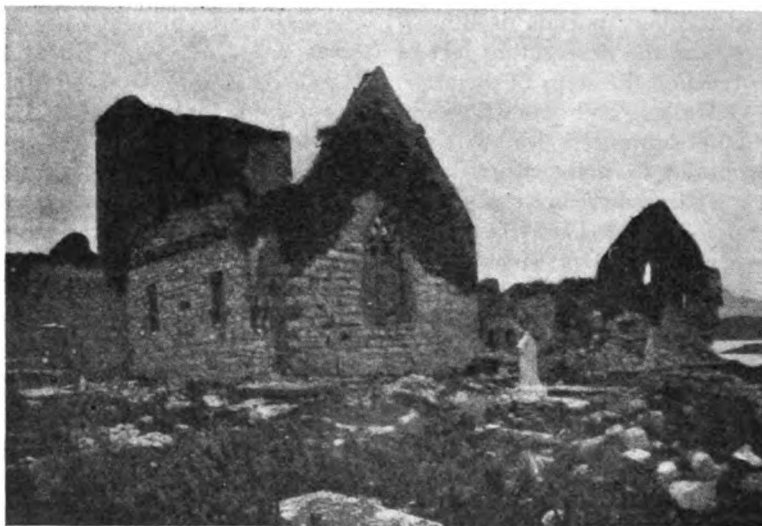
"He had received the habit in the convent of Burrishoole, and was a model of penance. He wore a chain of iron round his waist, and slept on the ground or on a little straw, with a stone for a pillow, and, allowing himself only a few hours of sleep, spent the rest of the day and night in prayer. He frequently fasted on bread and water, and in the depth of winter attended the chapel with bare feet. By a singular grace of God, although noble and brought up in the midst of the pleasures of the world, he preserved his virginal chastity to his dying day. He had a singular devotion to the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin, and at the striking of every hour knelt

down in prayer." Brother Edmund died in 1632.

The first Protestant rector was appointed to Burrishoole in the person of Rev. John Gouldsmith, an apostate priest or friar. He fled at the outbreak

ford in 1654; he confessed his faith and went cheerfully to the scaffold.

On account of its remote situation Burrishoole was one of the last places to be attacked by the troops of Cromwell. The late prior, Father James



BURRISHOOLE ABBEY.

of the great Irish insurrection of 1641 and afterwards settled in Westmeath. He was, it appears, grandfather of the gentle and immortal poet, Oliver Goldsmith.

During the insurrection and in the final period of blood massacre under Cromwell the four Dominican monasteries of Mayo, namely Strade, Rathfran, Urlare and Burrishoole, contributed each its quota to the roll of Irish martyrs for the Catholic faith. Prior Dominic Dillon of Urlare, and Sub-prior Peter Costello of Strade, fell by the sword in the terrible massacre of Drogheda. Father Gerald Dillon of Urlare, died of want and suffering in a squalid dungeon. Father Hugh MacGoill, Master of Novices in Rathfran convent, near Killala Bay, was arrested by the Cromwellians while preaching in Water-

Philbin, had fallen victim to the plague, which he caught while hearing confessions. The new prior, Father Felix O'Connor, a native of Sligo and alumnus of the Holy Cross college there, was an able and scholarly man. After completing his studies in Spain he was appointed prior of the Dominican convent in Kilkenny, whence he had been transferred to Burrishoole. It happened that there were at the abbey some soldiers of the Irish Catholic Confederation when the steel corselets and buff coats of the Cromwellians appeared in the distance. A vigorous defence was resolved upon, in which soldiers and friars joined. Twice the ferocious troops of the Parliament assaulted the gray walls of the abbey, and twice were they heroically repulsed by the small garrison with sword and pike and the matchlocks' jets of

flame leaping from doors and windows. But at the third onset, when most of the brave lay and clerical garrison lay dead or wounded, the Cromwellians burst in and crimsoned the place with slaughter. Among those who managed to escape was Prior O'Connor. Accompanied by a small boy he put out to sea in a rude boat hollowed out of a log of wood. After several narrow escapes from drowning during a wild voyage of sixteen miles they reached Clare Island, whither some soldiers and ecclesiastics had retreated. Soon the island was surrounded by seven ships and twenty-two boats of the enemy, and it and its occupants were captured. The ecclesiastics were put on board ship and transported to Belgium.

Being made Prior of the convent at

were in dire temporal necessity, greatly depending on the convent for their support, to help provide for which, being a most gifted preacher, the Prior delivered a series of charity sermons, which were largely attended, and the offerings tended much to relieve the wants of his fellow exiles. This active and talented Dominican journeyed to Madrid for the purpose of obtaining from the King of Spain his sanction for an annual grant of 1,000 florins which the Belgian authorities had agreed to give the convent of Louvain, and to Rome to induce the Propaganda to provide an annual pension for the education in that convent of four students to be bound by oath to devote themselves to the Irish mission. In both missions he was successful. Assiduous in cultivating his talent as a



LOUGH FEAGH, NEAR THE OLD CONVENT.

Louvain, Father O'Connor had most onerous work in attending to the spiritual needs of the Irish exiles, numbering, it is said, over 14,000 who based their hopes on the return and restoration of Charles II. Many of these fugitives

preacher, Father Felix could repeat from memory all the Homilies of Lanuza, who was called "the Dominic of his age." Solemn and strongly impressive in the pulpit, in social life he was lively and humorous. Obedient to the call of

duty he returned to oppressed Ireland, was arrested for his religion and died a prisoner in Sligo in 1679.

But the most pathetic incident in the history of Burrishoole relates to the two devoted Dominican nuns, Sisters Honoria de Burgo and Honoria Magaen.

Sister de Burgo possessed the noble and generous blood of the long-time ruling family. She was daughter of Richard, chief of the clan, and was old enough to have witnessed the consecration of the abbey. In her fourteenth year she received the habit of the Third Order of St. Dominic at the hands of Father Thady O'Duane, Provincial of Ireland. She caused a house to be built near the convent by the stream, and there with some other sisters of the Order she lived in works of piety through the reigns of Elizabeth, James and Charles. In one time of great dearth she and a companion nun, when perishing of hunger, were strangely and as they believed, miraculously relieved by a fair young man who brought them abundance of provisions and mysteriously departed. In their faith and gratitude they considered their visitor to be—what he was to all intents and purposes—a ministering angel of the Lord.

At length came the approach of the dreaded Cromwellians, and to avoid them Sister de Burgo decided to leave her old home and seek refuge elsewhere. Old and feeble though she was she set out eastward, accompanied by Sister Magaen and a faithful maid servant, and made a long, perilous and fatiguing journey of about a hundred and fifty miles until they reached the isle of All Saints, in Lough Ree, in about the middle of Ireland, where they hoped to live unnoticed and enjoy immunity from persecution. But even on this lonely isle, in February, 1653, when frost and snow encrusted the land and the piercing wintry wind swept over the lake, the two inoffensive nuns—Sister de Burgo, old and withered, Sister Magaen, young

and fair—were surprised and seized by the brutal Cromwellians. Their humble belongings were taken, even the clothing was torn from their bodies. Agile and strong through horror of her infamous captors, Sister Magaen broke from their grasp and escaped into a wood. Trembling in the icy blast Sister de Burgo was led away and thrown, mere skin and bone, that she was, into a waiting boat, with such brutal violence that three of her ribs were broken. Seeing that the aged nun had sustained mortal injuries the persecutors left her and went their way, and the maid came to her relief, but only to hear her last prayers and dying wishes.

Next day the maid searched in the wood for Sister Honoria Magaen. In a hollow tree she found her kneeling, the blood of many wounds frozen on her torn garments and her hands upraised as in prayer. She called and touched her, to find only a rigid corpse.

Through the efforts of her devoted maid—whose name, though forgotten on earth, is bright in heaven's book—the remains of the two martyred nuns were conveyed to Burrishoole convent, where they were interred in the same tomb. "As in life they had loved each other, in death they were not separated."

Through the ensuing century of gloom, embracing the penal days of William and Mary, the Friars of Burrishoole lingered in or near their old convent. A wave of Catholic population, expelled from the North by Cromwell, came and settled near them, peopling Ballycroy and founding the village of Newport, formerly Bally-O'Fiachain, or O'Feehan's townland—O'Donnells, O'Boyles, O'Gallaghers, O'Clerys, MacSweeneys, O'Reillys, O'Rourkes, MacWards and others—and to these the Friars gave spiritual ministration. The annual patron or "pattern" on St. Dominic's day, August 4, was well attended, as one of the chief festivals of the district. A member of the Burrishoole community

was the distinguished Father Richard O'Heyne, who died in 1728, a missionary of London and senior chaplain to the court of Spain. In 1756 Francis Mac-Donell was Prior and Anthony Mac-Donell Sub-prior of the convent of Burrishoole.

By and by the last of the Friars disappeared, and the old house, roofless to the wind and rain, remained only as a cemetery. As such it received the honored dust of several Irish patriots. Among these was Father Manus Sweetney of Newport, who, for sympathy with insurrection against British rule, was, after long outlawry among the mountains of Achill, basely betrayed, arrested, courtmarshaled and hanged on the market crane of Newport, June 9, 1799. The peasants yet vividly tell the story of his execution and the evil doom that befel his betrayer and executioner. In Burrishoole also repose the remains of Colonel Augustine O'Malley a leading Irish insurgent of 1798, afterwards of the French army (father of the Franco-Irish General O'Malley who died in 1869),

who returned here and died after a stirring military life on the Continent, and here lie his brother Joseph and his nephew, who suffered death for their patriotism in 1798. Five years ago, on the centenary celebration of the insurrection, the graves of the young patriot priest and of the brave O'Malleys were visited by a large assemblage in procession, that decorated them with commemorative floral wreaths.

Such is, in part, the story, from rise to fall, of one Dominican convent in the west of Ireland. To-day it is a sad and quiet ruin. Two miles east lies the little town of Newport. Near at hand runs the little railway to Achill, and at intervals comes the whistle of a passing train. But few enter those silent precincts save at burial of the dead. The glory is departed save as enshrined in annals and traditions. The wild weeds rustle undisturbed over the dust of chieftains and monks, martyrs, patriots and common folk, and the wavelets on the shore keep ever murmuring a gentle requiem for the people and the days that are gone.



SALMON FALLS, LOUGH FURNACE, NEAR BURRISHOOLE.

The Gift of Faith

By L. A. D.

FAITH is one of the greatest of God's gifts, and no sacrifice is too great to obtain it." Such were the words uttered by a stately, white-haired priest from the pulpit in the grand old cathedral in N——, which so deeply impressed themselves upon many of the congregation. It was last Mass, "the fashionable Mass," somebody had named it, due to the fact that so many of the aristocracy of the large city were represented at it, and as this well-dressed crowd passed slowly down the aisle one could easily see by the thoughtful look on many of their faces that these last words of the preacher had called forth more than a passing thought from them. Noticeable among these was a very handsome gentleman, who supported a lady on his arm, whose perfect, although serious features attracted a great deal of attention. Mr. Matthews was not a Catholic, and although having the example of a good, pious wife before him for twenty years he could never be persuaded to look into the doctrines of the Catholic Church, even for his own gratification, and only accompanied his wife to church occasionally "for the look of the thing," as he himself said.

To-day the solemnity of the scene, the venerable priest, the marble altar decked with flowers, the red-robed acolytes, the whole sanctuary lit up by the beautiful stained glass windows all around, impressed him as it had never done before, and he was still pondering over the closing words of the prelate on the way down the avenue.

"Do you believe what you have just heard, Annette?" he suddenly asked.

"Yes, Herbert, and to prove what I

say, I would willingly sacrifice Bert for your conversion, dear."

"Sacrifice our only child! Do you mean that, Annette?"

"I do," was the simple answer.

* * * * *

"Do let me go, mother; I'm sixteen and fully able to take care of myself, and anyhow Jack will look after me. Just think what fun it'll be. Three weeks of camp life on that dandy little lake! Just to think of it makes me feel like hollering."

"I know it would be fun, Bert, but there are many dangers which you, never having been camping, know nothing about. The lakes although beautiful are very treacherous and you don't know what night you might be visited by some strange animal."

"That's just like mothers, imagining all sorts of dangers. Ten boys together ought to be able to take care of each other. I'll promise I won't go on the lake alone, won't stay out after dark, will write to you every day, tell you what kind of messes we fellows have been able to concoct, and—oh! everything, if you'll only let me go, mother darling."

"Well, we'll see what Dad says about it."

"You dear old motherkins," cried the boy, hugging her frantically. For he knew well that the fight was won when it was left for "Dad."

The above conversation took place about two months after the foregoing emphatic words of the preacher, and resulted in Bert's joining his friends for their outing in the Adirondaëks.

Just two weeks from the day he left, the only child of these idolizing parents was brought home very ill with typhoid fever, contracted by drinking water from a mountain brook which did not run

NOTE—Founded on fact.

very freely. God only knows the grief of that stricken mother during all those weeks while her darling lay so sick upstairs. But she was a true Christian, and suffered the cross sent her with true Christian fortitude. The first night the boy was home her husband asked:

"Do you remember what you said coming home from church a few months ago?"

"Yes, dear," was the reply, and there the conversation dropped.

The disease was a treacherous one, and had to run its course, the doctor said. It was during one of these weeks of waiting that Father D——, an old friend of the family, was surprised one day to have Mr. Matthews visit him and request to be instructed in the religion of his wife and son "not that I promise to become a Catholic but just that something prompted me to come to you to-day and ask you that question."

That his request was willingly complied with is needless to say. Regularly after this on certain days of the week, you could find Mr. Matthews in deep discussion with his instructor over the mysteries of our holy religion.

One day during one of these visits Mr. Matthews received a message from his office summoning him home imme-

diately, as his son was worse. He left at once, boarded a train, told the conductor at what station to let him off, and then became oblivious to all his surroundings—deep in thought. When he arrived home his wife met him in their sumptuously furnished library. The crisis in the disease was reached. Would Bert live or die was now the grave question, and she thought he should be notified at once.

"Annette, do you remember the words of the preacher, 'Faith is the greatest of God's gifts, and no sacrifice is too great to obtain it,' and what you promised on the way down the avenue?"

"Yes, dear, very distinctly."

"And do you still promise it?"

"I most certainly do."

"God has evidently been pleased with your sacrifice, Annette, for I believe most firmly."

"Oh, my God, I thank Thee! No one will ever know how glad I am, Herbert dear!"

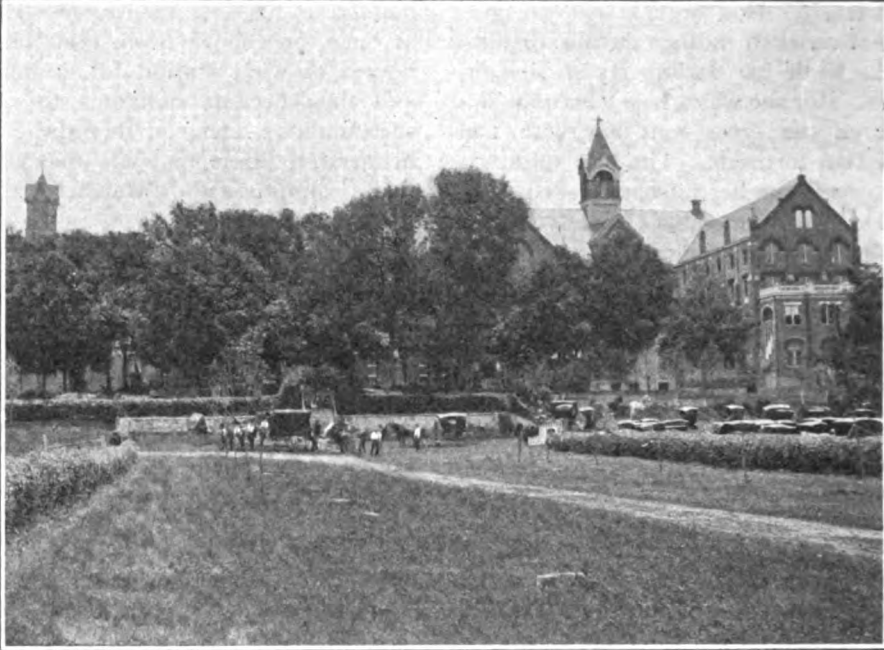
"Come, then, and let us pray together that since God has tried you and you have not been found wanting, He may still see best to spare us our Bert."

After six hours of weary watching and praying, a change came—for the best. Their boy was saved.

By ALICE S. DELETOMBE

IN THE WOOD

*Not silence here; nor can deep music fall
To reach the listening ear of one who knows
The secret of the wood's deep, solemn hush.
In endless melody the mystic strain is borne
From timid, whispering leaf in earliest spring,
Till swaying branches make the woodland ring
And swell glad choruses from night till morn
On themes of love and joy, and when
The march majestic of the year draws to its close,
In deep refrain—
Answering the heart grown sad with pain
Of all that has been, is, and yet may be,
The harp of barren boughs, wind-swept is tuned
To plaintive minstrelsy.*



VIEW OF THE AUDITORIUM.

A Day at St. Catherine's

By JOHN A. RAYMOND



GLIMPSE of a somewhat dissociated pair of unambitious spires and some vaguely discerned bits of glinting roof and gables down a fine reach of valley—that is what you first get of St. Catherine's, if you are not too much taken up with the ever changing halo of surrounding hills. Remotely approaching this proto-sanctuary of the white-robed daughters of St. Dominic in the United States, you seem at times to be riding the rim of a great, slow depression, bulged up irregularly in its center. Off to the nearer left, there is a hillside sown with shim-

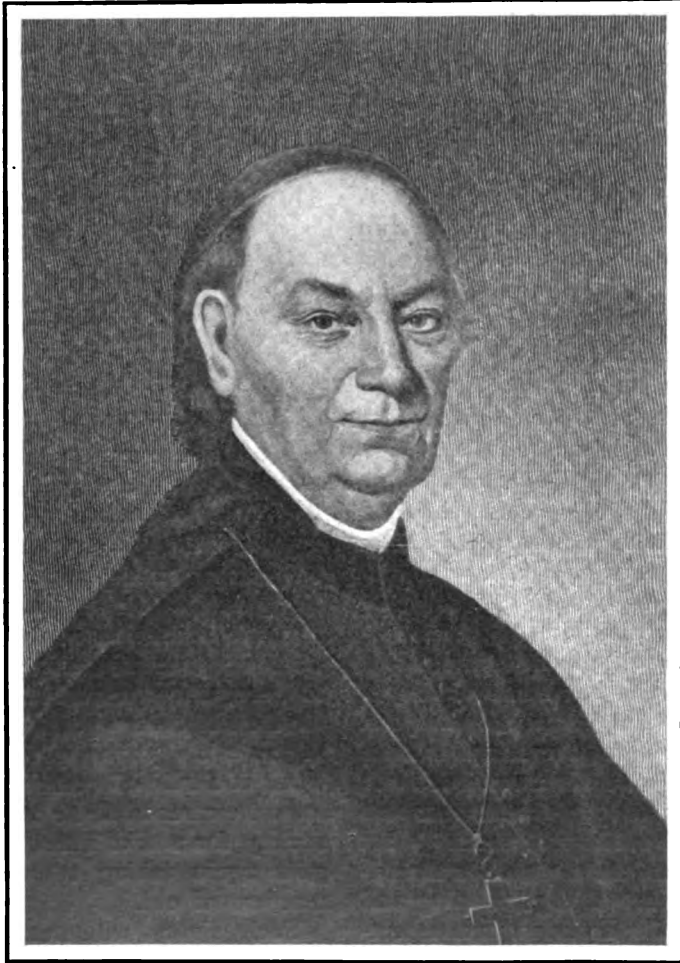
mering dots of white, a God's acre, and a Gothic church, fronted by a many pinnaled round tower, looks down upon a wide, green-carpeted bottom. That is St. Rose's, the cradle spot of the Dominican Order in the United States.

Leaving the rim, you plunge for a brief interval down a branch road apparently leading nowhere. All landscape seems lost momentarily, but at a bend below, a new picture flashes upon your eyes. A bridge crossing a creek, and an old mill, a landmark of a century's dignity—after looking at these you are not unlikely wondering how St.

Rose's got up so much higher than it had appeared before. A few sinuous windings of the road, ever accompanied by shifting scenes, beautiful with half wild, half pastoral loveliness, a whisk around a corner, and presently St.

as most summer visitors are lucky to do, shortly revealing itself jewel fringed or fire bathed or magically dimmed or rudely magnified under a burst of sunset splendor.

Slow driving strikes your artist's soul



RT. REV. RICHARD P. MILES, O. P., D. D.

**Who, before he was made first Bishop of Nashville,
had served as the first Chaplain of St. Catherine's.**

Rose's is receding to your left and behind you, St. Catherine's is due northwest, at first making no attempt to impress you, but if you come seasonably,

as being in order for the remaining half mile of your journey. Look where you will, you shall find the picturesque palpably impressed on your surroundings.

With a sense of lifting hills all about you, you find you are still rather high up on a bank of the Cartwright. The trees to the right, many of them oaks and beeches of quite primeval growth, one would say, form a lattice work giving you fleeting glimpses of water below and of spectral sycamores, or of waving fields of corn and grain as far as the rim again beyond.

At a slight turn down a lane of young locust trees, you are aware of stately brick buildings rising above a village-like group of out-buildings and out of a maze of fences—all of purest white. A windmill, a kind of tutelary genius with eyes agog as you pass; cattle in pasture, a garden, a warm glow of firelight in a cabin musical with fiddle strains, banjo thrumming and melodious negro voices—it takes but a turn or two to get all these things into the far background, and then, as after a quick transformation scene, finding yourself on a shaded lawn amid a profusion of flowers, within a very bower indeed, whose beauties are not yet obscured by the dusk of the valley, you hear the kindly and cordially hospitable "welcome to St. Catherine's."

The place at once gives the impression of such cheer and animation as only a sisters' school and home can compass. The very best of nature seems to take to it and the bower is tremulous with eager bird-talk and bed-time twitter and the varied hum of blissful insects. What with children on the campus, or threading the walks or talking, romping and mayhap gleefully asperging unsuspecting victims at the pump-house, what with groups of white-robed sisters flitting about the halls or filling the evening recreation with whole-hearted merriment, the scene is lively enough—even noisy, if you will, but as a little Miss from the nearest metropolis deemed: "the noise here is so clean!"

And so it is, without a semblance of jostle and confusion, pushing din and

clangor. For all the jar upon you or inner perturbation, you might be lying

"Down beside some mountain lake,
Round which the tall pines sigh,
And, breathing musk of rain from
boughs that shake
Storm balsam from on high,
Make friends of dream and contempla-
tion high
And music, listening to the mocking
bird,
Who through the hush sends its melodi-
ous cry—
And so forget a while that other word
That all loved things must die."

It is pleasant beyond expression to look upon the faces with which a right timed visit to St. Catherine's is nearly always associated. Here it is a father, likely, who has come from some far eastern home to see a daughter make the solemn consecration of her pure young life to the service of God. There would hardly be the story of Christian resignation in his countenance, perhaps, if her happiness did not lay healing fingers on the sorrow of his heart and uplift him to a sense of higher things in this life than the world wots of. There a mother walks with the child whom she has come to place, as in safe retreat, to be prepared for the still distant years of womanhood. Again it is a young wife or, it may be, a pair or a triad of recent graduates, back from the cares of home or the gaieties of society, for a brief interval to be school girls again taking counsel with their teachers of old.

Such sights will not prevent you, either, from witnessing, say a scene, alike humorous and pathetic, at some little frequented doorway, where a disconsolate midget is playing Romeo to some specially cherished Juliette within. To the rhythmic swing of her tiny person as she hangs by one hand from the lower post of the door step, indifferent to the life around her, she croons and repeatedly chants the present plaint of her

yearning soul: "I want Sister Mary Helen!"

But presently the night is about to come with hands full of stars. If you have read any of the Kentucky poets alive to the lyric beauties of their native heath, you will have learned something of their inspiration; you will have observed westwards,

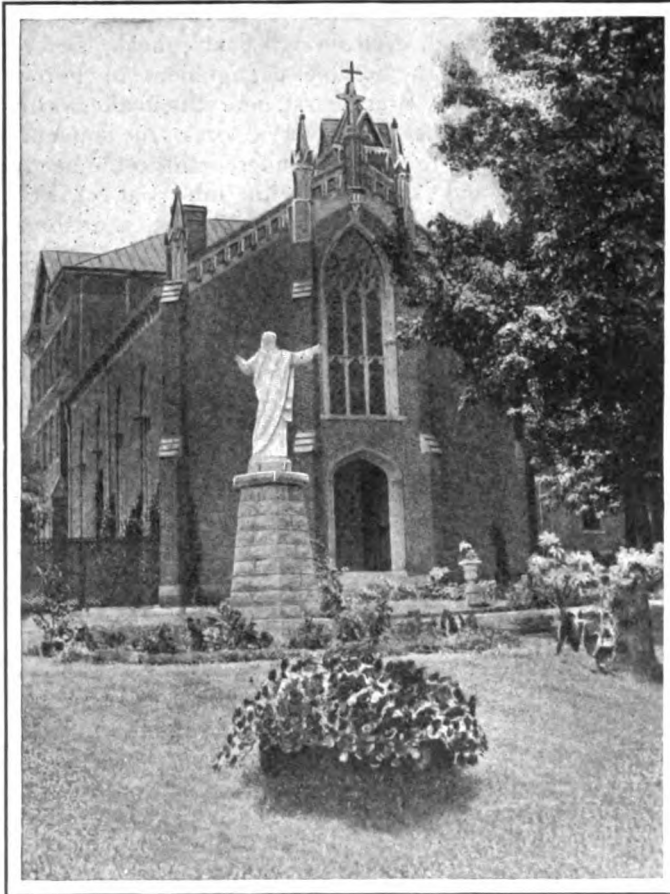
"Cloud feathers, oozing orange light,
Make rich the Indian locks of night;
Her dusky waist, with sultry gold,
Girdled and buckled fold on fold.
One star. A sound of bleating flocks.
Great shadows stretched along the rocks.
Soft swimming sorceries of mist
That streak blue glens with amethyst.
And tinkling in the clover dells,
The twilight sound of cattle-bells;
And where the marsh in reed and grass
Burns, angry as a shattered glass,
The flies make golden blurs, that shine
Like drops of amber-scattered wine."

But the dew is forth, and it is better now to leave outdoor precincts to darkness and the katydids. In a cosey parlor, your entertainers, under a little questioning, will tell you in their quaintly matter-of-fact terms, such things as must make you marvel at the providence of God. Traditions handed down from the proto-sisters of the community, soul-smiting and pathetic incidents in military hospitals during the civil war, entertainments improvised for some famous general and his staff—all these things and many more may be recounted by nuns who either got first-hand information about, witnessed, or in some way took part in them. Now the story is of a remarkable conversion, now of the discomfort of General Sherman by a wee rebel tot who would have none of his kind words and caresses. Again a rapid movement or hot retreat of some of Morgan's men past the very door you entered is described, or you hear of a lot of Texan rangers, half famished, who bring meat and flour, and respectfully

ask leave to use the Academy culinary department for the preparation of one good, even though hasty, meal. Before the memorable engagement of Perryville, Bragg first, and Buell afterwards camped at the very doors of the convent; but the sisters rendered aid to the needy and suffering with impartial charity. One day a detachment seizes a prisoner on the premises; another time, some refugees have urgent need of the sisters' horses, but the mother, inspired with she knows not what power of pleading, diverts them from their purpose and sends them on their way.

As delightful as it is rare is the charm that history gets in such telling. But it is the events of the community's foundation and early existence, and the persons associated with them, that speak most eloquently of noble, heroic, whole-souled service of God. The life of any organization is like a gallery of historic pictures. The canvas of the present decade or so of years has its best colors not yet laid on. It presents the general effect of the drawing and blocking-in period. Its composition tells only a partial story. But take noble work of twenty, fifty, or seventy-five years ago, you shall find it subtly overspread and beautified with a golden tinge of mellowing years.

St. Catherine's, in its origin, is identified with a soul, who, in his day, was reputed one of the most estimable and scholarly priests that ever set foot on American soil—Father Thomas Wilson, who wore the white habit of St. Dominic's Order, and held therein various positions of trust and honor. "He was a man of exalted personal character," wrote the Hon. Benj. J. Webb; * * * "He commanded both admiration and respect, the first on account of his great learning and acknowledged talents, and the last because of his adherence to the right on all occasions, and the virtues he practiced in the sight of men. It were impossible that between such a



THE CHAPEL.

preceptor and his pupils there should not have grown up affection on the one hand and reverence on the other. That he loved them was shown by his solicitude in everything concerning them and most especially in their advancement in the knowledge of divine things; and that he was held by them in the most profound reverence is evidenced by the fact that in their after lives they never appeared weary of rehearsing his praises. * * * What he did for secular education in the congregation of St. Rose and far beyond its limits, and what he did for the Church in Kentucky in supplying it with zealous priests to uphold and con-

tinue God's work in the land of his adoption, must in the future, as in the present and past, make his name a by-word of honor among Catholic Christians all over the country."

With his intuition of the needs of the Church of his day and with the foresight characteristic of truly great minds, he also drew up and executed the plan of a community of women to be consecrated to the cause of Christian education under St. Dominic's inspiring standard of truth.

What a stirring scene that must have been in old St. Rose Church, Feb. 22, 1822, when Father Wilson, with his splendid powers of oratory, announced the project from the pulpit and when at once a band of seven—the mystic number you will observe—presented themselves in response to his

apostolic appeal! The names of these zealous young women were Maria (Sr. Angela) Sansbury; Mary (Sr. Margaret) Carrico; Teresa (Sr. Magdalen) Edelin; Elizabeth (Sr. Benvenuta) Sansbury; Sr. Ann Hill; Rose (Sr. Francis) Tennelley; and Sr. Helen Whelan.

"The religious state and the exalted good and benefits of the work of Christian education were Father Wilson's theme," says an account of the event, "and how well he spoke to the purpose is evidenced in the present stately institutions, and in the beneficent work of the sisters of St. Catherine's mother-house." Two more candidates came



SANCTUARY OF THE PUPILS' CHAPEL.

soon after, and on the following Easter Sunday, April 8, 1822, four of the nine most fitted for the formal inception of the work were solemnly received to the white habit in the presence of a vast congregation. Sister Angela, still held in loving memory, was chosen first Superioress, and it is a testimonial of her little community's heroic womanhood no less than of their Christian virtue and zeal that they spent the first year of their religious life in a log cabin, with no more than the barest provision to be counted on for their sustenance.

Records of these days and still living traditions tell that life under any circumstances was then both severely simple and strenuously difficult. With the newly founded sisters it meant the fullest measure of hardships because their choice of higher service of God but

added to their burden of daily toil. The material management alone of their infant institute necessitated such outdoor manual labor as even men might shrink from; but along with it all they were still the nuns of refined presence lending the fragrance of virtuous womanhood to the school room or to the chambers of the sick and dying. How they could have done what they did to keep soul and body together, to say nothing of meritorious school work, and edification of the faithful which won the reverential regard and admiring commendation of their saintly Bishop, almost surpasses understanding.

After about a year's probation, when the spiritual organization of the community was thoroughly effected, the sisters established themselves in a house of their own on property secured out of

the Sansbury estate. The new quarters seemed commodious with their three rooms, serving the purposes respectively of chapel, kitchen and refectory, and dormitory and living apartment. Along with this building, there had been left another known as the "still-house." This was turned into a school and when its doors were first opened fifteen pupils were brought to be placed under the sisters' care. A year's provisions, furnished by the parents for each child in advance, were the stipend for board and tuition. It is related that in some unaccountable way the supplies thus secured did not always hold out. Then it was that the sisters had their trust in Providence and their confidence in their own prudence put to their severest test. To their school work, perhaps the least of their pre-occupations and yet always of successful issue, and to their indoor spinning and weaving of needed fabrics, they added actual labor in their fields, preparing the soil, cultivating and garnering their laborious sowings, gathering fodder for the cattle, catching driftwood from the creek and carrying it piece by piece to be laid by as fuel for the winter.

It is easy to see that such labors of so little promise could have been wrought only by women of sublime faith and courage, of indomitable energy and purpose. At the same time one is not surprised to learn that the work, even after several years, came perilously near its dissolution. Some five years of existence as described did not deter those brave women from undertaking better and ampler accommodations for their pupils.

"Without a dollar in hand," wrote the Hon. Ben. J. Webb, "but filled with confidence in God, they began the erection of a more commodious building. The details of the labors undertaken and successfully prosecuted by these unskilled women would scarcely be credited by any of their sex of the present

day. They bent to their work, arduous as it was, not only uncomplainingly, but with spirits surcharged with joy. They thought not of themselves, but of Him who was their strength, and of the "little ones" of His blessed humanity whom it was their privilege to bring to His feet that He might bless and save them. To raise the walls of the new building was beyond their strength, but this they did in effect through their personal solicitation of alms. Two and two they tramped the country round for miles on their pitiful errand, and though they were often rebuffed, and sometimes harshly, they secured in this way what was needed to finish the building."

Nevertheless an imminent crisis in the affairs of the community revealed itself. It could only have been Providence that then averted the threatening lapse of the sisters' establishment into utter failure. From the beginning, except perhaps during a short interval of service on the part of Father Austin Hill, the Rev. Richard P. Miles, O. P., had been chaplain to the sisterhood. Under the tutelage of his provincial and preceptor, he had no doubt learned keenly to appreciate the necessity of the sisters' educational work as a factor in building up the religious life of the people. With all of his youthful spirit and energy, therefore, he threw himself into the labors of the office which was added to his already burdened shoulders. Nor was it solely by praying with his spiritual charge, by instructing and encouraging them, and by pleading with the people far and wide in their behalf that the zeal of his priestly soul was evidenced. He also assumed personally the responsibility of a debt of some two thousand dollars, a great burden in those times, that the sisters might the better prosecute their holy apostolate.

In the summer of 1829, it seemed necessary to Bishop Fenwick, then acting as Commissary General of the Dominican Province in America, to add the

efficient services of Father Miles to those of his brethren who were laboring with inspiring zeal and under almost incredible hardships in the fields of the newly opened Ohio and Northwest missions. But the debt occasioned no little embarrassment, and the impoverished condition and overworked membership at St. Rose making relief from that source impossible, the good Bishop was at length driven to the conclusion that it was only by the sale of the sisters' convent and farm that they could be relieved of their distress and freed from their financial obligations and that Father Miles "could proceed without trouble on the part of his creditors" to what seemed to his ardent Superior the ever urgent work of the missions. In point of fact, Bishop Fenwick did petition the Master General of the Order at Rome for faculties to transfer the sisters, whom he greatly esteemed and commended, to Ohio. He hoped that there, "disembarrassed of want and distress of mind, they might continue to foster and cherish with even greater diligence and fervor the institute which they had embraced."

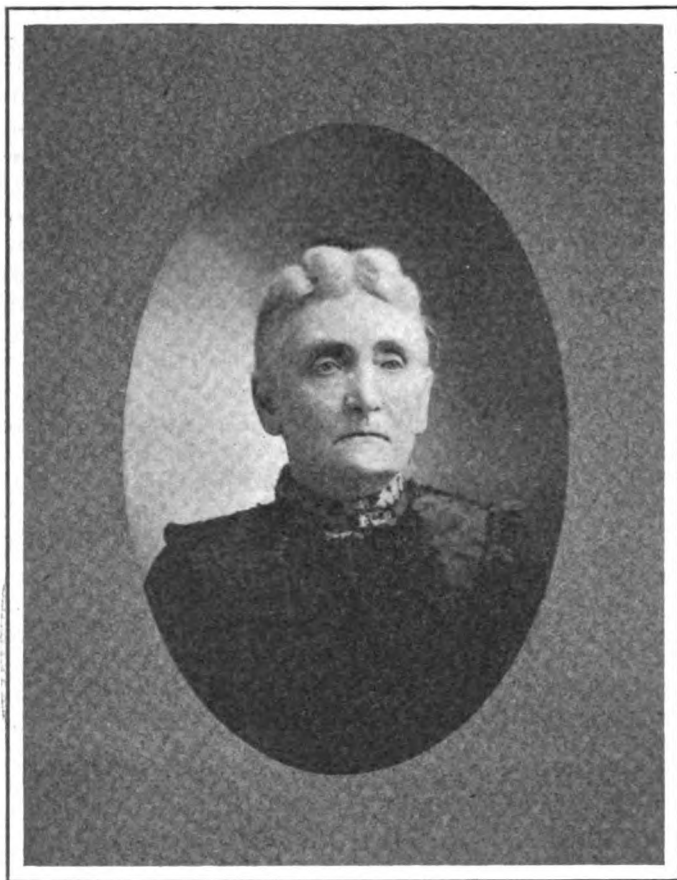
In the meantime, however, matters had taken a more favorable turn. The sisters had endeared themselves to the people of St. Rose's parish. Their work, sanctioned as it was by severest toil and unceasing prayer, was not to be suffered to fail. The situation was somehow relieved and the unfailing prudence and unshaken confidence of a Superioress of Mother Angela Sansbury's heroic mettle were doubtless again, as they had often been before, the means, under God, of turning accumulated troubles into the very materials of ultimate success.

Of Bishop Miles, there is no one at St. Catherine's but speaks with reverence and gratitude. The good sisters have ever regarded him as their first benefactor and staunch friend in the darkest and most trying days of their institute, and it is pleasant indeed to hear them recall the memory of his devotion and

solicitude in their behalf to the day of his death, of his genial personality, and of his gifts of heart and mind that made him the ever ready defender of the faith that he was, as well as a loyal friend and a prince among conversational entertainers. "Never morose and seldom low-spirited, Bishop Miles had the happy faculty of imparting a portion of his own ever cheerful spirit to those around him. He was pious without affectation, charitable to the poor, and kind and affable to all." He died, universally regretted, Feb. 21, 1860.

The kindly Providence that set off the trying circumstances of the community's earlier existence by the prudent guidance and other sterling services of so worthy a chaplain as Father Miles, did not fail to assert itself through subsequent varying vicissitudes. If the larder was empty, as it often was in literal truth, Mother Angela would comfort the sisters and assure them confidently that "God would provide," which He did in wonderful ways and often through the unlikeliest agents. But the roses of Divine favor were never quite unaccompanied by the thorns of soul-purifying tribulation. Along in the '30's, for instance, chronicles tell that the sisters were not so much called upon to work in the fields and that the rough fare of pioneer days began to include such delicacies as white bread and real coffee. But in that same decade, during the spring and summer of 1833, the community went through an ordeal, the survival of which proved its members heroines indeed. It was the time of the dread cholera scourge.

"With no more than ten or eleven sisters in their community," wrote the venerable Bishop Flaget, "they exercised a holy industry to multiply their strength and to give themselves up to the service of the sick. * * * During several weeks they were seen night and day in those houses where the sick were most numerous and where misery was at its height.



MRS. JOHN BARBOUR, OF LOUISVILLE, KY.

Not one of them or of their companions died, but all were worn out and exhausted beyond the power of words to describe. Without the special protection of Divine Providence, it would have been impossible for them so long to continue such service of compassion and mercy."

During a recurrence of the epidemic the next year, however, one of the sisters, Sister M. Teresa Lynch, lost her life whilst attending the sick, thus dying a martyr to charity. In later years, elsewhere, notably in Memphis and Pensacola, other members of the community went to their death in the same spirit of

heroic sacrifice. In 1873, whilst nursing the sick of yellow fever, Sisters M. Joseph McKernan, Martha Quarry, Magdalene McKernan and Dominica Fitzpatrick were siezed with the malady and died. Again in 1878, from the same cause, Sisters Veronica Glose, Bernadine Dalton, Rose McGary, and Dolora Glose, were added to the list of those whom Protestants and Catholics alike learned to honor for their unquestioning charity exercised in behalf of suffering humanity.

In the course of all its beneficent work, the community of St. Catherine's has not had experience of benefactions that went beyond obvious needs. Still it has thriven and prospered and grown apace. Its present condition of comparative security

and recognized power for good may, in some measure at least, be traced back to the influence and substantial aid of one, who, like the first revered chaplain, was a member of St. Dominic's Order.

"Of all the benefactors of the establishment," we quote again the account of Mr. Webb, "not one gave so unsparingly of his means, his time and energies, as did the late chaplain, the venerable and beloved Father Francis Cubero, O. P. From 1872, the date of his appointment, to 1883, when in mercy of his infirmities, this aged servant of God was given rest from his labors, he had literally abandoned himself to the work

of promoting the interests of his spiritual children. Almost his first act on assuming the chaplaincy of the institution was to lift from the overburdened shoulders of the sisters a debt of nearly eight thousand dollars. This he paid, as is supposed, out of his own paternal inheritance. But this material help given by him to the sisterhood, was as nothing compared with the value of his labors to the end of the sanctification of his charge. His only thought appeared to have reference to them and their needs—the maintenance of discipline among them and love of their holy rule.”

What one can learn in a single day at St. Catherine's of various exercises of devotion, is quite in keeping with this tribute to the religious spirit of the sisters. The bell calls to prayers with surprising frequency and unvarying regularity. That appears to be the unfailing impression of every visitor. Admitted to the confidence of any of the sisterhood, you may learn that with the good nuns prayer is the solvent of all their ills and burdens, the sure currency with which favors are purchased from high heaven. Unable to keep pace with the demands for teachers, the community needs more members, for instance, and straightway the request is borne aloft on wings of multiplied prayers to the Eternal Father and Dispenser of all gifts, that good worthy postulants may be directed to St. Catherine's. And they come, each with her own peculiar history of the Master's call to the higher life. Thus it is that no end of prayers, public and private, are offered for special graces, for conversions, for enlightenment, for one need or another on the part of benefactors, friends, father, mother and pupils. The latter are perhaps the greatest beneficiaries of the happy, prayerful violence with which the nuns besiege heaven and bring its treasures down to earth.

The schools are really the chief care

of the community and the object of their unceasing vigilance and solicitude. The number of pupils educated at St. Catherine's alone runs into the many thousands. They are to be met with in many of the best and most characteristic homes of the “sunny south.” Their Alumnae Association in its annual meetings is a gathering of such culture and refinement, such joyous and devoted loyalty to the old Alma Mater as may hardly be found elsewhere. It is pleasant to note that the oldest living graduates are Sister Mary Pius Fitzpatrick, who is still in service on St. Catherine's excellent staff of teachers, and Mrs. John M. Barbour of Louisville, Ky. Both are of the class of '49 and the latter, who is a devout Episcopalian, is none the less happy as the revered Honorary President of the Alumnae Association and none the less leal to the white-robed friends of her girlhood. A chat with either of these estimable ladies is synonymous with the unfailing interest and pleasure that the felicitously and intelligently told stories of old stage-coach days and war times always evoke.

It is significant of the excellence of the educational work done by St. Catherine's community, that its members are pursuing their calling as far West as Nebraska and as far East as Massachusetts. Through the efforts of the late Father Stack, the Dominican Sisters were first secured for St. Patrick's parish, Watertown, in 1888. Called subsequently to Waverly, to Lowell, in 1890, by Father Wm. O'Brien, and to Charlestown, 1891, by Father James Supple, they have raised the work of their respective schools to an enviable standard of thoroughness and efficiency.

In the June diocesan examination of ninth grade pupils and competition for medals and scholarships, in which it was the wish of the Most Rev. Archbishop that all the schools of the archdiocese of Boston should take part, five pupils of St. Patrick's school, Watertown, under

the zealous pastorship of the Rev. John S. Cullen, this year, carried off scholarships. This notable success occasioned words of unstinted praise for the sisters on the part of Father Cullen, and the testimonial of the Rev. Louis S. Walsh, Diocesan Examiner and Supervisor, that "their pupils, as a class, represent a school which easily stands first."

This superior rating is corroborated by Principal Hibbard of the Bryant and Stratton Business College in Boston. Speaking of St. Patrick's school to Father Cullen, he said it was without exception the best he knew of. Its scholars coming to him after graduation were generally made first class accountants, stenographers and clerks in four or five weeks, and that was not done in the case of pupils from any other school.

Thus does true merit everywhere, under God's blessing, come to the fore. Conspicuous abroad, it is no less obvious at the home academy of these daughters of

St. Dominic, where every educational means is cultivated with a devotion to high principles and such true enthusiasm as the world generally does not dream capable of existence within convent walls. But immeasurably out-

weighing these advantages and of vastly greater consequence to the individual, family, and state, is the pure, wholesome moral atmosphere of a school like St. Catherine's, and personal contact there with teachers whose every movement in the school room is as a vision from the heights of the delectable mountains of virtue and religion.

Such was the thought with which we closed our day at St. Catherine's. Looking back upon the fair scene, where it lay again in roseate loveliness and draped in lightest clouds as of luminous incense rising from the valley, we thought, too, that they must be happy, indeed, who, departing thence, may feel that they are not saying: "farewell forever."



A FAIR GRADUATE OF THE PRESENT.

A NORTHERN SUNSET

By KATHLEEN MONICA NICHOLSON

*The amber clouds lie soft on the breast
Of the blue sky over the hills' low crest,
The day floats away on the waves of the West,
Night falleth sweetly, lowly;
The children play in the dying light,
The birds to their treetop home take flight,
Their songs are hushed in the arms of night,
Deepen the shadows slowly.*

*Cometh a song to a dreamer there,
Sitting alone in the sunset fair,
Telling the tales of the otherwhere,
Tales on the slant rays glistening;
Home and mother are all forgot,
Childish players, he heareth them not,
The cottage home and the lowly spot,
Only the dreamer listening.*

*Over the low hills lieth the world
Thro' the intricate mazes of life, swift-whirled,
Seeth the upward smoke, soft-curved,
Seeth the bright lights beaming;
Calldeth the song to arise and come
Away to the great world's bustle and hum,
His eyes see naught and his lips are dumb,
His soul with the vision teeming*

*The warm light dies from the western sky,
And heard no more in the fields near by
The children's laughter and merry cry,
The shadows have fallen slowly;
Dreamer! ah, soon shall the roselight die
From passing pictures of northern sky,
Soon you will follow the great world's cry
Away from the woodland lowly.*

*Yet ever a scene to the city grim
Will force its way thro' the shadows dim,
Like the soothing sound of an evening hymn
Or a mother's gentle crooning,—
Of a far-off sunset among the hills,
Where the amber light the valley fills,
And the liquid music of falling rills
Thro' the great world's cherished nooning.*

*Soon, ah soon, it will come to thee,
Dreamer, longing the things to see
Which lie far hidden by hill and tree,
The world's great life so lonely;
Better the light of the evening star,
Gleaming, unbroken, thro' mists afar,
Across the waves of the sunset bar,
Bringing sweet fancies only.*

An Apostle of Penance

By H. M. BEADLE

PENANCE implies repentance and amendment of life as well as punishment for sins. In a wider sense it also signifies a mortification of the senses, in the meaning of St. Paul's words: "I chastise my body, and bring it into subjection; lest perhaps when I have preached to others, I myself should become a castaway."

Men have never looked on penance kindly, and never will; it is antagonistic to nature, and grace must overcome nature before man will accept it. Dryden wrote, a hundred and fifty years ago, "The world has found an easier way; This age knows better than to fast and pray,"

And men have not become any more attracted to penance than they were in his time. But there are many persons in the world who do acts of penance every day; and there are many more who admire the penitential life and deplore the state in which they live, and which, they think, bars them from it.

St. Peter of Alcantara, the subject of this sketch, was born in Alcantara, Spain, the last year of the fifteenth century, and lived sixty-three years. His father was a lawyer and governor of his native town, and both he and his wife, the mother of our saint, were pious people. Early in life St. Peter gave evidence of uncommon piety. His father died when he was quite young, leaving him to the care of his mother. He was possessed of a strong constitution and a vigorous intellect. He began a course of philosophy before he was twelve, which, however, he did not complete at that time, being sent to Salamanca University to study canon law. He returned to his native town in 1513, when he was fourteen years old, and two years after he

became a member of the Order of the Friars Minors, entering the convent of Manjarez, located in the mountains which separate Castile from Portugal. He was ordained priest in 1524.

St. Peter always lived abstemiously, and even at Salamanca divided his time between his studies and the poor, for whom he ever had a great attachment. On his becoming a religious he made a systematic effort to bring his body into subjection gradually increasing his austerities. He obtained such control over his appetite that for many years he ate only one meal in three days, and often fasted for a longer period. He partook only of the commonest and coarsest food, with which he often mixed bitter herbs to make it more unpalatable. He went barefoot, wearing neither shoes nor sandals even when travelling over the roughest roads. To have more time for prayer and praise of God he reduced his hours of sleep to the least number required by nature. At first he found great difficulty in going without sleep, but he persevered until less than two hours sleep in twenty-four was all he found necessary, and he usually slept on his knees, his head resting against a block of wood fastened to the wall. His cell was always the smallest in the monastery, and it was so contracted that he could neither stand nor lie in it. He so restrained the use of his eyes that he knew his brother monks by the sound of their voices but not by sight. Whatever curiosity he once had was entirely overcome. He never looked upon the face of a woman after he became a religious. His austerities were so great that they seem incredible to the ease-loving portion of mankind.

He filled many offices in his Order,

and he could have filled many more had his brethren not yielded to his entreaties not to put him in places of authority. But he was ever ready to obey. He spent six years in preaching, and he was a great preacher, at least great effects followed his preaching. But while he was preaching he gave up none of his austerities, and when not preaching his time was spent in the confessional or in prayer. His life was one of prayer, and his mortifications aids to prayer.

His great love of retirement where he could uninterruptedly commune with God, led him to ask to be sent to some remote solitary convent. In compliance with his request he was sent to the convent of St. Onuphrius, at Lapa, near Soriana. He composed his work on mental prayer, at the request of a pious gentleman who had heard him speak on prayer. Upon the plan of this little book, Louis of Granada and many others have endeavored to render mental prayer easy and familiar to Christians. St. Peter also wrote a work on the "Peace of the Soul," considered to be of great excellence. He frequently had visions and raptures or ecstasies, the latter often lasting several days.

Of St. Peter's writings St. Teresa of Jesus says: "He is the author of certain little books of prayer in Spanish which are now much used; for as he was well versed in prayer, he wrote profitably on it and gave excellent rules to those who practiced it."

One of the most interesting events in the life of St. Peter was his association with St. Teresa of Jesus. St. Teresa was laboring under severe trials in 1559, when St. Peter visited Avila, where she then was. She was permitted to visit the house of a friend and there St. Peter met her. He seemed to understand her case at once, and assured her that her prayer and visions and raptures were from God, and not the suggestions of the evil one. He spoke to her confessor

about her condition, and life was made easier for her in so far that she was not troubled by the suggestion that the evidences of God's favors to her were from the devil. St. Peter appeared to St. Teresa a year before his death, though at that time he was far from her, and she was informed that his death was near, and she so notified him.

St. Peter died October 18, 1562. He knew death was approaching, for as soon as he became ill he had himself carried to Arenas that he might expire among his brethren. He foresaw the moment of his dissolution and repeated the first verse of psalm cxxi: "I rejoiced at the things that were said to me: we shall go into the house of the Lord," and raising on his knees expired. Such was the becoming death of this holy man.

As St. Peter gave up his soul he appeared to St. Teresa, telling her that he was going to his rest. She saw him frequently afterwards. The first time he said to her: "O happy penance, which has gained for me so great a reward!" After this he was a great comfort to St. Teresa, giving her advice and counsel in many things. She relates that our Lord once told her that men should not ask anything in St. Peter's name without being heard, and she added: "I have recommended many things to him that he might beg them of our Lord, and I have always found them granted."

St. Peter's manner is thus spoken of by St. Teresa: "He was very affable, though he expressed himself in few words, unless some question was asked him; and he answered in few words, but in these he was agreeable having an excellent understanding."

The readers of the lives of the saints are impressed by the fact that they had a profound distrust of themselves and a supreme confidence in God, as well as a belief that they were great sinners. St. Francis of Assisi depreciated himself, and punished himself for his sins, often saying that if the vilest man had been

given the graces he had received much better use would have been made of them. St. Aloysius, whose piety from his very youth was known to all, often spoke of himself as a wicked wretch who had frequently offended God. St. Teresa of Jesus in almost every page of her writings deplores her wickedness. St. Peter of Alcantara believed with St. Paul that he was the chief of sinners. Such ideas are the result of the great humility felt by those who live so near to God. A bright light at night may be seen at some distance, and as it is approached objects nearby become more distinct, until in its immediate vicinity the minutest objects are clearly seen. So it is with us in this world. The greater number of us live so far away from the light of God that we do not see much of the evil that we do; but as we approach nearer to God, enlightened by His grace, sins which we did not see at all, or if seen dimly were thought not to be of much consequence, are beheld as God wishes us to behold them, and we see our conduct in the light which God views it. St. Francis of Assisi said when teaching his brothers humility, "we are what we are in God's sight and no more."

The word penance is derived from the Latin word for punishment. It is God's medicine to arrest man in his evil courses and cause him to turn to God, as well as the means by which He binds noble souls closer to Him. Thus suffering may be made a great means of our salvation. Even the ills of life which are inseparable from man's existence in this

world may be turned into penances helpful to our salvation. And the ills that we bring upon ourselves may be helpful to us if borne with patience. Even our sins, being repented of, may be turned to our advantage, because they will cause us to know by experience that we cannot trust ourselves in the smallest things, and lead us to turn to God and put unbounded confidence in Him. And in our weakness we may be greatly encouraged when we see how strong others have become through their confidence in God.

There is a delight in suffering which the saints seem to have known but which ordinary Christians have not understood. Blessed Mary Margaret's prayer was that she should suffer—that she might even suffer in hell, if this were possible without offending God. St. Teresa of Jesus suffered greatly during her whole life, so much so that it appeared at times as if her pains would destroy her life, but her sufferings gave her so much happiness that she was willing to endure greater pain rather than give up the happiness they brought to her soul. And so with thousands of other saints and martyrs. Their sufferings brought such consolation that they could only bless the pain which brought them so much happiness. This reward, however, seems to be for those only who are so lost to self that every act performed by them is done wholly for the love of God, and not for any reward. Thus love is its own recompense. This is the science of the saints; this is the heroism in religion which all admire but so few imitate.



The Shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre

Famous as the Scene of Numberless Miraculous Cures

By WILLIAM ELLISON

TO the domain of the mysterious and supernatural, spiritually-minded Catholics, the world over, turn with feelings of reverence and awe. Hence the attraction, fame and veneration of St. Anne's shrine, a blessed retreat to which the lame, the maimed, the helpless, and the bodily and spiritually afflicted of all races, ages and sexes, and, we may add, of all creeds, repair for relief from their afflictions. It will be well, perhaps, to give the readers of THE ROSARY MAGAZINE a succinct account of the foundation and history of this now celebrated shrine which is situated on the picturesque shores of the St. Lawrence river about 21 miles below the historic city of Quebec. In its inception, which dates back some 250 years or more, it had a very humble beginning, and owed its origin to voluntary vows occasioned by the life or death struggle of some poor Breton sailors, who were overtaken in the St. Lawrence by a storm of unusual fury. In the gloomy shades of the falling night the frightened mariners were caught in the solitary waste of waters by a hurricane of overwhelming waves which threatened at every moment to swallow themselves and their tempest-tossed vessel.

In their desperate predicament they prayed and prayed again and again for deliverance from impending shipwreck and death, but apparently without avail, for tradition avers that the raging tempest did not abate. Seeing themselves on the brink of a watery grave, and no human help near they turn instinctively,

as was the custom in the time of danger, in their own native Brittany, to *bonne St. Anne*, to implore her supernatural assistance and protection. They make voluntary vows of sacrifice and spiritually bind themselves to erect a chapel in St. Anne's honor, should she mercifully implore heaven to spare their lives; and this they should do on the spot where their ship would first touch land, and this vow they would fulfil at all hazards even if it should involve the expenditure of their last sous.

That great saint, who could not refuse the cry of distress, did obtain deliverance for the shipwrecked sailors, and the humble chapel went up according to promise. In dimensions and construction it was the humblest temple of worship the mind can conceive, but the pathetic story of its founding was noised abroad among the sparse inhabitants of New France in those early days, and the hallowed spot was at once invested with the reverence due to a place associated with miraculous agency. Pilgrims began to frequent the shrine, hoping to be relieved from sufferings which had defied mere human skill and doctors' prescriptions. And yet it made but slow progress on its road to fame during the early years of its existence, for, of course, the then population was small and the savage Indians of the forest were barriers to its growth, keeping, as they did, a sharp lookout for the scalps of the paleface intruders, and not caring whether they were those of pilgrims, laymen or clerics.

In due course of time, however, the

wild tribes of the woods bent their necks under the civilizing yoke of Christianity, which was so zealously preached by the noble Jesuit missionaries, many of whom laid down their lives in defense of the faith of Christ, and afflicted pilgrims could visit St. Anne's shrine without hindrance. Thus, relieved from its physical handicap, it increased steadily in fame, influence and reverence among the faithful. Its numerous miraculous cures widened its reputation throughout New France; and the governors and high officials of State recognized its superhuman character and did homage before its altars. The primitive chapel gave way to one of larger dimensions, the same process being repeated at different periods according to necessity's demands. This went on down to 1878 when the present beautiful church—raised to the rank of basilica—was erected, with its sixteen side chapels, mostly the gifts of devout and prominent votaries, its magnificent altars, statuary and communion rail, the product of Belgian sculpture and art. But, while these rare adornments engage the sensible eye of flesh and blood, the huge piles of crutches, splints, bandages, trusses and other devices discarded by cured persons, appeal directly to the spiritual faculties and at once make you feel that you are within holy precincts, wherein all merely human and worldly considerations must bow down in subjection to the supernatural and spiritual.

This is the instinctive feeling that takes hold of you as you enter the basilica which is the repository of St. Anne's shrine around which cluster so many votive offerings, mementoes, souvenirs and other things which bespeak the hearts' expressions of true thankfulness for bodily ills cured, afflictions of various sorts relieved, troubled and doubting consciences set at rest, expressive tokens of blessed and peaceful reconciliation between the ever merciful Creator and His wayward and erring,

but repentant, creatures. While you, at least, remain at St. Anne's you feel yourself, as it were, transformed into a new state of feeling; you seem to have a contempt for the things of the world and all earthly delusions and social pomps and their attendant deceits. You feel, by a sojourn in that holy place, that you gain a clearer and truer insight into the essential concerns of life, and that you can determine with greater mastery what is erring folly and what is not. This is, no doubt, the reasonable and logical outcome of sober and serious reflection, aided by the benign influence of the place, concerning life's great problems, the right solution of which will make us happy in time and eternity. On entering the portals of St. Anne's basilica you cannot remain indifferent to what you see around you; you are constrained to inquire within yourself, whence comes it that all these articles that were once the supports of deformed beings who came here utterly helpless, have been left behind discarded and no more needed. We ponder further and we can readily conceive that each rejected crutch and other devised support represents a miraculous cure, for one must understand that the maladies and ailments of the once afflicted individuals baffled the skill of all the physicians consulted in the respective cases.

Having this conviction in our mind we are inevitably brought face to face with the sublime power of the supernatural, and we begin to realize the weakness and helplessness of mere flesh and blood unaided by superhuman help.

To give in detail all of the cures effected at St. Anne's shrine in a given number of years would fill volumes. Let it suffice in this paper to narrate a few striking instances. A few months ago a practicing physician in a town in Michigan suddenly finds his bodily powers weakening and gradually losing their vitality, and the terrible thought forces itself upon him that in

the very prime of his young manhood he may become a helpless creature, unfit for active duty of any kind; this thought of itself would be a stunning blow, but, in this particular case the stricken doctor's grief was embittered by the fact that he would be leaving a wife and young children unprovided for. Failing to get relief from local surgical service, he vows to visit St. Anne's before undergoing an operation upon which depended his life or death. Placing himself under Providential guidance and accompanied by his devoted wife, he starts on his fateful journey and on the way he feels the grip of the dreaded malady loosening its hold, and at the same moment he feels the sensation of returning life and vigor.

He proceeds to the sacred shrine, there to offer praise and thanksgiving to the Almighty Healer, and to pour out thanks from the intensity of his heart to *bonne St. Anne*, to whose intercessory powers he attributed his miraculous cure. Another remarkable case was that of an afflicted nun, whose only hope of relief lay in submitting to a painful surgical operation; to this ordeal, however, the devoted sister, despite the commands of her Rev. Superioress, refuses to obey, and, although to human eyes, too weak to travel, she determines to seek superhuman relief at the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, and accordingly sets out with a pilgrimage from Ogdensburgh, N. Y. Arriving at the shrine she complies with all the sacred functions prescribed and after receiving Holy Communion walks back unassisted to her pew, perfectly cured of that dreadful malady that was slowly eating into the vitals of that already emaciated body.

At an earlier date a very striking, even thrilling cure was that of an intensely tortured American lady, whose husband was Protestant, or at least non-Catholic. He was rich in worldly wealth and of

high social rank, and was evidently sincerely attached to his devoted Catholic wife, whom it had pleased Providence to afflict with a complication of internal diseases that rendered life well nigh insupportable. Money had been lavished for the services of the ablest American physicians and surgeons, but to no avail. The fame of St. Anne's had reached the afflicted woman in her far distant home, and, as a last resort, she implored her husband to take her there. The painful journey was made by slow degrees, and arriving at the shrine all religious formalities were complied with and the eventful moment arrived when it should be made manifest whether St. Anne's supplicatory intervention had procured deliverance and relief for the unfortunate sufferer. At the thrilling moment the Protestant husband stood up amidst the profound silence of the assemblage and declared that his conversion to Catholicity depended upon his wife's cure. It was a pathetic scene which will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The officiating Redemptorist Father bade the stricken woman rise from her prostrate position and walk; he only demanded one step at first, but even this the poor afflicted one declared she could not accomplish. Strong in his own faith and in the never failing power of St. Anne, he urged compliance with his demand, and a faltering but determined effort was again made, and this time with better success, for the one step was taken and followed by a second, third, fourth, fifth and sixth, and by this time the reviving body was strong enough to kneel and offer soul-stirring thanks and praises. It was a supremely touching scene: men and women sobbed aloud, unable to restrain their emotions. The husband was moved and gratified beyond what it is possible to convey in words, and he faithfully fulfilled his declaration, was received into the bosom of the one saving faith, and returned home with his

restored spouse rejoicing and thankful in heart and soul.

The setting and environment of St. Anne's is also inspiring as far as natural endowment can make it so. It is placed in the shadow of the protecting hills that flank the shore of the beautiful St. Lawrence; a little removed from it, on the same side of the great river, are the Falls of Montmorency; opposite is the Isle of Orleans, right in the bosom of the mighty stream, looking twenty-one miles westward you see clearly outlined on the rocky promontory, the historic

city of Quebec, the cradle land of Christianity in New France and in this New World.

From the famous promenade called "Dufferin Terrace," under the shadow of the citadel on Cape Diamond, you can see the towers of St. Anne's basilica with the naked eye, and in whichever direction the eye turns you see picturesque scenery unique and almost matchless on either side of the Atlantic. The historic Plains of Abraham, and the novel features of the queer old city itself are objects of curiosity and study.

AN INVOCATION

By JULIA C. WALSH

*Gaecilia, thee saluting we invoke!
Not for thy Christian fearlessness, that spoke
Contemptuous of the gods, and gained for thee,
Exulting in thy zeal, the martyr-stroke.
Not for thy youth, that scarce four lustres told,
And crowned thee beautiful; not for the gold
That freely from thy coffers flowed, to 'suage
The ills they suffer who are poor, sick, old.
Not for thine ancient and illustrious name,—
The glory of whose house, that noble dame,
Gata Gaecilia Tanaquil, ruled Rome
And bade the distaff share the fasces' fame.
Not earthly honors, native or acquired,
Hast thou considered or in aught desired;
Yet have thy deeds been chronicled, thine Acts
Historian and poet have inspired.
And thou art triple-crowned. Thy virgin vow
Of Chastity enwreathes thee, thy pure brow
The nuptial garland wears, and in thy death
Thee with the martyr's crown doth Christ endow.
Gaecilia, Christian, virgin, martyr, saint,
The church proclaims thee! Art aspires to paint
And poesy to sing thee thus and more:—
Mistress of harmony and sacred plaint.
Turn, then, from angel choirs resounding clear,
And Heaven's holy harmonies, to hear
Our humble plea:—grant us thy patronage
And to our feeble efforts lend thine ear!*

Our London Letter

By AUSTIN OATES, K. S. G.

The Enthronement of Archbishop Bourne On the 20th of September the Most Rev. Dr. Bourne, Archbishop-elect of Westminster, took formal possession of the See rendered vacant by the death of Cardinal Vaughan, by presenting the apostolic letters to the cathedral chapter. In a letter of the same date addressed to the clergy and faithful of his archdiocese the Archbishop-elect, for such he is until the Pallium has been conferred upon him, made known to them his intention of perpetuating and consolidating, to the full extent of his power, the traditions which had been handed down to him by the great Archbishops who have already occupied the See.

The solemn ceremony of enthronement is to take place as soon as the Archiepiscopal Throne has been erected in the new Westminster cathedral. This superb throne is the gift of the Bishops in England to the Metropolitan See, upon the initiative of the late Rt. Rev. J. S. Patterson, Bishop of Emmaus. It is an exact facsimile, but smaller, of the Papal Throne in St. John Lateran's, Rome, and is composed chiefly of white statuary marble and mosaic with heraldic bearings. It has been designed and made in Rome.

The Consecration of The Rt. Rev. Dr. Casartelli to the See of Salford This, one of the most imposing religious functions which have ever been seen in the North of England, took place in St. John's cathedral, Salford, on Monday, September 21. The consecrating Bishops were: Dr. Whiteside of Liverpool, and Dr. Allen of Shrewsbury. By special permission of the Holy See,

Archbishop Bourne was granted the exercise of all faculties to perform pontifical functions, without waiting for the conferring of the Pallium, which he will receive at the hands of the Holy Father during his forthcoming visit to Rome in November. In addition to the presence of the three consecrating Bishops there also assisted at the ceremony their Lordships of Clifton, Northampton, Menevia and Emmaus. The Canons of the chapters of Salford and Liverpool, many representatives of the Religious Orders, Prelates, Mitred Abbots and over 300 clergy attended, and among the lay members of the vast congregation were the Mayors of the two sister cities, Manchester and Salford. The sermon was preached by the Lord Abbot of Glastonbury, Dr. Gasquet. A public lunch followed in the town hall of Salford during which many toasts were honored and many kind and pleasing sentiments expressed alike by those of the faith and those not professing it. On Tuesday, in St. James' hall, Manchester, an enormous gathering of the new Bishop's flock took place, and gave to him and the Archbishop-elect of Manchester a true, genuine, Lancashire welcome. There is not the faintest room for doubt but that Bishop Casartelli's appointment has gladdened the hearts of all the Northern folk, Catholics and non-Catholics alike.

Forthcoming English Pilgrimage to Rome The Committee of the Catholic Association are organizing another pilgrimage to Rome. It is to leave London on Tuesday, Nov. 17. The pilgrims comprising it will be presented to Pius X. by

Eternal City at that time for the reception of the Pallium. As this is the first pilgrimage to leave these shores since the election of the new Pope, it may be safely assumed that the number going will be both a large and representative one. The Catholic Association continues to do excellent work among and for the laity. It interests itself more in social than in distinctly religious matters, though it succeeds in blending, very pleasantly, not a little of the latter with the former. Its main object is to bring Catholics more together; to afford them agreeable and pleasurable occasions of making each others' acquaintance. This is being done in an admirable manner by the organization of Cinderella dances, at homes, reunions, concerts, picnics and pilgrimages. The president of the association is the Earl of Denbigh, who at this moment is in the States with a detachment of the Hon. Artillery Co., of which he is the Colonel.

Church Building South of the Thames. London, South of the Thames, forms part of the great and far-reaching diocese of Southwark. Some of the poorest and most populous districts of this vast metropolis are situate South of the Thames. Archbishop Bourne, when Bishop of that diocese, was indefatigable in his efforts to provide his people with schools and churches within easy reach of their dwellings. Another strenuous and most successful worker in this cause was Canon Murnane. Not so very long ago the great cathedral church of the diocese, St. George's, served nearly the whole of South London. Now it is the mother of many churches which have sprung up and flourished around her. The latest is that dedicated to the English Martyrs, Walworth, a mission founded some years ago by Canon Mur-

nane, when administrator of St. George's cathedral, during the episcopate of the late Bishop Butt. The present rector of the new church is Father Amigo, one of the Vicars-General of the diocese. The structure is in the early English style, built of brick with Portland and Bath facings. It accommodates some 600 persons and the debt still remaining upon the mission is about £4,000.

Douai Benedictines The English Benedictine Monks who were recently expelled from Douai, whose historical monastery and college in that town have been confiscated by the French government under the Associations Acts, have entered into full possession of St. Mary's College, Woolhampton, which was most generously placed at their disposal by the Bishop of Portsmouth. Previously the college was under the direction of the secular clergy. It will now be known of that of St. Mary and St. Edmunds, the patrons of the old Douai Benedictine College. The formal re-opening took place on the 17th of September, when Mgr. Cahill, the Bishop of Portsmouth, celebrated High Mass in the presence of a very large number of students from the closed and confiscated college of Douai, and of the others of St. Mary's. The outlook is not discouraging, though much remains to be done in the way of extending and fitting up the college. But the long, long record of great and good work accomplished by the Benedictine Order affords ample and consoling grounds to the belief that before many years have passed the beginning which has just been made at Woolhampton will have developed in a manner worthy of the best traditions of that illustrious Order.

Confraternity of the Holy Rosary



To Blessed Alan, O. P., one of the most zealous propagators of the Holy Rosary our Lady made the following promises:

To all those who recite my psalter, I promise my special protection.

The Rosary will be a powerful weapon against the powers of hell, it will root out vices, destroy sin, and subjugate all heresies.

He who calls on me through the Rosary shall not perish.

Whoever recites devoutly the Rosary, meditating on its holy mysteries, will not be cast down by troubles, nor perish by an unprovided death; but, if he is a sinner, he shall be converted, if he is virtuous, he shall increase in grace, and become more worthy of eternal life.

Those who are truly devout in reciting my Rosary, shall not die without the Sacraments.

I will deliver from Purgatory in the space of a day those souls devoted to my Rosary.

The true children of the Rosary shall enjoy a great glory in heaven.

Whatever you ask through the Rosary shall be granted.

Those who propagate my Rosary shall be helped by me in all their necessities.

Devotion to my Rosary is a great sign of predestination.

From the Apostolate of the Rosary, 869 Lexington Avenue, New York, comes the gratifying word that devotion to our Lady's beads is steadily growing. From every part of the United States requests are coming for the erection of the Rosary Confraternity. This is an index that the devotion is on the increase and that it will continue to spread, for every church in which the Confraternity

is established becomes a nursery of this devotion. The indulgences are so rich and the obligations so light that pastors see the expediency of having the canonical establishment made in their church. Great are the blessings, too, which come with it, and the recital of some of them would awaken the most callous to fervor.

DEAR EDITOR:—I have recently heard something of the little white scapular. I should like to have a fuller explanation of it. Is it the same as the one worn by Tertiaries?

B. D. S.

The little white scapular is worn by Rosarians, i. e., by members of the Confraternity of the Rosary; it is not of obligation for a Rosarian to wear it; many Rosarians are not even aware of the privilege existing; it first commenced in Ireland, and now exists in that country, in both the Americas, in Italy, in England, Scotland, and other countries, but is not always made known. It is a holy practice thus to wear the white habit of our Lady of the Rosary, as a badge of her sovereignty, and of our devotion to the fifteen Sacred Mysteries; it rests on exactly the same authority as the brown Carmelite scapular, and has received similar promises; an indulgence is gained by kissing it. But all the indulgences of the Rosary Confraternity can be gained without wearing it, as also the communion, with all the Masses, prayers and good works of the Confraternity everywhere. If a Rosarian should any week neglect to say his Rosary, he loses that week the share in all the prayers and good works of the Confraternity; but, if he be rather unwell, or very busy, and thus, with a fair ex-

cuse, omits saying his Rosary he continues to obtain a share in the prayers of the Rosarians, supposing he wears the white scapular of the Rosary, as that badge of membership worn, shows his practical intention of persevering. This little scapular is not the one to be worn by Tertiaries. The little scapular is fastened with white ribbons, but the Tertiary scapular is attached by white bands of the same material as the scapular.

A Rosarian writes to us for information on certain points. He will find in the following lines all that he cares to know. This method of answering his questions seemed to us the best:

Every great Order of the Catholic Church has some special office, and Divine Providence, who has, through His Vicar, approved such, presents to that Order means efficient for the realization of its designs. The object of the Dominican Order is chiefly the apostolate; and therefore, confraternities embracing all the needs of the Christian life, have risen under the agency of that Order.

The example of Jesus Christ constitutes the Christian life, therefore our Blessed Lady, the special patroness of the Dominican Order, commissioned St. Dominic to teach the faithful to meditate on the mysteries of the Rosary, thus making the Childhood, Life, Passion, and Risen Glory of our Divine Lord, the especial object of our mental prayer. In using the beads we are taught the chief devotion to the Mother of All Christians. Thus, in preaching the Rosary, there is continually carried on the apostolate of Jesus and Mary. Then perseverance in united and unceasing prayer is obtained by the perpetual Rosary, and the exercise of the greatest work of mercy, prayer for sinners, for the agonizing, and for the departed.

Thus the white scapular forms a continual reminder of these devotions, and a continual pledge of the maternal love of Mary. Then the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament brings before the faithful the love and adoration of His Sacred Presence, and creates within us a tender love to His Sacred Heart. The Confraternity of the Holy Name protects His honor and surrounds Him with reverence of speech and act. The Angelic Warfare enlists the generosity, the learning, and the purity of youth, to proclaim the eternal union between wisdom, purity and the love of Mary. And still, as other souls remain, aiming higher, and yet not enabled to arise and leave all things and follow Him; the chivalry of spiritual desires is embodied in that militia of Christ, the Third Order, even that having its twofold divisions of those Tertiaries who practice the religious life in the world, and those who, living in the domestic and worldly life, aspire at least to the spirit of the counsels of perfection, and to more special helps towards prayer, penances and the works of mercy. Thus, by means of prayer, sacraments, penances, and devout practices, embodied in ancient and vast associations, the Dominican Order carries on the great apostolate; and there is no part of the Christian life which that apostolate neglects to guide, to strengthen, and to bless. The Friar Preacher, trained in his schools, in the lessons of philosophy and divine wisdom, might have lost in unction what he gained in learning; and, entering on his apostolate, he might have been tempted to speak to the faithful merely words accurate, profound, but without life, were not he, by these confraternities and devotions of divine origin and sacred unction, thrown at once into the very heart and lives of the people whom he leaves his cloister to evangelise.



With the Editor



November—the month of the poor souls. Do not forget these suffering members of the Church during this month. Remember them above all while saying the Rosary, for no devotion is so richly indulgenced as this favorite one. If you possibly can do so, have the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass offered up for them, or if you cannot do this, at least assist at the Holy Sacrifice for their benefit. You will find that to be mindful of the needs of the poor souls will be but to cast your bread upon the running waters. It will all come back to you again and again.

In the encyclical recently issued by Our Holy Father, Pius X., he dwells upon the necessity of Bishops exercising very special care over their seminaries. The thorough training of those who aspire to the priesthood is obviously of the first importance. Priests must be the leaders in the conflict with the powers of darkness and just in the measure in which they are equipped for the encounter will the issue be triumphant. Next he exhorts priests to be assiduous in giving to their flock the religious instruction necessary for an intelligent appreciation and defense of the faith which is their heritage and their boast. Lastly, he recommends the formation of organizations of various kinds among the laymen, looking to the promotion of religious interests.

These are the three main points of this, the first message of the successor of the illustrious Leo XIII. They will be appreciated in America, for their importance has been recognized alike by the hierarchy, the clergy and laity of American Catholics. Year after year our seminaries have been steadily improving until the standard is now of the

highest. Our priests are now displaying an untiring zeal and a wonderful unction and persuasiveness in the offices of preaching, so that it may be safely said nowhere in the Church is the word of God more assiduously expounded to the faithful. And as to the formation of lay organizations and their successful conduct we have much to point to with grateful satisfaction.

The burthen of this encyclical is one of encouragement to us who have begun our labors along the lines indicated therein. A good beginning is much but it is not all. A continuation of the work is, therefore, to be guaranteed by an infusion of even more earnestness and energy so that it may all be crowned with the fullest success.

The descent of John Alexander Dowie upon New York as indeed the whole career of this monumental imposter, brings forcibly home to us the two facts, that man is religious by nature, and that man loves to be humbugged. The deep religious instinct braided into the very fibre of man's being makes him susceptible to the influence of those who come in the name of religion. Agitators have ever been clever enough to recognize this fact and Dowie is not the first to feed an abnormal vanity and to fill a plethoric purse by prostituting to selfish ends the holiest instincts of man. There are certain qualifications for which we have a right to look in those who claim to be the founders of a Church. They are: a life of singular holiness, the gift of miracles, death for the cause, and the successful spread of the doctrine. Measure John Alexander Dowie by this standard and notice the plentiful lack of essential requisites which is thus demonstrated. Certainly the insane fury with

which he sulphurizes his discourses is delightfully consistent with holiness of life and heaven-sent messages. So like the Sermon on the Mount, for instance. But really, the man is not to be taken seriously. From a religious point of view he is a huge joke and if, therefore, there be any one idiotic enough to accept his brayings for prophetic visions let him do so. The prophet's hair is already silvered and when he dies his religion will vanish into thin air, and perhaps some of the duped ones will realize, as never before, the indefectibility of the one true Church—the Church of Christ.

Again we must chronicle the passing of one of our prelates. Archbishop Kain of St. Louis has gone to his reward. Death has invaded, during the past year and a half, four of the Archiepiscopal Sees of this country, and in every instance has he made good the adage that he loves a shining mark. Archbishop Kain's life was filled with good works. He lived for his priests and his people and in the absolute devotion of all his faculties of body and mind to their interests may we find the beginning of his mortal illness. May he rest in peace.

We append an extract from Dr. Phelan's estimate of the Archbishop:

"Archbishop Kain governed his diocese as he would conduct a great business in the world. He was a great church builder. He reveled in work for the orphan and the sick. He seemed to find a superterrestrial satisfaction in seeing the orphans and the poor sitting at his knee and listening to his merry laugh and humorous tales. He was never better than in such company.

"He was saving almost to the point of parsimony, but he had his purse ever open to the calls of the orphans and the outcasts of the city's streets. He left behind him in Wheeling when he came

to St. Louis \$130,000 with which to continue the works of charity he had undertaken. During his stay in St. Louis he strained every nerve to raise enough money to build a cathedral worthy of St. Louis and her Catholic people. He had a large income but it was always eaten up by the end of the year. The only property he could call his own, having purchased it with the money presented to him on his departure from his former see, the \$10,000 lot near the site of the cathedral chapel, he devised by will to the cathedral board as his personal contribution to that great work.

"To the everlasting credit of Archbishop Kain it must be said that he found St. Louis a diocese thoroughly unorganized—not disorganized—and he left it one of the best organized dioceses in this country. He established the parishes with new buildings and fixed regulations governing the administration of the sacraments; he gave the whole diocese a code of laws that bespeak his consummate zeal and prudence.

* * * * *

"In his private life Archbishop Kain was a very devout man. At home or abroad, in land or sea, he rose promptly at 5 o'clock for prayer and meditation. He never omitted Mass when it was possible to celebrate. He had a fixed hour for saying the Office and the Rosary, and his spiritual reading was done with as much regularity as when he was a student in the seminary. He allowed nothing to interrupt his devotions.

"When with him in Paris he was on one occasion making his thanksgiving after Mass, when a high French ecclesiastic requested the pleasure of an introduction to 'Sa Grandeur' of St. Louis. When he was asked to shorten his devotions to meet the dignity he showed irritation and refused to interrupt his prayers. When he finally arose the dignity was gone."

MAGAZINES

An interesting and at the same time instructive article in the October Review of Reviews is the one entitled "The Socialistic Legislation of New Zealand, as viewed by an American." It is a concise and, to all appearances, an unbiased account of a new system of government "that all the world is watching * * * with the keenest interest;" for New Zealand is "leading us (i. e., the older nations of the world), in new and untried fields of legislation." "Woman suffrage; public ownership of railways, telegraphs, telephones, street car lines, water, gas, and electric plants; old age pensions; * * * postoffice savings banks, and many other similar things, as they exist in New Zealand, form the subject-matter of the paper. The writer, Lucien C. Warner, does not attempt to defend the system; but with all apparent fairness exposes it, neither concealing its deficiencies nor lauding its advantages. To the reader is left the duty of drawing conclusions. The paper will be of interest to the reader of the present day both on account of the matter treated and for the way in which it is treated. In striking contrast with the above-mentioned article is "Trade Unionism and Democracy in Australia," by "A Tired Australian." The fairness which is the most prominent characteristic of Mr. Warner's paper, can nowhere be found in that of "A Tired Australian." A biased writer is this one. His paper reeks with prejudice, which is its most interesting feature and the cause of its being printed. "We print this," says the editor, "because it seems valuable as setting forth the point of view of men who are likely, in the near future, to make a very serious attempt to diminish the potency of trade-unionism in the Antipodes." "Some Further Notes on the Pope's Personality," is another very interesting article of the number. The

simplicity of the domestic life of the new Pope is described. He never forgets his humble origin. Rightly he is styled the "Peasant Pope."

The Century for October is an ideal sportsman's number, containing among its articles: "When the French President Goes Hunting," "Two British Game Parks," "With the Hounds of the Duchesse d'Uzes," and "Field Sports of To-day," this last including in its illustrations four beautiful pictures in color. "The Signal Corps in War Time," by Brig.-Gen. A. W. Greely, recounts an interesting and hitherto not generally known chapter in the story of our war with Spain. Lovers of classic antiquity will sigh at what seems the vandalism of our modern progressive spirit when they read "The Destruction of Philae." The erection by the British Government of the great dam at Assuam has been the death warrant of one of the Nile's loveliest and most historic islands—Philae, "the Pearl of Egypt," covered with the monuments and memoirs of thirty centuries. "The New Woman in Turkey," by Anna B. Dodd, will perhaps give the reader a fair shock of surprise, showing, as it does, that in many respects the modern Turk is not the unspeakable monster popular fame represents him. Other articles in this number are "The Angus in Foreign Countries," "The Wild Bird by a New Approach," and "Anecdotes of Leschetizky."

The Messenger for October opens with a sketch of John Wesley, by T. J. Campbell, S. J. John Wesley "certainly was an extraordinary man. His greatest success lay in his marvellous power of organization." He was one to command but not to obey. He could not brook contradiction from others, but seldom does history bring to light one

so self-contradictory. To-day he advocates "celibacy for the clergy; he rails against rebels; he "appeals to Catholics." To-morrow he commends matrimony, which, to his after deep regret, he seals by marrying the widow Vazille; he stands in open rebellion against the established Church of England; he recommends that "Roman Catholics should be kept under the penal laws and prevented from cutting the throats of their neighbors." "This habit of self-contradiction runs all through Wesley's life," and it is strongly brought out in his religious tenets. "The Methodists do not insist upon your holding this or that opinion," he says. And yet he mercilessly lashes those differing from him, and none more so than the Calvinist Methodists of Scotland. He preached for years and what his sermons lacked in depth he tried to atone for in number. Reason had to fly before imagination. And yet he prided himself as being a dialectician. "Deeds, not creeds," was the cry. And as the twig is bent so must the tree grow. "Absolute indifference to all doctrine, the reduction of religion to mere naturalism, materialism, humanitarianism. It is the logical outcome of Protestantism, but what has quickened and helped it on its way more than any other religious movement is Methodism." "The Popes and the History of Anatomy," by James J. Walsh, Ph. D., M. D., LL. D., ably refutes the charge so frequently made that the Popes have impeded scientific progress in anatomy by excommunicating those who would desecrate the human body by boiling, dismemberment, etc. The Bull, "De Sepulturis," of Pope Boniface VIII., was issued in 1300 to correct the abuse of "cutting up the bodies of the dead, and barbarously cooking them in order that the bones being separated from the flesh, may be carried for burial into their own countries." But nothing is said against the use of the body for scientific purposes.

"The practice of dissection was not only not forbidden, but actually became one of the standard features of the university teaching with the permission of ecclesiastical authorities." This so frequent accusation is a flagrant example of quotation without scrutinizing confirmation of the original authority quoted. Other articles are: the "Tior Del Mondo," James Kendal, S. J.; "Guides in Olden Days," J. Arthur Floyd; "The Ivory Pagoda," Claude M. Girardeau.

The October number of the Catholic World contains a good variety of instructive reading. Owing to the present excitement aroused in the religious world by the famous Dr. Briggs, probably the most interesting article in this issue is the first one, "Dr. Briggs and the Catholic Church," by Geoffrey Devereux. "Divorce and its Effects on Society," is a subject which has engaged the attention of many writers in times past, but which can always be treated with profit to the evils of our day. Other articles of note are, "Christian Unity" and "Thoughts on Philosophy"—both very instructive.

The Guidon for October is a delightful number. The frontispiece of the Rosary, done after a painting by Fr. Bonaventure is excellent. The painting is evidently treated after the manner of the Pre-Raphaelites as it reveals much of the simplicity and devotional spirit of that school. Mrs. McAuliffe's paper on "Corpus Christi in the Tyrol" reads well and is quite up to the standard of the average sketch of its kind. There are some illustrations to enhance the text. The editorial budget is full of bright and timely items.

The autumn number of the Book-Lover is unusually well made up; we mean, of course, as to the literary matter that enters into its composition. A memorial sketch of Frank Stockton

holds a prominent place in the number. It is intensely interesting and to the countless lovers of the gifted story-writer will be more than welcome. This sketch is followed by some recollections of Mr. Stockton by George Cary Eggleston for the New York Times and reprinted here. They contain a story of struggle and hardship not unusual to the budding of genius. "Book-Plates" is an illustrated paper by Malcolm Chandler and is unique. It is mainly illustrated for there are almost as many cuts as words. But this is quite as it should be, since the first object of the paper is the presentation of different book-plates, and the suggestion of how to make for oneself an inexpensive one. The notes on "Current Literature" are judicious and more than satisfactory.

Donohue's for October was an interesting number. The contents showed the pens of able writers. "Brownson's Quest for Truth," by Henry Morgan, and "The Catholic Actor," by John Talbot Smith, were the leading articles. Both writers thoughtfully presented their subjects. "The Austrian Veto and the Sacred College of Cardinals," "The Summer of the Passing," the "Con-

clave," and the "Coming," "MacGahan, Liberator of Bulgaria," and other articles of merit completed the number. Most of the articles were aptly illustrated.

The Chautauquan for October contains its usual amount of interesting reading matter. "Highways and Byways" contains in brief a number of articles on a few of the leading politicians of America and Europe. "The Canadian Northwest," by Agnes C. Laut, will be to its readers a treasury of information about our sister country, on the North.

Saint Nicholas for October is full of interest and fun for its young readers. The stories are short and interesting—just what the young folk like—and besides this, are exciting and adventurous. We are sure that our boys and girls were plentifully amused.

The Crusaders' Almanac is a very neat little quarterly published by the Franciscan Fathers in the interest of their work in the Holy Land. In its pages readers will find much about the places dear to all Christians.

BOOKS

"Christian Apologetics," by Rev. W. Devivier, S. J., edited by the Rev. Joseph C. Sasia, S. J.

In the space of a few years sixteen editions of this work have been published in the original French. It is not surprising, therefore, that we should have it now in English dress. The translation is a good one. Father Sasia, the editor, has added 450 pages to the original, thus making it necessary to publish the work in two volumes. The value of the additional pages, which are judiciously scattered throughout the work, is unquestioned. Some articles have been en-

tirely omitted because of their uselessness to English readers. Two preliminary chapters, originally written by Rev. L. Peeters, S. J., and much enlarged by the editor introduces the general treatise. They present in a popular, and at the same time strictly logical form the leading philosophical proofs—the promptings of reason—of God's existence, of His principal attributes or perfections, and of the Liberty, Spirituality and Immortality of the Human Soul, with convincing answers to the most common objections advanced in our days by Atheists, Agnostics and Ma-

terialists, thus preparing the way for a thorough study of Christian Apologetics, which obviously suppose the admission of the preceding truths on God and man, and their relations to each other. Moreover, an entire article of thirty-one pages has been added by the editor on the Destiny of the Human Soul, the Sanction of God's Laws, and the eternal punishment to be inflicted on impenitent sinners in the next life, a subject most useful, though bitterly distasteful to the worldlings of our day.

A considerable amount of matter, and appropriate quotations, have also been added on the modern question of Evolution, as applied to the origin of man, on Hypnotism, on Theosophy, on Physical and Moral Evils, on the Antiquity or Age of Man, on Miracles, on the Prophecies foretelling the coming of the promised Redeemer of Mankind; on the Holiness and Divinity of Christ; a whole article of twenty pages has been written containing a complete refutation of the so-called Christian Science. Similar additions have been inserted in the second volume, particularly on the Two-fold Power of Order and Jurisdiction; on the utterly erroneous Protestant Rule of Faith; on the Teaching and Practice of the Roman Catholic Church regarding the Holy Scriptures; on the Primacy of the See of Peter; on the correct view of the Schism of the West; and on the Infallibility of the Church and her Supreme Pastor, the Roman Pontiff.

In Ch. IV. have been developed at considerable length the following points, viz: The so-called Vicious Circle, falsely attributed to Catholic controversialists; the Inquisition and the Process of Galileo, fully discussed in the light of the recently published documents extracted from the Archives of the Vatican.

Lastly, several pages were also added explanatory of the last chapter on the Church and Civilization, such as paragraph the sixth of article II., on the comparison between Catholic and Prot-

estant nations, and paragraph the fourth of article III., on the Church and Science.

The two volumes sell for \$2.50, and may be procured through any bookseller.

"The Best American Orations of To-day," compiled by Harriet Blackstone. Hinds & Noble, New York.

The table of contents of this really good collection of speeches, presents the names of some of the greatest men of our times; moreover, you observe, that their utterances on most important subjects are here chronicled. A better recommendation no volume could ask, and therefore, the readers will be many, many thousands. It is the hope of the compiler that this collection will at times be substituted for those made up of the speeches of men of other generations. We hope so, too, for while the classics will be and ever should be cherished, we should not on account of them neglect the bursts of eloquence which light up our own times. Roosevelt, Beveridge, Cleveland, Hoar, Depew and Watterson are only a few of the men who are to-day delivering speeches that may well be learned and spoken by the ambitious school-boy, who harangues his mates in the weekly meeting of the literary club or debating society. As the author says in the preface, quoting from Andrew Draper: "The old-time school declamation on recurring red-letter days in the regular routine of the early schools was a great stimulant to boys and girls. It was not more in the words that were heard than in the fact that the boys themselves gave expression to them. It is the doing of things which stirs ambition and creates power, even the doing of things which some one else has done. There are plenty of men prominent in affairs who would gladly testify to the uplifting influences of the masterpieces of oratory and literature on their own lives by means of the school declamation." This is true, and

let us have unabated respect and reverence for the orators of the past, but let us also satisfy the universal demand for "something new." The speeches in this volume meet this demand. They are certainly "new." They deal with our present problems and methods of government. They proclaim the thoughts of our wisest men. They will educate and inspire for future effort.

"The One Woman," by Thomas Dixon, Jr. Price, \$1.50. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

For those who take M. Zola's "experimental view" and believe that it is the duty of a novelist to analyze wrath and love, this story will undoubtedly possess an absorbing interest. To such morbid minds, nothing is too sacred or too horrible to be used by the fiction-writer. All that they ask of a novel is that it be a faithful transcript of life—life as they see it through the lens of their own personality. That Mr. Dixon has succeeded admirably well in depicting the character of an educated animal, there can not be the least doubt. The handsome, cultured (?) Frank Gordon is the most consummate hypocrite that ever occupied a pulpit and abused his sacred calling to gratify the lowest passions. True, the man's social and moral downfall is intended to stand as an argument against two crying evils of the day—divorce and socialism; but even the love of the devoted woman who follows her husband to a convict's cell, magnanimously overlooking the fact that in his heyday of happiness he had cast her from him, and had chosen in her stead a woman not worthy to loose the latchets of his first wife's shoes,—even this fails to offset the crudity and the coarseness of the story. Sidney Lanier would surely have numbered this book among those which he says he could not read without feeling as if his soul "had been in the rain, dragged, muddy, miserable."

"The Whole Difference," by Lady Amabel Kerr. B. Herder & Co., St. Louis. \$1.60 net.

An English novel portraying real life and the national phases of men and manners. This is a book written with a purpose: to show our Catholic young men and maidens the ever present evils attending mixed marriages. Mr. Venn, of an old English family, with the blood of confessors coursing through his veins, in a moment of weakness, marries outside of the Church of his fathers to improve the fortunes of the House of Venn sadly shattered by the ravages of the so-called reformers of England. Mrs. Venn, a worldly woman in the true sense of the word, marries three children to non-Catholics with the hope of bettering their social position. Joan, the heroine of the story, a lovable character, a niece of Mr. Venn, a Catholic and despised as such, makes her home with the Venns; and, to the consternation of Mrs. Venn, is sought in marriage by one of the matrimonial catches of the neighborhood, a wealthy non-Catholic. She refuses the offer of marriage for the sole reason that, as she herself says, "religion is and must be the fundamental matter with a Catholic." True to her religious convictions she is for a time separated from her lover, but in the end is married to the man she loves, who has been converted to the Church of the living God which teaches that marriage is a sacrament. The story is beautifully told, and there is a vigor, simplicity and charm about it which will win it a host of readers. The lesson taught is borne in upon one by this intensely interesting love-story with a masterly touch which proves that the theme is dear to the author's heart.

"Moral Briefs," by the Rev. John H. Stapleton. The Press of the Catholic Transcript, Hartford, Ct.

Several years ago Father Stapleton began a series of contributions to the

Hartford Transcript which from the first became justly popular. The series extended over two years without any abatement of the interest which had been awakened. The subjects were of a kind that were of interest to all; the treatment was delightfully original and the style of composition fresh and vigorous. Requests came to the editor for extra copies and for back numbers until it became impossible to fill them. The public wanted Father Stapleton's instructive papers and so there was nothing to do but to put them in book form. We have them now under the happy title of "Moral Briefs" and we are grateful to have them and to tell our readers of their worth. There are ninety-nine briefs in the collection covering the full range of subjects that fall into the class of "Catholic Morals." The book should and doubtless will have a wide circle of readers.

"Pilgrim Walks in Rome," by the Rev. P. J. Chandlery of the Society of Jesus.

There are other guide books to Rome than the one under consideration, but there is none that will so please and satisfy the Catholic tourist. For any Catholic looking forward to a visit to the Eternal City, this book will be helpful; to the traveller actually in Rome, it will be almost indispensable, especially after a first acquaintance, and to him who has seen and left Rome it will be precious as the reviver of delightful memories and holy impressions. The book is exhaustive and we believe fair, giving no undue prominence to scenes or localities not deserving of it.

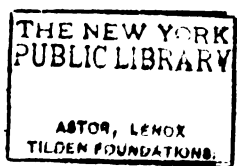
"Towards Eternity," by the Abbé Poulin; translated by M. T. Torrome.

London, Burns & Oates; Benziger Bros., American Agents.

The title of this book is one that will rivet the attention of readers. A reminder of eternity rarely fails of its effect. It is the great truth before which we all stand with bared heads and reverent mien. The chapters that go to make up the book under present consideration are all interesting and have a bearing upon the great beyond towards which we are all travelling. If carefully read and heeded, our journey will be all the safer, pleasanter and surer for the perusal. It was the chief purpose of the author to write for discouraged souls—for those who are disheartened by what they deem a slow progress over the way to a shining eternity. To such as these will his book bring much cheer and much that is stimulating to renewed efforts and a perseverance to the end.

"Scenes and Sketches in an Irish Parish, or Priest and People in Doon," by a Country Curate. Dublin, Gill & Son; Benziger Bros., American Agents.

These sketches bear the marks of genuineness upon them. They are stories such as most of us have heard from the lips of the children of Erin, when in reminiscent mood, they recounted the experiences of the dear home across the sea. They are stories that bring into bold relief the wonderful strength and beauty of the Irish Faith. The wit and mirth of these people, who are said to laugh through their tears are only incidentally brought out, for the author intends by these sketches "to exhibit the singularly supernatural and deeply and intensely spiritual side of the Irish peasant's character." We believe he succeeds in doing this and the sketches are charming and edifying to a degree.





WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART.

"An Old Time Musician." page 545

THE ROSARY MAGAZINE

Vol. XXIII

DECEMBER, 1908

No.

THE VOICE OF MARY

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

*I knocked upon the tavern's door
In little Bethlehem town;
The soft snow fell upon my hair,
Upon my simple gown.*

*I knocked and called amid the night,
(No night more dark hath been!)
But none, oh, none gave heed to me—
They would not let me in.*

*I whispered of a tiny Babe
Who soon would be mine own;
But only laughter mocked my voice,
My sigh, my plaintive moan.*

*I called, not for mine own poor sake,
But for the sake of Him
Who soon would make a sad world light,
A world grown gray and dim.*

*I sobbed outside the closed door,
I who was travail-worn,
And none gave answer to my cry,
Though grief my heart had torn.*

*And Jesus, mine own little Son,
Came neath the cold starshine,
And rested in my circling arms
Amid the lowly kine.*

*Oh, when He calls to you at night
Or in the golden day,
Heed thou His voice, and do not turn
My little Son away!*

*He knocks full long at many a door,
The door of many a heart;
Let Him not suffer as did I,
Oh, bid Him not depart!*

At a Posada

A Unique Celebration Held in all Catholic Homes in Mexico at Christmas-Tide

By LELA FISHER WOODWARD

AND what is a posada? That is exactly the question I propounded when one of my friends who had long resided in Mexico, and who was a prominent citizen, said she had received a posada invitation.

"A posada," she explained in answer to my question, "is a half social, partly serious, partly jolly affair to celebrate that night when the Holy Travelers, Joseph and Mary, sought in vain for rest and shelter in an inn. In fact, the word 'posada' means 'inn' or 'abiding place.'"

"I notice that your posada invitation is for nine nights," I observed as I looked at the open invitation in her hand.

"Yes, these gatherings, necessary adjuncts of Christmas-tide in Mexico, begin on December 17, our first day of Christmas festivities and continue until December 24."

"What! you mean to say that you celebrate the week preceding December 25, when Christmas with us in America just begins?" I rudely—and my surprise should pardon my rudeness—interrupted her.

"Yes, in Mexico we have two weeks of Christmas festivities the prolongation of which would doubtless tire you less festive-loving Americans," she laughed.

"And do you not find the nine consecutive posadas wearisome and monotonous?" I asked, returning as suddenly to the subject as I had left it.

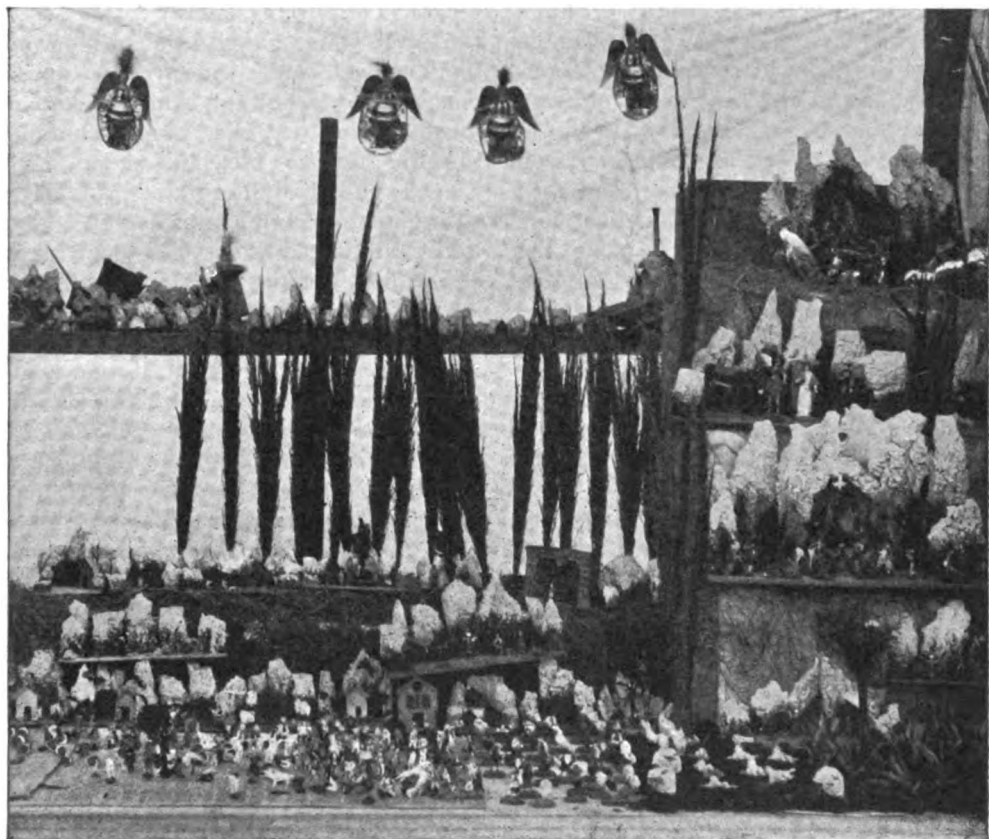
"You express your ignorance by asking that question. If you had ever once attended a posada, you would need no other incentive than your own love of pleasure to spur you on to attending the others. You would wish there were nineteen instead of nine posadas."

"They must be very pleasant affairs," I ventured.

"Pleasant! Wait until you hear my description of the posadas I attended at the last Christmas season, and then you can form some idea of their nature," my friend replied.

I settled myself in a comfortable chair opposite her when she gave me the following account:

"Having been so fortunate as to have received a posada invitation, one must accept for the whole nine nights or for none of them. There's nothing half-hearted about a posada host, or a posada guest, or a posada invitation. At an early hour, in response to my posada invitation, I presented myself, on the night of the first posada, at the door of my host's house. I knew before I entered that the house was brilliantly lighted; for the beams, shining through the long windows with their stout, formidable-looking iron bars, mingled with the shadows of the moon that seemed to fear for its own brightness and to shrink into itself with envy of the power of electricity. Ripples of laughter, snatches of song, accompanied by soft strains



FOR THE POSADAS.

from the guitar, banjo, and mandolin, played as ineffably sweet as if the fingers of Saint Cecilia herself were touching the instruments, were borne to me.

"'Surely, I shall encounter a festive scene,' I thought as I followed my hostess into the brilliantly lighted 'sala' or drawing-room.

"The orchestra, the knots of gay groups of conversationalists, the decorations of beautiful flowers, the room itself with its furnishings that would have graced the parlor of a fastidious queen, confused me, and I had to rub my eyes severely and furtively to emerge from the fairyland that my dazed, pleased senses had at first persuaded me I had

entered. Soon my eyes grew accustomed to the gay scene. The notes from the orchestra, the words addressed to me, evoked at once my love for music, expressed on this occasion by an unconscious tattoo upon the soft, rich carpet which happily deadened the thud and did not betray the impotency of my ungovernable heels which seemed to be running riot with the music, and sallies that made me involuntarily wonder at my tongue's glibness.

"But the greatest surprise and pleasure of all awaited me in the 'patio.' As you doubtless know, the patio is the Mexican's flower garden or inner court. I had thought the sala a scene of entrancing loveliness, but the patio with its

lights, its flowers, consisting of huge geraniums as high as the average 'greaser' or peon, its roses of soft, beautiful shades and redolent of pleasing perfume, its banana trees growing in deep excavations where stones had been removed from the patio floor, and with leaves as glisteningly green as if it were May instead of December, made the patio a close rival in beauty to the sala. Indeed, with its blossoms, its leaves, and its fragrance, it appeared to me a fit garden for a scene in fairyland. While I was eagerly drinking in these natural beauties, I was startled by hearing a child near me say, 'Look! look at the pinata.'

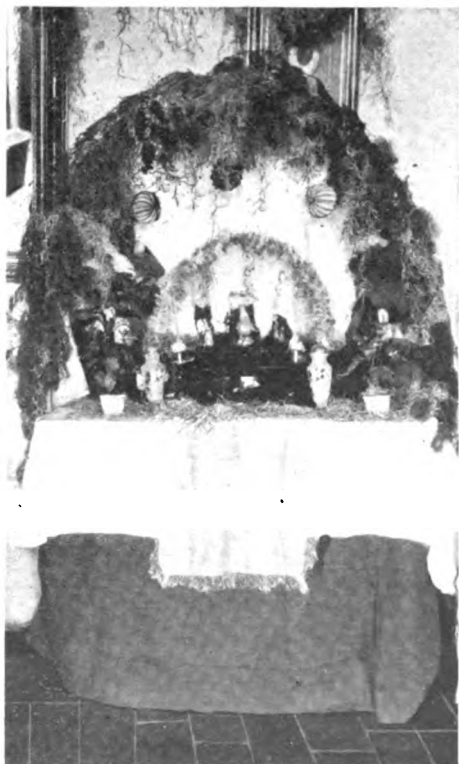
"Imagine my surprise when, following the direction of the child's eyes, I spied a queer figure dangling high and grotesquely above our heads. 'That is a

pinata,' I said to myself as I remembered the same long, gaunt legs in big, red bloomers, the same wide, yellow blouse concealing the body in which is ingeniously hidden the 'olla,' or pot containing the 'dulces,' etc., the same high-topped and gaily-decorated sombrero sitting tantalizingly, rakishly, upon the back of the head as I saw it a few days ago, calmly hanging in one of the many booths in the big zocala where, at Christmas-tide, booths are wont to spring up, with the rapidity of a mushroom.

" 'My hostess certainly has queer taste and an eye for the grotesque,' I thought as I observed the ungainly figure and repellent, unprepossessing face that easily aroused my risibility. But this thought was intruded upon by a child's voice saying, 'Let's break the pinata.' The suggestion was seconded by the hostess saying, 'We will form a ring under the pinata for that purpose.'

"The words had no sooner left her mouth than both children and adults gaily joined hands beneath the daring figure.

" 'Now, strike with much force,' said the host as he placed a blind-folded child in the center of the circle, and handed him a stout pole. The child seemed intent upon obeying the host's instructions, for he struck with much force. But the pole seemed endowed with a mule's obstinacy, for it went wildly at random, assuming any direction save that of the pinata. The combatant was not easily discouraged, and persevered in his vain attempt until another child clamored for a chance. Reluctantly was the hitherto futile weapon handed her. The pinata's sinister countenance wore the look of one who had conquered, and who could conquer again. One imagined the defiance of a Brutus or a Caesar upon the narrow brow, and a shrug of the narrow shoulders, as the second enemy who had been blind-folded as had the first, assailed it, indicated contempt.



ALTAR OF THE STRANGERS.

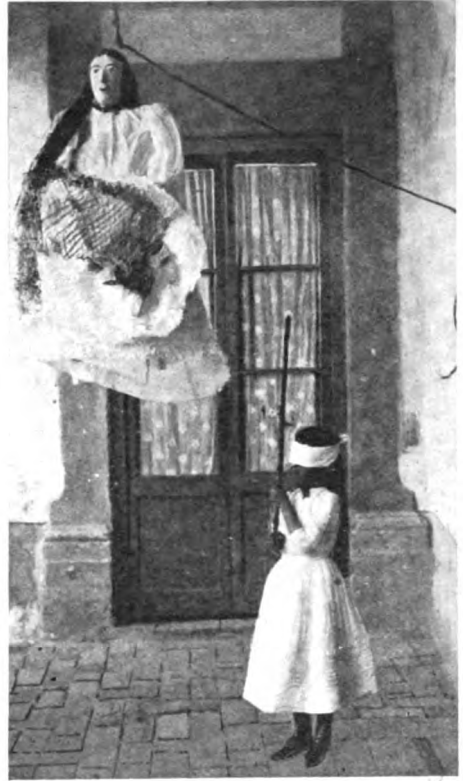
"Whack! went the pole as a mighty stroke brought its end with a thud upon the patio floor. 'Huh! we are not the pinata,' exclaimed several children who were in its nearest vicinity, and who, judging from their sudden scattering and the instantaneous widening of the circle, feared the pole might find in them the center of gravity.

"After repeated attempts, one of the sandals adorning the feet came in contact with the pole. And, resenting the attack, the retaliating sandal sought vengeance by falling upon the top of the head of the combatant. With a howl of pain, the child acknowledged herself vanquished, and throwing down the pole, resumed her former place in the circle.

"Next, an adult was blind-folded and made the attempt of breaking the pinata which seemed to wax stronger and more defiant as it saw its enemies vanquished. Truly, in this instance, a proud look and a haughty spirit heralded a fall, for, with true instinct, the hitherto erring pole, at the first attempt, struck at and dislocated the heart or 'olla' of the pinata. Lo! 'dulces,' small nuts and fruits came down in a veritable deluge as a gift from this clownish-looking St. Nicholas.

"Then the laughter, the bumping of heads, the clashing of bodies, as children and adults, suddenly converted into so many quadrupeds, crawled around grabbing for 'the lion's share.' Truly this contest proved the veracity of the old adage, 'First come, first served,' for, in nearly every instance, it was a child who came first, and, consequently, who was served first. Very little was left to the less agile adult, and that little was usually the result of the child's magnanimity instead of the adult's 'rustling ability.'

"When the 'sweet tooth' of all had been appeased, the children were sent to bed, and the adults, after having repaired the slight damages incident to the gay melee in which they had just engaged, returned to the 'sala.'



BREAKING THE PINATA.

"With a few slow, lethargic notes as a prelude, the orchestra lost itself in one of its incomparable waltzes or Spanish danzas. With happy, reckless abandon, was the 'light fantastic' swung until a late hour, when a supper fit for kings, and consisting of a menu comprising a dozen courses, was announced. After the posada presents in the shape of miniature native animals made by the peon Indians of clay, artistically fashioned and beautifully painted and filled with most toothsome 'dulces' were presented each guest, just as German favors are dispensed in America, the first posada ended.

"It required no effort on my part to attend the second, indeed I might add the following eight posadas, which, all save the last, were similar to the first.

"The last posada differed very materially from its predecessors. Indeed, one might say that the preceding posadas had been a mere prelude, introductory to the last which was a commemoration of the greatest, most momentous event in the world's history: the birth of the Saviour.

"On the night of the last posada there was no music, the members of the orchestra sat with doleful faces and muffled instruments. Save for a few futilely ambitious candles that sent shadows hiding in every corner of the mansion, there were no lights. Instead of gay conversation, silence, save a few hurried whispers as if the conversationists feared for the strength of their own voices, prevailed. The hush, the gloom that penetrated obviously, the countenances of the assembly and the very walls of the house presaged some destiny of apparent moment about to be fulfilled. It was a veritable relief when

the 'sala' was deserted for the room in which the 'Christmas altar' had been erected.

"A Christmas altar is an altar erected by every faithful Catholic in Mexico in his home at Christmas-tide. It is erected in honor of 'Los Peregrinos,' the Holy Travelers. Adorned with wreaths of roses interspersed with a few bright sprays of green stuff, with branches of fir and palm, and small statuettes in ivory of Joseph, Mary and the Child in her arms, and even of the donkey upon which the flight into Bethlehem was made, the Christmas altar is essential in celebrating Christmas in Catholic homes in Mexico.

"Just before twelve o'clock, the assembly, with perhaps a candle, and surely a prayerbook in hand, solemnly filed into the room. There was no conversation, and the portentous silence was broken only by the minor strains



PINATAS, ALL KINDS.



DECORATIONS FOR SALE.

of the orchestra that seemed pregnant with sorrow. Solemnity mingled with long-deferred hope contended for place upon each countenance. Then Mass was said while all knelt about the altar, whose soft candles shed a luster and painted with a halo the face of each suppliant.

"When Mass was over, a procession of sad-eyed, yet expectant, hope-inspired people was formed. The images of the Holy Travelers, followed by the orchestra which played a sad, minor air, were at the head. Admittance was sought at every door, but was gained nowhere. As if weary of their vain quest, the procession mounted some narrow steps and made its way to the housetop where a miniature stable had been built for the occasion. The images were scarcely deposited in the stable before the city clocks began to chime out the midnight

hour. Christmas Day had just been ushered in, and the promised Messiah been born in the stable, in the manger.

"With the thought, the heavens seemed to grow brighter, and to shine with the new star that proclaimed the glad tidings. With the seeming discovery, sadness was supplanted by joy. Like the wise men of old, the people gave thanks. The orchestra played no more a minor strain, but the midnight air reverberated a glad, exultant refrain of thanksgiving, of a hope fulfilled. Surely the dancing, the feasting, the joy that followed as the assembly went gaily down stairs, was a fit conclusion to the last posada, the most glorious of all, now that the Child had been born. Is it any wonder that every Catholic in Mexico considers it incumbent upon himself to hold the posadas in his home at Christmas-tide? Is it any wonder that you may find him,

whether he be a peon in coarse, cotton attire that bespeaks poverty, an Indian in sandals, much the worse for the oft traversing of pebbly mountain trails, a Mexican senor of blue patrician blood and full purse, down in the big Zocala and the plazas on December 17, to buy his pinatas, his fir and palm branches with which to decorate his home and his Christmas altar?

And is it any wonder that the proud, handsomely-attired senora may be found

in the market place buying of the market women, picturesque in their soiled rebozo and tattered garments, certain edibles necessary for the various posada suppers? Less wonder is it, even to the Scrooge-like, practical American that the spirit of the Mexican Christmas is 'Peace on earth, good will to men,' a spirit that seems infectious and universal, and that is so necessary to an appropriate commemoration of the birth of the Christ-child."

A. CHRISTMAS IDYL

WILLIAM J. FISCHER

*The starlight white steals into my bare room,
 Ah! would that it might still this heart, so old—
 This heart, that knows and feels the biting cold
 Of loneliness! Would that its bitter gloom
 Might sunshine forth the fairest bud or bloom
 Of hope that I might see his precious mould
 Before mine eyes grow dim! The years have rolled
 Too slowly on, since that black night of doom.
 A laughing child I held him to my breast
 And saw him flower, there, before mine eyes.
 But O too brief was this bright Paradise!
 With all a mother's love, his hands I pressed.
 The night he left my heart, my house forlorn,
 The flower sweet gave way—I felt the thorn.*

*And, in my old chair, here, I sit alone
 This happy night of nights, to all, most dear
 And, now, the sexton rings forth Christmas cheer
 From out the belfry of yon church of stone.
 For me, no gladsome music will atone—
 My heart still threnodies its tones of fear.
 My poor, poor child! Alas! O'er snowy mere,
 The wind, like some sad mother, maketh moan.
 Mary, most kind, who on this peaceful night,
 Watched by a crib of straw an only Child!
 Take my poor boy to thy heart, undefiled!
 He needs thee now. Let white-winged angels, bright,
 Unbar the prison door—that he may see
 The lights of Christmas burning fresh and free.*

History of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception

By REV. T. A'K. REILLY, O. P.

THE dogma of the Immaculate Conception has many phases. At the outset it bears the appearance of a "modern" doctrine, since it has but recently been defined. For that reason it seems to imperil the oneness and infallibility of the Church which defined it.

It is sufficiently manifest that if any teaching body originate an article of belief, change substantially an accepted article, or abolish an old one, it thereupon forfeits its title to unity of doctrine. Furthermore, since truth is one and unchangeable at all times, such a body proves itself fallible, defective, and consequently without authority. It may not, therefore, claim for itself divine institution. Of such an establishment Christ did not make Himself the author when He empowered and bade His apostles to "teach all nations," promising that He would remain with them "all days, even to the consummation of the world." (Matt. xxviii, 20.) "The Son of God, Jesus Christ... was not, 'It is' and 'It is not' but, 'It is,' was in Him." (2 Cor. i, 19.) If then the Immaculate Conception is an entirely new dogma or wholly a nineteenth century invention, the authority of the Catholic Church is impeached, and men must look elsewhere for the Rock of Salvation according to the injunction of St. Paul: "though we or an angel from heaven, preach a gospel to you besides that which we have preached to you, let him be anathema." (Gal. i, 8.)

Another interesting feature of the Immaculate Conception is that it is not contained expressly in Sacred Scripture. To enhance this difficulty—for it is a grievous difficulty in the way of its acceptance by non-Catholics—the law

of original sin is set down in such clear, forceful terms by St. Paul, as to warrant the denial of any exception to it, in one who chooses to accept the Scriptures as the sole rule of faith. Our knowledge of this mystery assumes that tradition must go hand in hand with the sacred writings, and that the Catholic Church is the guardian and interpreter of both.

We need not linger on these preliminaries. A brief history of the dogma will reveal that it is by no means an invention, but rather an ancient teaching coeval with the Church, and in perfect harmony with other apostolic traditions.

For several centuries the Immaculate Conception, as an object of belief, was in what might properly be styled an embryonic state; that is to say, it was implied in other revealed truths which were openly professed.

It ought not to be a source of wonderment that this teaching, which redounds so much to the glory of Mary, was not explicitly believed from the beginning. This fact serves only to illustrate that God, Who had designed His Church for the sanctification and eternal welfare of men, chose to make it in some degree like human institutions. It was indeed never to exceed the margins of truth and righteousness, yet it was to pass through certain evolutions and developments of teaching, legislation and disciplinary enactments to a more perfect state. Many dogmas were held explicitly in the Church's infancy, such as the divinity of Christ, the necessity of baptism, the Eucharistic presence, etc., but others were not so well understood, and these Christ deposited with His Church to be expounded and made clear by her in future ages. To this class of truths

belongs the mystery of the Immaculate Conception.

The representatives and exponents of the Church's beliefs in early ages were the Apologists and Fathers. That their idea of Mary was that of a creature conceived without sin is evinced from their unanimity in pronouncing her "most innocent, most pure, inviolate, undefiled, immaculate, the daughter of life, the new and sacred leaven made perfect unto God." So deep was St. Augustine's appreciation of Mary's sanctity that he declared in his work "On Nature and Grace" that he wished never to mention her in connection with sin. Sts. Ephrem and Ambrose, contemporaries of St. Augustine, were equally as pointed. "In thee, O Lord," exclaimed the former, "there is no stain, and thy mother is without spot," while the latter writes: "The Virgin Mary was not defiled by any blemish of sin." (Comm. Ps. cxviii.) Such epithets and eulogies were meaningless, did they not signify freedom from original not less than from actual sin.

It was particularly on the feasts of the Nativity and Motherhood of the Blessed Virgin that the Fathers extolled the august privilege of her Conception, and proclaimed loudly and unmistakably that never for a moment was the Holy Spirit absent from her soul.

Thus the way was paved towards the institution of the feast of the Conception which inaugurated the second period in the history of the dogma. Andrew of Crete chronicled the celebration of this festival in the Greek Church as early as the year 675. The truthfulness of this annal is borne out by compilations of sermons still extant, which were composed for the occasion during the 8th, 9th, and 10th centuries. From Greece the devotion made headway throughout Sicily and thence to Naples. In the latter place a marble tablet of the ninth century still commemorates the keeping of the feast on December 9.

It is recorded that the festival was observed in the Oriental monastery of S. Saba, near the Aventine Hill, early in the twelfth century. At that time (1115), a nephew of St. Anselm, also named Anselm, was abbot. He fostered piously the cult which flourished under his rule and, when he was afterwards transferred to the abbacy of Edmundburgh (1121), and elevated to the Episcopal See of London (1138), he labored zealously and efficiently to promote in England the devotion which he found already there established (viz., since 1110). His chief act in this regard was the institution of the feast of the Conception.

It was perhaps owing to Anselm's repeated missions to Normandy (1115 and 1119) as Apostolic Legate that the devotion took root in that country. From Normandy the pious movement passed into France, where it grew so rapidly that, by the year 1154, the entire Christian populace of the nation patronized it. It was at this juncture that St. Bernard sent his celebrated Epistle to Lyons in which he severely censured the institution of the feast in that city as an "innovation." Many theologians strive to excuse this action of the Mellifluous Doctor by maintaining that its author failed to grasp the meaning of the mystery in its proper light. They argue also that he would not have displayed such unwonted hostility if the canons concerned had procured the approval of the Holy See. However this may be, the cult spread subsequently through Germany, Spain, and the rest of Europe.

Rome manifested its proverbial tardiness in advocating the devotion. It made no effort to check its progress and expansion, nor did it display opposition to the observance of the festival. It was merely waiting to learn the mind of the Holy Ghost before sealing with its positive approbation a universal impulse which could not have sprung but from God.

Meanwhile the spirit of controversy

was waxing warm in the schools. Whatever may have been the intention of St. Bernard in writing the epistle referred to, it is an historical fact that by it he placed a temporary damper on the growth of the devotion, and furnished its opponents with efficient weapons. His untoward influence must have been felt the more because he was otherwise so unbounded and effusive in his praises of Mary. St. Bernard and other representative Catholic doctors of the medieval period seem to have apprehended the law of original sin as being so stringent and universal that absolutely no one who had been endowed with existence by human progenitors, could escape its yoke. In the case of our divine Saviour alone, it appeared to them, was the curse of Eden totally suspended, or, more properly, removed, and this was by reason of his miraculous human origin as well as His divinity. Hence Blessed Albert the Great queries ("missus est"), "Why was not at least one man (besides the Saviour) conceived without original sin?" and he answers that this would be "impossible, unless such a one were conceived of a virgin." Mary, moreover, like others needed redemption. Wherefore she was at one time, albeit for the shortest instant, offensive to her Creator. Thus reasoned the keenest minds, notably Peter Lombard and Hugh of St. Victor. St. Anselm has been adduced both as favoring and opposing the dogma. The latter opinion is more likely. True, he claimed as befitting our Lady, a purity than which "none greater is intelligible in a creature" ("De Conceptione Virginali"), but he did not distinctly apply these words to the first moment of her existence. He and his contemporaries fully appreciated the difficulties which surrounded them and, as they viewed the earnest and warming devotion of the faithful to a mystery which they could not explain, they paused. They were involved in deep perplexity. They failed to grasp the

truth that God Who sanctifies by cleansing from the guilt of sins contracted, can also sanctify by preventing the contraction or inheritance of guilt. Consequently they saw not that redemption is necessary in a more excellent degree for the latter benefit than for the former.

St. Bonaventure approached the question more closely than any of his predecessors, yet even he failed to answer it conclusively. However, while his reason was deluged with the conflicting arguments hurled about in the Paris University and other seats of learning, he seemed to recognize the voice of the Holy Spirit speaking in the simple and pious ejaculations of the faithful. Accordingly, when he was made Minister General of his Order, he approved of the observance of a feast in honor of the Conception throughout its rank and file. To this he might also have been moved by the commendation which the Blessed Virgin herself was said to have given to the festival, or by the revelation made to Helsinus, an English Abbot, about the year 1066.

The mind of St. Thomas Aquinas expressed in his works as we have them to-day, is obscure. In places he seems to have imbibed the theories of his master, Blessed Albert the Great, and of Peter Lombard. He likewise touches the point of debate, as did St. Bonaventure, and like him answers it according to the view which at that time held sway in the University. Still, in other parts of his works he leaves ample grounds for disputation, so much so that it cannot be demonstrated conclusively that he was averse to the dogma.

It was reserved for Duns Scotus (1265[?] - 1308[?]) to bring order out of confusion. He was the first to reconcile the systems of the schools with the effervescent devotion of the populace. This erudite Franciscan maintained in the beginning with becoming moderation, and afterwards with the boldness of deep conviction, that Mary, although

naturally fated to incur the guilt of original sin, was by the special intervention of Divine Providence, preserved intact. This unspottedness was secured to her, not before her soul had been infused into her body, nor even a moment afterwards, as many had ventured, but at the very instant of her animation or conception. With such consummate skill, deep penetration, and nice discernment did Scotus defend his thesis, that is was thereupon incorporated into the creed of the University. Thenceforth no one was admitted to the degree of Master at Paris, who did not bind himself by oath to defend the Immaculate Conception until death. Scotus, as a reward, was thrice adorned with the title of "Subtle Doctor," viz., by the universities of Paris and Cologne, which were the leading strongholds of Catholic learning in Europe, and by the reigning Supreme Pontiff. These last data are given us by Cavellus (14th century), whose authority as to these particulars all do not accept. At any rate, the title of "Subtle Doctor" has clung to Scotus, as has also that of "Herald of the Immaculate Conception."

It is needless to say that continued discussions called forth several acts of the Holy See, and it is from these acts that the attitude of the Church is to be learned.

The Council of Basle (15th century) seems to have comprehended the dogma as we now understand it, but it lacked the authority to define it. Pope Sixtus IV (1471-1484), approved of an office of the Immaculate Conception in which the victory of Scotus is commemorated. He also enriched the pious observance of the feast with indulgences, and rebuked all opponents of the dogma. The Council of Trent (1545-1563) renewed and confirmed the last-named action of Sixtus and, after having explained the Church's tenets regarding the racial sin, it declared that "it was not its intention to embrace the blessed and immaculate

Virgin Mary, Mother of God" in its decree. (Sess. v. 5.) Pope St. Pius V (1566-1572) inserted the feast in the Roman calendar and breviary, although he suppressed the word "Immaculate" from the name of the festival and prescribed the office of the Nativity B. V. M. for its celebration. St. Pius also condemned Michael Bains for teaching that "no one except Christ was free from original sin," and that "the Blessed Virgin died on account of sin contracted from Adam." (Prop. 73.) He likewise silenced popular controversy over the subject. Paul V (1605-1621) forbade the doctrine to be publicly impugned, and Gregory XV (1621-1623), Paul's successor, extended this prohibition to private discussions. The latter Pontiff, however, exempted the Friars Preachers from this restriction. (Brief, "Eximii".) Towards the middle of the 17th century Pope Alexander VII (1655-1667) expounded the dogma in almost the same phraseology as that used by Pius IX in his famous definition. Yet Alexander refrained from issuing a definition and contented himself with renewing the Constitutions of Sixtus IV. It was Pope Clement IX (1700-1721) who first ordered the feast of the Conception to be kept throughout the universal Church. It is pertinent to note that Pius VII granted the Franciscans a special preface for the Mass of the feast in the year 1806, which preface was later conceded to the archdiocese of Seville (1834), to the Dominican Order (1843), and finally to the rest of the Latin Church. The invocation, "Queen conceived without original sin," was inserted in the Litany of Loretto in 1839 by Gregory XVI.

Thus, however impetuous the disputants in the schools may have become, the Church herself viewed the doctrine calmly and deliberately. It never once censured either the teaching or any of its defenders. On the contrary, it gradually laid severe strictures on its opponents as a class, and for several centuries

assisted notably in diffusing a knowledge of the mystery and in fostering devotion towards it. Borrowing the words of Pope Pius IX: "The Church of Rome has held nothing dearer than the declaration, defence, furtherance, and upholding of the Immaculate Conception in the most persuasive terms."

In this manner the second period was drawing to a close. The time was getting ripe for a definition. The Immaculate Conception had not as yet been made an article of faith. It was somewhat like the mystery of the Assumption B. V. M. in our day. Men might not deny it with impunity, yet they might do so and escape the brand of "heretic." Few there were, however, who displayed strong aversion for the doctrine. Some found greater difficulties in it than others, but all were ready to bow their heads in reverent submission as soon as Peter would speak. The vast majority were loudly clamoring for a decision.

These circumstances were, so to speak, peculiarly distinctive of the Immaculate Conception. Other doctrines had been defined in the Church at various times, but only on account of heresies that had arisen concerning them. Relative to this dogma there was no heresy, but merely a mistiness which obscured the truth to a few, but which awaited only the bright and radiant light of the Vatican to dispel it.

Then began the third stage in the dogma's history. After repeated and untiring solicitations on the part of Christian kings and rulers, the hierarchy, and the faithful at large, and after having invoked the light and guidance of the Holy Spirit by fasting and both public and private prayers, Pope Pius IX saw fit to promulgate on December 10, 1854, the following decree:

"To the honor of the Holy and Undivided Trinity, for the grace and adornment of the Virgin Mother of God, for the exaltation of the Catholic faith, and the increase of the Christian religion, by

the authority of our Lord Jesus Christ, of the Blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, and Our Own, We declare, pronounce, and define that the teaching which holds that the Blessed Virgin Mary was by a singular grace and privilege of Almighty God, in virtue of the merits of Christ Jesus, the Saviour of the human race, preserved free from every taint of original sin, at the first moment of her Conception, has been revealed by God, and is therefore strongly and constantly to be believed by all the faithful." (Bull, "Ineffabilis.")

The cause was finished. Since that proclamation the course of Catholics has been clear. Controversy has ceased and the old discussions, having lost all living import, form little more than materials for history. In that domain they are to stand forever as monuments to the imbecility of unaided human reason in fathoming "the deep things of God."

In accordance with the teaching of Holy Church, all Catholics now believe and maintain unflinchingly that our Blessed Mother was never for an instant under the dominion of Satan. Never was her soul tarnished with original guilt. At the first moment of its creation it was made the repository and temple of the Holy Ghost. It was, indeed, infused into a body subject to the penalties of sin, to sorrow, infirmity, suffering and death, but it had been timely rescued from the slightest moral deformity and had been made to outshine the angels in the brilliancy of its purity.

This ennoblement of Mary was due to her Divine Son's future merits. Christ was to redeem mankind, and Mary was to be His helper, His co-operatrix, His Mother. She then should be the first to experience the kindly influence of His deserts. She, who would naturally have been a doomed and helpless daughter of Eve, should first bask in the brightness of His vivifying rays. Jesus, therefore, Who was the Sun of Justice, illumined

Mary, the Mirror of Justice, from the first moment of her existence.

This benefit was a peculiar prerogative, "a singular grace and privilege." In its bestowal, our heavenly Father deigned to regard the soul of His beloved Spouse as already purchased by the Precious Blood of His Son, notwithstanding the fact that that Blood had not as yet been shed.

Such is the dogma which all Catholics proudly and openly profess, not on account of its plausibility or intrinsic reasons, but because it has been revealed by God." Here it must be called to mind that the revelation was not simultaneous with the definition, as some non-Catholics understand the Church to teach. It was made two decades of centuries ago. It was not always so clear and distinct as other revelations, yet it was confided to an unerring Church which was ultimately to identify it and extricate it from the mass of deposited dogma.

The difficulties advanced at the beginning of this paper must ere now have vanished from the minds of intelligent readers. The Catholic Church in defining the Immaculate Conception, the infallibility of the Pope, transubstantiation, or any other dogma, does not originate, change, or reject an article of faith, or reform its code of truth. It merely gives evidence of its sound and healthful vitality. Just as its Divine Founder, although He knew all things from the beginning, "advanced in wisdom, and age, and grace with God and men," (Luke ii, 52), so the Church, although possessed of all its dogmas at the date of its birth, passes through the periods of infancy, youth, and manhood, showing at each stage new signs of growth, development and independence, by the evolution and confirmation of its dogmas not less than those of its legislation.

Nor should it be alleged with reference to the Immaculate Conception, that tradition, to which appeal is made, is in

conflict with Sacred Scripture, since St. Paul extends the ban of sin to all men, whereas tradition exempts the Blessed Virgin. St. Paul merely utters a positive law which depends wholly upon the will of God for its execution. God can, therefore, if He chooses, grant dispensations from such a law without abolishing it. It is to the actual concession of a dispensation or privilege of this kind that tradition attests. From this it is obvious that the Scriptures speak truthfully and tradition speaks truthfully. The latter supplements but does not contradict the former.

Yet the Bible is not wholly silent about our Lady's prerogative. In the book of Genesis (iii, 15), we find a prediction of it in those "enmities" which God was to place between the woman and the serpent; and in the crushing of the serpent's head. Again, the Archangel's address to Mary, declaring that she was "full of grace" (Luke i, 28), is pertinent, but these texts are not demonstrative and are fully understood only when viewed in the light of the definition.

Not a few Catholics survive who are able to recall the universal joy which followed upon the solemn proclamation of the Immaculate Conception. Fain do we join with these in congratulating our Blessed Mother who now beams with undimmed, unwonted splendor. Mary's internal happiness, it is true, has not been increased, but her external glory has been enhanced. Men know her better and love her more. "Hail full of grace," they jubilantly salute her,— "full," with a plentitude of benediction which their minds cannot grasp. Hail, Conqueror of Satan and Morning Star! Hail, Tower of David in which sinners take refuge! Hail, Restorer of our liberties and our inheritance, our Heavenly Queen!

"Queen, conceived without original sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee."

An Old Time Musician

By JULIEN

WHO has not heard of the celebrated school of art which Charles, Duke of Wurtemberg, erected in the last half of the eighteenth century, not far from Stuttgart. Celebrated names have spread the renown of this institution to all parts of Europe; names, the mention of which even to-day causes many hearts to beat faster. And then again less brilliant names appeared, whose glory might be compared to the soft glimmering stars which we love when our souls are full of sadness and longings, but which we too soon forget in the bustle and noise of the bright sunny days. Of such a star is our little story in memory. It passed from this earth a long time ago to join stars of greater magnitude, but it was once loved and admired by many, though now it is almost forgotten.

On the 15th of September in the year 1782, a young man of slender form was seated in one of the rooms of the Karl University, which was used solely by private pupils. He had a violoncello between his knees which he seemed to contemplate with an air of sadness. It was Johann Rudolph Zumsteeg, one of the most distinguished pupils of the institution for his talent as a cello player. His father, a faithful subject of the duke, had decided that his son gave evidence of talent for sculpture, and accordingly procured for him a skillful teacher under whose instruction he soon began to model in clay; but his talent for music became so evident and his love for it so great, that he soon gave his whole mind and energy to his true calling.

The Chapel Master Poli instructed him in the art of composition; and the

untiring young musician went through the works of Matheson and Marpurgs as well as those of Benda and Bach.

The features of the young musician bore the impress of the artist by the "Grace of God." A soft melancholy rested on his brow, but a gentle smile which often played around his mouth softened the fiery light in his large dark eyes.

He had just shaken back his heavy, dark locks, and placed his bow, when a stalwart, tall young man entered leading by the hand a pretty little girl of about five years of age. Zumsteeg sprang up with a smile of greeting, and leaning his cello against the chair, pressed the hand of his visitor with a visible expression of shyness and emotion.

"What is your mission, my good Frederick? What happy circumstance has brought you to me at this unusual hour?" he asked, as he bent down to kiss the little maiden, who with her beautiful eyes was viewing him fearlessly but silently.

"Father and mother came this morning from Louisburg to spend a day in Stuttgart, and, as I have a half-holiday on my hands, I begged permission to bring my little sister here to you. She is just wild with delight when she hears music. So, Rudolph, I beg of you to play something for us. I feel to-day a particular longing to hear the tones of your cello." After these words he threw himself into a chair, drew the child to his knee, and directed his eyes expectantly towards his friend.

Those were wonderful eyes, they lighted up with remarkable clearness,



SCHILLER.

as though flooded with light from another world. They were eyes that could belong only to a man of remarkable genius.

Thick, reddish hair, artistically thrown back, a proud brow, a noble profile, a tall figure—but rather awkward carriage, such was the friend of Zumsteeg, such was Frederick Schiller, the great and never to be forgotten poet, at that time pupil at the Karl University.

Rudolph took his cello without a word of objection and began to improvise. No celloist of later years, perhaps, has ever produced such thrilling tones or expressed such tender emotion as Zumsteeg. All the musicians of his time who heard him unite in the one idea, and in enthusiastic praise of the sweet, sad, and touching tenderness of his playing. On this occasion his beloved instrument sang with unsurpassed emotion, for he forgot time and place. When at last he dropped his tired arm to his side, Schiller arose, placed little Nanette on the floor, seized his friend by both hands, and looking him steadfastly in the eyes, exclaimed: "Man! you are all heart—who could help but love you? Thank you for your tone poem—it was beautiful, more brilliant than I could have painted in words. Forget not this hour, true soul; I shall never forget it or you!" And then he turned abruptly as if to go.

"That sounds too much like a last farewell," said Zumsteeg. "Why in such haste, you whirlwind? You are forgetting your lovely little sister!"

"Your playing has bewildered me; it sounds like a last greeting," answered Schiller, as he turned back. "Come, Nanette."

"No, I will stay with you," replied the little maiden earnestly, turning to the young musician. "Please let me hear again how the angels sing." And as Rudolph raised her in his arms she threw both arms around his neck, and pressing her sweet face close to his,

kissed him on both cheeks. Only after long and earnest persuasion by her brother, could she be induced to separate herself from her new friend.

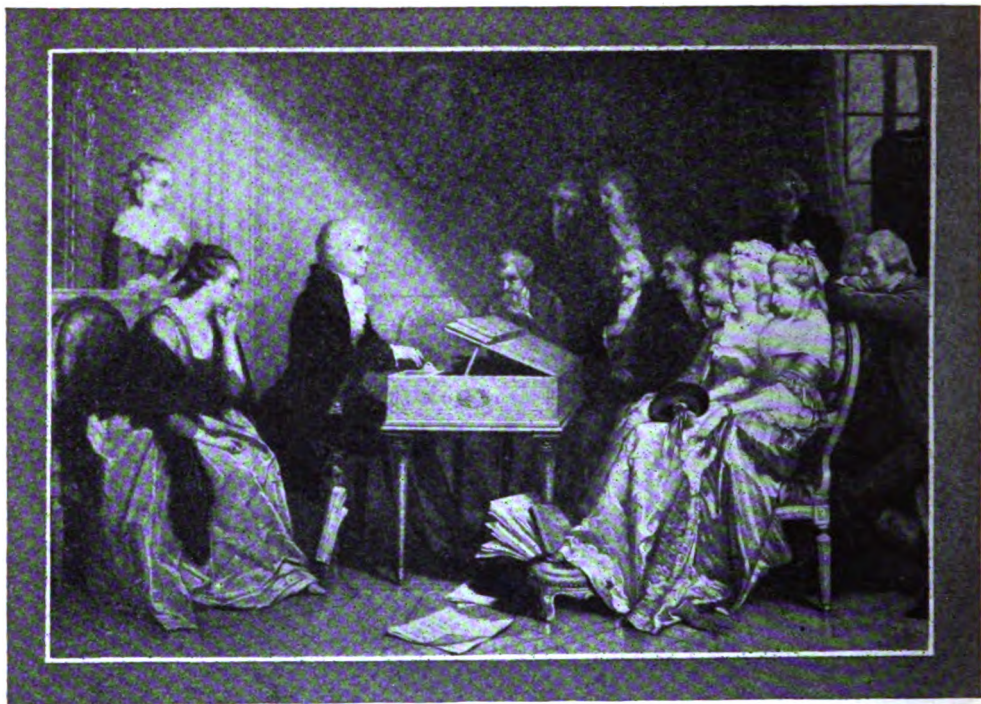
Two days after this interesting and touching scene, Stuttgart was thrown into a tumult of excitement. The Duke had arranged a monstrous stag hunt for his guest, the crown-prince of Russia, afterwards the Emperor Paul, and his suite, so of course the whole city had put on a gala attire in honor of the royal guests. On this same day, the 17th of September, happened that well known event, Schiller's flight from the Karl Academy. He left Stuttgart in the twilight of evening, with only his half-finished tragedy, "*Fiesco*," in his pocket.

Rudolph Zumsteeg had truly played "*The Last Farewell*."

Zumsteeg's admiration for and devotion to Schiller were unbounded, and he was one of the first who recognized the brilliant genius before whom the whole of Europe afterward bowed. Every page, however small, written by Schiller he collected with conscientious care, and his greatest ambition was to attempt compositions appropriate to Schiller's poems. Therefore his grief over the flight of his friend was deep, for he felt that the sun of his life would never rise again. The secret letters which he received from Schiller did not bring him much comfort, for the letters were brief. The melody which the poet loved so well, Zumsteeg laid aside, and no one could induce him to play it again.

About this time there appeared his artistic creations, the songs to Schiller's "*Robbers*," a Mass, some songs, all of which made a decided impression on the public mind, and became popular, more on account of their clearness and tenderness than for their brilliancy.

Suddenly there appeared, like a flash of lightning on the twilight of the young musician's melancholy, Mozart's name, Mozart's music. To the new star Zumsteeg turned with all the zeal that his na-



MOZART AT THE COURT OF VIENNA. •

ture was capable of. The moment of his introduction to the genius of Mozart, was the beginning of a new epoch in the artist's life. He began to work on different plans, he examined and criticised his own work with courage and severity. He had already left the institute and established himself in Stuttgart as a professor.

One day he heard it rumored that Mozart was to pass through Mannheim the following week and would probably stop there a whole day. Without revealing his intentions to any one, he locked his door one morning and started on foot for Mannheim. Three days he walked in the roughest autumn weather, in order to see face to face the artist, who had taken such possession of his heart and soul. At last he reached the end of his journey, hurried through the streets to the hotel where it was said Mozart would stop.

At length a heavy coach rolled past the door, and in it was seated a young man with a bright, intelligent face, who partially leaned out of the window as the coach rolled on. Without waiting for further information, the enthusiastic musician exclaimed: "That must be my Mozart!" The traveler, with a rather surprised, but pleased expression, nodded a friendly greeting. Whether it was truly Mozart whom he had seen, he never knew; but to the end of his days he always cherished the belief that it was.

The year after Mozart's death, Zumsteeg was appointed Capell Meister in Poli's place; and he now composed unceasingly,—operas, ballads, a concerto for cello, etc. In speaking of his opera, "Spirit Island," Rossini once said there was material enough in it for ten operas.

On the morning of December 10th, 1796, a letter was brought to the house



SCHILLER AT WEIMAR.

of the Capell Meister from Schiller's eldest Sister. The contents of the letter grieved him greatly; it told him that Nanette, the youngest sister of his forgotten friend, that lovely child who had clung so closely to him on the occasion of Schiller's last visit, had been taken suddenly very ill; and with touching earnestness had begged for the musician with his cello to be brought to her. He had seen the little girl but seldom since that memorable visit; and now again he recalled the sweet voice, the soulful eyes of his little friend. Without a moment's hesitation he started for Louisburg. It was already evening when he arrived at the Schiller home; and he was immediately conducted to the sick chamber where all the family were assembled. He could scarcely recognize a single face,

for the one small lamp which was burning was placed near the bed on which it threw its full light.

Nanette was lying very quietly with a face as white as the sheet on which her delicate hands were resting. Her features closely resembled those of her distinguished brother. Zumsteeg noticed the resemblance for the first time, and could scarcely keep back the tears which filled his eyes. An indescribable tenderness lighted up his whole face as he drew near to the bedside.

"I knew that you would come," she whispered in the faintest voice. "Oh, I so wanted to hear the angels sing again; that melody, you know, which I, as a little child, so loved, and which I have always carried in my heart."

Then there entered the heart of the

agitated musician the revelation that here a silent love was about to enter the silent grave, that here a tender white rose had bloomed unloved, and now lay broken and withered before him. With a deep sigh he bowed over the delicate hand which he held, and hot tears of sorrow fell upon it. He took his cello and withdrew to the most distant corner of

the room, and there softly, softly played, at first with trembling, then, as the remembrance of the past took possession of him, he threw his whole soul into his playing, until the room was filled with sighs and sobs. The music ceased; that melody was again a last farewell, for the lovely young girl with a heavenly smile had left us for her heavenly home.

CHRISTMAS

TERESA BEATRICE O'HARE

*Again, again it comes! Listen and hear
The angels singing, and the rushing wings.
There must not be one sob or sigh or tear,
Nor moan from any sad heart's broken strings.
Let us pretend these are the days of yore
When our glad songs went half way to the skies
To greet it; and the messages it bore—
Were not so eager as our glad replies.
Our wings grew fettered with the weight of years,
But holier calm and deeper love appears.*


*It comes! And children with the radiant eyes
And laughter loud, that bids all clouds depart,
Who, 'twitching us from slumber, bid us rise,
And in their frolic and their joys take part.
Oh, rich, glad freshness of the sinless years,
How can there be on earth one lonely soul
With ye around, fair blossoms time's tears,
Bringing back sunbeams which the rainbow stole,
Hushing all grief with louder songs of mirth,
And spreading roses on the snow-clad earth.*

*It comes! Oh Christ-Child, hear our pleading prayer,
Lift high our hearts above the dross of gain—
We need no riches save thy tender care,
And strength to bear life's burden and life's pain.
Glory to God! o'er Judah's Sacred hills,
Glory to God! from all the echoing throng.
Peace to all hearts the holy incense fills,
Peace to all hearts resounds through every song.
Oh, midnight stars, that watched our Saviour's birth
Gleam with thy chastening light o'er all the earth.*

The Message of the Christmas Chimes

By E. E. STOW

"'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."

T was Christmas eve. The stars were shining outside; and every available bit of brass and copper and nickel was shining inside the kitchen where Anna Jansen had just put the finishing touch. She looked a bit wistfully on the orderly cleanliness. A new maid would be there in the morning, for the next night would find Anna in a little home of her own, the wife of Gustav Hansen.

Young and strong and full of life was she, yet her steps lagged as she mounted the stairs to her little third-floor room. Carefully she laid out her wedding gown—Father O'Donnell was to marry them at eleven next morning—and went about finishing her packing.

Two months before many a snatch of song and dancing step would have given zest to her work, but now only silence accompanied her staid movements. Had she been in the habit of questioning she would have hesitated to give the reason for this change. She only knew that her heart had been as merry as the day was long, until she met handsome Carl Vedder. Carl drove the big grays for Crystal Hose No. Four, whose handsome fire station raised its imposing front just around the corner from where Anna lived.

This was the way their meeting came about. One morning while sweeping the walk, Anna, startled by the heavy sound of approaching hoof beats on the pavement, looked up to see her mistress' pet angora kitten madly chasing a dead leaf which the breeze had caught

from the upward sweep of her broom and carried into the middle of the street. The kitten, having captured the tantalizing bit of yellow, rolled over on his back and proceeded to vigorously kick the offending leaf, all unconscious of the big grays tearing down the street in answer to a still alarm. Quick as a flash she ran into the street, and grasping the kitten by his big bushy tail felt the hot breath of the horses against her cheek and their heavy hoofs brush her flying skirts as she triumphantly escaped to the sidewalk with the kitten in her arms. Carl could not have stopped if he would, but a vision of glowing cheeks and curling hair with a white kitten held fast in strong, young arms had staid with him all that day.

By accident, apparently, he had overtaken Anna the next morning on her way to market, and gallantly raising his hat had inquired for the kitten. Though she had made excuse to enter the nearest market, she had let a dimple slip into her reddening cheek as she disappeared. It was soon after this that Carl began to attend the tri-weekly dances where, to please her, Gustav was in the habit of taking Anna. Only the one dance permitted to others than Gustav had she given to Carl, yet his dark eyes had found opportunity to look into hers and say things forbidden a promised wife to hear.

Gustav, though blindly conscious of a change in Anna, had suspected nothing. Nearly a year they had been engaged, and the day for their marriage had long been set, for Gustav had a superstitious fancy that his dead parents' blessing would follow them if they could

be married on Christmas day as had been his father and mother.

Early in their acquaintance he and Anna had discovered a bond of sympathy. Both had been left penniless orphans before they could remember, and thus both of them at an early age had gone out into the world to earn their living. Anna's parents, so she had been told, came from Norway, while Gustav's had emigrated from Sweden. They both had the blue eyes and flaxen hair of the Northland. But, while Gustav's big frame was clumsy and awkward, Anna's rounded arms and strong, young limbs had the confident grace that goes with good looks; and, while Gustav's homely face had nothing to commend it save its honesty and the patient wistfulness of his pale blue eyes, Anna's had the buxom beauty of some boastful Viking's sweetheart.

She was but eighteen, and alone in the world. Other lovers before Gustav she had had, but he was the first to promise her a home and a husband's loving care. And so she had told him she would be his wife, and had thought she loved him until handsome Carl Vedder crossed her path. Whether it was the reflection of Gustav's faithful trust in her, or a loyalty in her own nature equal to his own; or whether it was the two forces combined, she had determined to keep her word to him and, God helping her, to make him a faithful wife. But her lagging steps and the downward curve of her full red lips as she made preparations for her bridal on the morrow belied her determination.

So lost in thought was she that her mistress called to her the third time before she heard and opened her door to answer.

"Gustav has come to see you," Mrs. Enburn said.

As she descended the stairs she wondered what had brought him back; she had not expected him again that night. She found him standing in the outer

kitchen door. As she went quickly toward him she noted that he looked dazed, and that the hat which he held between his strong hands was crushed to a shapeless mass.

A tremor of alarm passed over her. "Has anything happened?" she asked.

He did not answer, and slipping her hand within his arm she led him to the fire which, though covered for the night, still sent out a grateful warmth. As he passed under the flare of the gas, which her mistress had kindly lighted, she saw that he looked ten years older than he had two hours before, when she bade him good-bye as Anna Jansen for the last time as she supposed, for she had gayly told him that when they parted again she would be Anna Hansen.

With increasing alarm she asked, "What is it Gustav? What has happened?"

This time he tried to speak, but the words failed to come.

"Our little home! is it burned?" she suddenly exclaimed, recalling the alarm that had rung a half hour before.

"No, Anna," he at last managed to answer. Then, as she drew a chair up and made him sit down, brokenly, and by slow degrees he began to tell the story, the sequel of which he had just learned.

"Do you remember my telling you once how I had a little sister? She was three days old when my mother died. My father had died a six months before. I was taken to a boys' home and she to a home for girls. When I was old enough to read one of the sisters gave me a letter—it was from my mother—a good priest had written it for her on her deathbed. She told me to always have a care over my sister. I asked the matron at the home where my sister was, and though she inquired everywhere she couldn't tell me. And when I got older and looked for her, I could never find her. At last, I give her up. But to-night, Anna—'twas only an hour

ago—Father O'Donnell told me where she was; and I started straight to see her, and—" something caught in Gustav's throat, and arrested the words on his lips.

"Oh, Gustav," Anna said, slipping her hand into his, "had she—had she gone wrong?"

"No, Anna;" his voice was hoarse with anguish, "no, not that."

Again he was silent, and Anna unsuspecting the truth, yet fearing, she knew not what, dared not speak.

But after a little, gaining control of himself, he went on, "Do you remember the time when you were at St. Mary's Home?"

"Why, yes," she answered wondering, "I was a baby when they took me there."

"Well, that's where they put my sister—and, somehow, her name got changed from Anna Hilda Hansen to Anna Jansen."

A spasm crossed Gustav's face as he spoke her name.

Still failing to catch the meaning of his words, for fully a minute she stared at him motionless, while the rich color dying her cheeks receded leaving her white as the apron she wore. Then, the color flooding back in a surge of glory, she suddenly exclaimed, "Why Gustav! that's me—you don't mean I'm your sister?" and reading the answer in his face, she flung her arms about his neck, and fell to kissing him, laughing and sobbing hysterically.

It seemed to Gustav that the white arms about his neck were constricting his throat, so he should never speak again. But, at last as Anna drew back to look at him with sisterly affection, he hoarsely whispered, "Don't you see—don't you know, Anna?—you can't be my wife."

Unnoting the suffering on his face she exclaimed, "But I've always wanted a brother. Oh, it's too good to be true!" and she kissed him again laughing for joy. Somehow—she did not stop to

question why—a great weight had been lifted from her heart. "I can keep house for you just the same," she went blithely on, "till—maybe one of us'll want to marry," suddenly she blushed, rosy red.

Gustave, noting the blush, ground his teeth with sudden jealousy, and then, remembering their new relations, his look of anger subsided into one of sullen despair.

An hour later he slowly mounted the stairs to his cheerless room in a second-rate boarding house. Only that morning he had thought with a great throb of joy that another day would find him and Anna in a little home of their own. But now—yes, now, what had the morrow for him? Nothing, no nothing.

As if from habit, involuntarily his eyes sought a picture on the wall at the head of the bed. It was a cheap print of Raphael's well known Madonna del Granduca, which his mother had brought with her from across the sea. On her death bed she had entrusted it to a neighbor for her baby girl, but she having been lost sight of, it had fallen to Gustav. Together with his mother's letter and her marriage certificate it was all that he had ever known of home or parents. Many a time returning from his work weary and discouraged the sweet presence of this picture had brought him solace.

To-night for the first time he turned from it with a look of bitterness. Its meek sympathy seemed to anger him. Deliberately drawing off his heavy mittens he laid them on the bed. Then, divesting himself of his outer coat he hung it on its accustomed hook. A fixed purpose seemed to direct his movements, for throwing back the cover of the trunk that stood in the corner of the room, he carefully ran his hand underneath the suit of clothes that lay on top—they were the ones he was to have worn for the first time at his wedding on the morrow. From the farther corner he drew a revolver. Slowly he ran

his fingers along its smooth surface, before satisfying himself that all its five chambers were loaded ready for use. Then, sitting down in the one rude chair the room afforded, he gazed blankly on the opposite wall where hung the picture of the Virgin Mother with the Christ-Child in her arms. The look of despair on his face deepened.

The seconds grew to minutes, and the minutes passed into hours, and still he sat there motionless, lost in thought. At length, slowly and deliberately, as if he had carefully weighed the consequences, yet had found them insufficient to move him from his fixed purpose, he raised the revolver and pointed it towards his heart. His finger was on the trigger, when the Christmas chimes from a nearby church suddenly broke the stillness. Softly they sounded, as if fearful of disturbing midnight slum-

ber, yet unable longer to keep in silence the joyful message they bore.

Instantly the halo about the head of the Holy Mother and the Sacred Child seemed to Gustav to glow with a divine effulgence. With a heavy thud the deadly weapon fell from his grasp. With a groan of repentance Gustav fell on his face. For a long time he lay as one without life. But, at last, when the gray of the dawn began to creep in through the half-open shutters, he rose from his knees and going to the window, flung it open as if to drink in the joyful news that had been borne to him on the midnight air. The happiness that had of late lighted his face was gone. But a content deeper than the old content had come to take its place; the wistful longing was there no longer. Once he had known, if he never knew again, what love was like.

SONGS AT CHRISTMAS By DENIS A. MCCARTHY

I—THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM

When Jesus Christ, a little child,
 In Bethlehem was born,
 There shone a star across the wild
 More glorious than the morn.
 It glowed and gleamed, it blazed and beamed
 Above the lonely hill—
 Ah, blessed star of Bethlehem,
 It lights the nations still!

II—THE VISION OF MARY

Lo, the Infant holy
 In the manger lies,
 See, the shepherds lowly,
 Gaze with rev'rent eyes.

Mark the Mother Mary—
 Say, ah, can she see
 Him, her God, her baby,
 Nailed upon the tree?

III—ST. JOSEPH'S VIGIL

Silently, with clasped hands,
 By the manger Joseph stands,
 O'er the Infant in the straw
 Watching with a holy awe.
 Guardian of the Mother mild,
 Guardian of the holy Child;
 Artisan to whom is given
 Knowledge of the things of Heaven;
 Lowly one who knows and sees
 God's eternal mysteries!

IV—WHEN CHRIST WAS BORN

When Christ, a little Babe, was born	And low before their Saviour bent,
In Bethlehem, in Bethlehem,	Oh, years and years ago!
When Christ, a little Babe, was born,	Ah, would I had been there to see,
Oh, years and years ago.	In Bethlehem, in Bethlehem,
With voices sweet, the angels came	The Babe upon His Mother's knee,
To Bethlehem, to Bethlehem,	Oh, years and years ago!
And Sang the Infant Jesus' name,	And would I had been there to hold,
Oh, years and years ago!	In Bethlehem, in Bethlehem,
With hasty steps the shepherds went	My cloak between Him and the cold,
To Bethlehem, to Bethlehem,	Oh, years and years ago!

V—THERE WAS NO ROOM FOR THEM

They passed along amid the gathering gloom,
 Because in all the inns there was no room.
 "No room, no room"—it echoes down the years,
 Burdened with grief and unavailing tears.
 No room, no room—Ah, heart of mankind, say,
 Have you no room for Christ, the Lord, to-day?

A Red Cross Knight

By MARY S. MUGAN

I.

IT is high noon in the city of Algiers on a July day in 1215. Upon the deserted streets beats the fierce heat of a copper-colored sky. Not even a slave is moving abroad, for all living creatures have fled to shelter from the rays of the sun whose torrid intensity is unusual even for this African city. In the twelfth century this coast was conquered by Abdel-Raumen, the Sultan of the Saracens in Spain, and now in the early part of the thirteenth century, it is still held by his successors and their followers, who after years of fierce fighting with Christians and with fellow-Moslems, are enjoying luxurious ease in their white palaces on the beautiful mountain slopes.

Al Ramhed, one of the wealthiest and most powerful of these Moors, had built a magnificent villa on a picturesque plateau, half-way up a hillside, but although partly hidden in the exuberant dark verdure of that fertile clime, this day's burning heat has found it out, and the inmates have retired to the cool marble apartments of the inner enclosure for their midday siesta. In the outer court, surrounding a fountain whose dripping coolness is now so grateful, is a group of slaves. They are of many nationalities; an Ethiopian with skin shining and dark as ebony, half reclines near a Moor of some conquered mountain tribe, whose restless eye and irascible manner show how galling is his captivity, while not far away a sad-faced Egyptian and a Syrian slave converse in hushed tones of their homes on either side of the Red Sea.

But more interesting than any of these is a youth who reclines at some distance from the others under a group of

palms. He is not asleep and in his face, and in the abandon of his attitude, there is an intense melancholy. He has a slender, sinewy physique and although his light skin has been bronzed by the Algerian sun, his curling chestnut hair, light blue eyes, and finely-cut features proclaim his European birth. Neither his slave's garb nor his dejected attitude can disguise the unmistakable traces of high lineage. Then how comes he here, a slave to the Christian-hating Al Ramhed? It is upon his sad story that he is now brooding.

Three years ago, Raymond, sole heir to the lands and titles of the Sires of Amboise, Chateaudun, and Nemours was a happy boy of fifteen in his father's castle in "la belle France." His ancestral estates constituted a powerful feudal fief in the rich provinces of Orleanness and Blois. His father, Rene, was one of the flower of the French nobles, who in 1192, followed their king to the Holy Land in that brilliant Third Crusade, led by Philip Augustus of France, Richard the Lion-hearted of England, and Frederick the Redbeard of Germany. Rene had exhibited conspicuous bravery in the fierce conflicts of that romantic Crusade, and was bitterly disappointed when the arrogance and jealousy of Philip caused that monarch to abandon the enterprise and lead his forces back to France. When, however, in 1202, the Fourth Crusade was preached, this undaunted Red Cross knight kissed his young wife, and little son Raymond, joined the Crusaders, and was killed before Constantinople two years later.

Raymond, under the instruction of his noble mother and the good cure, Pere Lambert, grew up a worthy descendant of his high-spirited ancestors. What

wonder that his young mind was filled with religious fervor and chivalric purpose, and that he longed for the time when, with his father's sword and banners, he should lead his vassals to the rescue of the sepulchre of the Lord, not yet delivered from the infidel.

When Raymond was fifteen he lost his mother, that "most noble and courteous layde," whose sweet womanliness is praised in such glowing terms in the family chronicles. As the young Raymond stood mournfully gazing from the castle window on the evening of the day that saw her laid among his forefathers in the chapel, he felt all honors he might gain in the future would be empty when he could not lay them at her feet. This was in May, 1212.

Just at this time the province was stirred by the tidings of a marvelous event. All northern France was talking of a shepherd boy, Stephen, of Cloyes, a small town west of Orleans. This boy, it was said, had received a most compelling call from heaven to raise an army of children for no less purpose than to go forth to Palestine and rescue the Holy Sepulchre. No sooner had this young peasant felt what he believed to be an indubitable divine inspiration, than he set forth to gather his forces from the children of the high and lowly born.

St. Denys, a city five miles north of Paris, was the center of many pilgrimages, for here in a beautiful repository of pure gold, rested the bones of the martyred saint who brought Christianity to ancient France. Thither Stephen went, already surrounded by awe-struck throngs, and poured forth a most touching appeal for the recovery of the holy places from the Saracens. The old chronicler, Vincent de Beauvais, dilates on the unusual personality of the young boy; Roger de Wendover marvels at the astonishing eloquence of this untutored peasant. Men, women and children fell under the spell of his enthusiasm. He bade them look at the

martyr's tomb venerated by thousands, guarded most sacredly from profanation. Then he spoke with burning words of the sepulchre of the Lord, the last resting place of His sacred body, in the hands of the execrable Moslems, His most bitter enemies. It is not strange that children of lord and vassal, who had gloried from earliest infancy in the stories of the Crusaders, should be filled with exaltation at the thought that the Lord had called them to accomplish what He had denied to the powerful ones of the earth. And the king, the clergy, the parents of these little ones, how did they act before this unparalleled uprising? The king, Philip Augustus, in convention with learned doctors of the University of Paris, decided to check the movement, but whether he thought it would die out as quickly as it had sprung to life, or whether he feared to enforce his decree, because of the passion of feeling abroad in his domain, for everything connected with the Holy Land, we do not know. The old manuscripts do not agree; but certain we are of the fact that many of the priests and the parents of these young enthusiasts made most vigorous efforts to suppress the excitement. All opposition was vain, and at Vendome, in the latter part of June, by Stephen's command, the vast concourse of young Crusaders was assembled.

This city was in the domain of the young Raymond, lord of Amboise, and we can imagine the joy of this descendant of soldiers of the cross, when he sees the opportunity to realize so soon his cherished dream. Disregarding the advice of the venerable Pere Lambert, he feels sure that he is doing that which his dear parents would have approved. Placing himself under Stephen's leadership, he joyfully receives the Red Cross upon his breast, and is made one of the honored guard, chosen to surround the beautifully decorated chariot in which Stephen, already called "The Prophet,"

sets forth upon this wonderful journey. Raymond is accompanied by an old esquire who had served with the knight Rene in his campaigns, and by some of the children of his vassals. Who can describe that triumphant march of these children from Vendome to Marseilles? We hear their footsteps down through the ages, as we follow them through the beautiful provinces of France. Only one who had borne the Red Cross on his young breast in that youthful throng, could rightly express the thoughts and feelings that stirred them.

As Raymond of Amboise lies on the stone pavement in the court of Al Ramhed's palace, he sees again the bright faces of his fellow Crusaders uplifted as they go. He remembers how he explained to a younger comrade that the banner waving over their heads was an exact copy of the sacred Oriflamme, kept at St. Denys; that its color was red, and its shape that of a triple-tongued flame in remembrance of the tongues of fire that descended upon the Apostles. He hears the childish cries of "Lord, deliver the Holy land!" or the pathetic question, "Is this Jerusalem?" when they had reached some town in southern France, asked by some weary little one, who forgets that he has been told that they must first cross the sea.

How bitter are his memories of the two merchants of Marseilles who met the childish host at that city, with feigned sympathy, and offered them two vessels to convey them to Palestine. Stephen, their leader, had told them that a way would be provided to cross the sea, even that the Mediterranean might divide as did the Red Sea of old, that they might pass through dry-shod. The offer of these "good" merchants seemed to these easily deluded children a fore-ordained fulfillment of their hopes. Then followed the joyful embarkation, the stormy passage, the terrible realization at last, that they had been duped by the villains who had made a contract to sell them as

slaves to the Moors of Northern Africa. All these memories crowd upon the bursting brain of the Christian captive. He lives again through those moments of despairing horror, when standing with hundreds of comrades in the marketplace of Bujeiah (a prosperous city one hundred miles east of Algiers) he is sold to Al Ramhed. There is no Moslem bitterer nor fiercer in his hatred to Christians, for in that Third Crusade where Raymond's father had fought so gallantly, Al Ramhed had been one of Saladin's most trusted emirs, and at the siege of Acre his only son had fallen by his side. Then renouncing military glory, the Moor retired to his palace at Algiers to brood over his bereavement, his disappointed hopes, and his hatred of Christians. How he gloated that day at Bujeiah over the thought that the parents of these tender youths would suffer agonies at the uncertainty of their fate! His eye was attracted to Raymond d'Amboise because the boy forced himself to give back the fierce glances of cruel captors and slave purchasers, determined to impress these detested Moors with the fact that even in slavery the Christian noble was indomitable. His high lineage and lofty boyish soul were expressed in every line of his erect, lithe figure, every transition of his handsome, mobile face. A pang of bitter remembrance wrung the heart of Al Ramhed as he thought of his own impetuous lad, slain by the Christian spears. He bids his steward count out quickly the high price demanded for this youth, and with jeering words sends him off to his estates, where he may indulge himself at his leisure in the gratification of sweet revenge. Each day, each hour he would have the satisfaction of knowing that the son of one of those haughty French earls was his captive. No wonder that Raymond is overwhelmed as he ponders his life of the past three years. He is now eighteen and all the high instincts of his race revolt at his fate.

II.

There is a stir among the slaves at the fountain. They half rise half cower before a young Moor, who has entered from the inner court. It is rumored among them that Ebn Ilderim, the nephew and heir of Al Ramhed, will soon be their master, for the old Moor has been stricken with his death-sickness. Handsome and haughty, the young man steps forward, his dark eyes lighting with pleasure at the abject glances of the slaves who have already learned to fear him. At the sight of Raymond in proud solitude, apart from the others, fierce hatred burns in the young Moor's face, for since entering into authority in his uncle's household he has never been able to break the high spirit of the French youth.

"Dog of a Christian!" cries Ilderim, stationing himself against a porphyry pedestal, "approach and render to thy master an account of thy morning's toil and quickly tell why thou art idling here now."

Raymond had risen to his feet. All his past wrongs and present humiliations surged in his brain. Without moving a pace forward, he unconsciously straightened his figure and gave back the gaze of the fierce eyes opposite him. Fit types were they, as they stood, of the two races then engaged in deadly combat for supremacy in the world's progress,—the Moor dressed in thin silks, delicately embroidered in Oriental tracery, tall and powerful in figure, with a haughty, handsome, olive-hued face, where fierce passions struggled for mastery; the Christian,—even in his slave's garb, a worthy descendant of knightly sires, of slender, well-knit physique, tall for his years, his finely-cut features as proud as the Moor's, but ennobled by the inheritance of a refining Christian civilization.

Enraged at the unflinching bearing of Raymond, Ilderim seized a heavy leather thong, which some slave on his way to

the sheaf-binding had dropped, and struck Raymond a cruel blow across the face.

"Slave!" cries Ilderim furiously, "acknowledge thy lord and master! Else suffer the blows a dog receives before he has learned to obey. Abder and Naman," continued the young tyrant, addressing the Moor and the Ethiopian at the fountain, "seize yonder serf! Bear him to the slave-master, and give my command that he shall receive fifty lashes laid on with the zeal which the Prophet adjures us to use against these unbelievers! Say, too, from me that he is to return at once to the labor in the fields; this clerkly work upon which he has been employed has made the Frankish serf over-bold."

III.

Under the blazing sky of that torrid afternoon, Raymond is binding sheaves. Hassan the slave-keeper, anxious to please the young master and glad to vent his personal malice upon the young Christian, has carried out the commands with cruel vigor, and Raymond, scarce able to stand, is dragged to a farm slope whose western exposure makes labor there at this hour intolerable. Fainting from the brutal blows which have torn his tender body and from the pitiless rays which burn into his wounds, he sinks down behind a pile of sheaves; but even the mercy of unconsciousness is denied him. The tumult in his soul rages too fiercely for that. More keenly than the smarting pains from his scourging, he feels the livid streak left by Ilderim on his face, for that has burned into his very soul.

For three months past his lot had been somewhat easier, save for the deliberate persecution of Ebn Ilderim, who had been lately summoned to the estate by Al Ramhed when he found himself in feeble health. The elder Moor had gradually grown to respect the high spirit of the Christian lad, whom neither

threats nor bribes could move from his faith. He had tried cruelties at first, and inducements next, but the young Raymond had met them all with unshaken fortitude. His master observed secretly the boy's gentle ministrations to his fellow slaves when sickness, or more often, the cruel lash left them sorely in need of a kindly service. Al Ramhed had aged rapidly under the illness which was fast sapping his life, and as he became more feeble, he unconsciously grew more tender. Memories of his dead son now made him compassionate toward his captive, instead of fiercely revengeful. Not caring to let it appear that he had changed in heart, he had told the slave-holder, Hassan, that for a while the Christian slave was to be under the master's own eye, employed in the accounts so necessary in the management of a large estate. Thanks to the good Pere Lambert at Amboise, Raymond was unusually scholarly for his age. When, however, Ebn Ilderim, finding his uncle confined to his couch, had assumed sway, he made the Christian his especial victim, and unable to daunt his high spirit had subjected him to all the degradations in his power.

These thoughts whirl through Raymond's brain, together with the traditions of his heroic ancestors. He, who should, at this time, be winning the belt and spurs of a knight, to be basely beaten by a detested Paynim! It is unendurable. He will rush back to the palace, and alone, unarmed, weak as he is, he will kill the base Ilderim, and then welcome the death that is sure to follow. Better that, than—but the effort of rising is too much for his exhausted strength. He sinks to the earth. A dreamy semi-consciousness settles over him. What singing is this he hears? Why are the memories of his journey three years ago so strong upon him today? Again he sees the boy-crusaders' banner wave under the sunny French sky. Again he hears the childish voices

rise in the hymn they sang so often on that memorable march.

Oh dearest Jesus, Thou hast made
This earth so broad and fair;
The ocean grand, the sunny vale,
'Twas Thy will placed them there.
To Thee I pledge my childhood's faith,
Guide me in manhood's hour;
A helpless, simple child am I,
Almighty is Thy power.

How white the lilies on the mead,
The fair sun shines like gold,
The beauty of the star-gemmed night
No words have ever told.
But purer, fairer, Lord, art Thou
Than our minds can conceive,
Ah, keep me stainless in Thy sight,
At death my soul receive.

As though refreshed and cooled by the sweep of an angel's wing Raymond's head sinks gently in the shade of the huge pile of sheaves. His mind is clearer now—what was that he resolved to do a moment ago? Was it murder?
"And He was scourged, reviled, spat upon, and He answered not."

Would Christ whose red badge he once wore, expect him to forgive the abhorred Moslem? He can struggle no more, and he falls into a deep swoon.

IV.

Thirty-four years have passed since that day in Algiers. It is now the fourth of June, 1249. From the strip of seashore between the walls of the Egyptian city of Damietta and the waters of the Mediterranean, a strange sight may be seen, and the Saracens who throng the shore are terror-stricken as they gaze upon an approaching fleet of armed galleys, filled with soldiers whose banners gleam in the sun. It is the famous host of the Crusade led by the saintly Louis IX. of France, "the most fervent of Christians the most valiant of knights."

Among the Saracens who line the

shore is the tall figure of one clad in the robes of a dervish. Against the lurid background of their dark scowls of hate, his face is suddenly transfigured, as though joy greater than that ordinarily given to mortals, had come to him. One vessel has drawn forward and as it comes bravely on, leading the others, the crimson and gold of the sacred Oriflamme streams out from the masthead. Line after line of mailed knights with the Red Cross blazing brightly on their breasts can be plainly seen, so near are the galleys. Is it to be wondered at, that as Raymond d'Amboise gazes on the approaching host, his heart almost bursts with the cry, "They are Frenchmen! They are Crusaders!" And under the robes of his disguise as a dervish his heart beats madly with a passion of longing, far greater than the wild enthusiasm he felt as a boy, so many years since, when he bore the Red Cross and marched under the sacred banner.

Long were the years and bitter the woes through which he had passed since last he gazed on those dear emblems. After years of intolerable suffering under the tyrannical Ebn Ilderim, he had escaped, only to be recaptured by a band of wandering Arabs. By them he was again sold into slavery. From one cruel master to another he was bartered, until acquiring the speech and manners of the Moslems, he had so skillfully carried out his role of dervish that he had made his way to the banks of the Nile in safety. His one desire had been to reach the Holy Land whose inspiring vision had never been dimmed through all these weary years. He had kept his mind alert for every word dropped by his captors concerning Jerusalem, and he knew that in spite of the fifth and sixth Crusades, Malek-Saleh, Sultan of Egypt, is master of the Holy City. How then can he contain his rapture when it flashes upon him in a few moments of eager gazing and rapid thought, that before him are his countrymen, about to throw them-

selves into another attempt to regain the long-sought land.

A mighty cry goes up from the Saracens as the first galley touches the beach. Leaping ashore, the French return their shouts with exultant cries of "St. Denys!" "France to the rescue of the Holy Cross!" "Down with the Paynim!"

The affrighted Saracens rush toward the city, but the bravest linger to watch a knight who though clad in shining mail, helmet on head, lance in hand, leaps into the sea from a galley which has not yet touched the shore. It is the king, Louis IX., who, hearing that the Oriflamme was on land, in spite of his followers' efforts to dissuade him, has followed it with all speed and with shield and lance well poised, charges furiously upon the nearest band of Saracens, who flee before him.

Unable to extricate himself from the tangled mob of terror-stricken Moslems, Raymond d'Amboise is borne against his will toward the city, and with others is hurled to the ground by the impetuous fury of their flight. When he recovers his footing and turns toward the Christian host again, he sees that the king, yielding to his counsellors, has not pursued the fleeing Saracens, and that the vast army is absorbed in the confusion of disembarking.

V.

That night King Louis is sitting in the marquee which had been erected in the center of the encampment. A lantern swings above his head, and in its light his face and figure are thrown into bold relief against the dark couch upon which he is resting. History calls him the most saintly and chivalric of all the Crusaders. He is at this time in the thirty-fifth year of his age, and twenty-second year of his reign. His administration of affairs had been unique in the history of France for high-souled devotion to righteous government and love for the

people, who revered their king for his saintly private life, as well as for his kindly rule.

His features were fine, with an expression of benignant goodness that involuntarily compelled respect from the most hardened of the reckless soldiers. His figure, while not indicative of great physical strength, was admirably proportioned, supple, graceful.

His action in impetuously charging upon the Saracens that day, before his attendants had time to land was exactly typical of his character. He was filled with holy zeal for the service of his Lord, and had been prevented by various affairs in his kingdom from assuming the Red Cross until now. Brave and fearless, even to rashness, his very zeal and unworldliness blinded him to the necessity of prudence and caution. Though possessing valor equal to any knight who ever carried sword or lance, he lacked the qualities that make the general. But he had the power of making all men love him, and unlike most monarchs of his time, he always endeavored to win the approval of his followers for the thing he was about to do before he asked them to set out with him to do it. Thus we find him after his council of war had departed, with his head bowed on his hand, praying earnestly for the success of the morrow's attack upon Damietta.

Presently a knight unannounced lifts the curtain of his tent and steps within, accompanied by a strange figure in robes of a curious fashion, unfamiliar to the eyes of the good king. Louis IX. has been called the perfect type of a righteous king, and the knight who has the undisputed entree to his royal presence is the Sire de Joinville whom the world has come to know as the model of a feudal baron, the beloved friend and faithful biographer of his royal master.

"Your majesty," says Joinville, "one was brought to me who craves audience with your royal self, and in sooth, if the

man speaks truly, his is a most pitiful as well as a marvelous tale."

The gentle king, always easy of access, bade Joinville usher in the stranger, saying, "Lead him in, my lord seneschal, his tale shall be heard. His garments do savor of the fashion of those we saw but a few hours since on our Lord's Paynim foes, yet though he be of that misguided race, justice shall be done unto him."

It is Raymond d'Amboise who casts himself at the feet of the king, and in the long unused accents of his native tongue, he pours forth the story of his life. Louis had been profoundly touched as a boy by the stories of the army of children, who in his grandfather's reign, had gone forth with such high hopes to rescue the holy places from desecration. Tears stream down the king's countenance, and even the more cautious Joinville is convinced of the truth of Raymond's recital, when in heart-moving tones, he cries, as he concludes:

"And now, my lord king, I pray thee, let me wear again the Red Cross upon my breast. I, the son of Rene d'Amboise, and of the lords of Chateaudun and Nemours, should now be at the head of my vassals in your train. But, alas, no knight am I! On my cheek where should have been laid the blessed accolade, conferring knighthood upon me, has fallen instead, the debasing blow of the hated Moor. My bodily strength which I vowed to the service of God, has been spent in the menial toil of a slave.

And my vassals, Sire, all my people who were already pledged to render me allegiance, and follow me as their rightful lord, I know not who has governed them so far away in sunny Orleanness and Blois. I know not whether there be any kin of mine in this life. The very faces of my countrymen seem strange to me. But, my lord king, I implore thee, let me join thy train and go forth with thee against the cruel Moslem, and mayhap our Lord whose soldier I desired to

be so many years ago, may grant me the great boon of meeting an honorable death in this war against His bitter foes!"

With broken words of consolation the tender-hearted king raised the suppliant to his feet, bade him be seated, questioned him again and again about his sad story, and with the aid of Joinville cheered and soothed him and told the exile of many events and changes since his absence from beloved France. A cousin of Raymond's was now ruling over his heritage, and the king promised that all estates should be restored to the rightful lord. And so the evening wore away and Raymond, invited to share the tent of the Sire de Joinville, lay down to rest among his own countrymen for the first time in many years.

VI.

The next day broke clear and bright revealing the movements of the vast army which is early astir and accoutred, impatient to attempt the entry of Damietta before whose walls they are encamped. From the king's marquee heralds are speeding hither and thither with commands, and presently in an open space immediately before the royal quarters, preparations are going forward for some important ceremony. The ground is covered with rugs; an altar is erected, upon which tall wax candles are soon burning; a dais for the royal party is placed at the right of the altar; the Oriflamme waves from a standard set firmly in the ground.

A flourish of trumpets rings through the morning air and the king accompanied by his beautiful consort, Queen Marguerite of Provence, steps forth from the royal quarters, and the sovereigns are received with most respectful salutations by the assembled crusader-chiefs and their vassals. Then all kneel while the king's chaplain, William de Chartres, solemnly celebrates the holy sacrifice of the Mass.

The king's devout attendance at the sacred ceremony compels the respect of the most irreligious of the soldiery. As group after group of lords and men-at-arms join the concourse of which the little extemporized altar is the center, each man drops upon his knees—many with earnest prayers in their hearts—others, while assuming the outward demeanor of respectful observance, are touched for the moment as they catch the look upon the king's uplifted face, with the desire that they, too, might worship as fervently as he. The hush of the subdued throng extends even to the cordon of guards, detailed to surround the band of worshippers, to prevent a surprise attack from the Saracens.

The Mass is over, and the kneeling throng rises, waiting for the king to pass from the dais, but they observe that the royal party have taken seats as though there were more ceremonies to come. Immediately a herald steps forth and first compelling attention by prolonged bugle calls, announces in stentorian tones:

"Oyez! Oyez! Stand ye, barons, lords and vassals, all! At the command of our most puissant King Louis of France, ye are bidden to witness the sacred ceremony about to be performed."

At this speech, delivered with all the impressiveness of one accustomed to be the mouthpiece of kings, a murmur of curiosity ran through the multitude. They drew together around the dais, and a hush of expectancy fell upon them. Then arose the noble Sire de Joinville. In moving words he told the strange story of Raymond of Amboise. Exclamations of wonder broke from the knights, among whom were many who had known him as a boy, as they had known many others who had gone forth with that enthusiastic army of boy-crusaders, never to be heard of again. All gazed with curious looks upon the tall figure near the throne.

As Joinville concluded his story, he

advanced toward Raymond, who, with the seneschal on one side and the king's brother, Count Robert d'Artois on the other, was led to the foot of the dais. The king stood waiting to receive them, and calling upon all to witness, he conferred upon Raymond d'Amboise, not only the long-deferred honor of knighthood, but also the much-coveted distinction of those royal orders which marked the especial favor of the sovereign at the same time restoring to him all the privileges and fiefs due to his feudal estate. The beautiful queen-consort assisted her lord in bestowing the decorations, and it was her fair hand that fastened the Red Cross once more upon his breast.

When Count Raymond d'Amboise arose and turned to receive the eager greetings and congratulations, all were impressed with his bearing. The morning sun lighted up a tall, powerful figure, clad in glittering mail. The pride of birth asserted itself in the carriage of the fine head crowned with curling, snow-white hair. The bronzed face of the man of fifty-two years bore deep impress of the sufferings of his thirty-seven years among the Saracens, but all eyes are caught and held by the nobility of the countenance transfigured by the mingling of sad but deeply grateful emotions.

"By my faith as a knight!" exclaimed Guy de Mauvoisin to the Sire de Chatenay, "despite his long exile from knightly company, not an earl among us all bears himself more nobly, or seems more fit to lead in a dangerous enterprise."

"It was my own thought," returns the Sire de Chatenay, "and, in sooth, I marvel not that his majesty should be so quickly drawn to Count Raymond, for there is that about the look in his face I cannot explain it even to myself, that minds me of the king himself."

This likeness which had so impressed the good Sire de Chatenay, was one of

expression rather than of feature and was a mark of that mysterious kinship which always exists among the truly great of soul. During all his bitter trial he had kept a nobility of purpose which had turned his otherwise intolerable sufferings into cleansing fires; which, though they burned deeply into his soul had refined and purified his nature.

VII.

The city of Damietta surrendered to the Christians without resistance. The Turks, panic-stricken, rushed from the city gates, leaving the Crusaders in undisputed possession. Elated by their easy victory, the French host anticipated an early subjugation of Egypt, to be followed by brilliant victories in Palestine. They waited in Damietta for reinforcements, before beginning what they supposed would be a triumphant march through the Nile valley.

Five months of inactivity passed and in that time the vices of the soldiery developed. There were among the host a few hundreds, who, like the king, were dominated by exalted purposes and knightly honor, but the great mass spent this period of idleness in quarreling over the booty acquired in Damietta and squandering their portions in riotous living.

Meanwhile the Moslems had time to recover from their surprise, and the Sultan of Egypt sent trusty emirs to all parts of Northern Africa, calling upon every true follower of Mahomet to join his force and expel from the land the hated Christians. Bands of turbaned Moors soon poured from all directions into Egypt eager for vengeance upon the followers of the Cross.

Raymond d'Amboise had been given command of a large body of men-at-arms chiefly from his own province in France, who gladly gathered around the banner of their rightful lord. The king had from the first shown him especial favor and rejoiced in his new follower's

intense devotion to the crusading motive which was so dear to the king's own heart. Long absence from intercourse with gay companions, combined with his naturally quiet disposition and his bitter experiences, had made Raymond of Amboise a deeply religious knight whose heart was given in its wholeness to the service of his God. Instinctively he drew away from intimacy with the crusader-chiefs who were engaged in the enterprise to gratify ambition or through love of the license and careless living, so easily engendered by the campaigner's life. Raymond soon found himself in the coterie of the king's most intimate friends who all shared in greater or less degree, their sovereign's high ideal of the purpose of this expedition, and chafed at the inaction and delay in accomplishing it.

The first encounter occurred at Monsourah, twenty leagues from Damietta on February 8, 1258. The battle was begun by a dashing charge upon the Moslems led by Count d'Artois, the king's brother. Louis had ordered that no fighting should be done until the main body of the army with the king himself at the head should come up. But the ardent young Robert, disregarding the order, had precipitated the engagement. Count Raymond d'Amboise had been placed with his band of retainers in the king's own division, and he arrived on the scene of battle in the vanguard, just in time to see the French banner taken by the Moslems, and Count Robert fall from his horse, paying with his life the penalty of his rashness.

With cries of "St. Denys!" "France to the rescue!" Count Raymond spurred his men to the onslaught, rescued the banner, and bore away the body of the king's brother to a place of safety. The hand-to-hand conflict for the banner was fierce and bloody. The leader of the Moslems, a dark-browed Moor of middle age, seemed impelled by intense hatred and his followers fought with the

same spirit. As count Raymond wrenched the sacred Oriflamme from the grasp of a dying Moor, the Moslem leader attacked him with the greatest ferocity. The Count had time only to grasp the banner in his left hand and poise lance with his right when the fierce Moor was upon him. A simultaneous rush of steeds, a dexterous thrust of the ponderous lance, and the Moor fell from his horse with a look of rage and hate that quickened the memory of Raymond d'Amboise. With the rapidity of brain action that comes to men in such moments, the face of his enemy, Ebn Ilderim, flashed before him as he rode on. Too well were those features engraved on his brain.

"By the lilies of France! 'twas he!" exclaimed Raymond to himself. "What joy that it was given it me to lead the rescue, and hurl the base Ilderim to the dust!"

Spurring his horse in the direction where he thought the king was, Count Raymond soon descried him in the thick of the fight, surrounded by six powerful Saracens who were attempting to take him prisoner and had already seized his horse's reins. Although Louis defended himself valiantly with his sword, their purpose would have been accomplished had not the king's peril been discovered by several of the Christian knights, among whom was Count Raymond. When the king was rescued he turned to Raymond and said, "my lord count, have you any tidings of my brother?"

"I have indeed, Sire," replied Count Raymond solemnly, "and the best of tidings, for I am certain he is now in paradise."

"Praised be God!" replies the saintly king and with his cheek wet with tears, he ordered his knights to continue the fight.

That night, when the field was won, and the exhausted but victorious Christians lay in their tents, telling of the day's events as each had seen them,

Count Raymond spoke but little, but under his quiet exterior, a storm of feeling was raging. He lived again through the exciting encounter with his former persecutor. A fierce exultation possessed his soul as he thought of his humbled foe. He wondered if he had given Ebn Iledrim his death wound, and then shuddered when he found himself wishing that he had.

VIII.

The rejoicing over that signal victory of the eighth of February was destined to be of brief duration. It was the last of the triumphs achieved by the Christians in this ill-fated Crusade. Three days later the Saracens, recovering from their consternation, and reinforced by thousands of Arabs from the desert, attacked the surprised Christians with skill and irresistible force and defeated them utterly. Sickness, lack of provisions, and more than all, irregularities of discipline, so demoralized the Crusaders that a hasty retreat was their only resource.

In adversity more than in victory did the sublime heroism of King Louis appear. He rallied his despairing forces, gathered about him the noblest of his leaders, personally visited and cheered the sick, and made arrangements for procuring provisions. But in spite of his efforts the inevitable happened. There was no possibility for success for this Crusade. If the king's greatness of soul had been accompanied by the practical executive ability of the successful general, he might have succeeded in winning some victories over these fierce and well-trained Moors on their own territory, but with so many essential details of making war unthought-of, defeat was certain.

While the king was still blind to the hopelessness of their position, the Sire de Joinville said one day to Count Raymond, "It is no easy matter to be senechal to a king who lieth in such straits

as doth our good sire. With Geoffrey de Sargines I have made a tour of our camp and my heart is sick within me. On all sides men fall helpless with fever, food is scarcer and of worse quality each day, and the men-at-arms, (canaille that they are) grow ever more bold in their rebellious murmurs at the sorry plight of our army. I like not to disturb the lofty faith of our holy king, but to-night, at the council, I shall tell him that nothing less than a miracle can deliver us now from our sad condition."

"He will answer thee," replied Raymond, "that had ye not so little faith, even now we might by miraculous intervention be made gloriously victorious. And in sooth, so truly saint-like is our noble king I, for one, would not be surprised if, for his sake alone, we should be delivered from our difficulties, even as were the Israelites of old, because of the pleadings of Moses."

"In the meantime," spoke out hastily, bluff Guy de Mauvoisin, "it behooves us to bring the king to an understanding of our condition. Lacking visible angelic allies, we must e'en trust to our own lances and cross-bows and methinks if the Saracens press us as closely as they threaten to-day, we shall have early use for these carnal weapons. All day we have seen clouds of horsemen on the horizon. Methinks they gather for a swift attack."

"It can be none too soon for my desire," replied Count Raymond. "Let us meet them, sick and disabled as we are, and show them that Christians never yield! And if they defeat us by excess of numbers, let us surround our king and die thus, giving our lives in his defence, and for Christ's holy cause! What death more glorious?"

"You speak what we all feel," said the grave Sire de Chatenay, "but what of our king's state when we fall? Brutal murder, or cruel captivity will be his fate. Are we justified to leave him to that? And what of France when it is known

that she no longer has a king? Will not our neighbors of Germany and England hasten to avail themselves of her defenceless condition?"

"Too true are your words," cried de Joinville. "Despite our good king's efforts to leave his kingdom in safe condition when he took the cross we know only too well her danger from enemies within and without. Rumors most startling have reached us. Our valiant comrade, Count Raymond, has good cause to wish to fight these accursed Moslems to the death. And he says truly that death in such a cause is certain to bring us glory in this world and happiness in the next; but prudence, the elder sister of valor, though not so comely, nor so much desired of men, is often the better counselor. Our duty to our king and our country should set us the task of bringing our noble master to the realization of our extremity and of urging upon him the necessity of making terms with these Moslems, distasteful though it be."

Most of the barons were of the same mind as Joinville and retired to their tents to prepare for the evening's council.

IX.

A few days after, as a result of this conference, Count Raymond d'Amboise and Sire Goeffrey de Sargines were spurring across the desert with an escort of men-at-arms. They were ambassadors to the Sultan Malek-Moaddam to arrange honorable terms for the Crusaders. Count Raymond had been chosen for this difficult duty because of his knowledge of the language and customs of the foes and the Sire de Sargines because of his proven sagacity in trying situations.

Arrived at the Saracen encampment, they were conducted under a flag of truce to the Sultan. In their passage through the Moslem host, the two knights spoke to each other of the contrast between this and their own en-

campment. A vast army of hardy, well-trained horsemen, supplied with fleetest Arab steeds, was spread over the sandy plain. Well they knew the Christians were completely in their power, and they flaunted their exultation in the faces of the envoys. Wild bursts of barbaric music rose on every side and here and there on the edge of the encampment troops of swarthy, turbaned riders whirled in eddying circles, displaying their horsemanship and their proficiency with the spear.

Arrived in the presence of the Sultan, the knights saw an old man seated on a divan in a magnificently furnished tent. Beneath his silken turban his dark face had the color and texture of old parchment. The eyes were the only living features in the masklike face and they burned as though fed with fierce inward fires. Surrounding him were his emirs of highest rank, haughty, dark-browed, forbidding.

An essential virtue in the Moslem's code is hospitality and his bitterest enemy is safe while a guest in his tent. So soft cushions were placed for the Christian ambassadors and black slaves appeared bearing salvers containing refreshments. With a scornful gesture Count Raymond refused the proffered entertainment and remained standing near the center of the tent. His whole bearing was eloquent of his intention to have nothing but the necessary business negotiations with these, his enemies. A glance of understanding flashed around the circle of emirs and a brighter flame burned for a moment in the Sultan's eyes. The sight of these Moslems and the familiar accompaniments of their daily life stirred within Count Raymond the terrible memories of his years of captivity among them. Rage consumed him as he thought of these things, and of the threatened failure of this Crusade which should have brought humiliation to these foes. Was he doomed to witness their triumph always? He resolved

to yield as little as possible in this present matter.

In this spirit the conference began. Hostility was in the very air. In absolute silence the Sultan studied alternately the defiant face of Count Raymond and the imperturbable countenance of the Sire de Sargines who, allowing his companion to take the lead, stood at his side, watchful but quiescent.

At last the Sultan spoke. "Your king has instructed you to make me a proposal, doubtless."

"Our noble and puissant lord, King Louis of France, bids us say to you that he proposes an exchange," replied Count Raymond. "He will give back Damietta, whose surrender was accomplished by force of arms, and will evacuate Egypt, on condition,"—here he paused to deepen the impression of his words,— "on condition that the kingdom of Jerusalem be delivered into his hands."

A murmur of angry comment arose among the emirs. The Sultan did not betray by word or look his opinion of this proposal for some minutes. Then he said:

"Your master asks large ransom for one conquered town. Do you and he not know that we are well advised of the condition of your host? Do you not realize that you lie crippled and at our mercy and that we have only to attack and we may either slaughter your king and his proud knights, or take them captives, just as we will?"

Raymond's intense love for his king and the cause left him well nigh speechless at this revelation of their enemies' full knowledge of the Christians' hopeless condition, but the more desperate the situation the higher must his courage mount to meet it.

"Not so! by St. Denys, no!" His words rang out like a trumpet call. "So far are we from admitting that we are in your power that we ask but the necessary time to reach our camp and report your words, and full well we know our

valorous king and his knights will meet your attack. Your Mamelukes have doubtless reported to you that Frenchmen showed how they can fight on the eighth of last February. Even though our knights may be somewhat affected by the fevers of this accursed clime, their souls are undaunted, and should you refuse our terms and force us to another battle, our last effort will be long remembered among your people, and,"—here his defiant glance swept the circle of angry emirs,— "many of your bravest Mamelukes will never again lift spear in battle!"

The more impetuous of the Moors sprang to their feet, their scimiters bared and menacing, but the Sultan sternly silenced the commotion. The superb courage of this Christian knight compelled his admiration. He knew what it meant to uphold one's valor in desperate straits.

The Sire de Sargines who had understood all that had been said during this discussion in the Moslem tongue, now spoke in French.

"His highness has said that he might, if he so willed, slaughter the anointed king of France and his host. Does he choose to forget the punishment swift and terrible which the other kings of Christendom would visit upon him? Why waste, in threatenings that will never be executed, the time that might better be spent in arranging terms that may bring profit to him as well as some temporary advantage to us?"

At this the Sultan, to whom this speech was rapidly interpreted by a scribe, shifted his searching gaze to Geoffrey de Sargines. The latter whose bravery was unquestioned, was keen, shrewd, practical. He had caught the Sultan's look of admiration for Count Raymond's dauntless spirit; his intuition made him aware of a rebellious ferment, repressed with difficulty among the Sultan's council. His chivalry approved Raymond's high tone; his

shrewd estimate of a desperate situation suggested the speech which he threw out tentatively into the tense silence which had followed the Sultan's command.

Malek-Moaddam's answer was typical of his Oriental nature. He chose to ignore for the moment the threat of retribution from the princes of Christendom, but the last of the Sire's words suggested to him a chance to corrupt this slow, cautious envoy. He reached his estimate of the character of Sire Geoffrey through the devious workings of his own cunning soul. He desired, too, to impress his frowning council by a diplomatic coup. He said, "Despite your brave words you know that it is for the weal of your king and his host that this disastrous expedition be brought to a speedy end. You are both within his intimate councils. Let one or both of you advise me of means to compass my purposes, and you will see that no great harm will touch your king, and you will find that Malek-Moaddam never forgets those who render him even a slight assistance."

Over the face of the Sire de Sargines a swift change came as the meaning of the Sultan's words became clear to him. His hand on his sword, he sprang forward, and in a voice choking with rage, he cried in his French tongue, "You dare speak of treachery to us? Treachery toward the noblest master that man ever served? Understand then, that you are not now dealing with your scheming desert-sheiks, but with Christian knights who hold their honor dearer than life itself!"

Many of the Moslems, as well as the Sultan himself knew enough of the language of the Crusaders to gather his meaning perfectly. He had touched the truth so accurately that the emirs were beside themselves with fury. In that circle were some dozen disloyal leaders who were even then carrying on a conspiracy which only a short time after-

wards resulted in the assassination of Sultan Malek-Moaddam. Their passion therefore could scarcely be controlled when this keen Christian hinted at their disaffection. The Sultan who had had many reasons to suspect the loyalty of his once trusted aids, was deeply moved by the faithful devotion of these Christians to their king. He saw that he had misjudged the Sire de Sargines. Intellectually the superior of his subject-chiefs, he could not fail to appreciate these high-souled knights, as they stood there so fearless in that hostile group,—Count Raymond, tall and powerful, his fine head, crowned with thick, snow-white hair; his companion,—of shorter stature but compactly built,—his crisp, black hair framing a countenance indicative of honest, virile strength.

Realizing that he could no longer control his council in their present dangerous mood, the Sultan hastened to bring the interview to an end. "What surety would your king give that he would fulfill his promise should I consider his terms?" he inquired sneeringly.

"Mong Christian princes, the naked, unsupported word of King Louis is deemed better than a thousand bonds of guaranty," replied Count Raymond hotly.

That Sire Geoffrey had not forgiven the Sultan's attempt to bribe them was now apparent as he said, speaking slowly that they might comprehend him, "We can not expect that the Paynim will understand the sacredness of a Christian king's pledge, so we will in accordance with our noble master's instruction, offer as hostage, in surety for the fulfillment of his bond, one of his majesty's brothers, the Count of Anjou or the Count of Poitiers."

The sarcasm was not lost on the Sultan. A moment only the small, shrivelled figure remained still. Then bending forward from his cushions, his wrinkled lids half-covering his narrow smouldering eyes, his voice low, but

sibilant as the swish of a scimiter cleaving for a stroke, the Sultan said :

"Go tell your king that should we consent to his proposal, only he, even King Louis himself, will we accept as hostage."

Count Raymond's towering indignation knew no bounds as he cried, "Never! St. Denys forbid! Do you think, Saracen, that we will consider your monstrous proposition for a brief second's time!" While Geoffrey de Sargines broke in with "Leave our noble king as hostage? Come, Count Raymond, we demean our great master's service when we tarry longer among these Moslems. Let us go."

"Aye," replied Raymond, "In respect to our king, we can no longer parley with those who have offered him such insult!"

With the haughtiest of inclinations toward the Sultan, the Christians turned and strode toward the entrance of the tent, but their progress was barred by a group of infuriated emirs who, brandishing short spears and Damascus blades, threatened to cut the envoys to pieces. Gathering all his strength the Sultan sprang to his feet and hoarsely cried, "Shame on ye, sons of the Prophet! Have ye not been taught always that Allah's curse falls swiftly upon him who attacks his enemy while at truce? Let these envoys join their escort and depart in peace!"

The voice of their Sultan still had power over them and they stepped aside with sullen looks to allow the Christians to pass. And one whose face bore traces of recent illness hissed into Count Raymond's ear as he passed, "Slave! when next we meet, thou wilt find thy kismet!"

The Count turned and met the fierce eyes of Ebn Ilderim. For a moment the Christian gave him back defiance for defiance, then with the Sire de Sargines passed out.

X.

A few hours later the Sire de Sargines and Count Raymond d'Amboise were

riding with their small escort across the desert. They conversed earnestly about their recent interview, assuring each other that no knight could with honor make terms with the Saracens under such degrading conditions. They spoke in lower tones of the king's sorry plight and wondered what would be the end of it all. Presently Sire Geoffrey spoke of the Moor who had accosted Count Raymond so fiercely as they passed out of the Sultan's tent. "I marked him as he entered the presence while our interview was in progress. He had taken his seat somewhat behind your right hand, and seemed to recognize you suddenly for his face changed instantly to a look of hate so deadly that I loosened my sword in its scabbard, expecting to defend you from a blow in the back. The Sultan's presence controlled him evidently, for he sank back and never took his baneful eyes from you for the rest of the time. What does it mean?"

"Doubtless 'twas his scimiter I struck up with my sword when they pressed us so closely as we left the tent. Were it not for the Sultan that hour would have been our last. I felt a weapon uncomfortably near my heart, thrust it away with my sword and was preparing to sell my life dearly when the Sultan's voice stopped their murderous onslaught and I heard words hissed in my ear. They were uttered by one whom I have good cause to remember. I thought I had killed him at Mansourah."

Then Count Raymond related to the Sire de Sargines many episodes of those cruel years under Al Ramhed and Ebn Ilderim. His companion listened with sympathy, and said he wondered not at Raymond's hatred of the Moslems, nor at his desire to humble this Ilderim. They spoke of the help in men and treasure which this powerful Algerian Moor could bring to the Sultan and again grew moody over the condition of their own army. They did not know that Ebn Ilderim, high in the good will of his Sul-

tan was the leading spirit in the conspiracy to assassinate him. He plotted to get the supreme power for himself, and was even then on a journey across the desert not far from their own course, ostensibly to get more help for Malek-Moaddam, but in reality to further his own nefarious designs.

"What said he in your ear?" asked Geoffrey de Sargines.

"When next we meet you will find your kismet," replied Count Raymond. He has many old scores against me, and he will never forget that I wrenched the banner from him at Mansourah, and humbled his boasted Saracen prowess. All must be as God wills," continued the Count, as a grave shadow settled over his face. "I shall count it a great favor if I die fighting manfully for His holy cause but I pray that He has not decreed it that Ebn Ilderim's hand will deal the blow!"

"Never think it!" exclaimed the Sire de Sargines. "After all you have endured with such fortitude no such evil will befall you. It is true now that we may all meet our death in this Crusade, but I cannot believe yours will come from his hand."

Just then one of the four men-at-arms rode toward them with the news that two of his companions had shown symptoms of the camp-plague ever since they had started on this escort duty, and that they were now unable to sit on their horses longer. He called the attention of the knights to the strangely ominous appearance of the sky and begged humbly to suggest that as night was coming on, a halt should be called. The two knights rode hastily towards the place where their comrades had laid the sick men, and after ministering to them they drew apart for consultation. In their earnest conversation they had not noticed the sky, nor the distress of their escort. Both knights, so chivalric with their peers, were much beloved by their men because of their uniform kindness

towards those under their command. They decided that it was impossible for the fever-stricken men to journey further then, and ordered a few hours' rest. They hastily made a camp in a sheltered depression in the waste sand, made the men-at-arms as comfortable as possible, refreshed themselves from their scanty stores, and prepared to pass the night there. They were still many miles from their own camp, they were too near the enemy's host, and a desert storm lowered above them. It was then that these two knights were put to the greatest test as they attempted to cheer the men and each other in their dire straits.

XI.

About two hours' after midnight, Count Raymond being then on watch, the moon shone weirdly through the yellow sky. There was a temporary lightening so that their way back might be found. The Count wakened Geoffrey de Sargines and decided after a whispered conversation it was best to take even a desperate chance and start again as it was death to remain longer in their perilous condition. Count Raymond knew more than any of his companions of the fierce desert storms. He knew that they sometimes gather for twenty or thirty hours and then break with terrible intensity. He hoped that with good fortune they might race before the tempest, and reach their own camp before it swept the desert. As they woke their men-at-arms they found that another had succumbed to the fever. Three sick and three well. To humane knights there was only one course open. Raymond gave cordials from the pouches to the stricken men, exhorted them to keep up their courage at all hazards. Then the remaining soldiers and the two knights each lifted a fainting trooper to a horse, fastened him as securely as was possible, set the other horses free, and mounting behind their disabled companions, started on their mad ride

across the desert, seeking to keep ahead of the storm. They rode thus in much hope at first, but after a few hours their horses showed signs of exhaustion, and the sickly greenish light of the moon was suddenly succeeded by a dense blackness which wrapped them suffocatingly in its folds. The Sire de Sargines grasped Count Raymond's bridle and called to the trooper to hold his (the Sire's) bridle on the other side so that they might not be separated. It was probable that the trooper heard and attempted to obey, but they never knew for they never saw him again. The storm at that instant broke. A fierce sirocco of scorching air followed by a whirlwind of stinging sand struck them in the face. The horses plunged madly forward only to be brought to a sudden halt by Sire Geoffrey's steed falling to the earth and pulling with him Count Raymond's. In a wild tangle of men and horses they crashed down, and the fearful sand-storm beat furiously upon them.

XII.

Geoffrey de Sargines was first to recover consciousness. He found himself lying across his horse's body and his hand clutching the hair of one whom he guessed to be Raymond, though he received no answer when he called his name. Sire Geoffrey remembered that as the horses went down Raymond's bridle to which he had clung desperately was wrenched from his hand and that he had clutched at something. His involuntary act had probably saved Raymond's life, for it had caused the latter's body to swerve as it fell, and while the sick trooper whom Raymond had been supporting was lying crushed to death under the horse, Raymond's leg only was pinned to the earth. The body of the trooper whom Geoffrey had carried was crumpled in a pitiful heap on the back of the other horse, his face ground into the earth. What Geoffrey did in

the next few moments he never rightly knew. He was conscious only of a feeling that they were to be beaten to death by stinging whips of sand and then to be buried in the drifts as they lay, but that as long as his strength might last, he must fight, fight, fight for their lives. How he dragged Raymond's body free and pulled a cloak over it, how long he himself lay exhausted after this exertion, he could never tell. The next thing he remembered was that as his ears grew accustomed to the lashing of this wild storm he became aware of another sound like the tossing of tree branches, and it flashed across his mind that they must be near the oasis toward which Raymond had been trying to lead them. With all of his remaining strength he dragged the Count's body and started toward the sound, and only a few feet away grasped the rough trunk of a palm tree. Crawling as far as possible into a thick grove of trees, he fell bruised and fainting, but sheltering the still unconscious Raymond. A scream of terror from a dying man or beast sounded very near him, but he lay in a stupor unheeding.

XIII.

When morning dawned Sire Geoffrey awoke dazed and exhausted. The storm was over and he found himself on an oasis in a sort of dell, overhung by giant palms whose broad leaves had been torn to ribbons by the sand-storm. The glade into which he had fallen was sheltered by its position and its overarching trees. Near him lay Count Raymond, his lips moving in unceasing babble of feverish raving. The pitiful whinny of a horse caused him to turn his head and there beyond the Count, not five feet distant lay the prostrate form of a turbaned Moslem, over whom a faithful steed hung and cried for help.

Rising stiffly to his feet, Sire Geoffrey lifted the Count to a more comfortable position on the grassy slope, then turned to survey the helpless Moor. What was

his surprise when he recognized the sinister countenance of Ebn Ilderim!

In the excitement of his discovery, Sire Geoffrey cried aloud: "'Tis he! I cannot be mistaken! 'Tis the Moor that looked so murderously at Count Raymond in the Sultan's tent!"

It was indeed true. By a strange trick of fate, there lay Raymond d'Amboise and Ebn Ilderim, not ten paces apart; each in the feverish unconsciousness, stricken by a foe neither could combat,—the deadly plague. Ilderim, with a few attendants, was speeding over the desert as has been told, to get help in his plot to assassinate Malek-Moaddam. He had reached the oasis before the sand-storm had swept over the desert but his slaves deserted him in terror when they found he was stricken with the plague.

Sire Geoffrey de Sargines, dazed by the strange straits in which he found himself, turned his attention to the prostrate Count. He loosed his clothing, removed his weapons, fanned his feverish forehead and then deciding that the dying Moor could do him no injury, the good friend hastened to find a spring.

Before he was yet out of sight, Count Raymond suddenly regained his consciousness and raising his head from the ground, saw as through a haze the figure of his friend disappearing in the thick undergrowth between the great palms. As his vision cleared he became suddenly aware of the recumbent Moor near him, who, writhing in convulsive agony, called upon Allah to aid him, and then from his swollen throat gasped hoarse curses upon the slaves who had deserted him. Both men were now conscious, but it was Count Raymond who first recognized his foe. What a storm of emotions whirled in his dizzied mind as he gazed on his enemy! Amazement, horror, exultation—all were there, but in this crucial moment, the virile nobility of the soul that had been strengthened by sorrow, conquered all baser thoughts

and a deep pity was in Count Raymond's eyes as he turned them again upon the Moor. A deadly bodily weakness crept over him, but his mind was strangely alert. He knew that when next Ebn Ilderim turned toward him the Moor would recognize the Christian. It was even so. The face of Ilderim, already purple and distorted, became fiendish in malignity as his eyes met those of Count Raymond's.

"Thou slave!" he panted. "Thou, too, stricken? How camest thou here? Delivered into my hands art thou, Christian dog, by Allah the Just!"

Throwing all his will into the effort he attempted to lift himself toward Raymond, but fell back more powerless than before.

"Water!" he whispered through his thick lips. "Had I water 'twould give me strength and with these naked hands I could kill the Christian whom I have hated so! Water! Ah, why did those accursed slaves leave me to perish from thirst!"

By this time the Count knew that his own last hour was nigh. Commending his soul to God, he prayed fervently, and a great wave of forgiveness and pity for the wretched, helpless Moor passed over him. He knew the agonies of thirst the other was suffering for his own tongue clove to the roof of his mouth and his throat was swollen to bursting. He found himself wishing that Ebn Ilderim might be refreshed with cooling drink, when suddenly his glazing eyes brightened at the sight of Sire Geoffrey bending over him, his helmet dripping with blessed water. With all his remaining strength he cried:

"To him, to the Moor, Ilderim! His agony of thirst!"

"Never!" cried the well-nigh distracted Sire Geoffrey. "Drink, thou! Let thine Moslem enemy die!"

"Not so!" gasped Count Raymond. "In remembrance of my Captain, Christ, Who thirsted for me on the cross, and

died forgiving His enemies, I shall not touch the water till the Moor has drank."

Compelled by the exhortation of his dying friend, Sire Geoffrey obeyed and as he turned to give their enemy to drink, the soul of Raymond d'Amboise, true Christian knight, passed to God.

XIV.

Four years had passed. A solemn assemblage filled the ancient chapel in the castle of Amboise. The highest dignitaries of the Church in France, the greatest nobles of the land escorted King Louis up the nave to the sanctuary. But a few days since the king had returned to France after the disastrous failure of his Crusade, leaving the heroic Geoffrey de Sargine governor at St. Jean d'Acre. The good king had vowed that he would not enter Paris until he had performed what seemed to him his sacred duty at Amboise. The last notes of the priests' chanting of the impressive ritual were echoing from the vaulted roof, when Geoffrey de Beaulieu, the

king's own chaplain, mounted the pulpit. Then to the assembled nobles, to the returned Crusaders, to the feudal vassals of his fathers' fief, to the innocent, wondering children, was told the story of the life of Raymond, noble descendant of a noble house. In the innocent ardor of boyhood he had gone forth to follow the cross of Christ. With a man's strength he had lived and suffered for Christ, and he died as Christ had taught him to die.

Not one in the listening multitude but responded with intense and deep feeling to the preacher's words, but to none did the lesson of the life of this Red Cross knight appeal so deeply as to the king himself, the most perfect of all the Crusaders. His soul was thrilled with the secret vow he had taken to go forth again to the Holy Land. As Geoffrey de Beaulieu concluded his moving address, King Louis arose and with his own hand hung over the tomb of Count Rene the sword and lance of Count Raymond, as the priests chanted the Te Deum.

SIR GALAHAD

THEODOSIA GARRISON

*Oh, my Sir Galahad—my strong
 Young knight, above reproach or wrong;
 You of the shield unsullied, you
 Who won your arms as heroes do
 In watches when the night was long.
 Unstayed you pass amid the throng
 Of joys that lure, of sins that sue;
 Thrice armed is he whose heart is true—
 Oh, my Sir Galahad!*

*Oh, my Sir Galahad—I pray
 Your arm to aid me on my way,
 Your strength to help my helplessness,
 Your courage for my sore distress,
 Your tenderness to be my stay.
 God keeps from you the victor's bay,
 The crown of courage, and, no less,
 The hands you love to raise and bless—
 Oh, my Sir Galahad!*

The Old World

Seen Through American Eyes

By REV. JOHN F. MULLANY, LL. D.

OVER THE ALPS TO GERMANY.



AFTER a charming journey over the Simplon pass, we arrived at Geneva, the most thickly populated town in this strange country. We shall never forget our experience. From the land of great cities, filled with the handiwork of the ages, we were suddenly transferred to the land of the avalanches, snows, glaciers, winding roads and cataracts and precipices below, and clouds and blue sky above. From Domo d'Ossola to Brigue took us about twelve hours. The road we pursued was that constructed by Napoleon I., after his famous battle of Marengo. It is a magnificent road and will ever remain a monument to the skill and genius of this great man. From the moment we left the valley of d'Ossola, we entered another atmosphere. We bade farewell to beautiful plants, rich verdure, vineclad hills, soft tinted scenery, mellowing vistas, the sweet, balmy south, to enter upon new scenes. First came Crevola, with its rock gallery, its huge gorge and grand bridge. Then Iselle was reached, the frontier town of Switzerland and Italy. Here we got the first good view of real wild scenery. Beautiful cascades, fearful ravines, lofty crags, were all around us and kept us busy admiring their weird appearances. Then came Gondo, the first Swiss village. This was a novelty for us. The strange costumes worn by the women; the cold, determined expression on the faces of the men; the simple cottages, without paint, and shingled with flat stones and these stones held in place with heavy

rocks, told us that we were among a strange people, but an honest, religious people. Like their Catholic neighbors, the Italians, they have religion. Every village has its little church, and every wayside its shrine to the Saviour or Madonna.

After a short rest we entered the famous gorge of Gondo, one of the wildest and grandest in the Alps. The foaming torrent below, and away above the gloomy precipices the white, flying clouds of heaven. Marvelous are the winding tunnels which we met at this point of our journey. They are hewn out of the solid rock and cost an enormous sum of money and a whole army of men were employed for nearly two years in constructing them. The scene is beyond description. The boiling waters of the Fressinone, hissing and roaring, dash over the rocks in the wildest confusion till they are dissolved into spray in tremendous leaps to the gorge below. On either side rise rocks more than 2,000 feet in height, forming as it were a frame to this picture of almost terrific grandeur and sublimity. Through a black and craggy rending of granite Alps the little village of Simplon is reached. It is situated about 1,400 feet below the summit and is charming at this season of the year, when the hot winds from the lower gorges are tempered with the eternal snows that are on all sides. Here we refreshed ourselves and jaded horses. Again we are on the road, higher and higher we rise, the scene varying at every turn till the summit of the pass is reached, which is 6,600 feet above the level of the sea.

The scene from this point is beyond the power of man to describe. In the distance may be seen, soaring majestically through the air, an eagle. He looks small, owing to his craggy surroundings. Below is heard the shepherd's melodious pipe, its notes commingling with the tinkling of numerous sheep and cow bells. To us it all appeared very strange to see bells on all animals that graze upon the mountain pastures. In a flock or herd the bells seem graded and the sounds very sweet, especially at a distance.

The Augustinian monks have a hospice here capable of accommodating 300 guests. We made a short stay and were greeted by the prior who immediately offered the hospitality of the house.. We saw several great St. Bernard dogs. During the long winter months the passes in the mountains are filled with snow and the traveler is in constant danger of being lost. It is then that these dogs distinguish themselves. They are sent in every direction, well stocked with the necessities of life, and many a time have they rescued the unfortunate from "a bed and shroud of the beautiful snow." The descent towards Brigue is grand in its wildness. Bridge after bridge is crossed, gallery after gallery gone through, houses of refuge passed and all this time the stupendous panorama of the Alps moving before us. Down, down, down we sped at a furious rate, but we had thorough confidence in our guide and driver and felt sure that the grandest and most exciting ride we ever took would terminate all right. We found the many valleys we passed through very delightful, filled with every variety of scenery. The thought was impressed upon us a thousand times, how wonderful are the works of God. We had visited the grandest buildings in the world, all constructed by the genius and power of man, but what are they in comparison with the scenes we witnessed in this mountain journey? We

were also impressed with the genius of Napoleon I., who built this magnificent road, perhaps the finest in the world, yet built over the Alps, through its most difficult passes and over its most terrific mountain gorges.

Our stay at Brigue was simply over night. It was a charming, quaint little town on the Rhone, where the people are the most picturesque we met so far. They sell and buy in the middle of the square, which is always in front of the cathedral or principal church. Before beginning their day's work they visit the church and after completing their sales or purchases they again pay their respects to their Creator and Saviour. This part of Switzerland is entirely Catholic. The roadside shrines to religion tell the history of this industrious, simple people. They are intensely religious. At Brigue we witnessed a funeral. It was strange to us, but showed the faith and customs of the middle ages. The funeral was attended by the whole community and when the church services were over they accompanied the body to the cemetery on foot. From Brigue we went by railroad to Martiny, another small town surrounded by fine scenery; thence to Chamounix by diligence. This was another glorious ride of eleven hours. We broke our journey at Tete Noire for luncheon. The place is 6,600 feet above sea level. Here is a bit of description of the place found in one of the Swiss guide books: "Mountains lofty and precipitous, black, jagged rocks, roaring torrents, dark, gloomy ravines, solemn pine woods, between whose columnar trunks the path winds as through the aisles of a vast cathedral; yet withal an exhaustless abundance of exquisitely tinted flowers, delicate ferns, slopes on which the wild strawberry blushes and hides beneath the rich green leaves, and on all sides a profusion of verdure, which softens down the ruggedness of the mountain forms, yet leaves their grandeur un-

diminished. * * * Here are vast heights above and vast depths below, villages hanging to the mountain sides, green pasturages, winding paths, chapels dotting the slopes, lovely meadows enamelled with flowers, dark, immeasurable ravines, colossal overhanging walls and bastions of rock, snow peaks rising into the heavens over all." Many of the views we got on our way to Chamounix, which by the way is in France, were beautiful. The valley below us was green as a velvet carpet, studded with villages and farm houses that in the distance looked like little dots, surrounded on all sides by mountains of which those nearest were distinctly outlined with their rocks, trees and foliage. Next in order were fainter and of purple green; the next of a striking purple and the next of a delicate lilac, while far away in the fading view the crystal summits of Mount Blanc, where the heavens and the earth met like an exhalation. Our Simplon road could be seen away, far away, dividing the valley like a silver stream.

Chamounix is at the base of Mount Blanc, the highest mountain in Europe, which towers 15,730 feet above the level of the sea. Its permanent population is small, but during the summer months it is crowded with visitors from all parts of the world. They come here to rest in a delightfully cool atmosphere and also to witness the glorious sights from the immediate vicinity of the "Monarch of the Mountains." The monks of St. Bernard came and settled here in the eleventh century. They still continue their humane work. From this point we got our first good view of the Mer de Glace and the glaciers. How can I picture them? Imagine the ocean to have overflowed the mountains best known to you, and to have descended into a valley below, boiling, foaming dashing, bubbling. Imagine the waters in their mad rush downward to have been miraculously stopped, and by the divine fiat you behold before you thousands of tapering,

motionless billows, mountain waves, petrified as it were, before they broke upon the shore; snow crested heights and ice bound chasms of the deep. Such is the Mer de Glace or sea of ice. Then imagine the surroundings. To the right as you look up are green precipitous banks covered with shrubs and plants and beyond rises Mount Blanc, approached by walls of barren rock, where the snow can find no resting place. In front and to the left rises a barrier of rocks and mountains and peaks that send a cold chill over you when gazing upon them. There are the dark, awful masses of verticle granite of the Aiguile de Dru, on which no blade of grass will grow, no bird will rest, no snow will cleave. Then imagine the sounds that break upon the ear from time to time. There is a crash and a tremble and thunder is rolling among the peaks and weird voices seem chuckling at some sad and terrible disaster. It is an avalanche that has fallen in the distance. Listen again! What is that strange sound. It is the moan and the struggle of glaciers grinding each other into powder in a deadly strife. Then you hear the roar and tumult of new cataracts and torrents rushing madly into their hollow vaults, delighting to startle their awful stillness. Near this sea of ice is a hotel where night may be spent by those wishing to venture the summit. Our visit to this neighborhood will not soon be forgotten. It is perfectly safe for even women and children. In the afternoon we bade good-bye to the glaciers and Mer de Glace and the other awful relatives of Mont Blanc and took our places in the diligence to Lafayette, where we boarded the train for Geneva. The scenery of Mont Blanc was constantly before us. It is a most wonderful combination of Alpine glories.

GENEVA THE HAVEN OF WANDERERS.

Geneva is a pleasant, modern city, but has very little of interest. There are a few old buildings that reminded us of a

sad epoch in history, when men apparently had forgotten the Sermon on the Mount. The cathedral, which was dedicated in 1024, under the patronage of St. Peter, is an example. It is filled with Catholic emblems and monuments of Catholic piety, and yet it is no longer a Catholic church. It was confiscated, like many others, by the revolutionary leaders of the sixteenth century. These magnificent buildings that have been taken from the uses they were erected for, always appear to me like tenantless mansions gradually crumbling away. They are lifeless bodies, though in many cases well preserved. Here Calvin taught for many years. Here Jean Jacques Rousseau was born, and here he wrote some of his vicious works, and here the people of Geneva erected a monument to his memory in 1860. Here also that other disciple of infidelity and false philosophy, Voltaire, lived. Here Byron sojourned and wrote some of his best verse. His "Prisoner of Chillon" is connected with this vicinity. Many a tourist has wept over the sad fate of these poor prisoners, who never had a real existence outside of Byron's brain. It is simply a pretty piece of fiction. Many other places along the shores of this charming lake received a touch of his pen. Clarens has been rendered famous by the line:

"Clarens! Sweet Clarens, birthplace of deep love."

Lamartine also paid his respects to this charming spot.

It was here that Gibbon completed his "Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire." Here Madame de Stael wrote some of her most touching letters, and here the late Cardinal Newman prepared his "Grammar of Assent" and made some of his best verse translations. The beauty of this delightful lake is to be seen on all sides, though the upper end, from Vevey to Villeneuve, to my mind, surpasses the lower section. The margin

is apparently carved out of the rocky mountain side and built up into terrace after terrace of vineyards and grain plots; behind this narrow belt, corn, grass fields, orchards and chestnut trees have their zone; higher still upon the hillside pasture grass and forest trees occupy the ground; above rises a dense mass of pine forest, broken by peaks of bare rocks shooting up, weather worn and white, through this dark green mantle; and last of all the eternal snow piled up high against the deep blue sky; and all this glory of nature, this varied majesty of mountain scenery, within the range of one glance. It is not surprising that this body of water has been favored by the presence of many of the most powerful minds of each succeeding century. Everybody knows these lines:

"Clear placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
With the wide world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction."

THE HEART OF SWITZERLAND.

We are now in the very heart of Switzerland. The trip here was full of interest. We made half a dozen stops, the principal ones being Lausanne, Fribourg and Berne. From Geneva to Lausanne was, of course, by boat over beautiful Lake Leman. The town has a population of about 35,000 and at all seasons of the year one-fifth are visitors, English and American. The cathedral is very fine, but, like the one in Geneva, it was taken from the owners by the fanatics of the sixteenth century and is now used as an evangelical meeting house. Much of the sculptured work representing saints and angels was mutilated during the turbulent periods of its history.

Even to-day, while Catholics are tolerated, though they are nearly one-half of the population of the canton, yet their Bishop is obliged to live at Freiburg, Germany. This, surely, is not a very liberal spirit and is very unlike what we have witnessed in the Catholic cantons, where Protestants and Catholics live together in perfect harmony and brotherly love. In America we do not know this hostile spirit. There every man has liberty to worship God according to his own conscience. Thank God, this spirit is almost universal. Perhaps the little canton of Geneva and Russia are the only places in Europe where there is a remnant of this old narrow spirit of bigotry. Other countries, like Germany, England and Sweden, tried it, but they found that it could not live, and to-day they are more Catholic in spirit than the so-called Catholic countries themselves. However, even in Russia and Geneva there is a change for the better. The dawning of the twentieth century will witness a great movement in favor of a reunited christendom. It is already asserting itself in both the great Christian bodies. The conflict of the future will be against agnosticism in all its forms and not Protestantism against Catholicity or vice versa, as heretofore.

The great industries of Lausanne as well as Geneva are the making of watches and music boxes. No other part of the world can compete with these specialties. They are the best manufactured. These cities resemble each other in another respect. They are great gambling centers. Every man, woman and child must have a franc to try his luck Saturday night at some of the numerous gaming tables to be found at all the public resorts. This form of recreation seems to be a part of the national life.

Our next stop was at Fribourg, which is an old town of 13,000 soul. It is a mixture of German and French. There are many things worth seeing, but three

cannot be overlooked. First is the lime tree fourteen feet in circumference, with its branches supported by stone pillars. The story connected with this is very pretty and patriotic. When the battle of Morat was being fought in 1481 the townspeople unable to bear arms stood in the square all day anxiously awaiting the news. There was one young man in the battle, a mere boy, who remembered how anxious his fellow-citizens were to hear the result. As soon as the contest was over he ran from the field of blood, fatigued and wounded, to bear to them the joyful tidings of victory. Away he sped over hill and dale, and sliding down a fearful precipice he grasped a twig which would not bear his weight. Rising from his fearful fall, on and on he sped, till he reached the square where all the old men, women and children were standing with pale faces and clasped hands, waiting for the news. Breathless and exhausted, the blood flowing from his wounds, he had strength to shout out the one word, "Victory," and then fell dead. The little twig which he still clutched in his hand was planted on the spot and the fine old tree we saw stands there as a beautiful memorial of the love and courage of that gallant young soldier boy.

Then comes the cathedral, a gothic building dating from the 13th century. It has a fine old tower and some remarkable bas-reliefs. The organ is one of the grandest in the world. It has 67 stops and 7,800 pipes. We had the good fortune of hearing a very fine program in which some wonderful effects were produced. One was a wind storm accompanied by thunder and was very realistic. Then we had several classical selections with all sorts or varieties. The last one was marvelous. The vox humana, with accompaniment, represented the four parts so perfectly that we thought there was an invisible choir taking part in the performance. We sat nearly an hour listening to the grand instrument

and so agreeable was it that we thought we were listening but a few minutes.

The third object is the suspension bridge which spans the Sarine. It has nearly 1,000 feet in one span and is light and elegant, yet wonderfully strong. The view down into the wild, rocky ravine is one of the most striking to be seen in Europe. Besides these objects there are many others, such as the Catholic University, the museum, picture gallery and the curious old Rathous with its strange clock tower. Much more might be said of this quaint old town, but time will not permit. The people are prosperous and the land is very fertile.

Berne, which derives its name from its coat of arms, and its ubiquitous bear in public places from the fact of its founder, Duke of Zahringen, killed one of that species in the neighborhood, is a city of nearly 50,000 souls. It was the capitol of the old Swiss Confederation. The city is one of the most ancient in Europe and is filled with relics of the past. The houses are very picturesque and are constructed so as to form an arcade over the sidewalks. In cold weather this has its advantages, but it renders the shops so gloomy that all the goods are exposed in the middle of the street. The upper portion of the houses have iron balconies with seats usually covered with cushions of crimson or some other bright color. On certain days of the week the streets of Berne are filled with townspeople and peasantry. Pleasure as well as business is a matter of importance. There may be seen long drays drawn by ponderous bullocks laden with farm produce of all kinds. The stalls are innumerable, and very conspicuous are those for the sale of cattle bells. Provisions of all kinds are sold. The peasant dress is very attractive, especially the female dress.

The first thing we did was to go out to see the old clock tower. We had some difficulty in finding the proper one, as nearly every square has a tower of some

kind. We got there just in time to witness a curious exhibition. Every time this clock strikes a cock crows and flaps his wings a minute or two before to give warning; then a procession of bears takes place. They march around an old man and the cock crows again. Then a figure representing a fool strikes the hour on the bell with a hammer, whilst the old man checks off the strokes with his scepter and turns his hour glass. A big bear seated on a throne nods approval and a final bout of cock crowing ends the performance. On the other side of the tower are handsome fresco paintings representing the four seasons of the year and the four ages of mankind. A short distance from the clock tower is the bear pit where a number of bears are kept at the expense of the state. They are well fed, as every visitor feels it a part of his program to purchase a package of food for the bears. In fact the bears are highly honored in every department. They figure prominently on the city arms, public fountains and other monuments. They are carved in wood modeled in clay, worked on cloth, in fact they abound in every form and every style. Even in the hotels you will find on your menu card specimens of this overworshipped quadruped. The munster or cathedral of Berne is another sad example of religious fanaticism. It dates back to the 12th century and is a fine gothic structure. The old carvings and statues and oil paintings and stained glass windows are still to be seen, though in a mutilated condition. They represent the holy sacrifice of the Mass and the various Catholic devotions, which long since have been discontinued in this noble edifice. It is now a Protestant church. The building covers 36,000 square feet and is 292 feet high and over 120 feet wide. The tower, which is a fine piece of work, is 360 feet high. The stained glass windows by Nicholas Manuel are very remarkable. The choir and the organ are excellent.

The cathedral terrace is a favorite promenade with both residents and visitors. The view of Oberland scenery from this locality baffles description. Especially wondrous is it when lit up with that marvelous glow which rests on the mountains just after sunset. The reflection looks like a huge conflagration projected on them by some powerful instrument. Near the cathedral is the church recently given by the Free Mason government to the "old Catholics," as they love to call themselves. They are few in number and have no standing whatever. The deluded followers of the misguided Dollinger have returned to the center of unity. Of course the few stragglers still in schism are encouraged to continue in their error by the enemies of the Church. Their numbers are exaggerated for political purposes. They resemble the present movement in Austria, which is dreadfully misrepresented by the press. Berne also has a fine museum, university, library and many noble buildings.

On our way we also made a short visit to Interlaken, the little Paris of Switzerland. It is truly a Swiss town. The houses are built in the most perfect Swiss style. Thousands of tourists stop here on their way to the various points of interest in the adjacent mountain districts. It has beautiful places of recreation and amusement such as the cur-saal, grand promenade and public gardens. The pastor of the Catholic church allows two Protestant denominations to worship in the church. The place is delightfully situated and visitors often have the experience of hearing the peculiar sounds produced by the mad rush of the avalanches from one of the neighboring mountains, for in this vicinity there are "giant mountains, massive glaciers, rushing cataracts, picturesque villages, green oases and the ever changeable combinations of the Alpine nature in her most lavish mood." Interlaken, as its name implies, lies between the lakes of Thun

and Brienz. In all probability these lakes were joined together till separated by deposits brought down by streams from the mountain side. The journey from Interlaken to Lucerne was very pleasant. It was by boat and railroad and consequently with little fatigue.

Lucerne claims pre-eminence over all of Switzerland for the beauty of its scenery. It is one of the most populous towns and is situated on the western extremity of its lake beside the river Reuss. It contains a population of nearly 25,000 and has always been the residence of the Papal Nuncio and to-day its population, like that of Fribourg, is more than nine-tenths Roman Catholic. They live in perfect peace and happiness. The first view of Lucerne and its surroundings makes a wonderful impression on the visitor. In front is the lake, which wears a smiling aspect. To the right is Mont Pilatus; far away in the distance, seeming to rise from the lake to the sky, are the mountains of the Bernese Oberland; opposite is the well known Rigi with pretty little villages nestling at its feet, and to the left is the town with its churches, its towers, its queer old streets and its picturesque bridges, decorated with curious old paintings of the 15th century, representing scenes from the lives of the saints and the history of the country. The bridge near the Bossel gate is decorated by Holbein, representing "The Dance of Death." Our own Longfellow in his "Golden Legend," speaks of this bridge and its strange frescoes:

"The dance of death.

All that go to and fro must look upon it,
Mindful of what they shall be; while be-
neath,

Among the wooden piles, the turbulent
river

Rushes impetuous as the river of life."

The churches and public buildings are all very interesting, but time will not permit more than a glance at a few of them.

The church of St. Leger, is a curious structure of the 16th century. It has some rare carvings and a magnificent organ, fine bells, and about the church is an old cemetery with some very strange tombstones. On some of them are carved the insignia of the guild or trade to which the deceased belonged in life, as for instance a hammer and anvil for a blacksmith, etc.

Of course everybody goes to see the famous lion of Lucerne; so did we. It is a large animal hewn out of the solid rock, in memory of the Swiss Guards who fell in defending the royal family of France in 1793. It is truly a magnificent work of art. It represents the lion in a dying condition, with his side transfixed with a broken spear. The lion is in the position of protecting the shield of France even in the agonies of death. It is surrounded with ivy and other creeping plants, and from the rock beside a mountain stream leaps down to a pool below, in which the lion is reflected. Near the lion is a little chapel where on the 10th of August a Requiem Mass is celebrated for the repose of the slain. The glacier garden nearby is of greatest interest. Here one may see the results of the mighty forces that were at work in the long ago when enormous glaciers covered all of Europe. Besides the excavations illustrative of glacier action, there are many other attractions which tell the story of the lake dwellers, the stone workers, the bone workers, etc. It is a delightful haven of rest for the student of nature.

Lake Lucerne, or "the lake of the four cantons," is the most interesting perhaps in all Europe. It is perfect in its mountain scenery, and its legendary associations give it a weird charm that cannot be surpassed even on the romantic Rhine. It does not look like water, but like a sheet of blue glass spread over blue caverns, and the fish look as if they were floating in the air, and the water-grass like uncultivated gardens. As you

glide over its smooth surface you are enchanted. Now you see a ruined castle on a hill, now a shrine of the Blessed Virgin with a richly decorated statue, now an arm of the lake that discloses wonders that cannot be pictured. It is a little dream world and cannot be described. Our trip to the Rigi I will tell you about in my next.

UP AND DOWN THE RIGI.

Before leaving beautiful Lucerne we made a trip to the Rigi. The steamer touched on the way at several resorts, the principal ones being Weggis and Vitznau; from the latter place we took the mountain railway to the summit. This road, like many others of the kind in Switzerland and Italy is a wonder. The coaches are constructed to carry fifty persons or more each trip. The rate of traveling is slow but safe. The boiler of the engine is upright and is vertical when ascending the steep grade. Here and there on the journey are little wayside chapels where the shepherds come to pray. All along the way the views are interesting and beautiful. The summit of the Rigi Culm is soon reached, which is about 6,000 feet high. The view from this elevation is absolutely indescribable. I must be content to enumerate a few of its chief features. In the first place we have the peculiar atmospheric condition called the specter of the Rigi, in which the figures of persons are frequently reflected on the bank of mist that generally envelopes a portion of the mountain top. This unfortunately we did not witness. Then the grand panorama of lakes which can be seen from every side of the summit. They look like fragments of a broken mirror reflecting the sunshine. Connecting these lakes are rivers, having the appearance of tiny silver chains; then the grand array of mountains standing out against the blue sky, wrapped in their mantles of eternal snow. They tower one above the other like silent sen-

tinels keeping guard over the passes below. Rossburg, Jungfrau and Pilatus are the most striking. Add to this the hundreds of little villages dotting the valleys and the mountain slopes and you have a picture that cannot be soon forgotten. In fine weather visitors remain on the mountain top to witness the sunset and especially the sunrise. In fact, this latter constitutes the great attraction of the Rigi. Half an hour before the time a horn is blown to arouse the guests from their slumbers and all turn out in a great variety of wrappers, greatcoats, rugs and blankets to witness the scene. It seems a very early hour, for the stars are still bright. But soon a change takes place. The stars begin to fade, the dawn begins to brighten; a golden line tips the horizon's verge; the mountain peaks melt away and varied charms of the landscape gradually reveal themselves till the sun bursts forth in all its glory and the full splendor of the grandest panorama in the world is before us.

Our journey here was a complete surprise to us. At Bale we caught our first glimpse of the Rhine. It is a noble river and ever since we have been admiring its wonders. Yes, Germany is a surprise to us. Coming from the states where reckless statements are constantly being made concerning European nations, we were scarcely prepared for the wonders we are daily seeing in old Fatherland. The country is prosperous, the people are happy and well to do; the cities are magnificent and substantial; the churches are among the most interesting in the world; the public monuments are superior to any modern ones we have seen, and the land is fertile and well cultivated. We have talked with many educated Germans and they have given us all the information we sought, which will form the subject of a separate letter. The school system is remarkable. Education is compulsory. Every child is obliged to attend some approved school

in which religion is taught by the state. The Catholic child is taught the doctrines of his Church; the Protestant child likewise and the Jew in the same manner. This is obligatory and the state pays for it. In fact, no child is allowed to attend school, without selecting some kind of religious instruction. Nor is this all. The Protestant religion is the established Church and is supported by the state. So is the Catholic religion. The Bishops and Priests are paid from the public treasury.

There are no tramps or beggars in Germany. You never meet one on the streets or in the churches. The state insists on individual insurance. Consequently every man, woman and child is provided for. The parents, employers and individuals are held responsible. The mail carriers collect the assessments, which are very low, less than a third charged by our life insurance companies. The thing that has surprised us most is the manner in which the people live. Every city has its public gardens, or resorts, where excellent music and first class entertainments are daily given. About these gardens are charming walks through the most delightful avenues, where flowers and shrubs and caged animals and sights of all kinds can be seen. Hither flock the people by thousands. There is a small admission fee and seats are free. Here they enjoy their beer or wine and listen to the music or witness some funny representation. The people attend these places in family groups, never alone. They know nothing of our American ways. Young girls are never seen away from home evenings without some male escort, generally a member of the family. There is no such thing as total abstinence in Europe. Every man, woman and child drinks the national beverage. I can see no bad results. There is no public intoxication, no noisy gatherings, no ungentelemanly conduct. The people go out to enjoy themselves and spend a pleasant evening

together, and they do it in the open air if the weather is fine; if not, under shelter. We have said many times that the German people know how to live. They are a refined, cultivated people. Our best society could not appear better in dress, manners and social etiquette.

Our journey here was through a most lovely, fertile country. The fields were well tilled, the crops looked promising, and what struck us most is that not one foot of land is wasted. There are no fences in Europe. The boundary lines are marked by stone or wooden posts. There is no waste anywhere, no fallow land, no weeds, every particle under cultivation. Our traveling companions, Bishops McGoldrick and Cotter, who are from the garden of America, again and again expressed themselves surprised at what they saw. The wheat, the rye, the corn, the hay, would compare favorably with the products of their state, Minnesota. The secret of all this rural prosperity lies in the fact that the small farmers are protected by laws. This is why American pork and American products are not admitted to the country. Our low prices would ruin the German farmer, and as he is indispensable to the prosperity of the country, he must be protected.

We made a short visit to Freiburg. It is a delightful old town, beautifully situated in the midst of blooming gardens and gleaming fields. The great black forest and the Vosges are near by and on every side are towering mountain heights which make the location one of the finest in Germany. The cathedral is the most interesting of the many very attractive buildings. It dates from the eleventh, but was rebuilt in the fifteenth century. The tower is a wonder of beauty. It is upward of 400 feet high and starts on a square base, then takes the form of an octagon with side pillars. The dome takes the same shape and is an enormous open work stone pyramid, with great carved roses which from be-

low look like flagstone work in granite. The spire is the most remarkable feature of this symmetrical and tasteful edifice. It is not surpassed by any church in Germany. The portals are very fine and elaborately decorated with sculptures and statues. The principal one has a group of excellently carved figures representing the wise and foolish virgins. The interior is vast and beautiful. It is filled with treasures of all kinds. The stained glass windows are admirably executed and represent the finest development of glass painting. The numerous chapels, monuments, carvings, paintings, tapestries, etc., are remarkably fine and compare favorably with the best we have seen in Italy. The city is filled with interesting buildings, churches, monuments, etc. It has a very fine university (Catholic) with an attendance of 1,000 students. By the way, Germany supports seven Catholic universities with an aggregate attendance of nearly 20,000 pupils. In this old university Erasmus studied. The Orientalist, Prof. Herz and Prof. Crouse are holding positions at the present time. Near the university is a monument erected to the Franciscan monk, Berthold Schwarz, who invented powder in 1340. The Franciscan church is in the vicinity and is well worth a visit.

Also the church of St. Martin, the Kaufhaus and the Rathhaus (town hall) are exceedingly interesting. They represent the blending of the gothic and renaissance style of architecture. The scenery around Freiburg is very beautiful, and is considered equal, if not superior, to anything in Germany. It is situated in the charming valley of the Dreisam, which is a well cultivated plain stretching to the foot of the Kaiserstuhl hills. From all sides are fine views of old castles, picturesque scenery and in the distance the Black Forest mountains. It is a charming resort.

The journey to Strasburg was through a fine country thickly populated and apparently prosperous. The town is the

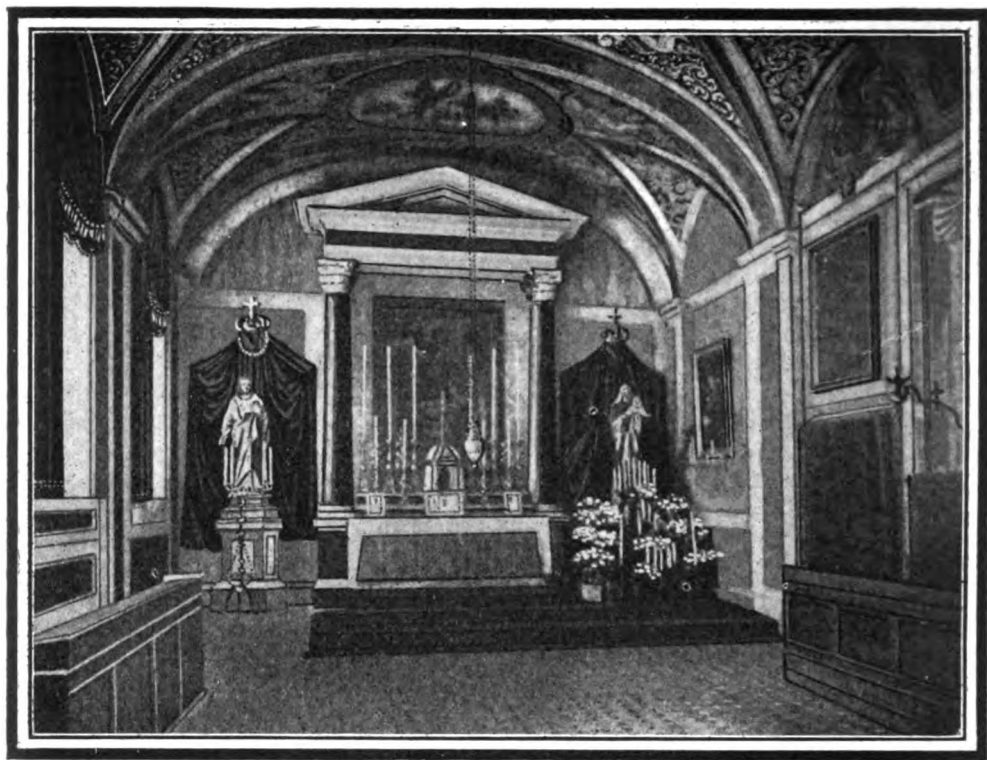
capital of the German province of Alsace-Lorraine, formerly part of France. Its great attraction is the cathedral with its world famous spire 468 feet from the ground. Like all the marvels of Christian genius it belongs to the middle ages. The architect was Erwin of Steinback, who flourished in the 13th century. Many others of great renown came after the originator and finally completed the edifice as we now see it. It is a glorious temple, an epic poem in stone, though there is some disappointment in not having the original design carried out. Perhaps some time in the near future the second tower, equally stupendous in height, may be added. The entire edifice is built of red sandstone, and is a most noble specimen of gothic architecture. The interior effect is wonderful. Its vast size, magnificent glass windows, perhaps the finest in the world—especially the circular window over the front portal—and its rich medieval tapestry, produced a sensation that we have not experienced in visiting any other church except perhaps St. Peter's at Rome. The other objects that attracted our attention are the carved stone pulpit of the 15th century, the baptismal font and the marvelous clock, which may be seen to the greatest advantage at midday. The whole mechanism is then set in motion and a procession of religious and secular figures takes place; a cock flaps his wings and crows, his shrill notes reaching to the very farthest corner of the great building. Then the central figure lifts his bronze hammer and strikes the hour on a silvery toned bell. The twelve apostles march out in perfect order, St. Peter first, and salute the Saviour, who is upon a throne. Time, which is represented as a very old man, checks off an-

other hour and a skeleton reverses his hour glass. The lower portion of the clock has another performance, a second procession of puppets, the chiming of sweet sounding bells, and then all is over. This is the astronomical portion of the clock, which is even more marvelous than the upper part. It records the seasons of the year, the motions of the sun, moon and planets, and the days, weeks and months of the year. It was invented more than 300 years ago. There is always a big crowd present to witness this strange performance.

The public library is very interesting. It has many old manuscripts and rare editions of the Bible and ancient classics. Many of its most valuable manuscripts were destroyed by fire in the siege of 1870. In fact the cathedral and most of the public buildings were injured to the extent of millions of dollars. The old university was the Alma Mater of Goethe. Strasburg claims the honor of being the birthplace of printing and a statue of Guttenberg adorns a square named after him. In the church of St. Thomas is a very fine monument to the memory of Marshal Sax. It was erected by Louis XV., who was the first French ruler of the territory absorbed by the great Louis XIV. It remained French till 1870, when it was conquered by the Germans. Thirty years' occupation has done its work. The language, customs, dress of the people and spirit are German. There is scarcely a vestige left of French domination, and even the French language is nearly a thing of the past. Everywhere you hear German, and everywhere you see evidences of a complete change. To all appearances Germany has come to stay.

(To be continued.)





William J. D. Croke, LL. D.

By E. DUNBAR BERRY

LAPPENBERG, in his history, says of the English Hospital of early mediaeval Rome, the School of the Anglo-Saxons: "How important would its old archives be, for the moral and ecclesiastical history of England, should some fortunate explorer one day discover them."—History of England, Thorpe's edition.

Dr. Croke is this fortunate explorer. The purpose of his presence in Rome—now in its fifteenth year—is to collect, for publication, as a whole, the history of the English Institutions of mediaeval Rome. The first of these was a Schola or settlement, for it was school, hospice,

church, cemetery and colony of the Anglo-Saxons in the Leonine City.

Dr. Croke fixes the origin of this at about 650, the period of St. Wilfrid, and of this strenuous Bishop's frequent travels to and from Rome. Five hundred and fifty years later, after this settlement had fallen into ruin, the Norman King, John, made over its properties to Pope Innocent III. (1198-1216.)

Other English Institutions began to arise in the popular parts of the Papal City. San Pantaleo was an English collegiate church; and near it stood Santa Barbara, another Roman church of English claims. In the midst of an English

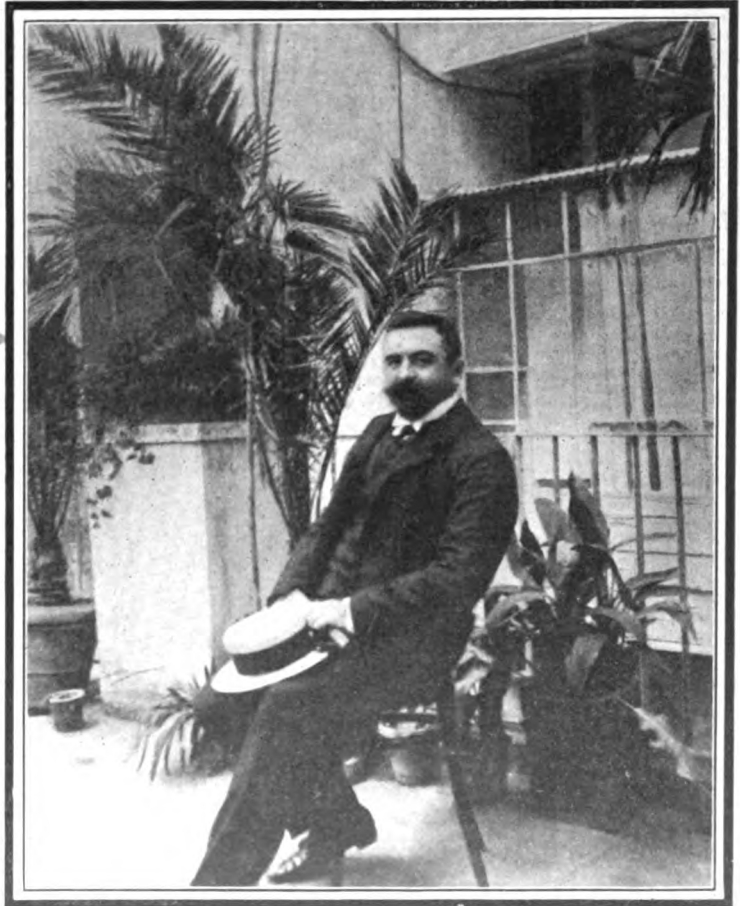
colony arose the great hospital of the Holy Trinity and St. Thomas. Beyond, at the landing-stage of classic and mediaeval Rome, stood another English hospital, that of St. Edmund, King and Martyr. This hospital system, with its generous entertainment, endured until the French Revolution, and in its last preceding years Americans were entertained there.

"This makes," as Dr. Croke frequently remarks, "eleven hundred years of English national history," and I may add, of unknown English national history. For, if the Saxon school was known, the existence of the English Institutions is barely so, as for their origin, purpose, nature, vicissitudes and end, these were not known at all. Their archives were not drawn upon, or so much as examined. The very existence of a colony, with its origin and thriving association was undreamed of.

This was shown at the International Congress held in Rome last May, when in his paper Dr. Croke dissipated the prevailing, or rather exclusive, views among scholars, showing that there was a very numerous colony in Rome, between the Piazza Navona and the Tiber,

and that it was composed of tradespeople and others of more humble condition still. This colony had an association for the aid of its poor and sick, and the great hospital of the Holy Trinity arose from this, becoming thus its center and asylum.

The original and inviolate documents



DR. CROKE IN HIS CONSERVATORY.

of this long history are so many that, despite his "Benedictine assiduity," Dr. Croke stopped his researches for the present summer, only at a deed of 1405. But he has published, during the years that he has been wading through the

archive mazes, sufficient to keep scholars informed of the progress of his work which, when completed, we may hope to see published in the Rolls Series, either by articles in reviews, or by papers read at scientific congresses in Rome or elsewhere.

To the reading public he is better known for his original and daring studies of the primitive history of St. Patrick which have caused so much controversy during 1902 and 1903; and by his literary and journalistic work. But of these your readers are sufficiently informed. I prefer, therefore, to deal with some less familiar topics of his life.

Dr. Croke was born at Halifax, Nova Scotia, Feb. 10, 1869. His father was a member of the Canadian Parliament for Richmond. He went through his col-

lege studies partly in Canada and partly in Europe. During his university course he studied history and archaeology, as specialities, and prepared himself in Hebrew, Greek and Latin, besides studying modern languages, as French, German and Italian.

He was thus thoroughly equipped for his investigations when he had mastered palaeography and epigraphy. His literary and other reading, since the completion of his scholastic courses, has therefore been made in the principal languages of the modern world, and thus he has been able to contribute, not unfrequently, to reviews and magazines, articles on other than on historical and archaeological subjects. On these two subjects his writings have been very numerous. Strange to say, however, he



HALL OF THE VATICAN LIBRARY.



THE ROMAN COLLEGE, ROME.

has published only one book as yet, and that not in any modern language, but in Latin.

It is a work of historic erudition, compiled at the desire of Leo XIII, for the private study of that Latinist and Pontiff:

"De vultu Sacrosancto Domini Nostri Jesu Christi Dicto Edesseno."

"(Romae Ex Typographia a Pace, Philippi Cuggioni. In Vico a Pace, num. 35, 1893.)"

To say, therefore, that his name is better known to the general public by his years of work on such papers as the "Westminster Gazette," the "Daily Telegraph," the "Daily Mail," the "New York Sun," the "Washington Post," the "San Francisco Call," the "Pittsburg Despatch," and many others, even in the

Antipodes, is to admit that he combines versatility with perseverance.

His researches about the English Institutions are, however, the sole cause of his prolonged stay in Rome. Excepting during the summer he works on the manuscripts of the English Institutions in the archives of the Vatican and their adjoining libraries, that is, the Vatican properly so called. He also works on the collections of the Roman University, (the Sapienza), the Roman College, (the Victor Emmanuel library), the Angelica the Casanatense, etc.

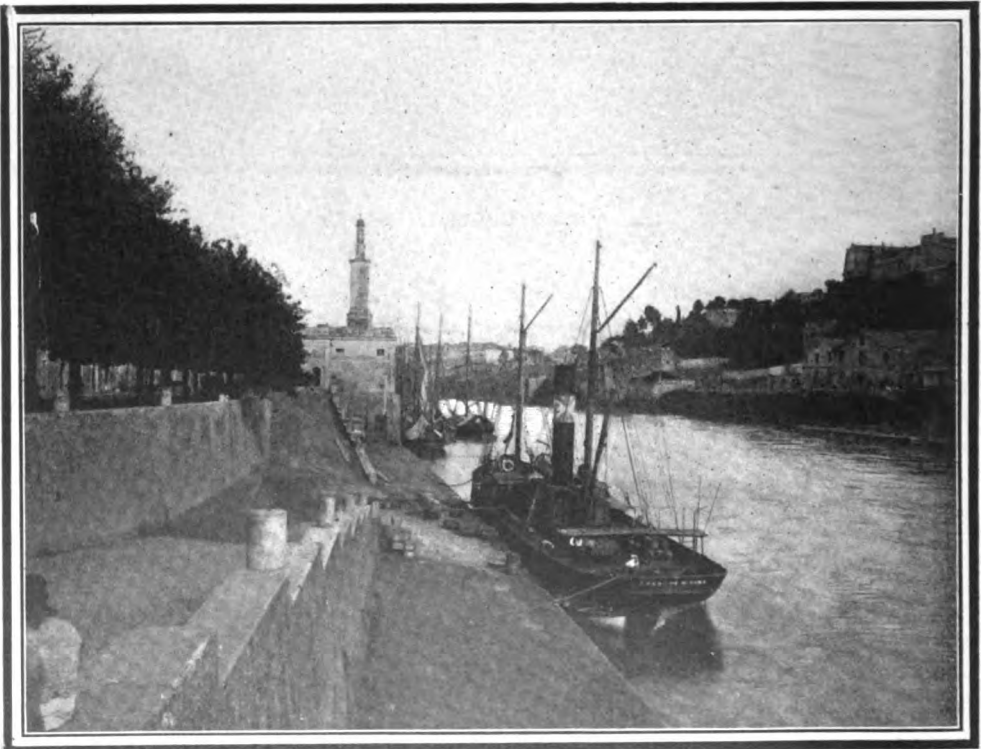
He says that his life is pictured in page of Chateaubriand, whose name, the way, stands for one of the many other subjects in which Dr. Croke is specialist, and verifies the description given to him of a "walking ency-

pedia." The page of Chateaubriand to which I allude, is to be found in this writer's letter to M. de Fontane, of 1804, which served as a guide to Madame Récamier in 1814. It says: *Quiconque n'a plus de lien dans la vie doit venir à Rome. Là, il trouvera pour société une terre, qui nourrira ses reflexions, et occupera son coeur; et des promenades qui lui diront toujours quelque chose. La pierre, qu'il foulera aux pieds, lui parlera. La poussiere, que le vent elevera sous ses pas, renfermera quelque grandeur humaine!*" — (*Memoires d'outre Tombe* iv. p. 431.)

Then, when Dr. Croke is censured for

using pseudonyms, or writing without his signature, in the press, or spending his time, often thanklessly, in verifying quotations, copying extracts, or hewing and drawing for scholars less fortunately placed than himself, he answers, half playfully, with this or some like phrase of the same author:

"Que m'importaient ces fuites mis-
 éres, à moi, qui appartenais au passé;
 à moi, sans foi dans les rois, sans
 convictions à l'égard des peuples;
 à moi, qui ne me suis jamais soucié de
 rien, excepté des songes, à condition
 encore, qu'ils ne durent qu'une nuit!"
 (*ibid.* p. 155.)



THE DOCKS OF THE TIBER, ROME.

The Little Sister of Roaring Tophet

By MARY F. NIXON-ROULET

IT was very cold for a Texas December. Roses and violets still bloomed, but instead of the glowing beauty which usually gleamed from lawn and garden, where flowers vied with each other in luxuriance, an occasional blossom only lifted a pinched face greedily to the stray gleams of sunlight. Upon the "soft Italian clime," a "Norther" had descended, blowing swift and strong, keen winds and icy, with snow upon its breath.

To John Morgan it seemed the irony of fate for him to meet such weather. From his Colorado ranch, with its calm snows and crisp air, he had come to the South to "feel God's sunshine like we used to have in Alabama," as he expressed it. "Sunshine whose breath is flower-laden and as kind as a gentle woman's caress."

He had been in Texas fourteen days and eleven of them rain had flooded the land until the streets looked like the crevasses of his mountain home. The other three days the "Norther" had chilled him to the very marrow of his bones.

"Nice place to spend Christmas," he thought sulkily. "Tophet ranch is lonely enough with nothing but the boys' roaring to break the monotony, and no woman's voice to still unruly noises, nor gentle hand to smooth the wrinkles left by care.

"But nothing is so lonely as to be alone in a crowd, and no one in this whole God-forsaken Texas knows or cares whether I am alive or dead. I don't care myself any too much, and yet

I've lots to live for. There's always a chance to lend a hand to some poor beggar worse off than myself. I wonder if any of these fellows going past have any idea how I envy them their home-going air! They're poor enough. Poverty has a disagreeable way of making itself visible at knees and elbows. But when I see them hurrying home with pockets bulging with candy and fire-crackers, I grow covetous for somebody of my own. I wonder why Cupid never came my way! I reckon I could love if I had half a chance, but I've never known but two kinds of women. One kind—poor things—only to be pitied; the other, so snowy, white-souled and far away as to make a mere man afraid to raise his earthly eyes for fear of smirching the whiteness of their souls. Such women are as far above men as the saints are above poor mortals, but they're cold as this Texas wind, which freezes to the heart," and he shivered again and looked about him discontentedly.

It was scarcely a cheery outlook for the day before Christmas. The City Park—erstwhile blooming bright and beautiful, with many a violet-bordered parterre, shaded with magnolias and oaks, was dull and dreary. The trees were bare and gaunt. Dead leaves lay in heaps upon the ground, or scudded before the wind like little brown elves, swirling about the marble shaft of the Confederate monument, which rose heavenward white as the souls of the heroes whom it commemorated. The sky was dull and leaden, pressing upon the spirits like heavy, leaden-lidded eyelids upon tired eyes. Wraiths of flowers, tall lily stalks, palms and ferns

gleamed through the gloom, and the few passers-by scurried along as if pursued by the demon of Winter—a guest unlooked for, undesired.

In the busy city, in the midst of Christmas bustle and Christmas hum, Morgan had been so lonely that he had wandered away to be alone with his thoughts. His generous hands, always in his well-filled pockets, were empty of gifts, save to such poor and hungry as chanced in his path, and his generous heart ached.

He was a peculiarly lonely man. Losing his parents when but a boy, he had drifted to the great West to seek his fortune, which industry, economy and good sense—rare trio—had made for him to such an extent that at eight and thirty he was owner of a fine ranch, yclept "Roaring Tophet," a pretty penny in the savings bank and sundry excellent investments besides, that, as he cannily expressed it, he might not have "all the potatoes in one hill."

He gave away a great deal of money and Father Rand, the missionary priest who came that way twice a year, always found good cheer and warm welcome at "Roaring Tophet," and went away with full pockets. But the giving of money, no matter how lavish, fails to warm the giver's heart, unless there goes with it the gift of self—of thought and time and generous service for others:

"Not what we give, but what we share. For the gift without the giver is bare," And John Morgan missed the true beauty of giving, and grew lonelier as the years rolled on, until on this December day his loneliness seemed unbearable. "Not even a dog to lick my fingers," he muttered discontentedly. "Oh!" starting as a cold something struck his fingers. "Hello Towzer—what do you want?" Beside him was a dog. Not a pedigreed canine, but an ordinary, rough-haired terrier—stub-tailed, unkempt, a regular small boy's dog, one ear up, the other down depre-

catingly, in the eyes all the eager, wistful friendliness of the tramp canine.

"Next thing I know I'll be adopted," drawled Morgan with a half smile. Animals and children always loved him and followed him about with what was at times, embarrassing devotion.

"Hello, pup." The dog wagged his tail frantically, but did not venture nearer, experience having made him wary of strangers, no matter how attractive they seemed.

"Shake, old man and 'Merry Christmas.'" Morgan extended his hand gravely. The waif shrank away—alas! subtle tribute to the vice of human nature! Then emboldened that no blow had fallen, ventured nearer, laid a timid tongue to the slender hand and kissed it, emboldened by the kind eyes which looked at him. Finding his reception cordial, he put up one ear, then the other, raised one paw, then jumped upon the bench beside Morgan, gave a whine of pleasure and seated himself contentedly beside him.

"Two tramps with but a single thought," misquoted Morgan, as he quietly stroked the dog's rough head. "Pup, where are we going to eat our Christmas dinner?"

The puppy looked wistful, then eager, the word dinner evidently appealing to him, but he gave a soft breath of content as his new friend's fingers sought the exact spot under his left ear which he enjoyed having rubbed.

"Your stomach would seem to be as starved as my heart, old man," said Morgan. "Let's be friends! How would you like Roaring Tophet ranch? I think there's a trace of shepherd dog in your wise eyes and broad forehead; will you go home and help me on the round up?"

The puppy gave a delighted "yap" and wagged his tail.

"You will? Come on then." Morgan rose to go. "What? You won't come? Has my good right hand lost its cun-

ning as a dog catcher? I never saw a stray dog before who didn't yearn to become my long lost brother. What's your trouble, puppy?"

The little dog jumped up, ran around Morgan, barking wildly, took the hand of his interlocutor between his teeth, tried to pull him back to the bench before the big bear's cage, where Morgan had idly spent the morning watching the surly old Bruin—a horrid beast who had eaten his own cubs in masculine jealousy that they shared with himself the mother's attention.

"You want me to stay here—is that the idea, Towzer?" Morgan conversed whimsically with the dog. Loving animals, he understood them, and always talked to them as if they were human beings, with results of intelligence very astonishing to those who, regarding them as merely beasts, treated them in brutish fashion.

"Is it possible that you are here by appointment, puppy?" There was another bark. "Yes—Ah, Towzer, I'm afraid you're a gay dog!" Morgan added gravely. "Who is it—man, woman or child?" Then as there sounded upon the air a faint, feminine attempt at a whistle. "*Cherchez la femme!* I believe in my soul, sir, that you have an appointment with a lady! What!" as the dog barked with a note of joy in his shrill yelp. Then he ran across the lawn towards a little girl who was hurrying towards the big bear's cage.

Morgan watched the two in silence. They were evidently warm friends, for the little dog was almost wild with delight.

"I brought yo' a cookie; puppy dog," the child said in the softest of Southern accents. "The cook at the big house gave it to me when I fetched home the clothes. Hyah it is," and she drew from beneath her worn little shawl a sugar cake, eyeing it a little wistfully as in two gulps it disappeared down the little dog's throat. "Now we must get yoah bone,

puppykins," she said. "How's Mistah Beah this mo'nin'? I hope he's takin' his nap. It's just a bit scary when he growls, isn't it? Nevah mind; the Guardian Angel's right theah, like he was with Daniel in the lions' den, an' we'll get yo' breakfast suah. Now don't yo' dare go to barkin'! Sch chile!" as the dog made frantic dashes at her. "Go 'way. If yo' make that racket yo'll wake up the big beah an' he'll get me suah! Think he's 'sleep? I reckon so-oh. It's quiet in theah."

She was a slip of a girl of ten years, clad in a faded calico frock, clean and patched, a little old-fashioned woolen shawl folded about her shoulders. Her face was white, framed in dark elf locks, and great black eyes, velvety soft and appealing gazed out upon the world wistfully, while a sweet mouth, where dimples of childish merriment should have lurked, showed lines which, even at that early age, care and privation had left—lines, however, which did not mar the loveliness of her expression.

Morgan watched her thoughtfully. "I'd like to adopt a kid like that," he thought. "I wish she'd been born an orphan and I'd take her up to Tophet to grow fat and rosy. What on earth is she going to do, anyway? Is the child crazy?"

It was small wonder that he thought so for the little girl was down on her hands and knees before the big bear's cage, crawling towards the railing which surrounded an inner grating. The dog watched her eagerly, restless but controlled. Morgan sprang to his feet to stop her in her mad career, but before he could reach her, fearing to shout a warning lest he wake the surly old Bruin sleeping she had wormed herself between the bars of the outer railing and crept across the few feet intervening between that and the inside cage where the bear lay lazily sleeping. Snatching something from the ground just as Bruin awoke, she was out as softly and swiftly

as she had come, squirming through the railing again with a gay, "Here yo' ah—Puppy, hurrah!" only to be caught by Morgan and held as he said, angry as men generally are when alarmed.

"What in the dickens do you mean by such a performance as that?"

Freeing herself from his peremptory grasp, the little girl drew her slight form up with the air of a grande dame of the old school, and remarked with a gentle dignity, quite crushing from one so young:

"Excuse me, suh, but do yo' think yo' are very polite?"

Morgan threw back his head and laughed.

"No, Mademoiselle, I believe I am not," he answered. "Pray pardon me. I never saw a Daniel in petticoats before and you must excuse me for being a trifle agitated; will you?"

"I will, certainly suh," was her dignified response, as she looked him in the face with the fearless innocence of unspoiled childhood.

The puppy, meanwhile, was busily engaged in gnawing the huge bone she had brought him from the bear's den; not, however, unmindful of "les convenances," for ever and anon he looked up from his breakfast to glance at both his friends in turn, wagging a grateful tail.

"Now, little one," said Morgan, with that charming manner which won him friends in every class of life, "Is Towzer your dog? What were you doing in the bear's den and what's your name?"

"Well," said she sedately, flushing a little and answering his last question first, "My name is Honor Jackson and I live with my unclé down by the Trinity. Sometimes when the riveh's up it gets pretty wet down by ouah house, I can tell you, suh."

"I never saw the Trinity yet when it had water enough in it to do an honest day's washing," said Morgan.

"Oh, sometimes it's high when it rains an' rains an' rains," she answered.

"Then they say in this country 'That's 'ceptional weather!' It's always been like that ever since I came from Alabama, so I don't see as its very 'ceptional, 'less its 'ceptionally bad!" with a fine scorn for the Texas climate fully reciprocated by her auditor.

"Well," she went on, "found the puppy one day, or I reckon he found me. Yo' see, I sell soap to people in the Park. Auntie makes it, an' I'm such a dreadful 'spense to her I try an' sell it. My mother was Auntie's husban's sister and we lived in Alabama. When mother died Uncle came an' fetched me out hyah. He an' Auntie are awful good to me, an' it must be hard for Auntie to have a girl to look after. She's got six boys of her own, but there only has to be clothes fo' one—the biggest, 'cause they can just go down the line like stair steps. Yo' see, one pa' trowsers is just like the sins in the Bible, unto the third and fourth generations. I can't weah trowsers and have to have a dress every now and then and there's no little girl to descend it to. I heard Mrs. Carter next door say 'twas a pity Auntie had me for she had all she could tend to before I came. But Auntie is sweet, she said, 'Oh, you've no idea how Honor helps me! We couldn't do without her. You've no idea what a blessing a little girl is in a house full of boys!' Wasn't that nice? Of cose she said it because she thought my feelings would be hu't. Auntie is such a deah lady! Well, I was ovah hyah tryin' to sell soap one day an' I saw the puppy. He was littleah than he is now an' thinnah and very peaked lookin', and I couldn't help sayin', Poah doggie!" Then he 'dopted me. I always wanted to be 'dopted myself, an' often wished I could follow somebody home: somebody with kind of twinklin' eyes like yoah's suh, who had a little girl oldah than me, so I could weah her clothes an' not be an expense.

"When Mistah Puppy 'dopted me, waggin' his tail and lookin' so pleased

with himself, I didn't know what to do. I couldn't bear to disappoint him but I knew Aunty couldn't have him at home. There wouldn't be anything like enough to feed a dog, for the boys eat up every bit, like that story my father used to tell, 'bout the

'Savage on the plains of Timbuctoo,
Ate a missionary, skin, bone an' hymn
book too.'

Morgan who had been spell bound at so much youthful eloquence, laughed at Macaulay's famous couplet, given in a soft Southern accent, and Honor smiled as she went on:

"It was right hyah that the puppy 'dopted me an' the old beah was snarlin' in his cage. His bones didn't seem to suit him, an' at last he grabbed one an' threw it out of his cage, far enough so that doggy picked it up an' ran off with it. Then I watched my chance an' slipped away. I thought 'bout him pretty neah all night, and when I came by hyah next day, hyah he was again. He looked hungrier than before an' I thought he'd eat me up, he was so glad to see me. That day there was a bone stickin' out of the beah's cage and I took it for Mr. Puppykins. It seemed mean to steal from a beah, didn't it? But he's such a mean old beah, and he had lots of meat every day—more than he wanted—and my puppy nevah had any. I gave Mistah Beah a lot of acorns to make up fo' it an' I ran away from my doggy again while he was eating.

"After that I came every day to get him a bone, and he is always hyah waiting for me. If I can manage to save him any bread, co'se I do, an' he's always mighty glad to see me. Sometimes its rather scary when I have to crawl way under the bahs to reach a bone, but the beah's mos' generally asleep an' I manage to do it somehow. I say my prayehs an' slip in jus' as quiet an' I've nevah failed my puppy yet. He's such a deah little doggie," she concluded, and the

puppy looked up from his bone and wagged a frantic tail with grateful zeal.

"I think you're a very dear little girl," said Morgan. "I haven't any little girl or anybody to take care of me. I wish you'd adopt me; won't you?"

"I wish I could," said Honor. "Yo' couldn't come an' live at Aunty's, could yo', suh? If you could only live on bones, I'd get yo' one of the big beah's every day, just like I do my puppy. But I'm 'fraid you wouldn't like them, they're so messy. It makes me feel queeah to touch them sometimes," and she gave a shiver of disgust. "But I'd do it fo' yo' if yo' liked."

"You blessed kid!" Morgan's voice choked. "Would you really go into that horrible den for me? I wish I had you and the pup and all yours for your sweet sake up at Tophet ranch, where there's plenty to eat and drink and God's sunshine to see and pure air to breathe. Would you come, little one?"

"Don't I wish I could!" she sighed. "Is it country, really country, with grass an' trees an' birds? I'd love to go but I couldn't leave Uncle. Yo' see he's too sick to work much an' I have to wait on him an' help Aunty darn an' mend an' sell the soap. I'm 'fraid 'twould hardly be polite to leave her 'way down hyah in Texas, when she's done so much fo' me. Maybe Uncle would get well up thah. Aunty couldn't go too, could she? She could keep yo' alls house. You've no idea what a fine housekeeper she is; she keeps the pantry so nice and clean," this last with such a commendatory air, as if it was the grande finale, that Morgan laughed. Then as there rose before him a vision of the ranch kitchen with its untold areas of grime, horror to his fastidious eyes.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "that's the very thing! If you'll adopt me and Roaring Tophet, we'll take the whole family there, Uncle, Aunty, the boys and Towzer."

"Oh, will yo' really?" Her eyes were

dark with excitement. "Really an' truly! How perfectly beautiful! Come an' see Uncle right away an' see if he'll go. It'll be the loveliest Christmas present any little girl ever had. 'Co'se I'll 'dopt yo' if yo' want me to, but what'll I 'dopt yo' as, suh? I'm ratheh young to be a motheh, amn't I?"

Morgan laughed again. "Well, I'm afraid that role would be a bit incongruous, little one, though you're far more motherly than many society mothers. Suppose you 'dopt me as a brother. Be a sister to me, Honey. How would

that do? Roaring Tophet's little sister, eh?"

"If Auntie'll only let me," she sighed eagerly. "Come and let's ask her."

Colorado's bracing breezes are bringing health to "Uncle's" pale cheeks; "Auntie" reigns supreme as queen of the ranch, whose pantry shines with cleanliness and order; the boys are hearty and happy, and Towzer, the most jubilant of dogs, sleek and well fed, but happiest of all are John Morgan and his almost constant companion, dearer every day, the little sister of Roaring Tophet.

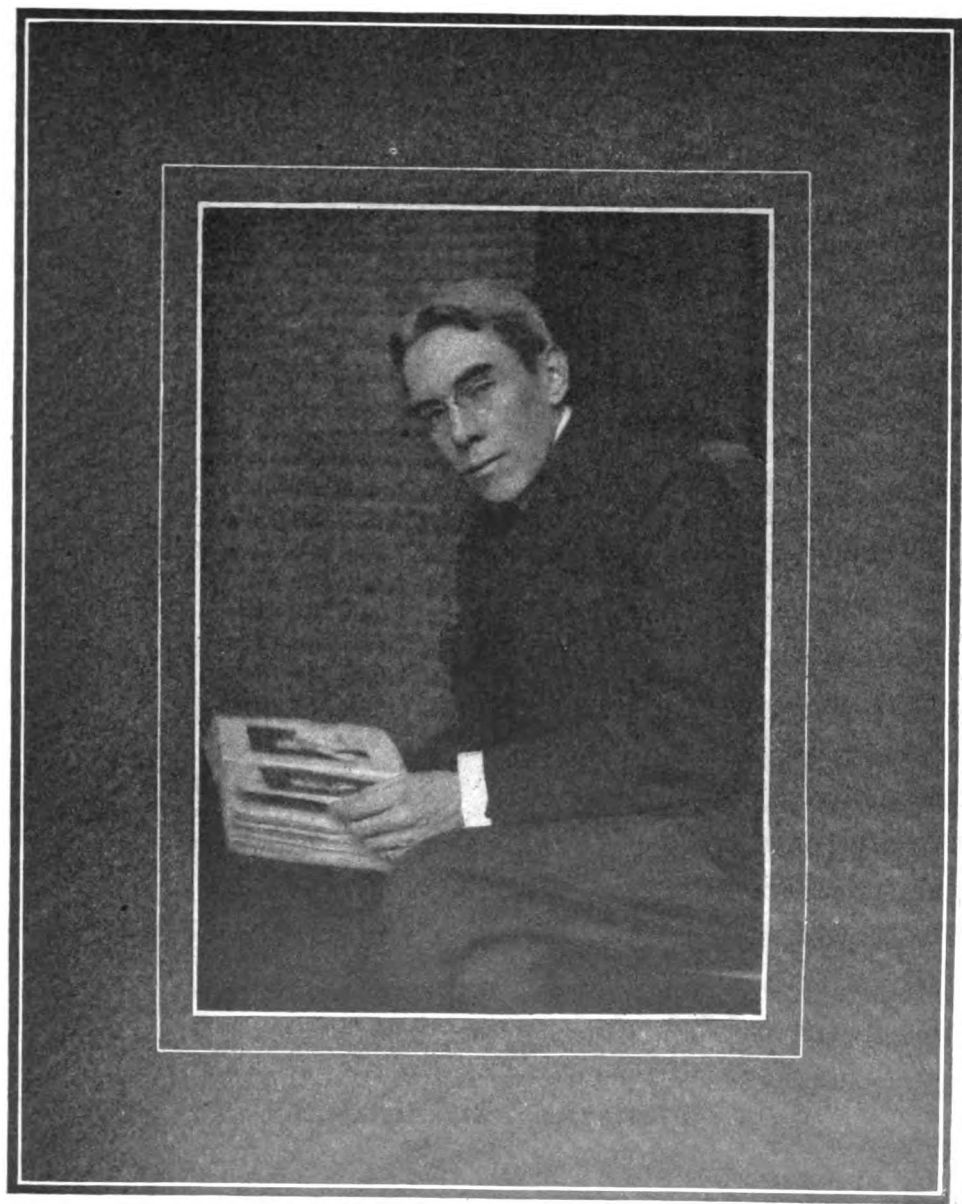
Henry Harland

By WITTER BYNNER

IN "Who's Who" you will find Mr. Harland's birthplace given as St. Petersburg; from his books you might judge it to be Italy, or England, from his long residence there and its effect on him. His family will tell you New York. But because he thinks the Connecticut town of Norwich, "not only the rose of New England, but the rose of the world," and because his family has always lived there, and his birth elsewhere was only "by accident," he maintains solemnly that 'tis there he was born. Knowing the man you might accept any one of the statements. His personality is cosmopolitan. Above everything, and in spite of his gray hair, he abounds in the frolic, the ardor, the sparkle and the curious grace of universal youth. Though he talks with almost the exquisite precision of his style, and though

you feel him to be possessed of wholesome sophistication and practical balance, he maintains in this hard-headed age an aspect of romance. Of his enthusiasms, first of all comes his religion. Nothing delights him so much as to declare himself a "bigoted Papist;" and more than all his success, he takes pride in news that has come to him of converts first impelled to consideration of the Faith by its winning and gracious presence in his books. Like and unlike Archbishop Laud, he preaches the holiness of beauty as well as the beauty of holiness.

Now that "My Friend Prospero" is finished and arrangements are made for its appearance in book form in the early spring, he is soon to return to London—the best place in the world, he says, for work—where he will go ahead with plans for a new novel.



HENRY HARLAND.

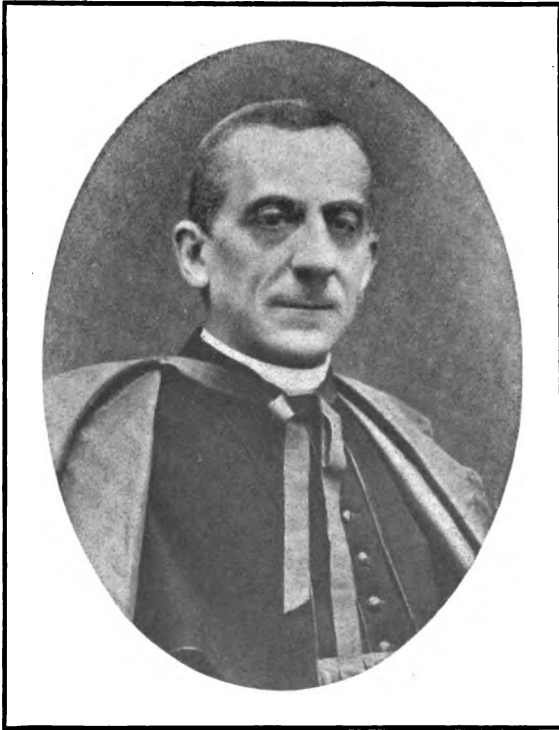
Cardinal Macchi

By GRACE V. CHRISTMAS

LOUIS MACCHI, dei Conti Macchi, was born in the quaint old town of Viterbo, on the 3d of March, 1832. He is not the first Cardinal in his family as his uncle was raised to the purple by Pope Leo XII., after having acted as Nuncio in Paris under Louis XVIII. and Charles X. Sent to Rome when he was quite

chapel of the Oblates of St. Francis of Rome in Tor dei Specchi, and afterwards presided at the family "festa," usual on these occasions and which was held in his own palace.

In 1860 Pope Pius IX. named the young priest domestic prelate and referee of the tribunal of the Signature, and later on he was appointed Visitor



LOUIS CARDINAL MACCHI.

young to pursue his studies Louis Macchi took his degree with honors and was ordained priest in 1859 at the age of twenty-seven. His uncle who was then head of the Sacred College came, in spite of his ninety years,, to assist at his nephew's first Mass in the

Apostolic of the diocese of Poggio Mirtelo and Consultor of the Congregation of the Council. In 1875 Pius IX. selected him as his "Maestro di Camera," and those who profited by his good offices at that time have assured one that he was most generous in his be-

stowal of tickets for special Vatican functions. The position is by no means a sinecure. The "Maestro di Camera," that is to say the Pope's Grand Chamberlain, has many arduous duties. It is he who has to make arrangements for audiences, private and public, and intimate to the Private Chamberlains when their services will be required; he is the most fully occupied person in the Vatican and also—which is probably the greatest trial to his patience—the most visited.

Monsignor Macchi filled the post of "Maestro di Camera" until the year 1886, when His Holiness appointed him his "Maggiordomo," which office, leading as it invariably does to the "red hat"

of a Cardinal, resulted in his receiving the purple at the Consistory of the 11th of February, 1889. After his election to the Sacred College he was named Commendatory Abbot of Lubiaco, a title which gave him a veritable episcopal jurisdiction over the picturesque little town and the famous Benedictine abbey.

Cardinal Macchi is what may be termed "an accessible Cardinal." He is frequently seen at functions and is always ready to give benediction, either at a convent or after some "charity" sermon. Visitors of all nationalities are graciously welcomed in his beautiful and spacious apartments close to the Capitol, and he is very often to be seen at "at homes" in English houses.

Beasts and Birds of the Middle Ages

By E. F. MOSBY

IT is easy enough to bring before our mental vision a scene in walled city or castle during the Middle Ages. We know the lords in surcoat and jupon over armor, and ladies in sleeveless cotes-hardi and kirtles, and both wearing flowing gowns with long trailing sleeves strangely alike, pointed shoes and peaked helmet or headdress. We know also bachelors and doctors of universities in long gowns with cape and hood, and students with round, pointed caps; brothers of religious orders distinguished by the colors of their habits and hoods, Dominicans in black, Franciscans in gray, the Austin or St. Augustine brothers, black with white, and the crossed or crutched friars, blue with cross of red. But in this motley, moving throng of the Middle Ages, where are the lower lines of beast and bird, "little brothers" of earth and sky?

Some there are in closest companionship with man—the horse and hound. The white horse of the Saxon, the war-steed of the Norman are famous in song and legend. Ogier the Dane, left alone in his beleagured castle, does not feel himself utterly friendless so long as he has his favorite horse to feed with fresh oats, and to tell his griefs the while. No doubt the horse rubs his head against his shoulder and whinnies softly as he talks. 'Tis said the battle of Beneventum was won by an order to strike the horses first, for what is a knight unhorsed? But no knightly soul would have valued a victory so won. The brave knight of Montauban, when his garrison is reduced to extremity by starvation, finds a secret way of escape, and it is Bayard, his beloved horse Bayard that is first led into the underground passage. The knight who was to tilt at tourney would not have his horse

bear the weight of himself and his heavy armor; it was led by one of the squires while he rode an inferior animal. The lad from his earliest youth was taught to mount a horse; and on the green meadow in the spring weather the youths felt the soft wind in their faces as their steeds bounded and caracoled joyously under them. What song of jongleur, what chronicle of battle were worth listening to for a moment if it gave not the neighing and tramping rush of horse, as well as the wild war-cry of the riders?

Every castle had its kennels as well as stables; rough, shaggy wolf-hounds and stag-hounds, savage and sullen, but loyal to their master's word. Many an old tale bears witness of their faithfulness, and the high value set upon them. The cat was by no means a common animal or pet in the life of this rough, tumultuous age. The little dog, soft and silky as a Persian cat, and small enough to be carried in a hand-basket, was caressed by ladies of the castle and fine gentlemen of the court. The dreary captivity of Queen Mary was beguiled by the affection and pretty tricks of two tiny dogs sent from France.

Next to horse and dog the keenest interest was felt by the huntsman in the objects of the chase, the stag and wild boar, and in the dark forests of Northern Europe the bear and the wolf. During much of the Middle Ages a severe and tedious winter would bring the latter close to village and chateau in the country districts even in France; and while so much of the world was still an unbroken stretch of forest, the merry, glimmering, green world of summer time and the melancholy, sombre abode of winter, deer were to be found everywhere. Noble stags with branching antlers held high in air, the more timid does and fawns with soft liquid eyes, moved, dappled with sun and shade, along any forest glade, or even crowned the highway. Horns sounded merrily

and the dogs bayed, a low, melodious thunder, and a hunting party, cloaked and plumed, dashed by on many a day in pursuit of the deer, otherwise protected by the severest laws and a whole army of foresters and wardens. The wild boar that fed on the black acorns that fell thick from the broad oaks, was fiercer game. They came out chiefly by night, knowing their peril, and were not pleasant-looking creatures when aroused, grunting and puffing from their lairs by day, with bristling mane, small, fierce, red eyes and two pairs of tusks, one turning in and upward when the boar was old, the other pair curving up and outwards for fight. Even the females fought savagely by their litter of pigs.

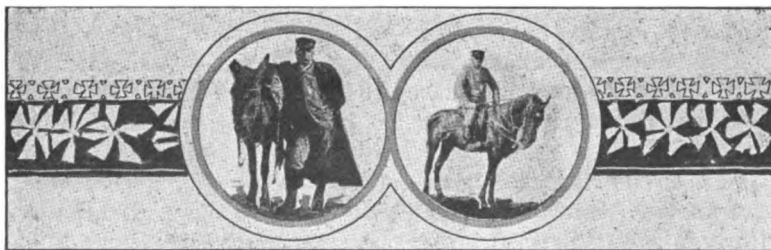
In Germany the hunters used not only boar-hounds but a large terrier, "boar-seeker," to bring out the boar. It was also a favorite sport in England, and be sure among English dogs, hounds of all sorts, "mastiffs, alauns, talbots, lurchers," and the rest, there was no lack for any kind of game. The boar's head with its Latin song was the great dish at the Christmas feast of the universities, and was brought in with high pomp and ceremony. The hunting of the boar belongs to Germany rather than England, and involved often perilous cliff-climbing. Maximilian, the favorite of his people, had many a thrilling adventure in this sport.

But nearer perhaps than any of these pleasures was "the gentle art of falconry" to both men and women of the Middle Ages. "In peace or war the medieval noble would fly his falcon. The Black Prince entered France, helmet on head; the king followed after, hawk on wrist," and hardly was the first battle over than the bird was let fly at the heron. Lady Maude in "The White Company" is first seen with her little brown falcon, Roland, on her wrist, all his feathers bristled with anger at rudeness shown to his mistress. The beauti-

ful hawk, Diamond, descends at a call (in a scene from one of Scott's romances) and sitting on the hero's arm, glancing at him the while with his brilliant hazel eyes, as if to ask the cause of his sorrow. The bird had great intelligence, and took training well, though its high spirit brooked no harsh tone. Its hood and bells and gesses, and all the language of the mews, are conspicuous in every description of castle life. Nobles did not disdain to wear at the side a pouch for the hawk's meat, and it was often of gay color and costly material.

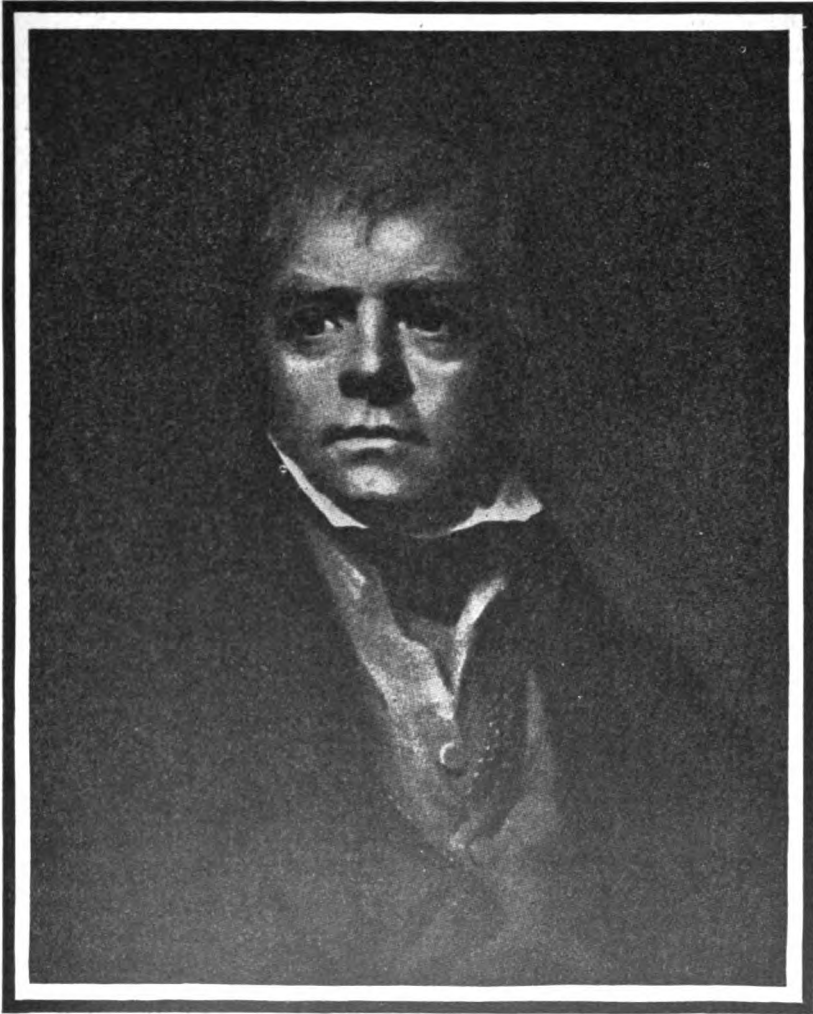
The smaller and more gentle animals of wood and meadow, squirrel, hare, field-mouse and others, were little known; nor the smaller birds save in a general way. The sparrow, called "Philip" in mediæval England and "Pierrot" in France, and a few other birds that loved the city or a corner near gable and roof—as the storks in Germany—were familiarly known. The magpie, tomtit or tiny tom and jackdaw, robin redbreast and jenny wren show by their human names that they were man's neighbors. Some are the theme of piety, folk-tales and ballads. Doves also with their soft gray and white plumes and shining heads, were well-loved; and tower and church were often endowed under the condition of feeding the doves of a city. The whirr and rush of their wings may still be heard in Venice when there winged pensionaries assemble, fluttering down to the pavement, cooing and swelling their breasts for pleasure.

Special laws protected dove-cotes and the white swans of the river. The splendid peacock of the East with its azure, emerald and bronze tints, was quickly adopted by mediæval chivalry, and the "vow on the peacock" before God and the ladies to perform some brave deed was one of the most fantastic and characteristic ceremonials of knighthood in France and Italy. The mediæval lover and troubadour cared for lark and linnet, tenostle and merle and all the feathered choir of May, chiefly because associated with mirth and love and all the joyous heyday of young blood in the spring-time of the heart. The cuckoo had an ill name, but the cuckoo-call told that summer drew near and who could listen without gladness, after the long dark chill winter of stone castles and even palaces? But none knew or cared for the birds separately, their character, and manner of life, their own wooing and misadventures and combats with rivals, their long journeys, their special flight or call. Instead of the small brown furry creatures with bright eyes that really burrowed in the field, or the tiny feathered householders of the trees. Man peopled wood and wold with creatures of his own fancy or vague terror, wood-goblin, puck or myxie, fairy or phantom. Only St. Francis, with his tender heart full of pity and love for all God's creatures spoke a word to them apart from their ministry and service to man, and bestowed his benediction on our "little brothers of the air."



which, to a man with his keen insight to character would mean a large experience of men and things, and this helped to bring from the tip of his pen work that ranks by itself in English literature. His books are filled with the life interest

without having a fairly clear knowledge of the court followers, and the general mode of living. He has depicted the days of Elizabeth in sharp outlines in *Kenilworth*. We find Shakesperian touches here and there; the little odd

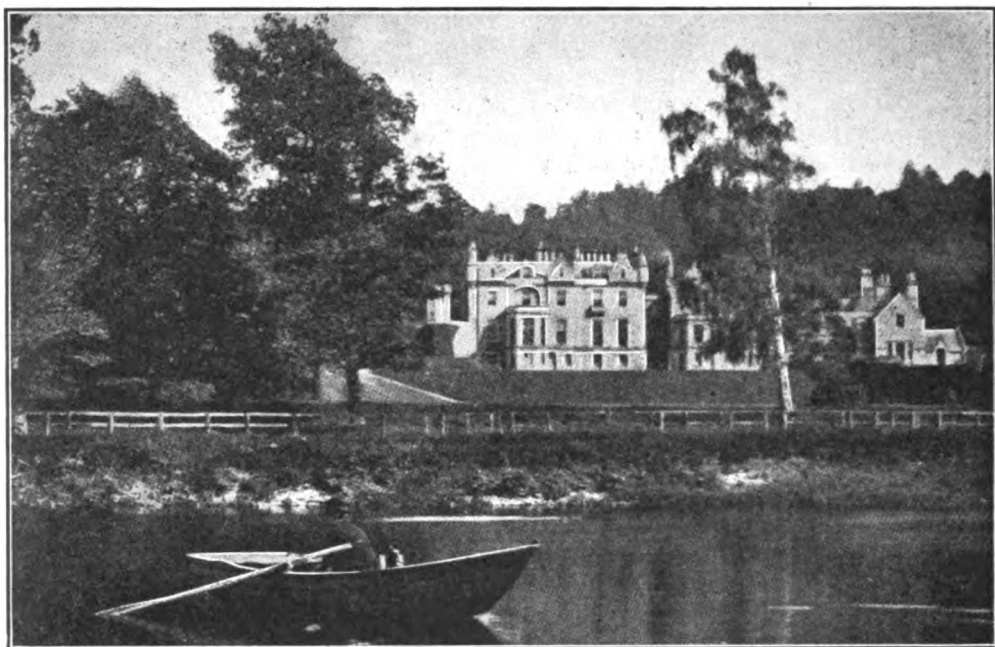


SIR WALTER SCOTT.

—because his men and women are human—so different from the soulless novels of to-day, clever though some of them are.

In whatever period of history he lays his tale one cannot put aside the book

twists of character he has brought out well. In *Leicester*, "who formed the proudest ornament of the court of England's Maiden Queen renowned as it was for splendid courtiers as well as for wise counsellors," there is a slight



SIR WALTER SCOTT'S HOME, ABBOTSFORD, SCOTLAND.

resemblance to Richard III. Leicester's wrongdoing consisted in acting a double part, and all the time his conscience made him keenly alive to his weakness. "Conscience, thou art a blood-hound, whose growl wakes as readily at the paltry stir of a rat or mouse, as at the step of a lion." Does not this recall some of Shakespeare's monologues so full of wisdom?

Kenilworth Castle remains photographed in the reader's mind from the clear description we find in the book. And have we not associated with the place in our mind poor unfortunate Amy Robsart? And what is left now of the splendid place? Scott tells us after a lengthy description, "of this lordly palace, where princes feasted and heroes fought—all is now desolate. The bed of the lake is but a rushy swamp; and the massive ruins of the castle only serve to show what their splendor once was, and to impress on the musing visitor

the transitory value of human possessions, and the happiness of those who enjoy a humble lot in virtuous contentment."

Were we to have a choice, perhaps we would place his eighteenth century novels above those of the crusade period. The reign of the Stuarts with its chapters of events crowding one upon the other, is brimful of interest; partly because it is not so very remote from our own century, and partly because of the very glamor of romance and chivalry surrounding the unfortunate name. The Stuarts undoubtedly possessed a strong personal magnetism which drew to their standard the best and bravest of Scotland's sons, and in this deep affection to their king, did he happen to be over the water, or hiding like a criminal in the secret places of the land, Scott has not failed to bring out the little note of tragedy underlying it all. And this series of adventures has for a background the magnificent scenery of Scotland, with all

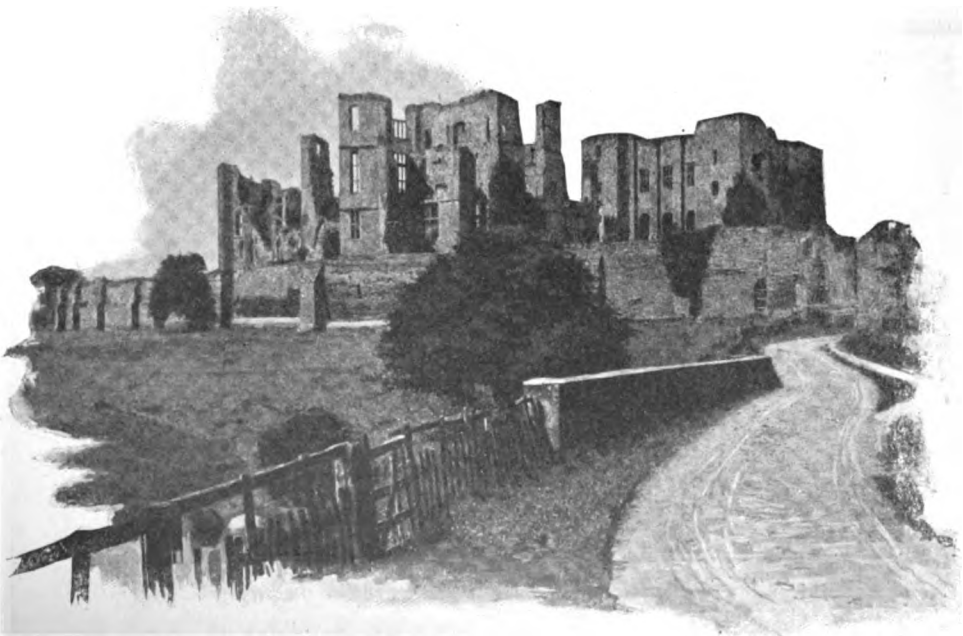
the wild beauty and freshness of its lakes and mountains—here he has proved himself the ideal word painter. His charming pictures of the lake country in the *Lady of the Lake* fill one with delight. You can close your eyes and see before you the placid surface of the lake, the soft rise and fall of the nearby hills, and the sharp, clear outline of the distant mountains against the sky, and it all bathed in the golden glory of the setting sun—who could forget such surroundings?

We must admit that some of his works, especially the tales of the Crusades exhibit the sour prejudices and bigotry resulting from early training and environment, nor would it be wise to place all his works with young readers. Were we to judge of the authenticity of the pictures of his monks and churchmen in general, by the amount of knowledge he displays of the Church services, such as making one of his heroines attend an evening Mass, a conclusion would be early reached. Any thinking

person be his mental faculties few or great, knows what the monks of those times did to preserve truth and learning among the people. Were they the rollicking pleasure-seekers Scott makes them appear, we can learn for ourselves whether education and culture would have attained its present high stand in Europe. As man is a very imperfect creature, he cannot be expected to produce the perfect book, so we take what Scott has given and try to ignore the offensive.

There are, too, many tedious details in his novels; lengthy descriptions of minor characters and episodes which so weary the reader, but such are mere blemishes. His language is good—and there is a whole world of meaning in that. What a relief to turn from the twentieth century skeleton mode of speech to Scott's pure English! "We must choose the highest when we see it," but alas! all do not try to see.

His women are high-souled, noble creatures. His ideals, which seem to



KENILWORTH CASTLE.

have grown with him, would lead to the conclusion that he possessed an unshaken faith in woman, that his associations were ever of the happiest. Whether he tells of her of the middle ages or the woman of later days, it is the noble, courageous being he loves to introduce.

Among all great writers we trace cer-

tain resemblances. Nearly everything worthy of consideration has been written about, but it is the different way in which the mind of genius regards certain facts and incidents connected with that wonderful creation of the Almighty, man, that makes us feel the master touch when the work is laid open to our view.

WHAT THE STARS SAW

HELEN MORIARTY

*Long years ago the stars looked down—
 (O patient stars that make no sign:)
 Where dim lights twinkling thro' the town
 Gave fleeting hope and rest and wine
 And shelter for the weary Maid,
 And Joseph journeyed, unafraid.*

*But friendly lights at inn and door—
 (O distant stars, so cold and still!)
 For them no answering welcome wore,
 While darker waxed the night, and chill.
 In all the town of Bethlehem
 There was no roof to shelter them.*

*Dismayed, they turned them from the town,
 (O stars, so pitiful, so sad!)
 To where the hillside, sloping down,
 Gave field for many a shepherd lad.
 There in a stable, bare and old,
 The Maid found shelter from the cold.*

*The gentle kine with limpid eyes—
 (O trembling stars, so hushed and wail)
 Knew not—of all the earth most wise—
 What Royal Guest would, ere the dawn,
 Take up abode in that poor place,
 And make it kingly by His grace.*

*All in the night, a radiant star—
 (O happy star, with steadfast gleam!)
 The Wise Men followed from afar
 As in a dream, as in a dream,
 Star-led, the manger's Guest they found,
 And lay them prostrate on the ground.*

*O holy hour! O happy hour!
 (O joyous stars that knew their King!)
 Plucked from the ages like a flower,
 A gift to make the angels sing,
 O Mary, in thy humble shrine,
 The Babe, the hour, the world is thine!
 * . * * **

*O love! that builded when that all
 Was chaos in an empty world;
 When the faint, primal, trembling call
 Of star to star, in darkness whirled,
 Touched the great heart of all things there
 Which answered to that flutt'ring prayer.*

*Was it for this—a night like this—
 A stable old, a manger bare?
 The glories of the earth, the bliss
 Thou gavest—none of these were there.
 In all the world Thy hand had made
 A stable was Thy only shade.*

*Was it for this? Yea, even so.
 Chaos, and after-light, and sin,
 And then the manger, builded low,
 The Heavenly Babe that lay therein.
 Father, that gave the gift to-day,
 Be ours the grace to kneel and pray.*

*O love! O primal Heart of all!
 O little Child, so dear and fair!
 Teach us to know thee in the fall
 Of every tear—to find Thee where
 Joy is—be this our scroll of love!
 So shall we come to Thee above.*

"Comes One With a Gift"

By ANNE ELIZABETH O'HARE

THE Christmas gift is outgrown. In its stead a practical generation has instituted the Christmas exchange. The modern improvement, like other saving devices of a thrifty age, has its obvious advantages. It saves sentiment and reduces to a minimum the natural wear and tear on the feelings. My friend buys me a Christmas present because it has been my custom to buy one for him. I remember him, also because I know it has been his custom to remember me. When these hostages to custom are exchanged and their values compared, it is found that my gift represents a greater expenditure of money than his. His humiliation is keen severe, and he immediately makes an opportunity to pay me the balance. Thus he avoids a sense of obligation and I am comfortable in the conviction that I have received the worth of my money. The transaction is beautifully simple, thoroughly business-like, and mutually satisfactory.

It is altogether a matter of barter. It really amounts to little more than a comparison of cost marks. The bargain is not even dignified by silence. A mutual acquaintance of Mrs. Fairweather and Mrs. Goodsell is informed that Mrs. Fairweather has purchased for Mrs. Goodsell a jardiniere which cost \$4.75. As a matter of course, she imparts her information to Mrs. Goodsell. It is intended that she should. If Mrs. Goodsell's gift for Mrs. Fairweather is a fruit dish that cost \$3.68, in a flurry of gratitude she exchanges it for a vase valued at \$1.07 more. It would make her feel "cheap" if the balance were in favor of Mrs. Fairweather, and "sold" if it had been in her own favor!

In default of the accommodating acquaintance, perhaps she is constrained to consult the saleswoman in the shop where her friend makes her Christmas purchases. "I suppose Mrs. Fairweather has done all her Christmas shopping?" she ventures innocently. "I am in such a stew as to what to get her this year. Last Christmas I gave her the loveliest water color and she didn't send me a thing but a sofa pillow. I wonder now—?"

The saleswoman knows her business too well to suggest that Mrs. Fairweather be given an opportunity to "even up." Instead she relieves Mrs. Goodsell's perplexity, makes a substantial sale, and saves the situation. The saleswoman, indeed, is the heroine of the shopping season. She is the go-between, the court of appeal in doubt, the great medium of the Christmas exchange. The girl behind the counter is never half appreciated as a factor in commerce, particularly in the Christmas commerce. In the realms that are written each year of Christmas giving in all its aspects, I have often wondered why the most alert purveyors of timely comment have failed to recognize the possibilities of the Christmas seller. She dominates the whole transaction. From her patient servility there are no disguises. Nobody takes the trouble to dignify the motives of his Christmas giving to the person who wraps up his purchases. All the small anxieties and bold calculations of giver and recipient are spread out shamelessly before her. There are many "best tests" of character but the manner in which a man spends his money, especially for other people, is certainly not the farthest from truth.

He is more apt to be a hero to his valet than to the suave and non-committal personage who sells him his Christmas gifts.

That the Christmas gift increases each year in value, is by no means an index to a growth of generosity on the part of the giver. On the contrary, it seems probable that as he puts money into it he takes heart out of it. The giving tendency—it is a very alarming one to him who looks below the surface of modern life—is to disguise spiritual smallness with large material expression (to substitute show for substance, just as a tailor cunningly devises material expanses to cover physical shortcomings. The extravagant gift is nearly always the impulse of ostentation, and ostentation is nearly always the satisfaction of the small mind. When bigness is a matter of size, and value a matter of dollars, bulk and dollar signs are the natural expression of the Christmas feeling. To a soul without perceptions of spiritual values, material values must stand for everything. Therefore a gift whose value begins and ends in itself ought to be palpably expensive. Since it is worth nothing more, it should at least be worth something in itself. And perhaps it is only fair that such a gift should be paid back in kind, dollar for dollar. A return is the only thing the giver could understand. It seems a reckless extravagance besides, to pay for matter with spirit. Why exchange things without price for articles to be purchased in every market place and which cost, not thought, or generosity, or affection, but only money, to buy?

Why—unless for self-enrichment? It is a consideration too little taken into account that the giver gives to himself every time he fulfills an impulse of generosity to another. And he impoverishes, not the recipient, but himself, if he exhausts the value of his gift in the tangible token which is meant merely to symbolize an intangible sentiment. He

cheapens the spirit of the gift in the exact proportion that he considers its material value. My friend is enriched not by what I can give him of my possessions, but by what I can give him of myself. With that, the poorest gift will seem rich; without it, the richest gift will be meaningless. More than that, it will be hypocritical; it will be one of these spiritual dishonesties that offend the fine soul as keenly as open falsehoods. I have no more right to send a gift without a sentiment to determine its worth than I have a right to fill an order for spectacles with empty frames. It is a pretense, and sincerity is the one essential of the true gift. It may lack every other quality, but if it is the offering of sincere feeling, it is all-sufficient.

The Christmas gift originated in so beautiful a sentiment that the barter to which it has been reduced seems doubly a desecration. It is first of all the reminder of an Infinite Generosity. The first Christmas Gift, sent in a box of straw in a Judean stable, directed by choiring angels to a handful of shepherds on a hillside, and sealed with a Star, has stirred the pulses of the world these nineteen hundred years, and yearly reawakens those fine instincts of self-surrender which sleep in the hearts of a race redeemed. Gratitude is the mother of generosity, if it is not generosity itself, and the closer we get to Bethlehem, with its unspeakable Gift, the truer is our response to the primitive desire to give. In the shadow of the manger and the Star, it is impossible to set false values on externals. Outwardly that first Christmas Gift was a poor enough thing—a little unhoused Babe on a bed of straw. Yet it was the supreme expression of Omnipotent love. Even God could give no more than Himself.

Catholics, at least, have no excuse for degrading the Christmas spirit. It is the religious association that invests the Christmas gift with meaning. In the

splendor of the generosity that embodied itself in the Child of Bethlehem, our own small expressions of small loves take on something of a greatness and a glow. They are the human syllables of our gratitude, the sweet survivals of our faith, the stirrings of our hearts to love in memory of the Divine unselfishness of the first Christmas.

Can we afford to substitute for this a purely material exchange, to trade gravely in gilt paper when we might have pure gold? The words that we speak fall and are lost in silence. The tokens that we give crumble and are forgotten. But the thought that shaped the word outlasts the silence, and the good impulse that spoke in the gift is more constant than memory. It passes into our spiritual growth and is a part of us when friend and token have alike gone beyond our remembrance. In the last analysis, it is ourselves that we cheat when we give without heart.

The recipient has also his obligation of generosity, of a rarer and finer quality than that of the giver. It is easier to give graciously than to take graciously. Only a large mind can merge the sense of indebtedness in gratitude, accepting the offering as freely as it is offered, with an unquestioning and wholesome thankfulness. To doubt the giver's motive or to imply that he expects a return is to expose one's own meanness of spirit. The generous man wants to give, not to trade. To pay him back is really to refuse his gift, to decline to be bound to him by that high sense of debt which love is glad to bear. The true gift carries with it only an obligation of gratitude. The recipient who "pays back" shirks this obligation while exposing his own poverty of heart. It is cheaper to return token for token than to be simply grateful.

The child has the truest appreciation of the Christmas spirit. He gives and

takes with the same abandon of joy and love, and is blessed beyond his elders because he is more open to blessings. His undivided heart understands better than ours the divine simplicity of that first Christmas Offering. We are constrained by the wonder of it; to the child the most wonderful expression of love seems only natural in a world where he has met nothing ungenerous or unlovely. And he is right. Christmas is the feast of a Child, and all children share the instinct of its most generous interpretation. It is the memorial day of our own childhood as well. The child we used to be comes to us through the shadows of the years, wistful, importunate, leading us back to old Christmases whose joy lies embalmed in a subdued quiet, as if not daring too rudely to remind us of how much of it we have lost.

It is because so large a part of the world has lost, with that fresh joy, the faith of Christmas, that men have substituted the spirit of barter for the generosity it suggests. Faith is the inspiration of the Christmas observance just as it is the basis of the love which spends itself, in its human way, in the Christmas gift. Bethlehem's miracle of generosity takes possession of us, so uplifting and enlarging us that we are not satisfied until, in weak emulation of a love we hardly understood, we empty our hands and hearts to spread the glow of it upon the earth. Christmas giving is a holy thing when we think of it as mankind's desire to imitate its God. The trifles that to-morrow will blow away gain a value in the light of that great Gift unexhausted in nineteen hundred years and in its yearly renewal leaving none unblessed. We give our small tokens to our friends, but to friendless and the unremembered, to the hopeless and the outcast, comes One with the greatest Gift of all!

Some Famous Women

By MARY LALOR MITCHELL



MADAME SCHWETCHINE was born in Moscow on the 22d of November, 1782. Her father, Monsieur Symonoff, descended from a distinguished Muscovite family, occupied a high position in the Russian government, besides being one of the foremost patrons of the Academy of Sciences in St. Petersburg. The taste for travel which we shall discover in Madame Schwetchine she inherited from her great grandfather who has left valuable descriptions of his excursions in Persia and of the Caspian country.

From the time of Peter the Great, whose mind took hold of broad views with barbaric zeal, if we may so speak, all the civilization of Europe was introduced into Russia. Its army was formed upon German principles. The languages were studied and works of art were imported with generous expenditure and even from that distant date we find a strange bond, ever growing stronger and stronger between the lands of the bear and the lily, until, in the latter half of the seventeenth century we see Catherine II. inviting Voltaire to write the life of Peter the Great, confiding the education of her only son to D'Alembert and inviting Grimm and Diderot to her capital. Although war has raged in the memory of some of us between the two countries, we see a very pronounced coquetry between them.

Until the reign of the father of the present emperor of the Russias French was the language of the court and of diplomacy.

Monsieur Symonoff was chosen by the Russian empress, Catherine, as her private secretary, and his little daughter was given at her baptism in the Greek Church, the name of Sophie, one of those of the empress.

From her earliest years she showed a great talent for languages, music and drawing, besides a strength of character unusual in a child. The firmness of determination and capacity for sacrifice which were in the course of time to be so sadly tried, manifested themselves one day in the little Sophie in the following incident. Her father had a cabinet full of Egyptian mummies which had severely tested her nerves until one day, in a mental struggle between disgust for the dead relics and her wish to continue in the full enjoyment of her father's library where she was the ever welcome companion; she determined to overcome the timidity which up to this she had carefully concealed and, seizing one of the linen-swathed horrors, embraced it. Our little heroine had, however, overestimated her strength and when Monsieur Symonoff looked around he found his child unconscious on the ground with her ghastly companion—but she had conquered her timidity.

Deprived early of her mother, Sophie, under the supervision of her father, was educated with the greatest care and when she was introduced into society her father's position, her own winsome, rather than pretty face, brought many offers of marriage and she, with that filial love which in France as well as in Russia seemed rather to surpass the marital, graciously accepted her father's choice—the General Schwetchine, who had already gained a good deal of distinction. He was a handsome, graceful man, many years her senior.

Only a few months after the marriage of his daughter Monsieur Symonoff experienced the uncertainty of favor in the Czar's arrogant government. He fell under the emperor's displeasure and was banished from St. Petersburg to Mos-

cow, which, together with the coldness of those whom he had considered his friends, so wounded him that he suffered an attack of apoplexy and died before his daughter could reach him.

The blow completely prostrated Madame Schwetchine. On the sad news being rather suddenly announced to her she fell upon her knees and, so cruelly deprived of that support on which she had so trustingly relied, uttered "My God! My Father!"

As her biographer, de Falloux, says so beautifully, "Her first prayer sprang from her first grief." For religion of any kind had not entered into her early education.

Although we are not for the moment interested in Russian political movements we are forced to dwell a little on them in order to follow the circumstances which placed Madame Schwetchine in the list of the women of the French salons.

Her position, as wife of General Schwetchine, in the court which in the reigns of Paul and Alexander ranked among the most cultivated in Europe, required her to take a prominent part in society.

The French revolution had brought to St. Petersburg an element which appealed strongly to Madame Schwetchine. The most distinguished of Versailles took refuge at the court of the most despotic of governments. The French emigres who fled to the Russian capital were those who had not been deprived of all their means or those whom the Emperor Paul had personally known when, as the Prince du Nord, he visited France in the brilliant days of the reign of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette.

The Emperor Paul was quick to take sides in the French revolution, doing everything in his power to show his sympathy with the royal party. The best Russian society, among them General Schwetchine, consequently, threw open its doors to those who had so recently

shone in Versailles. A number of distinguished ecclesiastics also came from France where the clergy were being persecuted.

After General Schwetchine's retirement from his public position, owing to his opposition to the public movement which deposed Paul and elected Alexander, he and his wife retired to their estates, but country life is not pleasant to the Russian nature and they soon fixed their residence in St. Petersburg, where their drawing-room was the meeting place of the most cultivated. Now Madame Schwetchine was at liberty to return to her early taste for study and reading—and reading was never a mere pastime to her—no book ever left her hand without being profusely annotated.

It was at this time that the brilliant de Maistre was sent to Russia as representative of Sardinia. Immediately a warm friendship sprang up between the grave man and literateur of forty-nine years and the studious, charming woman of twenty-five, which had a very important influence on her life. She was just then interested in the study of the doctrines of the Russian-Greek Church, the arguments of Kant and the works of Fichte; and a correspondence with her friend, Mademoiselle Stourza, afterwards Countess Edling, kept her informed of the theosophic mysticism of Madame Krudener which was then exciting so much notice.

Naturally she conversed with de Maistre on controversial subjects. Of this her own letters and notes give many details and we find that after some heated arguments she embraced the Roman Catholic faith.

In 1811 Napoleon's invasion of Russia was imminent and General Schwetchine requested and received reappointment in the army. His wife commenced immediately to fill her part in the glorious duty of patriotism by giving herself up unsparingly to the woman's privilege of alleviating suffering, and she contin-

ued it bravely; but with this we have nothing to do at present and we hasten to find her departing for France, where she arrived to spend the winter of 1816-17.

In order to give an idea of the impression she made in Paris we may cite a letter from Senator Bonald to the Count de Maistre: "I must write to you of the adorable countess for whose acquaintance I have you to thank. Your own acquaintance with her saves me from the embarrassing position of describing her. Suffice it to say that in you, Monsieur le comte, and in this charming Franco-Russian I now know types of perfection in both sexes. It is difficult to find Madame Schwetchine at home for everyone claims her. She wishes to study the salons of Paris and she is adored in them."

This winter she did not open a salon but was feted at those of the monarchistic party, to which she was always attached. In the spring, accompanied by the general, she went back to St. Petersburg and thence embraced an opportunity to gratify her taste for travel by visiting Italy. Her letters from there rival those of Madame de Sevigne in grace and enthusiasm and excel them in rare appreciation of the fields of art thrown open to her. In 1823 we find her firmly domiciled in a medium sized apartment in the rue St. Dominique, at that time one of the most desirable quarters of Paris.

She brought from Russia all the treasures of books, paintings and bronzes which had been the collection of her father. The whole suite was thoroughly Russian in its comfort, and exceedingly tasteful without superfluous luxury. It was neither a secluded retreat nor a lit-

erary coterie, nor a nursery of political narrowness. Madame Schwetchine was as opposed to governing as to serving. Unlike many enthusiastic converts, she was not filled with the conviction of a mission any more than that of her principle that all advantages of position, wealth or person were so many talents for us to bury or increase. Thus she succeeded in collecting around her a cultivated circle of which she was the soul.

While a true lover of her native land and a staunch supporter of limited monarchy and an unswerving believer in the religion of her adoption, she always respected the convictions and sentiments of others and loved to hear arguments on all sides, saying, "What is the use of going through life always listening to one's own voice?" On this point she has been misjudged by narrow partisans.

Her biographer gives us many interesting particulars of the active interest she took in Lamennais' struggle on the policy of the paper, "L'Avenir." In her salon were to be met Lamennais, the young Montalembert who in after years developed into the brilliant statesman and historian of the "Monks of the West." Here also came the glorious Lacordaire whose philosophic and inspired sentences, as collected by Chocarne round out—if I may without irreverence say—the brilliant trinity of the "Pensees" of Paschal and the "Maxims" of Rouchefoucauld.

In all modern ages Paris has had her political salons, her artistic salons, her social salons. While intelligent interest in the spirit of the one, cultivated appreciation of the second and the grace and hospitality of the last permeated the salon of Madame Schwetchine, it was first, last and ever the Christian salon.



Too Much Reason

By M. E. M.



I HAVE a neighbor, a "Mothers' Club woman, who is high in the councils of one of those august bodies, giving considerable time to their meetings, plans of child-education and philanthropy. She is the mother of one boy, and is fond of boasting that she has never punished him, or forced him to do anything he did not wish to do. Her reasonable treatment of him will, sooner or later, she is convinced, result in making him such a man as the most devoted mother would desire him to be.

I am not an eavesdropper, having plenty of my own business to attend to, but our side-windows are very close together and I cannot help hearing occasionally what goes on in the house of my neighbor. I will give you a sample of the average daily performance of the boy who is being brought up by moral (?) suasion only. Early the other morning I happened to be sitting near my bedroom window, mending a garment for my husband who was about to leave town on the midday train, when I heard the following dialogue:

"I won't wear these shoes; I tell you I won't!" Master Paul was declaring vehemently. "I don't like them; I never did like them. I am going to wear the others."

At the same moment came the noise as of a couple of objects striking against the opposite side of the wall. I imagined them to be the offending pair of shoes. Then followed the gentle voice of the mother in appeal:

"Really, Paul, I do not see why you do not wish to wear those shoes; they are much better than the others."

"That is why I don't want to wear them," answered Paul. "They are tighter—they are not comfortable."

"But the others are too old, and these (I imagine she had picked up the shoes and was offering them to him) these are very large—almost too large."

"Wear them yourself, then. I won't. No—"

"Oh, Paul, do be reasonable. Well, wear the others then, if you must."

I presume Paul did as he desired for after that there was silence.

Another day, also rather early in the morning, I was again seated at the window darning a stocking. I heard my neighbor call:

"Paul, come to breakfast; you will be late for school. In a few moments voices came across from the dining-room:

"I don't want coffee; I want chocolate."

"You had chocolate yesterday morning, dear, and said you did not care for it."

"I didn't yesterday, but I want it this morning."

"There is no chocolate, Paul. The coffee is very nice."

"I don't care; I don't want coffee. I want chocolate."

"Come, now, Paul, you must be reasonable."

"I won't drink any old coffee. I'll go to school without my breakfast if you won't make me some chocolate."

"Very well, son, I suppose I shall have to, though I am afraid you will be late."

Very soon after this I could smell chocolate boiling. At nine o'clock Paul issued from the door, crying out:

"If I'm late for school, mother, it will be your fault, for not having the chocolate ready."

And yet once more. My neighbor had been ironing. I am sure she was very tired. I saw Paul coming up the walk

on his way home from school. Presently I heard his mother say:

"Paul, when you are rested, after you have eaten the bread and butter and jam I left on the kitchen table for you, I want you to do an errand for me. We are out of tea; I would like you to get me some."

"Oh! must I go to that old tea store? It is too far away. I am too tired. I don't think you ought to make me do errands after I have been at school all day. Why didn't you go yourself when you were at market this morning?"

"I forgot it then, and I have not had any time since. I have been ironing since ten o'clock. And now I must begin to get dinner."

"I am tired, too," remarked Paul, between great mouthfuls of bread and jam (judging from the sound) "and besides, I want to play."

"You can play afterward. It is Friday; you have no lessons to learn to-night. You may play till nine o'clock."

"I won't go. It's too hot."

"Paul, why can you not be reasonable? The weather is delightful—like spring. Now will you oblige me to go myself and keep the dinner back? You know

papa does not like it when dinner is late. You do not want papa to scold mamma, Paul?"

"Oh, he won't scold much. I'm not going. I'm too tired; I want to play."

"Paul, that is very unreasonable. If you are so tired you cannot want to play. If you feel able to play you can surely do an errand for me that will not take more than a quarter of an hour. If you do not go I shall have to put on another dress and go myself. The dinner will be very late."

"I can't help that, I'm not going."

In a few moments I saw the poor mother coming out of the side-door in street attire. She was going for the tea. After she had taken a few steps she hurried back to call through the other door:

"Paul, dear, will you peel the potatoes for me while I am gone? Do, Paul, it will help mamma so much."

And then I heard the voice of the young hopeful in reply:

"No, I'm not going to peel the old potatoes. I'm going over to Jim Kelsey's to play. I told him I would, and I'm going—right now."

Paul is eight years old. What will he be when he is eighteen?"



Our London Letter

By **AUSTIN OATES, K. S. G.**

The New Bishop of Salford and the Catholic Press

The Rt. Rev. Dr. Casartelli, the recently consecrated Bishop of Salford has written to the editor of the Catholic Fireside a letter which has been reproduced in facsimile in the columns of that paper. Its purport and tone are alike encouraging to those engaged in the arduous, anxious and most responsible task of providing our people with Catholic literature. His Lordship's letter is as follows:

My dear Editor:—As a former colleague in the fraternity of editors of Catholic, popular and illustrated periodicals, I very gladly send my blessing and best wishes to yourself and your readers. The work you are doing is a most valuable one for the cause of the faith among English-speaking Catholics. May God prosper it! If I may add a personal wish, I shall be very glad if you will occasionally devote some of your space and your illustrations to the glorious cause of our Foreign Missions. Would that our young Catholics took as much interest in this apostolic work as so many non-Catholics take!

Yours in J. C.,

† Louis, Charles,
Bishop of Salford.

The Vacant See of Southwark

It is an open secret that of the three names selected both by the Chapter of Southwark and by the Bishops of the Province of Westminster, that of the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Canon Fenton, Vicar General of the Archdiocese of Westminster was the first on the list. A more popular choice as far as the clergy and laity of the dio-

cese of Southwark are concerned could not possibly have been made. If the Holy See approves of it, and great will be the dismay and disappointment if it does not, the vacant Bishopric will be filled by one who has already done sterling service to the Church in this country, and who has filled posts and offices of the greatest responsibilities. Among these may be mentioned these of President of St. Edmund's College, Rector for many years of St. Thomas', Fulham, Administrator of the new Westminster cathedral, Vicar General and Vicar Capitular of the Archdiocese of Westminster. In each of these Mgr. Fenton won golden opinions of both clergy and laity, and his elevation to the episcopate would be most heartily welcomed by them.

The New Provost of Westminster

The Rt. Rev. Mgr. Canon Johnson has been appointed Provost of the Chapter of Westminster, and was duly installed in that office in the chapter hall of the new cathedral on the 3rd of November, in the presence of the chapter, the chaplains of the cathedral and the congregation. In the absence of His Grace the Archbishop, Mgr. Canon Fenton, the Vicar General, presided and congratulated the new Provost on his appointment. The Rt. Rev. Provost Johnson has fulfilled the onerous, arduous and responsible office of chief secretary for thirty-eight years. Cardinal Manning, in referring to the able and devoted labors of Mgr. Johnson said that the Archdiocese owed him a debt of gratitude it could never repay for the manner in which he had managed and safeguarded its funds. The late Cardinal

Vaughan, it may be added, held Mgr. Johnson in the highest esteem and most gratefully appreciated his generous, whole-hearted devotion to duty. A more courteous, patient, pains-taking and highly endowed and gifted ecclesiastical official could not be found in this country, and his recent nomination to the exalted office of Provost has given satisfaction as deep as it is general.

The Authorized Life of the Late Cardinal Vaughan The executors of the late Cardinal Vaughan, the Rt. Rev. Mgr. John S. Canon Vaughan (his brother); the Very Rev. Father Henry, Superior of St. Joseph's Society of Foreign Missions, and the Very Rev. Mgr. T. Dunn have entrusted the work of writing the life of His Eminence to Mr. John George Snead Cox, a relative of the late lamented Cardinal, and editor of his organ (and property) *The Tablet*. The choice is a sound one and finds general favor. Mr. Snead Cox is a well known man of letters and possessed the Cardinal's fullest confi-

dence and esteem and probably was more in close and constant touch with His Eminence than any other layman. The executors reserve to themselves the right of the revision of the forthcoming work and unlike those of Cardinal Manning will assume a share of the responsibilities attending to its publication.

The Enthronement of the Archbishop of Westminster This solemn and important function is fixed to take place immediately after his Grace's return from Rome where he is staying at the present time. It will be held in the new Westminster cathedral, the Archbishopal throne of which is now in its place. It is a superb piece of work, and is the gift of the Bishops of the Province of Westminster to the Metropolitan See, upon the initiative of the late Rt. Rev. J. L. Patterson, Bishop of Emmaus. It is an exact facsimile, but smaller, of the Papal throne in St. John Lateran's, Rome, and is composed chiefly of white statuary marble and mosaic with heraldic bearings. It was designed and constructed in Rome.

LET us go to the crib of Bethlehem and give ear to its teaching. Jesus is born in a stable, is laid upon a little straw, is poorly covered by scanty swaddling clothes. The heart of His Mother is wrung with grief because she has not for Him even what the poorest mothers ordinarily have. Bear in mind, dear Christian, that it is not fatality or the caprice of fortune that imposed on the Infant Jesus this great misery; He voluntarily took it upon Himself. Master of all things. He could have been born like earthly kings, in a grand palace decorated with the richest tapestry; He could have surrounded Himself with servants ready to move at his beck; He might have been provided abundantly, even luxuriously, with everything neces-

sary, useful, or agreeable. He preferred to be despoiled of all to teach us to despoil ourselves.

The crib is the first pulpit of the Christian teacher. Listen, it says to us, listen, O Christian! and learn that the goods of this world are not made for you; they are brittle and uncertain; they are without honor; they are burdensome and dangerous!

To-day you possess them, but to-morrow capricious fortune may snatch them from your hands. And even when you have taken every precaution to hold them till the last moment of your life, the hour will come at length when you will be separated from them for ever and present yourself before the tribunal of God empty-handed!—*Monsabré*.

Confraternity of the Holy Rosary

THE ROSARIAN'S ADVENT.

TO enter into the spirit of an ecclesiastical season it is important to arouse ourselves to a vivid spiritual realization of the mysteries which it commemorates, of the object for which it has been instituted, and to dispose ourselves for the reception of the manifold fruits attaching to its devout observance.

The season of Advent is a reminder of the ages which ante-dated the Incarnation. Those were ages of direst misery for the race, ages of crime and idolatry whose brightest light was darkness and the shadow of death. They were ages during which the masses were buoyed up by a single hope, a single expectation. That hope centered upon a coming Messiah. The seers and sages of old looked forward to Him who was to come but they could see Him only from afar. The patriarchs sighed and the prophets groaned as they glanced over the world and realized the need of a deliverer. The people as a class grew weary of their vigils and followed after false gods, while the few faithful who remained hung their harps upon the willows and lamented: "How shall we sing the song of the Lord in a strange land?" (Ps. cxxxvi, 4.) "With desolation was all the land made desolate."

How incomparably happier the lot of Christians! How blessed we who have seen the accomplishment of the world's redemption! Many indeed have yearned to see the things which we see and have not seen them, to hear the things which we have heard and have not heard them.

In justice therefore and with deepest gratitude does it behoove all Christians to take these truths to heart during this holy season. Rosarians in particular should ponder them when performing their favorite act of piety. While med-

itating upon the joyful mysteries, let them recall the gladness which filled pious souls as they beheld the Saviour's work begun. So rejoiced was holy Simon at the first gleam of salvation that he died almost of ecstasy. In the sorrowful mysteries let them measure, if they can, the enormity of the world's wickedness and the blackness of sin. Let them contemplate the malice that was utterly incurable save by the Passion of a God, and which was little short of infinite since it goaded men on to slay their supreme benefactor, their Redeemer. In the glorious mysteries let them contemplate the completion of the Missions of Jesus and Mary. These two lives, so intimately woven together, were given us as pledges of the truthfulness of the Psalmist's words: "They who sow in tears shall reap in joy" (cxxxv, 5.) Their latter days were typical of the new era in which the darkness and obscurity of prophecy have yielded to the bright and radiant lustre of reality.

By occupying a few of our leisure moments regularly in this manner, we shall spend Advent according to the wishes of Holy Church, namely, in salutary preparation for the festival of Christmas. Such devout exercises can not fail to sanctify the remainder of our deeds. They will lend great assistance in shunning mortal sin. They will in course of time dry up affection for venial sin. They will atone for past transgressions, procure God's blessing upon our future, obtain a love for virtue and a burning zeal for God's honor. They will, so to speak, make ready for our Infant Saviour a manger in the cold, barren stable of our hearts. He must be born in a stable. It is His eternal decree. But our oft-repeated Rosaries will make His surroundings more congenial. Each Hail Mary, each Glory be to the Father, will be an extra straw to

make His manger softer. It will be a swaddling band, or the ox's breath to warm His chilling members. Let us not deny Him this tiny offering. Let us give it to Him cheerfully and then forget what we have done. Aye, when we have done most, let us account ourselves "unprofitable servants," insolent debtors to Him whom we owe so much. "What shall I render to the Lord for all He hath rendered unto me?" (Ps. cxv, 12.)

THE MYSTERY OF THE MONTH.

One mystery more than others is presented for our meditation this month. It is the birth of the Child Jesus. Once the Son of God had determined to become man, it mattered little what state He might choose, for the most exalted condition was as far beneath Him as the meanest. Yet, since He was to be judged by man's day, and since He wished to propose Himself as "the way" and "the truth" for man's guidance to eternal destinies, He searched through all the ranks of human life and chose the basest, He searched through all the nations for a home and chose one of the rudest, He searched through all ages for a time and chose one in which wickedness was most obstinate. The foolish things of the world He preferred to the prudent that He might confound the wise, and the weak things to those more powerful that he might confound the strong. "Being in the form of God, He * * * emptied Himself taking the form of a servant," a poor, helpless babe. Behold His poverty, His lowliness!

Still it is remarkable that His sensitive flesh was endowed with kingly power and priestly dignity. Who would dream that the puny arm of Jesus, even while He slept, was swaying the stars of the heavens, the billows of the ocean, and the monsters of the deep? Who would believe that it was He through whom the kings reigned and from whom they held their sceptres? Yet such was the case. Bethlehem's Babe was in-

vested with royal highness but He had placed His majesty in bonds.

He was at the same time a true priest, the first according to the order of Melchisedech. What is more, He was offering a continual sacrifice in atonement for the world's iniquity. His manger was thus, after Mary's hallowed tabernacle, the first altar worthy of divine recognition. From it the holiness of Jesus was already beginning to diffuse itself. It inflamed before all others the hearts of Mary and Joseph, then those of the shepherds, and finally those of all who closed them not to its benign influence.

These reflections should bestir in us a fervent devotion and ardent love for the Babe of Bethlehem. Particularly on Christmas morning, when we recite the third joyful mystery before the crib, ought they to be uppermost in our minds. Then will they be best calculated to procure us a share in the gifts of the Saviour.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR INDULGENCES.

For the ordinary plenary indulgences confession and communion are required. Those called "station" indulgences, whether plenary or partial, are to be gained by visiting each of five altars in a church containing that many, or by making five visits to one or two altars in smaller churches. During each visit five Our Fathers and five Hail Marys must be said for the welfare of the Church.

Dec. 6—First Sunday of month and second of Advent: prayers for Holy Father's intention (plenary); "station" (10 years and 400 days).

Dec. 8—Immaculate Conception B. V. M.: prayers for Holy Father's intention in a Rosary chapel (plenary); devout attendance at Rosary procession (plenary); a second visit to Rosary chapel (7 years and 280 days); visit to Rosary chapel during octave, i. e., between Dec. 9 and 15 inclusive (plenary).

Dec. 13—Second Sunday of month and third of Advent: "station" (15 years and 600 days).

Dec. 16, 18 and 19—Ember Days: "station" each day (10 years and 400 days).

Dec. 20—Third Sunday of month and fourth of Advent: "station" (10 years and 400 days).

Dec. 24—Vigil of Christmas: "station" (15 years and 600 days. Christmas eve until dawn, "station" (15 years and 600 days).

Dec. 25—Christmas: same as on Dec. 8 except attendance at Rosary procession; also "station" (plenary); at Mass called "Aurorae," the second of the feast, "station" (15 years and 600 days); recitation of five mysteries (7 years and 280 days). This last indulgence is also

attached to the fifteen mysteries recited Christmas week.

Dec. 26, 27 and 28—"Station" each day (30 years and 1200 days).

Dec. 27—Fourth Sunday of the month: prayers for Holy Father's intention (plenary).

Jan. 1—Circumcision: same as Dec. 27; also "station" (30 years and 1200 days).

CORRESPONDENCE.

N. E. Cusch:—The mere enunciation of the Rosary mysteries before each decade is not sufficient in the case presented. The Rosarian must meditate upon these mysteries in particular. To substitute others for them as subjects for meditation would indeed be an act of piety but it would be an act bereft of the copious Confraternity indulgences.

THE word Advent comes from the Latin and means "The coming." The four weeks preceding Christmas are so called because they are set apart by the Church to prepare for the coming of Christ.

With great longing, the world, for four thousand years, waited for the coming of the Redeemer. God Himself, nourished this longing by repeated prophetic promises, which became more distinctly clear as the time of fulfillment approached. The universal misery in which mankind then languished increased this longing for the Redeemer. These four thousand years are typified by the four weeks before Christmas. The longing for the Messiah, announced by the prophets, is partly expressed in the Rorate Masses, but more especially so in the Divine Office, which becomes more and more beseeching as the feast of Christmas approaches. The penance which we are exhorted to practice during this time is symbolical of the misery of sin. The following important feasts fall in Advent:

The feast of St. Andrew the Apostle, which was celebrated in the earliest times,

This Apostle stands conspicuous at the entrance of the Ecclesiastical Year, for Advent begins with the Sunday nearest the feast of St. Andrew. Not only is Andrew the first born of the Apostles, but he led the other Apostles to Christ, and as a special lover of the Cross, he tells us that the Cross is the key to the kingdom of Jesus Christ, and the foundation of the Ecclesiastical Year.

The feast of the Immaculate Conception. This feast was celebrated by the churches of the East, even in the fifth century, and by the churches of the West since the seventh century. Pope Pius IX in the year 1854 proclaimed, to the joy of the whole Catholic world, the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin to be a dogma of the Church. Since then this feast has been zealously kept. With the conception of Mary, the Morning Star of the Redemption arose. On this beautiful feast the Christian should pray God to enlighten him that he may know the faults of the past year, and learn from Mary, by purity of heart, to prepare for the coming of Christ.

Feast of St. Thomas, Apostle, Dec. 21.



With the Editor



For all our readers we wish a happy, blessed Christmas.

It was on the 8th of December, 1854, that the dogma of the Immaculate Conception was defined. The next year will therefore be the golden jubilee year of this dogma and a fitting celebration will be made throughout the Catholic world. A committee has been appointed to look to all affairs bearing upon this celebration. It has been decided to commemorate the jubilee by the establishment of a library consisting only of books treating of the Blessed Virgin. The library will be presented to the Holy Father but will be at the service of all scholars. From all over the world contributions are expected and doubtless the collection will be a large one. It will be an enduring monument to our Blessed Mother and will give striking evidence of the fulfillment of the prophecy which came from her lips, "Behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed."

Cardinal Gibbons in his circular calling attention to the collection to be taken up for the Catholic University on the first Sunday of Advent, brings out very strongly the idea that a Catholic University is the consummation of a Catholic system of education. He says:

"The reigning Pontiff, no less than his illustrious predecessor, realizes keenly the necessity of so strengthening our system of Catholic education that the generosity of our people and the devotion of our clergy, in maintaining elementary and secondary schools, may reach its fitting consummation in the work of the University. It is plain that the sacrifices made in so many ways for the education of Catholic youth, should

not have as their final result the sending of those same young men, at the most critical period of their intellectual and moral formation, to institutions placed beyond Catholic control. On the other hand, if our schools and colleges are to serve successfully the purpose for which they have been founded it is necessary that their teachers be fully as well prepared as the teachers in other institutions of like grade, and this preparation should be received under the salutary influence, which only a well equipped Catholic university can exert."

At this holy time when we commemorate the great mystery of the Incarnation of the Word, the second Person of the Blessed Trinity, we should strive to realize as far as we can the spirit, the significance of it all. Christmas is now so universally celebrated by Jew and Gentile, believer and unbeliever, that the real meaning of the feast is too often pushed into the background. It has come to be regarded as a time when gifts should be exchanged and all the harsher things of life obscured if not entirely forgotten; when the world should revel in good cheer, when there should be peace, heavenly peace, everywhere and for all. All the happenings of Christmas-tide are made to sound in this key and discords are considered monstrous and unspeakable. All this is well enough, but look beneath the surface and you will see that it has a meaning and a lesson which are not always recognized. It is but a suspicion of that vast, holy peace that came to all mankind, when the Word emptied Himself, taking upon Himself the form of a servant, harmonizing all these disturbed relations between God and man so perfectly that the universe

rang with its vibrant echoes: "Glory be to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will." Let this be the spirit in which we will celebrate that great feast. We will rejoice because the Messiah has come. We will be glad because He made peace between God and man, and we will exchange gifts in remembrance of that priceless gift which came to the human family in the person of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

Settlement work is forging ahead and great is the good that is wrought by it. The St. Rose Settlement of New York has been obliged to seek larger and more commodious quarters and consequently a removal has been made to East Seventy-first Street. The Archbishop of New York is giving to the work the same sanction which was so encouragingly accorded by his lamented predecessor. At a recent meeting of the Catholic Social Union, Father Clement Thuente, O. P., the Prior of St. Vincent Ferrer's of New York and the pioneer of settlement work in the metropolis spoke of the support and the guidance which the work is receiving at the hands of the Archbishop. The Apostolic Delegate, too, has unmistakably expressed

himself in favor of the work. He sees in it the only salvation for the immigrants who come to America and who by reason of a strange language and stranger conditions are so often found drifting from the faith. Having, therefore, the blessing of those representative men of Christ's Church, the workers of the settlement may well take courage and go on with confidence in the furtherance of a project which is directly in line with the salvation of souls. It is a kind of work which lends itself to the spirit of the Third Order in a most happy manner and therefore is it being more and more recognized as the channel in which the apostolic activities of Dominican Tertiaries should be made to flow.

The condition of France is going from bad to worse and it is not unlikely that she is on the eve of a terrible disturbance. With the introduction of certain measures looking to the abolition of the Concordat, some very serious trouble will no doubt arise. It is not unlikely that another page will be added to the number of those which already mar so frightfully the history of this people of contradictions.

MAGAZINES

The Century for November opens with an article contributed by E. C. Stedman, "Life on the Floor," describing scenes in the New York Stock Exchange. Andrew D. White's third paper in "Chapters From My Diplomatic Life," is devoted to recollections of Bismarck. "Thackeray's Friendship With an American Family," is the title to a series of hitherto unpublished letters of that great novelist to the family of the late Mr. Geo. Baxter of New York City. Edith Wharton writes on "Florentine Villas." The article is beau-

tifully illustrated with pictures in color and drawings. Other articles in this number are "Fighting the Hudson. An Adventure in the Hudson River Tunnel," and "The Present Epidemic of Crime."

"A Defense of Russia's Policy in Finland," by His Excellency M. de Plehoe, in the Review of Reviews for November, is a logical, clear defense and an explanation of Russia's policy in Finland. The writer points out that before criticising Russia's policy a distinction should be made between the fundamental prin-

ciples, i. e., the ends which it is meant to attain, and its outward expression, which depends on the circumstances. The end which Russian diplomacy aims at in Finland is a combination of imperial unity with local autonomy, of autocracy with local self-government. The application of this principle in Finland, the writer says, met with no opposition from the majority of the Finlanders, but unfortunately the poorer classes, who did not understand Russia's motives, opposed it; riots ensued and Russia was forced to call on the soldiery to maintain order, and as in all instances of this kind, there was some blood shed. This is what led the European papers to criticise the Russian government; but the writer says, circumstances compelled it to have recourse to harsh measures. "The Rebirth of the Japanese Literature," by Stanhope Sams, is an exposition of Japan's intention of abandoning its present cumbrous and difficult form of handwriting, and of adopting the simple and clear Roman characters. There is no doubt but that Japan will reap much good from this step, because influences which before were closed to the Japanese, on account of the almost insurmountable intricacies of their alphabet will be opened to them. Other articles in this number are: "Radium and its Wonders," by George F. Kunz; "Galveston's Great Sea Wall;" "The Military Maneuvers at Fort Riley," by Philip Eastman.

"An Indictment of the British Monarchy," the opening article of the North American Review for November, presents to its readers in language clear and forcible, some of the secret causes of backwardness and degeneracy in England. The source of regeneration in England, says the author, is none other than that which is now crippling its progress, viz., the Monarchy. In itself, this institution is the center of union and

strength, but by reason of the abusive excesses into which, during many years, it has lapsed, it may now be assigned as the proximate occasion, at least, of England's lack of advancement. "Putting China on the Gold Standard," by Chas. A. Conant, sets forth the benefits which seem surely to result not only to China itself, but to all negotiating gold standard nations, from the establishment there of that monetary system. Other articles of this issue not less interesting than instructive are: "Is Our National Congress Representative," by S. J. Barrows, and "A Postscript on Ruskin," by Vernon Lee.

A lucid explanation of the nature, aims and principles of Socialism appears as the leading article in the Dolphin for November—the first of a series, by the Rev. Wm. J. Kirby, of the Catholic University, which are to be a critical examination of the system under consideration, in its relations with religion, the state and the family. All reform movements, according to the writer, have three things in common: perceiving the evils in society, they assign for them a cause, they propose an end to be obtained, and they offer the means to obtain that end. But of these three not the abuse, nor the end in view, but the plan of reform is taken as the basis of classification. Now, Socialism points out as the cause of the present evils of society private ownership of capital, proposes as its end the establishment of a state where there will be perpetual plenty, ease and enjoyment, and brings forward as its plan of reform, its differentiating element, the transfer of the ownership of capital from the individual to society itself. Here, too, is found the reason for the different kinds of Socialism. It is divided into State and Municipal according as the state or the town would take into its hands the possession of capital. Several other articles of inter-

est and historical value follow. Among them is the "Care of the Catholic Church for Her Dead." The writer dwells upon the Church's reverence for the bodies of her departed children that will one day rise to a glorious immortality, her solicitude in guarding the sanctity of the cemetery, the "chamber of sleep," as the early Christians euphemistically called it. Under the title, "Our Bible Class," the historical matters of the Bible are treated with a freshness that relieves them of much of their dryness. A group of young persons are represented as united for the purpose of studying Biblical questions in such a way as to avoid the fatigue of study. Dowieism is made the occasion of a discussion on the difference between true and only apparent Christian life. Conversion may be the work of an instant but perfection must be the result of growth. Only the true Christian will put forth individual exertions after the enthusiasm of conversion has passed; after the "march-music ceases, the lights go out, and the rallying cry has died away." These, together with other articles, too many to mention, bring up the Dolphin to its usually high standard.

In the *Cosmopolitan* for November "The Apparelling of a Pretty Woman," by Mrs. Wilson Woodrow, cannot but appeal to the more refined and delicate taste of the gentler sex. The writer gives a graphic sketch of the precious wardrobe of a "pretty woman," and of the vast amount of skill and art required in its preparation. But neither profuseness nor costliness of garments is sufficient for the attainment of the greatest effect. It is of paramount necessity to study "her best points, and the style of dress which most fitly accentuates them." "The Turk as a Soldier," Fritz Morris, is a succinct account of the character, make-up and work of the army life of the Turk who is determined to make a hard

"fight against expulsion from Europe." "Japan's Wonderful Progress," (Count Hirokichi Mutsu,) "as shown at the World's Fair at Osaka," is of special interest. The industry and steady advance of the Japanese towards the high standard they have set up for themselves, justly merit our commendation. Among the remaining articles specially worthy of note are: "The Story of the World's Largest Corporation," by James M. Bridge, reviewed by John Brisbane Walker, and "Jerusalem as it is To-day," by Dulany Hunter. The fiction of this number is good.

The opening article of the November *Messenger* is "The Congo Free State Before the Bar." Its author, John Conway, S. J., was inspired to write on the subject by an editorial of the *New York Sun*, the title of which is "Does England Want the Congo Free State." The advantages which would accrue to the British Empire by the possession of the Congo can scarcely be estimated for "with the Congo under control, she (England) would have a free passage from Cape Town to Cairo, five thousand miles in extent," and moreover "the vast region of the Congo is rich in almost every kind of natural wealth." With the knowledge of these facts one can scarcely doubt what England's desire is. Fr. Conway gives a brief history of the Free State. It was established by Leopold, the King of the Belgians for the following reasons, which were "endorsed by the Berlin Conference 1884-1885;" namely, the suppression of slavery, the abolishing of slave raids, the crushing out of cannibalism, and the development of commerce and the introduction of civilization." That the State has been successful in fulfilling these obligations, Father Conway proves. The "marvellous progress" in commerce he substantiates by statistics. But recently serious charges have been made against the

officials of the Congo, "grave charges of cruelty and tyranny." These charges were discussed in the English parliament. But the Congo government "denies that the government is responsible" because "some officials have abused their trust." Fr. Conway, taking this admission of the fact and denial of the responsibility as a principle, defends the State. He cites the outrages of some of our officials on the Filipinos and says, "we would be shocked to believe that our government endorsed these outrages." The political side of the charges he does not discuss. It is an article well worthy of notice, for "it will be instructive to watch the turn of events." "Moral Training Without Religion," is another paper which ought to appeal to thoughtful readers. This number contains also the Encyclical Letter of Pius X.

Those who are interested in the Summer School and educational circles will find the pages of the October number of the Champlain Educator replete with interesting reading matter. The article entitled "The Works of Leo XIII," by Rev. Thomas Burke, C. S. P. deserves special mention and a careful perusal. In this article the author speaks in eulogistic terms of the late Pope and brings home to us the noble and grand works performed by him during his long and glorious pontificate. Other articles are: "The Stage," a series of six studies by Thomas Swift. The first series, Origin of the Drama, appears in this month's issue, and "Comparative Study of French and Shakesperian Tragedy," by Jean F. P. Des Garennes, A. M., LL. D. The Champlain Reading Union" will render much assistance not only to teachers but also to students.

Donahoe's November number contains a variety of quite interesting articles. An up-to-date article is the "Anti-

Emigration Movement," by Alice L. Milligan but it is wanting somewhat in persuasiveness. "Ireland Under English Rule," by William Dolan, and "Three Hundred Years of Irish Education," by R. Barry O'Brien, give the reader an idea of what Ireland has suffered for her faith. "A House Divided," by Rev. Hugh F. Blunt is a sad tale, but true, yet a pity, that it is true. "All interested in the famous Thanksgiving berry will read S. Maria Pickering's article on "Cranberry Pickers on Cape Cod." Among other articles worthy of note are "Our True Position," by Rev. John F. Mullany, LL. D., "A West Pointer in the Boer War," by Martin Desmond. The following poems are worthy of special mention: "Pius Tenth," by Rev. D. J. O'Farrel; "In God's Most Holy Sight," by Amadeus O. S. F. and "What of That."

"Men and Women" for November presents a range of interesting subjects. "Masters of Music—Beethoven," by Howard Hall, "The Great Work of a Noble Sisterhood," by Rev. John F. Francis Parkman," by John P. Murphy, and "History of the Religious Sects—The Bible in Pre-Reformation times," by Rev. Louis J. Nau, are the leading Hickey, "American Men of Letters—and most delightful articles. All are neatly illustrated. Items political, scientific and literary, together with poems and stories of merit make the edition an interesting number.

Opening the Book-Lover for November is a biographical sketch of the famous Norwegian Dramatist, Henrik Ibsen. Immediately following is a critical examen of the works of the same from November, the first article that we notice the pen of C. H. Herford. These combined with many other articles on some of the famous literati of the past centuries fulfills the intention for which the magazine is printed.

BOOKS

"The Dream of Gerontius," by Cardinal Newman, with introduction by Maurice Francis Egan. Longmans, Green & Co. Benziger Bros., American Agents.

Every great poem deserves to be edited and annotated by a scholar. Newman's "Dream of Gerontius" is being more and more recognized as one of the great poems of the English language. The musical setting recently given to it by Dr. Egan has attracted additional interest to it. The present edition will, therefore, find a welcome awaiting it everywhere among readers of English. Prof. Egan's introduction is an able one and clears the way finely for a delightful and thorough appreciation of the many beauties which the poem holds. This edition is, therefore, to be recommended for use as a text book for students of English literature. We quote the following paragraph from the introduction:

"For advanced students interested in the study of literature a comparative reading of 'The Dream of Gerontius' with the 'Purgatorio' of Dante, Book III, Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' Rossetti's 'The Blessed Damosel,' and Tennyson's 'In Memoriam' would be very interesting and profitable, provided this is done always with reference to the exact teaching of the Church. For exalted purity, for terseness and beauty of expression, for musical cadences, 'The Dream of Gerontius' stands first among the few great poems that depict the life after death. 'In Memoriam' is made up of human yearnings, of faith, of doubt. It never passes beyond 'the bar' of death. Milton's 'Paradise' is one of angels rather than men, and Rossetti's poem

is only a reflection of earth. In Dante's 'Purgatorio' the splendor seems to be so great that the appeal to the individual heart is lost, but the oftener we read 'The Dream of Gerontius,' the more its power and beauty grows upon us."

"Memoirs of a Red Letter Summer," by Eleanor Childs Meehan. Robert Clarke Co., Cincinnati, O.

This is the record of days that evidently were very happy ones. On every page there is outspread the cheerfulness of youth, with a heart wide-opened to the sunshine of life and that delicious joy and interest which a first trip to Europe ever brings with it. The charm of this recital lies precisely in the fact that every bit of pleasure which came to the young tourist is reflected in the pages of her book. There are many books of travel but not many that will leave the reader in such a thoroughly pleasant frame of mind. The illustrations are excellent; they are those which usually accompany a book of European travel. There is one, however, which is unique. It is entitled, "His Democratic Highness," and we fancy that his most devoted subject is the young authoress herself. God bless her for it.

"Songs by the Wayside," by William J. Fischer. Richard G. Badger. The Gorham Press, Boston, Mass. \$1.25.

Only a few years ago the name of William J. Fischer first appeared over verses contributed to some of our Catholic magazines. There was in them the freshness of youth and some of its sins, but in every stanza there was the

revelation of true poetic spirit and temper. We are not surprised, therefore, that we should now have before us a volume of songs, true, strong, stirring and elevated, all written by this young man in the span of a few years. Dr. Fischer's is another instance of the "poet born." He sings from out the fullness of a heart that Nature has made responsive to every beautiful thing in her vast and complex organism. Now and then there is just a little extravagance, but this will be pruned, we dare say, before long. His technique is remarkable for so young a poet and gives the promise of perfection in the near future. We bid the young singer a hearty welcome. We rejoice at his coming and trust that his songs will be heard in every home.

"Sick Calls or Chapters of Pastoral Medicine," by the Rev. Alfred M. Muligan. Benziger Bros. \$1.00 net.

The contents of this little volume are reprinted from the American Ecclesiastical Review, where they were first published and where they met with much success. There are here a thousand and one hints which will stand the priest in good stead while engaged in that important part of his office, the making of sick calls. Much that is contained in this volume would probably be learned by experience but a deal of discomfiture and perplexity will be saved to young priests by a careful reading of its pages. It will teach the lessons gathered from many years' experience and from deep and scientific study. We earnestly recommend the book, though we feel that the price is too high.

"Essays on Great Writers," by Henry Dwight Sedgwick, Jr. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.

In this collection we find essays on Montaigne, Macaulay, Scott, D'Annunzio, Don Quixote, and English and French literature. Everybody knows

that Henry Sedgwick writes well and when he criticises, does it in a manner which is interesting, even though one may not applaud his point of view or his strictures. In these papers he appears at his best and they are interesting to a degree. D'Annunzio receives consideration and is dealt with in a manner which will probably shock those of his cult but will certainly please all lovers of clean, uplifting, literature.

"The Story-Book House," by Honor Walsh. Dana & Ester Co., Boston. \$1.00.

Now, as the good time of Christmas is approaching the all important question of what to give the children is receiving consideration. It is certain that for boys and girls of a certain age no gift can be better than a good book—one, of course, suited to their years. The book under present consideration would certainly delight them. It contains a dozen stories of great cleverness and of pleasing variety. There are fairy tales, animal stories, ghost stories, dialect stories and romances. In several of the stories Oliver Goldsmith's figures. The collection is a good one.

"The Blessed Virgin in the Nineteenth Century," by Bernard St. John. Burns & Oates. Benziger Bros., American agents.

We have here a volume of six parts devoted to miraculous apparitions of the Blessed Virgin made in France during the nineteenth century. The stories of Catherine Labouré and the Miraculous Medal; of our Lady of Victories, of La Salette, of Lourdes, of Pontmain and of Pelleavourin are all devoutly and interestingly told. A perusal of these pages will go far to quicken devotion to the Blessed Virgin and awaken in us a feeling of gratitude for the wonderful favors which through her intercession are being continually vouchsafed to us.

"What the Church Teaches," by Edwin Drury, a priest of the Louisville diocese. Benziger Bros. 30 cents.

Father Drury gives us in this pamphlet a clear exposition of the teaching of the Catholic Church. He has frequently been asked the question: "What, then, does the Church teach?" and so he has once for all put on record a full and satisfactory answer to it. Of course, we have the same matter in other volumes, but in spite of this fact, the present work is a welcome one and will surely be helpful to many.

"The Symbol of the Apostles," by the Rev. Alexander MacDonald. Christian Press Association.

This volume is largely made up of papers which have appeared in the *Ecclesiastical Review* and which upon their publication in that periodical won so much praise for the author that he was induced to put them in book form. We are glad that he was induced to do this for the work is a satisfactory one and will prove useful to priest and layman on many occasions when the apostolic authorship of the Creed is in question. The vindication of the Symbol of the Apostles so ably made by the Very Reverend Author is on the lines of Catholic tradition and is quite thorough and convincing.

Mr. Owen Wister, the author of "The Virginian" and "Philosophy Four," recently wrote to *The Bookman* in reply to some questions as to whether or no reviewers of his books seemed to understand their work: "Let us remember that in our country, at this present hour, more people are talking at once, and louder and faster, than anywhere else in the entire world. It needs must follow that now and then a word of value is uttered; and he that hath ears will hear it." He goes on to express his admiration for any American critic with lofty ideals, and to say that blame from such

a critic is more stimulating than loose praise. Noting that he has inadvertently become serious, he quotes a little antidote, given to him in Boston, which he has found efficacious during all sorts of bad quarters-of-an-hour:

The dog is in the bedstead,
The cat is in the lake,
The cow is in the hammock—
What difference does it make?

"The Life and Pontificate of Pope Leo XIII," by P. Justin O'Byrne. R. & T. Washbourne. Benziger Bros., American agents. \$1.35 net.

The death of Leo XIII has brought the expected plentitude of biographies to the public and there is an embarrassment of riches on that subject now. A Boswell has not yet arisen, however. Probably it is too soon to expect that and we shall have to bide our time. Among the lives which are really good, however, the present one must be numbered. The author's object is best given in his own words: "My object has been to give to the Catholic citizens of the Church throughout the English speaking world an informing presentment of one of the greatest of the Popes, and to embody, as far as may be done in mere words, a life picture of the Pontiff in his ministrations and of the man and his qualities in his relation to the affairs of the world, in which, perhaps, he exercised a more extensive and beneficent influence than any of his predecessors since the sixteenth century. It was not my intention to write either a panegyric or an apologia for the life of Leo XIII. Addressed as this biography is primarily to Catholics, I hope that while it manifests a Catholic spirit, in its pages may be found some enlightenment for non-Catholic minds on the organization of the Church itself and its mission to mankind. I can only say that every care has been taken to ensure accuracy in the relation of the events recorded."

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CALENDAR FOR JANUARY.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Feast of the Circumcision of our Lord. | 24. Blessed Marcolinus, O. P., Confessor. |
| 2. Octave day of St. Stephen. | 25. Second Sunday after the octave of Epiphany. Conversion of St. Paul, the Apostle. |
| 3. Octave day of St. John. | 26. Blessed Margaret of Hungary, O. P., Virgin. |
| 4. Second Sunday after the Nativity. Octave day of Holy Innocents. | 27. St. John Chrysostom, Bishop, Confessor and Doctor. |
| 5. Vigil of the Epiphany. | 28. Translation of St. Thomas Aquinas, O. P. |
| 6. The Epiphany of our Lord. | 29. St. Francis de Sales, Confessor. |
| 7. Of the Octave. | 30. St. Martina, Virgin, Martyr. |
| 8. Of the Octave. | 31. St. Peter Nolasco, Confessor. |
| 9. Of the Octave. | |
| 10. Blessed Gundisalvus, O. P., Confessor. | |
| 11. Sunday within the Octave of the Epiphany. The Finding of the Child Jesus in the Temple. | |
| 12. Of the Octave. | |
| 13. Octave day of the Epiphany. | |
| 14. St. Hilary, Confessor, Bishop. | |
| 15. Feria. | |
| 16. Blessed Stephana, O. P., Virgin. | |
| 17. St. Anthony, Abbot. | |
| 18. First Sunday after the Octave of Epiphany. Feast of the Holy Name of Jesus. | |
| 19. Blessed Andrew, O. P., Confessor. | |
| 20. Sts. Fabian and Sebastian, Martyrs. | |
| 21. St. Agnes, Virgin, Martyr. | |
| 22. St. Vincent, Martyr. | |
| 23. St. Raymond, O. P., Confessor. | |

FEBRUARY.

1. Third Sunday after the octave of Epiphany. St. Ignatius, Bishop, Martyr.
2. Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
3. St. Blasius, Bishop, Martyr.
4. St. Andrew Corsini, Bishop, Confessor.
5. St. Agatha, Virgin, Martyr.
6. St. Dorothea, Virgin, Martyr.
7. St. Romuald, Abbot.
8. Septuagesima Sunday.
9. Blessed Bernard, O. P., Confessor.
10. Prayer of Our Lord in the Garden.

Bro. Dominic Glynn will call on subscribers in Roxbury, Melrose, Cambridge and South Boston during the month of January.

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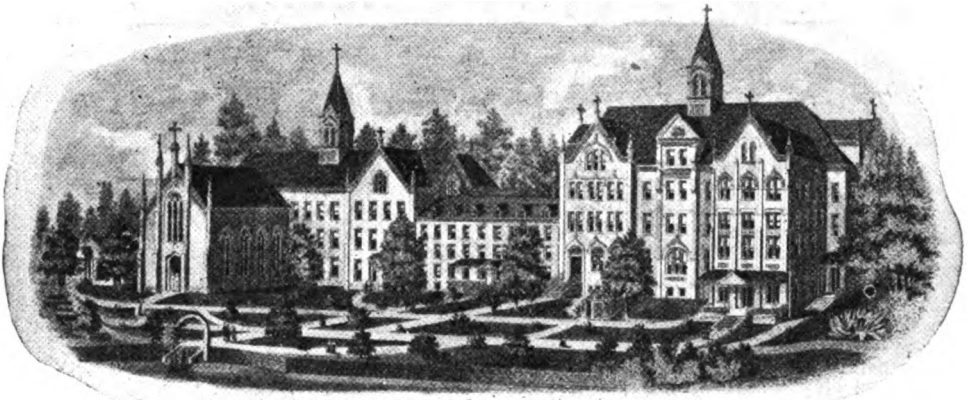
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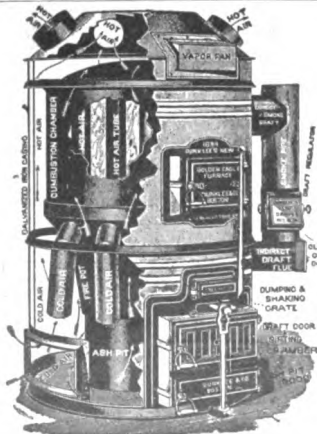
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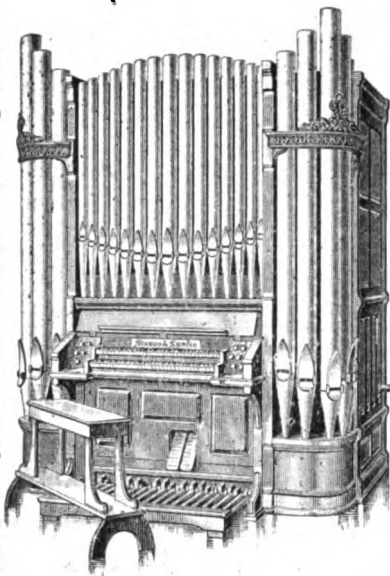
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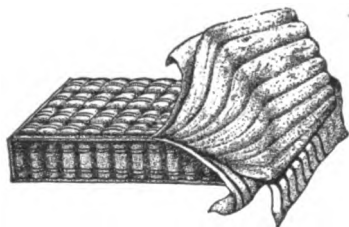
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